

A Day In the Life of...

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One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Hermione muttered angrily as she went down the corridor to her boss' office. *Witch Weekly* was currently running a photo-series called A Day In The Life Of..., each week featuring some famous witch. When they had approached Hermione to let herself be followed by a photographer for a whole day, she had intended to decline politely. However, she had made the mistake of mentioning it in an offhand remark to her boss, who had thought it was a splendid idea, and one that would bring a lot of positive publicity to their department, and he had more or less forced Hermione into accepting.

She didn't know who the photographer was going to be, she just knew that her entire day was going to be ruined by some idiot following her every move through a camera lens. Knocking once on the door, she entered the office, stopped and stared.

"You?"

The tall man turned to send her a dazzling smile.

"Of course. Who else?"

Hermione closed her eyes for a second, as if she hoped he would be gone when she opened them. He wasn't.

"Hermione," her boss said, winking and sounding far too amused with the situation, "I trust you already know Mr. Pucey. Funny coincidence, don't you think?"

"Hilarious," she ground out, glaring at the smug photographer. "Fine, then. Come with me."

Adrian followed a step behind her through the corridors and into Hermione's tiny office. Hermione closed the door behind him and turned around, still glaring.

"Of all people, why you?" she demanded.

Adrian shrugged. "Because I'm the best. And because the editor of *Witch Weekly* asked me."

"What are the odds of you backing out?" she asked with a defeated sigh. She knew she was fighting a losing battle. There was no way that he would ever let a chance like this go, and she feared the results.

"You're beginning to make me think you don't want me to take your picture," he said teasingly, although there was a slightly apprehensive undertone to his voice that he obviously hadn't meant for her to pick up on.

"I don't. Not here," Hermione said, forcing herself to be firm. It was bad enough that she had been forced to do that stupid photo-series in the first place. The photographer they had chosen to take the pictures was quite simply a disaster, and she couldn't allow it to continue.

Finally, Adrian seemed to lose the amusement with the situation.

"Look, I don't know what happened to suddenly give you this attitude, but I'm not going back out of this job. *Witch Weekly* is paying me good money, and they asked me because they thought I'd be the best man for the job, and I'm damn well going to do it, whether you like it or not. Do you honestly think I'm going to take pictures that aren't 100% professional?" he said just as firmly as he unpacked his camera, loaded the film and took a surprise snapshot of her face. "Unless you want the pictures to show a day in the life of a sour prude, I suggest you start smiling."

Hermione just glowered at him and gritted her teeth angrily.

Hermione couldn't remember a workday ever being this long, and it was only lunch time. She could tell that he was keeping his promise of only taking purely professional photos. Nothing of her arse as she bent over to retrieve things or papers from drawers or cabinets close to the floor. Never trying to take pictures where her cleavage would be the most prominent part of the photo. Adrian just took the photos he had been asked to take for the magazine, and he went about it without as much as a single lewd comment. She really thought she was being patient with him as well as with the entire situation.

Especially considering the fact that moisture had started pooling in her knickers from the moment she saw him with that damnable camera, and she had subsequently sat through two very important meetings trying hard not to squirm too much in the seat every time he clicked another picture. Truth was that every time she heard the noise of the camera taking a picture, and every time it happened to be in her line of vision, it sent jolts of pleasure straight to her sex. Within only half an hour, her knickers had been soaking wet, and the rest of the meetings had been an agony of frustration.

She hadn't even been able to focus on eating her tomato soup for lunch. Adrian had put the camera on the corner of the table while they ate, and with every spoonful she had taken, her eyes had been drawn to it. She even caught herself caressing the spoon provocatively with her tongue. Ultimately, she had decided to cut the lunch break short and had quickly marched back to her office with Adrian following in her wake. She stopped just inside her office door, waiting for Adrian to come in, before she slammed the door shut.

"Remember what I told you about smiling?" he asked her with a sigh. "What did I do now?"

Hermione cast a locking spell on her door, making it appear on the outside as nothing more than a brick wall. She followed it up by a silencing spell before she turned to stare angrily at him.

"You know perfectly well what you did, you bastard. Sit!"

Adrian shrugged and obediently sat down in the chair she was pointing at.

"It's not my fault if the camera turns you on," he said calmly.

"Yes, it is."

"All right, I may have been marginally involved," he amended with a grin.

"It's all your fault. I knew this would happen and you knew it too. The only reason you agreed to do this was so that you could do this to me. It's not like it's a grand opportunity for some sort of breakthrough, or that you need the money at all," Hermione said as she closed the window drapes.

Her fingers were shaking as she undressed herself, folding each item neatly over the back of her desk chair until she was wearing only her underwear, stockings and high heeled shoes.

"How much film have you got?"

"Hermione, what are you doing?" Adrian asked her warily.

"I don't want my clothes getting wrinkled. I am going to get some relief, and since you started it, you're damn well going to participate," Hermione answered bossily. She walked around the desk and lifted herself up to sit on the corner, facing Adrian's chair. "How much film have you got?"

Adrian smirked and summoned the camera bag from the other side of the office, showing her the contents. "I've got enough. Don't you think this is a rather inappropriate time and place, though?"

"I don't care!" she nearly yelled. "Just get on with it."

He grinned and loaded a new roll of film into the camera. He took his time focusing the camera on her as she sat on the table corner in only her underwear, looking like a thunder cloud in lingerie.

"Adrian!" she snapped as the last bit of patience left her.

Adrian snapped a picture of her face, then her breasts and finally her lap.

"Spread your legs for me," he mumbled, taking another picture of her crotch when she complied.

Hermione could only think of the fact that she had been aroused to the point of frustration for hours already, and she was painfully aware that it was clearly showing as a darker patch on the light blue fabric covering her mound. His trousers weren't really concealing his rapidly growing erection, and the way he kept shifting in his seat gave her the impression that they were getting uncomfortably tight. She smirked, not feeling the slightest bit sorry for him. It served him right for what she had already endured for half the day.

She ran her hands up her thighs until they framed her mound. Giving Adrian lots of time to take pictures and herself the time to enjoy the anticipation of touch, she slowly slipped one finger under the elastic of one leghole and ran it up her entrance and over her clit. The direct touch to her sensitive clit made her shiver lightly, and a tiny whimper escaped her.

Adrian rose out of the chair and moved closer to her, changing the angle of photography. He was right in her face when she stuck the finger, wet with her own juices, in her mouth, cleaning it thoroughly with her tongue.

"Want a taste?" she asked him coyly and brought her other hand up.

Adrian stared at her glistening fingers greedily, momentarily forgetting the camera. He had been so focused on taking pictures of her face that he had completely missed her burying two fingers of her other hand in her cunt. Grabbing her wrist, he started to eagerly lick and suck at her fingers, swirling his tongue around each digit to get every last trace of her essence licked off. He groaned when she cupped his crotch and squeezed. Involuntarily bucking his hips, he held her wrist tighter and sucked harder at her fingers. Her gentle kneading nearly made him lose all sense of control. His cock was straining against his fly, and he wished he had a hand free to open his trousers.

He gave a sigh of relief when her fingers popped open the button and lowered the zipper. Hermione's hand felt even warmer now when there was only the fabric of his

boxers between it and his bare cock. He could only hope that he wouldn't end up coming in his boxers like some inexperienced teenager. Hermione wasn't exactly making it easy for him.

"Adrian," she whispered huskily in his ear and gave him a last squeeze before removing her hands entirely from him and pushing him a step backwards. "Pictures."

Adrian swallowed and with some effort got his lust-addled mind to cooperate.

"Remove your knickers," he said hoarsely.

Hermione slid off the desk and turned her back to him. Hooking her thumbs in the elastic, she lowered them slowly, smiling to herself as she heard the camera go off several times behind her. She smirked saucily when she finally turned around again, the knickers dangling from one finger. With a flick of her wrist she tossed them at Adrian, who caught them deftly with one hand.

Holding eye-contact with Hermione, he lifted them to his nose and took a deep breath. His tongue darted out to taste the sodden fabric, and Hermione shivered at the sight, wishing he were sampling her instead of the knickers. For a second she considered letting him do just that, but decided against it. He hadn't deserved it, and she was still rather upset with him after all. Adrian would just have to wait a little while longer.

She lifted herself back onto the desk and unhooked the front clasp of her bra. With her hands, she pushed her breasts together and slightly upwards, forming more cleavage, and lightly pinched her nipples between her fingertips. Adrian let the knickers drop to the floor and zoomed in on her hands on her breasts. He got a few pictures of her nipples, peeking out between her fingers, and one of her enhanced cleavage.

Adrian's camera followed her hands as they glided down her body and took a picture as they ended on her inner thighs, spreading and opening herself up to him. He clicked busily, focused on the insertion of three fingers and the way they were pumping in and out of her vagina. He could smell the juices glistening on her fingers, and it made his mouth water.

Hermione whimpered and quickened the pace of her hand.

"Are you close, Hermione?"

"Yes! Oh, yes, so close," she moaned.

"Good girl," he muttered, moving his camera to her face. He wanted a shot of her the moment she came. "Dammit! Hermione, stop. Remove your hands!"

"What?" she asked incredulously, but sufficiently shocked that she complied immediately. When she saw him turn back to the bag on the chair and start loading a new roll of film in the camera, she started swearing angrily about rotten timing.

"Just a second, baby. Just a second," he muttered.

Hermione knew he found it just as inconvenient as she did, and it was a small comfort to see that his fingers were even shaking a bit as he struggled to get the film in the camera.

Finally, after what seemed like hours, he turned around to be faced with a scowling Hermione sitting on the edge of the desk.

"Can we get on with it now?" she said coldly. "You are aware that I was just about to come, aren't you?"

"Yes, love," he replied as calmly as he could. "It's not like it's the first time we've had to switch film in the middle of things. Lie back down."

Hermione just muttered something under her breath, and Adrian had the distinct feeling that he ought to be glad he couldn't hear what it was. He wisely decided to just let it pass and took a couple of pictures of her hands massaging her breasts instead. That seemed to set her off again, and one slender hand travelled down the expanse of her flat stomach and back inside her cunt.

It didn't take more than a couple of minutes and two or three more pictures for Hermione to forget about the interruption and to bring her back to the verge of climax.

"Come for me, baby," Adrian mumbled to her, directing the lens at her face. "Let me get a good one of your face when you come."

As if on cue, Hermione's eyes squeezed shut, and her mouth opened in a soundless scream as her climax swept over her. Only a low, drawn-out whimper escaped her. Her entire body shuddered, and it seemed to her almost as if her inner walls were throbbing in time with the busy clicking of the camera.

With a final tremor, Hermione removed her fingers from her pussy and reached out for him. Adrian came closer and took a picture of the wet hand she held out. He winced as she started tugging at his boxers and used one hand to carefully ease them over his throbbing erection and down his hips. He groaned when she smeared her own juices over his cock.

"Come here," she said, grabbing the open fly of his trousers and tugging him closer.

Adrian moved in between her legs and positioned himself at her entrance. The last picture he took, before Hermione took the camera from him and placed it on the chair with her clothes, was one of his own cock halfway sheathed inside her. He wished he could keep taking pictures of her while he fucked her, but she knew he wouldn't be able to concentrate on both things at once, and he would only end up dropping and damaging his camera.

He took advantage of having his hands free to lift her legs over his shoulder, and with a firm grip of her thigh, and the other hand on the desk beside her for support, he got in so deep that Hermione thought she would go crazy. His every thrust made him rub against her clit, and the closer she got to climax, the angrier she got with him for having put her in this situation to begin with. She didn't care that it was irrational, or that she was on the verge of an intense orgasm.

"You knew this would happen, you bloody bastard!" Hermione shouted at him. Then she threw her head back and came with a scream that made Adrian hope she had remembered to put silencing charms on the office.

It was no use trying to remember. He was so close, he could barely even remember his own name. Besides, even if she hadn't remembered to soundproof the room, it would be impossible for him to stop now, or at the very least incredibly painful.

Adrian sucked at the skin of her shoulder as he pounded inside her and came with a loud groan.

"Don't leave marks," Hermione gasped.

He smirked when he saw that it was too late and kissed the red mark that had appeared on her creamy skin.

"This is going to be a long day," she sighed, letting him lean on her for a moment longer before pushing him away.

"You know where to find me if you need a bit of release," he said, leering at her.

Hermione just rolled her eyes and turned around to start dressing.

"Shut up and get dressed. I'm still mad at you," she informed him coldly.

Adrian watched her back thoughtfully while she buttoned her blouse. It started to dawn on him that perhaps she really was more upset than he had thought, and that it probably would be wise if he started taking it seriously. She had been angry during sex before, but only on very few occasions had she still been angry afterwards. With a slight frown forming on his face, Adrian began to realise that he was in far more trouble than he had thought.

Adrian folded back the bed covers and crawled in behind his wife. She was lying on her side faced away from him, but he snuggled up close to her back and placed a kiss on her bare shoulder. She didn't react to his advances save for the small, offended 'hmpf'.

"Are you still angry with me?" he asked her in what he was hoping was a suitably meek tone, but not too much so.

"I'm not angry," she mumbled angrily.

"Hermione..." Adrian whined, "I've apologised a million times already!"

Hermione turned over on her back.

"I still say you did it on purpose. You knew what it would do to me. You know how I get when you take pictures of me," she said. "I've been walking around all day in a constant state of arousal, as you well know, and it's very difficult to work that way. It was highly distracting and under the circumstances extremely unpleasant."

"Okay, maybe I had an ulterior motive, but..." Adrian started.

"You usually do," Hermione interrupted pointedly.

"But it's not what you think."

Hermione gave him a look that said clearer than words that she didn't believe any of that. Adrian shifted a bit, holding her closer, and placed a small kiss at her neck.

"I'm well aware of what being photographed does to you, Hermione, and I'll be damned before I let another man take pictures of my wife all day!" he whispered hotly in her ear.

Hermione laughed at that, her anger finally melting away. She wrapped her arms around him and kissed him soundly.

"You silly man. Don't you know it only happens when it's you?" she whispered lovingly, tightening her arms around him.

"Hmm. I hadn't thought about that. No wonder you were angry," he admitted, relieved that he was finally forgiven.

"I suppose I had better learn to deal with having you take my picture, anyway. Otherwise you won't be able to document our children growing up," she said with a tiny smile and tilted her chin up to give him better room for nibbling at her jawline.

Adrian's head shot up to stare at her in amazement.

"Children? Hermione, are you..."

"No," she laughed and brushed her hand over his cheek. "Not yet."

Fin