

# The Simplicity of Being

*by FicklePen*

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## The Simplicity of Being

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**Disclaimer:** I don't own anything, apart from my insatiable need for more DHr in canon. Oh, JK, how could you crush so many dreams?

**AN:** These are a series of vignettes that can be taken as one story or separately, so it's up to you. I'm getting back into the rhythm of writing once again, so if there are any errors, forgive me. Enjoy!

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### The Simplicity of Being.

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#### i). Divine Light

She came to him silently, as always, and he let her.

He let her because he couldn't seem to say no. From the very first time she had come to him, seeking to feel, to forget, he'd never been able to turn her away. It was different. Not what he had expected.

The war had changed things, as all wars do. Opinions meant nothing, and old school rivalries were lost somewhere between the blood and the screams, and the stomach-churning fear, vibrating with the realisation that they were all just children, pretending to be adults and fighting wars they had no business fighting. He wondered if he would ever forgive his parents for the role he had been forced to play.

The person that invented 'wars' must have been a right old cock-sucker. Probably too busy with world domination that no woman in their right mind would have willingly shagged the bastard. No wonder he had to find other outlets.

Still, it didn't explain the situation he was in at the moment.

Or perhaps it was Draco's own fault for allowing this.

Because, here, in this solitary room with her, there was no sense of up or down, right and wrong, good or bad; just a simple form of mind-numbing pleasure that enveloped his body, from the tips of his manly toes, to the top of his cherub-blond head. If the invisible chemistry between bodies could be seen, they would have glowed and shone as brightly and as hazily as the sun, illuminating all the shadows within their reach so they fizzled out and left nothing but tiny, almost-invisible-but-not-quite, dust particles.

They would have been tethered together by that light, like an endless piece of string, crossing the empty divide between her heart to his; in that moment, with their bodies

connecting, there was a sense of calm between them. It was fire feeding fire, water smoothing rocks into round pebbles that reminded him of the moon, or a jade forest made entirely of bamboo.

Stillness.

He knew that if this ended, one day, someday, she would unravel him, taking all his essential bits with her.

Occasionally, the things she did made him wonder if he had her heart.

He didn't know why that hurt him.

It just did.

So he ignored it, and he let her ride him brutally - so brutally that he couldn't quite seem to catch his breath. It was painful, it was glorious, and it seemed as if it would never end. He never ever wanted it to end. But before he could find purchase to his own completion, she had already sought and gained hers, highlighted by her pleased cry echoing around him like a deadly siren's call.

Trapped inside the tranquility that followed her climax, he watched her with hooded, steel-tinted eyes, willing her to keep moving because he was close. He was so damn close. And yet, as he watched her with her head tossed back, her luscious, peachy lips parted, and her bushy brown curls that grazed the tops of his thighs, he knew that he had touched upon something divine.

Touched, yet untouchable.

She was Divinity and she was Grace - beyond anything that he ever could have imagined. That single vision alone had made her beautiful to him. So painfully, heart-in-the-mouth, I-could-kick-myself, *beautiful*.

But the moment didn't last.

It never seemed to last.

As he expected, she rose up and away from him to gather her torn and discarded clothes. She seemed indifferent, or perhaps oblivious, to the hurt expression that briefly flickered in his eyes. An expression that he couldn't help but display, as she left him cold and hard, panting desperately for the slightest bit of oxygen that seemed non-existent, now that she had left him on his own on his own to seek out a blissful oblivion that now appeared unattainable to him.

His entire body ached for relief a relief that was only granted to him by his own hand because she would never deign to offer it herself.

He supposed he was a glutton for punishment, as this was now the fourth time she had left him dissatisfied.

Staring at the ceiling, he gripped his cock and set to work, imagining that she was still riding him. It took him less than thirty seconds to come in his hand, grunting like an untried, virgin schoolboy.

Wiping his hand on the stained sheet, he observed her dispassionate movements, and he knew. He knew that that was all he was to her. A body. Somebody who was there to please her, pound her, fuck her, until she forgot her own name until she forgot who he was, who they were, and whatever the hell they were doing.

He was hers completely, indefinitely.

But she would never be his.

Oddly enough, he didn't care.

## ii). Judging Books

*"What is this?"*

She stood in front of him, hands on her hips, and her blazing eyes firmly planted on the book she had just put carefully in front of him. Even when she was angry, she would never dream of harming a book.

The stray thought caused an odd tickle at the base of his stomach.

"You're slipping, Granger," he drawled cockily. "It's a book, if you must know."

Draco crossed his arms, resisting the urge to swivel in his chair. Who would have thought that Draco Malfoy would end up in the Department of Magical Law Enforcement? Surely his ancestors would be thoroughly disgusted and more than ready to rise from their graves to teach him a sound lesson. Lesson 121; A Malfoy never works for their daily bread.

He was rudely brought back to the present at the sound of her fist connecting with his desk.

Huffing with impatience, she glared at him balefully and spoke through gritted teeth, making Draco want to grin with triumph, like a kneazle who got the cream.

"I know it's a book, you ferrety bastard, but how did an ancient Hindu, Sanskrit text end up in my cabin? The Kama Sutra, no less!"

"I thought you could use it to brush up on your skills," he retorted quietly.

"There will be no brushing up, Malfoy," she glowered. "Have you any idea how mortifying it was to explain this away? Poor Neville nearly had an aneurism when he saw the cover!"

Anything that made Longbottom drop dead with embarrassment was a bonus in Draco's opinion. The little toad had been ogling his shagging partner for far too long. It was about time that he made this little fling between them public.

Ignoring her rants, Draco wiggled his eyebrows. "Does that mean you like it?"

He held back an amused snort as she blushed, her face glowing brightly.

"W-well, that's... hardly... It's neither here nor there! It's just not acceptable." She stared at him defiantly.

Merlin, that little head-tilt was wreaking havoc on his nether regions.

"Why not, Granger?" Draco frowned as she lowered her eyes.

"Because it's inexcusable to send something like that so publicly. You know very well that our arrangement was never to be acknowledged outside of that room."

He felt a flash of irritation, and a tiny part of him deflated. "Those were conditional terms."

"What do you mean?" She seemed alarmed.

Good.

"It means that at any time, we can choose to revise them." Draco felt no triumph as he watched her face blanch. "And I choose to want more. If that means a public declaration, then so be it."

"You wouldn't," she whispered fearfully.

"Wouldn't I?"

"But, my friends..."

"...Your friends couldn't give a flying fuck who you shagged."

"Keep your voice down," she hissed.

Draco stood swiftly, eyes flashing dangerously. "Make me."

He could clearly see that she was seething. "Why, you arrogant, selfish, conceited..."

"...Oh, sing me a new one..."

"...little bastard! I ought to string your twitchy arse up and use you as a human piñata." Her chest heaved, but the fight seemed to have left her, for the moment. "Why are you doing this? To humiliate me, is that it?"

Draco was stunned. And not a little hurt.

He shook his head and slumped back into his chair. "Just, take the book and get out, Granger." He sounded tired, even to himself. She hesitated, surprised by his sudden capitulation. Unsure of this new side to him, she picked up the book with shaking hands and left.

### iii). Tick, Tock

He was pounding into her from behind.

His entire body felt like a lit fuse, edging closer and closer to the bomb that wanted to explode inside of him. He was almost there. Almost there, almost there, *almosttherealmostthere...*

Before he could, she shattered around him with a keening wail, breathless and twitching, but still accepting his erratic thrusts into her trembling quim. And with each pulse around him, he was drawing ever closer to completion.

She tried to stop him before he could, as she moved to leave the bed. But he desperately clutched at her hips like a drowning man, not allowing her the choice of moving away before he could release the tension that had built up inside of him. It had been so long.

Although she struggled to pull away, it seemed half-hearted. And the moment she stopped fighting him, mentally, emotionally, physically, he came deep inside of her, grinding his pelvis against the cheeks of her pert bottom; it was like stars bursting beneath his eyelids, his warmth flowing from him to her. A secret gift that no one could see, but one they would both *know* he had given and she accepted.

Bending over, he groaned into her ear as he covered her damp back with his torso, his fingers stretching out to clasp hers, like sentient vines. She squeezed them in return, and he knew joy.

It was the first time he had spent himself inside her, so he refused to allow her to make another hasty exit. Instead, he slipped out with a silent plop, and turned her over to settle himself within the cradle of her thighs, just barely catching a glimpse of his creamy seed seeping out from her swollen nether lips.

It was enough.

With his forearms stretched out by her head, he silently looked down at her apprehensive face.

And she spoke for the first time, quietly, reproaching. "You shouldn't have done that."

She was so solemn, her tawny eyes rounder than any wheel created for man-kind.

"Why?"

"Because now, I'll never be able to let you go."

And it was like the heavens had opened, drenching him, with her words and her supple, sweaty skin that stuck to his. She soaked him with her wide eyes and moist pouting lips, and there was peace. There was triumph.

He didn't need to reply. Didn't want to reply.

Instead, he leaned down and kissed her. For the first time.

### iv). Sneak-o-snake

"You did that on purpose, didn't you?"

"Did what?"

"Don't be obtuse, Malfoy."

"What does that mean, anyway? How the fuck can a person be obtuse? I'm not a bloody triangle."

"Stop ignoring me!"

"... Fine."

"So?"

"What 'so'?"

"Argh! You're really starting to annoy me now."

"You always annoy me."

"Why did you hex poor Neville? Tell me!"

"I don't need a reason to inflate Longbottom's arse."

"He was stuck to the ceiling for over an hour!"

"Oh, boohoo, Granger, I'm so remorseful."

"..."

"It's not my fault the idiot can't even manage an anti-inflation charm!"

"..."

"And so what if his arse is a bit saggy now. He needed to lose some weight. I did him a favour, really."

"You are incorrigible... and and sneaky, and just plain mean!"

"Slytherin."

"It was bad form, and you know it."

"Well, he shouldn't have looked down your top."

"... So, does that mean you were defending my honour?"

"If it helps you sleep at night."

"Aw, *Malfoy*."

"You forgive me?"

"..."

"What are you hmpf!... Oh. *Oh... Fuck, Granger!*"

**\*giggle\***

**v). Edge**

He was there, on the edge, waiting to jump.

It was such a long way to fall, and if she didn't catch him, he knew he'd never let go again. There wouldn't be anything of him left to let go.

All he needed to do was take that first step off the edge.

So he did.

"I love you."

And she was there. With him.

*Fin.*