

Pollution

by treeson

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I am in no way, shape or form--nor related to--the good author known as J. K. Rowling. If you had thought so previously, please go to your local psychiatrist. Or bar. Whichever works. :)

The lovely A.Renika beta'd this piece [and made my ego soar to huge proportions], with help from notsosaintly in the validation process. Many thanks, and lots of hugs.

Yellow light broke through the all-consuming darkness, casting the farthest corners of the small closet in shadow. It illuminated his Slytherin green tie and pale face but outlined the cause of the light only in obscurity.

She was only a shade of black until she shut the door, and then she was only a whisper of touch, much like he was.

But he didn't need light to know what she looked like. He had every inch of her flesh memorized. He didn't need light to know when he squeezed over the freckle on her thigh, her knees went weak; or how the small birthmark on her shoulder tasted. He didn't need light to know the three spots on her neck that made her moan or the one that made her writhe under him.

He didn't need light because she was one, an eternal flame beckoning to him like a sailor going to his death for the siren's call. Her light was similarly just out of reach to him, and never was he able to snuff it out.

And, oh, how he wanted to! He wanted to smother her eternal fire with a wet blanket of darkness, wanted to chill the perpetual heat she emitted. He wanted to infect her warmth and radiance with his own cold and darkness and destroy her--everything about her.

He wanted so many warring things, the vast amount of them terrifying and exciting him at once where he had to constantly push them away. He wanted to rip her limb from limb and caress her soft skin. He wanted her to kneel at his feet like the filth she was, and he wanted to put her high on a pedestal, worshiping her: body, mind and soul. He wanted to keep her light pure, untouched and unsullied, but more than anything he wanted to taint her.

But no matter how he tried to taint her, no matter how he tried to pollute that purity and darken the crystallized light that shone around her, he never prospered. If anything, his failure only made his obsession with it worse, even if he knew it was a futile goal.

But tonight was different.

He had a plan.

"Hermione."

The whisper was against her neck, uttered so softly that not even the walls of the small closet had heard him, though they strained their plaster ears to understand. But she had, and the effect was instantaneous.

She pulled away from him, nails digging lightly into his chest.

"We agreed no first names, Malfoy."

"Rules can be changed," he replied, unabashed, not knowing that his plan would backfire so quickly and wondering what the twisting in his gut meant. If he had taken Divination seriously, he might think it was a premonition of things to come. But he didn't, so he didn't back down.

She pulled away entirely, deflecting his attempts to hold her to him easily. The rustle of her clothes as she pulled them on was the only indication he wasn't alone in the closet. The twisting in his gut intensified painfully, and he wondered how he could feel so adrift without the light he hated.

"Rules are there for a reason. No matter. This was to be our last meeting anyway."

"What?" *Last* was the only word that penetrated his mind or he would have made fun of her calling their weekly fucks 'meetings'.

"I got engaged last night," she said without preamble, her voice distracted as she pulled on her skirt.

His jaw hardened, both at the words and the unidentifiable feeling going through him. It wasn't jealousy. No. He would never be jealous.

"You've never let him stop you before."

"No," Hermione agreed simply. "But he deserves my full attention now."

He found her in the darkness where he couldn't before, slamming her back against the wall of the closet, leaving finger-shaped bruises on her unmarred arms.

"Don't / deserve something too?" Her jasmine shampoo made his loins stir, and he shook her in return. "If anyone deserves anything, it's me."

She didn't struggle against his painful grip, but she didn't submit to it either, adding more fuel to his rage.

"We agreed at the beginning that this was *not* a relationship--that it was a mutual arrangement of meeting needs and desires and it would never leave the Room of Requirement and that it could end at any time."

He sneered at her prim, matter-of-fact tone and ignored the stabbing feeling in his chest. "But who was it that fucked the thoughts of the Weasel out when he was shagging his *precious* Lavender all over the castle? Who made you forget he *cheated* on you?"

"And I already thanked you for that."

"I *don't* want your thanks," Draco snarled. "I want *you*."

"I don't care."

She pushed him away, but he didn't take it as a slight or even notice, he was too embroiled in his whirring thoughts. He hadn't known he had wanted anything more than her body until now. He finally recognized the odd look Blaise had given him at breakfast after he had smashed up their dormitory that morning after seeing Potter kiss Hermione's cheek. **His** *Hermione*.

Jealously. The same feeling he had been having constantly these last few weeks, seeing her and the Weasel hugging and walking arm-in-arm with the bloody Chosen One and Man-Who-Saved-The-Wizarding-World. His arm around *his* Hermione's waist.

But he hadn't imagined the light he both loathed and--yes--loved could hurt him so much. Could rip him limb from limb with three simple, unimaginative words when he had been trying to do the same for almost four years since the 'meetings' had started.

Four years of tormenting her, calling her every filthy name he knew as he tore into her savagely, gagging her when she was on her knees in front of him, sneering at her as he degraded her and tried to snuff out her blinding light. Nothing had broken her. Nothing had scarred or marred her. Nothing had put a dent in the ceaseless light.

But she had shredded *him* without batting a lash.

And his light would be gone from him forever. Ron-fucking-Weasley would get what was his. Would taste her birthmark and would hear her whimpers and breathy moans and see her curls sweaty and smell their combined sex and she'd scream his *first* name.

"And anyway, it wasn't Ron that asked me to marry him."

Potter.

He was slammed in the gut with the realization, forcing him to lean heavily against the eavesdropping wall to steady himself as he tried to breathe, staring wide-eyed at the place he thought she was.

Shock, it had to be shock.

Because only a girl's heart broke.

The door opened, and he slowly turned his head to look at her, blinking sluggishly at the light. She was once again silhouetted--but it didn't matter; he knew what she looked like.

But he could see her eyes. Hard. Dangerous.

"Don't break the other rule either."

As he was enveloped in darkness again and the light he loved had left, leaving him to slide bonelessly to the ground, he realized he had succeeded. He had tainted his light, he had gotten through her ethereal shell and chilled it, blemished it. But she hadn't broken like he intended.

Her light had taken the abuse, the cold and darkness, and added it to her defenses, strengthening it, empowering her even more. It enabled her to break through his own cold outer shell, undermining it and cutting him to the core.

And she knew it.

Draco only wished he hadn't attained his goal now that he saw the outcome.

Finite.