

Old Gold

by Jenwryn

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Hermione smooths her fingers down the silk of the kimono, luxury sliding beneath soft, well-kept hands. It's a business dinner of her husband's – the invitation said *normal and traditional* – and, outside, a flaming Japanese sun is melting into a thousand-rippled sea.

She shimmers when she moves. Her slender body sings of Old Gold, hums the sensuality of signatures on dotted lines. She's the proof of his power.

But, when she turns to him, it's her eyes that request his attention and *they* speak of nothing but bright intelligence.

"Are you *sure* about this?"

Draco smiles slowly. "Oh yes. Immeasurably so..."