

Jealousy, elf-made wine and passion

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Jealousy, elf-made wine and passion

by [HannahOphio](#)

Summary

How dare he bring a date? That ass!

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It caught Hermione by surprise seeing her secret boyfriend with that... woman. He has to make up for this stupid idea in a really pleasing way.

Notes

Hey y'all and welcome back!

Dramione and Drarry are my main Harry Potter ships, depending on if I feel the gay vibe or not. Today we have a nice little Dramione One Shot (that might some day get a sequel). I wrote it in german a few weeks ago and now decided to translate and edit it a bit, because smut just works so much better in english. Sometimes I wish I could just write fluff in german and smut in english :D but yeah. We all know it doesn't really work that way.

Anyways I hope you enjoy reading this fanfiction!

Have fun - Hannah <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

»Thank you.« ,with a bright and generous smile the brunette took a glass of the fine elf-made wine, the waiter carried on a tray.

He nodded decently and went on, walking through the ostentatiously decorated festival hall and offering drinks to the different witches and wizard. She looked around and eyed the magically floating garlands, while she tapped a melody on the cool glas in her hand with her nude manicures fingernails.

»Hermione!« ,she heard a familiar voice and as she turned around she saw Harry hand in hand with Ginny walking towards her.

»Hey you two!« ,she sighed relieved. Finally she had found somebody with whom she couldn't just make smalltalk or have polite and diplomatic conversation.

She hugged her best friend first and then also his wife.

»Come on Ginny... Did your belly grow since we saw eachother last?« ,Hermione asked laughing, while the redhead stroke over her very pregnant belly.

»Probably.« ,she chuckled, »I'm pretty sure he wants me to explode.«

Harry eyed her with a loving look on his face, as he planted a kiss on her head and whispered something into her ear.

»You think the organizers where clever enough to seat us next to eachother?« ,Hermione asked, »Because otherwise it's going to be excruciatingly boring.«

Harry shrugged and grinned. »I don't know, let's hope so. But if not, we can probably swap places with somebody else.«

»Yeah... You're right.« ,she answered and nodded, sipping on her wine, »Did you hear something from Ron? Will he be here too?«

She and Ron still were friends, but in a rather uncomfortable way. Even though their break up was three years ago, they couldn't have a normal conversation anymore. It was awkward ever since... They only saw each other at Weasley family gatherings or at occasions like this, commemorations or a charity gala.

»He's still on a business trip, so he won't make it today.« ,he answered and turned to his wife, »Where's Ron again, Gin?«

»California, I think.« ,she said.

»Oh, okay.« ,Hermione smiled and didn't know if she should be relieved or disappointed. Sometimes she missed the old times and their friendship. Maybe people were right and you just couldn't be friends with somebody who once saw you naked, but even for that theory there were exceptions. Shortly after her break up with Ron Hermione experienced a little... drunk... escapade... with Lee Jordan and they were still friends. They saw each other way

more often than she saw Ron, even though they've never been best friends, especially not for over ten years and during a war.

»Please tell him my best regards, when you hear from him again.« ,she asked.

»Will do.« ,Ginny smiled and tried to cheer up Hermione.

»Harry, Hermione, Ginny.« ,she heard a deep voice behind her back.

»Minister Shacklebolt!« ,the brunette said and smiled back at him.

»How often do I have to tell you, that even though I'm your boss now, you should still call me Kingsley out of work.«

Hermione blushed softly, but fortunately her embarrassment vanished, as Kingsley hugged her gently.

While he welcomed Harry and Ginny and asked about the baby, Hermione saw him. He stood at the huge double door, that connected the atrium with the ball room. His pale skin and the almost white hair shined bright. His arm was wrapped around a young, short women with a black bob and bangs. She was wearing a short dress out of black satin that garned her body in a very complimenting way, although it reminded Hermione of a negligee. Dracos suit looked extraordinary. Like everything in his wardrobe the suit was probably tailor-made and the black jacket accentuated his broad shoulders. The burgundy red shirt flattered his skin tone and Hermione was sure, that his bottom was looking fantastic in the black pants. Pansy stared at him, as if he was a god. Who knows, maybe he was?

»Hermione?« ,Kingsley said and plugged her out of the thoughts.

»Huh?« ,she turned to him with a jerk, »Sorry! I was distracted for a moment.«

»I saw the article about you in the witch-weekly. They listed you as one of the most important and influential witches of the world! Made me very proud!«

Her cheeks flushed with pink again and she felt her skin getting warm.

»Thank you very much.« ,she said and smiled, still slightly embarrassed, »It's not a big deal.«

»Don't be so humble.« ,he underlined.

»He's right.« ,Ginny agreed.

Hermione shrugged as suddenly another employee of the ministry came up Kingsley and whispered with him, before going back stage again.

»You see. We're going to start soon and I have to say some words. It would be best if you could already get seated!« ,he explained and smiled at them, before he followed the employee behind the illuminated stage at the front of the hall.

»I think our seats are there, at the front.« ,Harry said, »They indeed sat us next to each other.« The walked over to one of the many round tables, that were scattered in the entire room. At each table there were six seats, garned with a small name tag. Hermione found the signed that showed her name in a beautiful kalligraphic font and took a seat on the comfortable chair.

Harry adjusted the chair for Ginny and then took place between the two women. Hermione let her eyes wander around the festive hall, while it got quieter from second to second.

At the other and of the room, right in Hermiones view, she saw how Draco adjusted Pansys chair for her and again she felt the anger starting to boil inside of her, so she took her eyes from the so well fitting pair as quickly as possible.

Kingsley entered the stage and all the voices broke off as everybody look at him, the minister of magic. He casted a sonorus spell and his voice was heard loud and clear in every corner of the room.

»Ladies and Gentlemen, witches and wizard. I'm very glad, that I can welcome all of you today at our charity event. We want to collect money for different social projects. For example, to build a new children's home in the south of england, where we can give a safe, stable and loving home, especially to the children who were orphaned because of the war. Also we want to rebuild the trauma department of the St. Mungos hospital. But I don't want to talk about the possibilities for donation too much already, especially because we want to enjoy a festive meal first. It was prepared and is served by elves, who all received a fair salary for their hard work. An aspect our new head of the department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures, Hermione Granger, especially stood up for.«

Enthusiastic applause rose and Harry nudged Hermione, inviting her to stand up and bath in her cheer. She slowly stood up out of her chair and smiled, while she bowed down a little and thanked them.

»All of this was even possible because of donations, that were made in the past. I want to especially thank our most generous donor, Draco Malfoy.« ,Kingsley said further on.

Before Hermione could take a seat again, Draco already rose from his chair and grinned bright as the sun, while the people applauded for him. His eyes enlocked with Hermiones briefly, she quickly could break away from his look. Her anger started boiling again, as they both took a seat and Pansy laid her hand on Dracos arm. She looked at him with shiny eyes, cherished him, before she planted a kiss on his cheek and possessively holding his hand.

Hermione felt her fury like heartburn in her throat and she turned to Harry quickly.

»That was a lot of attention. I'll go take a break and catch some fresh air, before everyone comes and talks to me later.« ,she whispered to his ear. He just nodded, in the end he already knew her weird habits and how shy she could be.

She stood up and left the room quietly, tried to hide in the shadows at edges of the room. Once out she turned left and walked towards the toilets. She sighed relieved as she entered the smaller, still not less pompous, room.

She propped her hands up besides the sink and looked at herself in the mirror. Her cheeks were flushed with crimson, due to her fury. She concentrated on taking deep breaths, before she turned on the water to cool down her wrists. She dried her hands with an unsaid, wandless charm and fanned some air to her face. She felt herself calm down and knew she wouldn't cry out of anger anymore, so she decided to go back.

She opened the bathroom door, which led to a side corridor of the atrium, but stopped. Of course he followed her.

»Hey babe.« ,he mumbled and grinned at her, pushing himself off of the wall.

Hermione just snorted angrily and raised her head, pride and arrogant, as she wanted to walk past him. But of course, Draco didn't particularly want that.

»Babe!« ,he complained and caught her wrist. His warm fingers burned against her cold skin, as he pulled her closer to himself. »What's going on?«

Hermione scoffed annoyed and rolled her eyes as she looked past him. But he gently stroked her cheek and guided her look towards his.

»Would you please talk to me?« ,he asked and inspected every inch of her face, »What did I do? Why are you angry at me?«

»I don't know. What do you think?« ,Hermione hissed and wanted to push him away, but he was just too strong.

»I certainly don't know, obviously I wouldn't ask you if I would.« ,he shrugged.

»Tzz..« ,Hermione rolled her eyes again, »So you think turning up here with Pansy was a good idea?«

Draco's eyes opened wide out of shock.

»You know... just because we keep our relationship secret, that doesn't mean you need to bring a date! And not just any date. But Pansy Parkinson! Couldn't you think of a worse woman than her? They all think you two make such a cute and fitting pair anyways. So please, leave me alone and go take care of your Pansy again!«

Paralyzed from the shock Draco didn't hold on to Hermione anymore and she freed her arm out of his hand. But quickly he shook his head and pulled her back again. This time she stood between him and the wall.

»Draco!« ,she hissed, »Leave me alone!«

»Baby...« ,he sighed and laid his hand on her cheek. His thumb ran over her bottom lip, tugging on it gently. »I'm sorry, babe. It was a really stupid idea. But after that bloody reporter saw us in the thestralalley last week and I had to bribe him with a lot of money so he would delete the pictures... I didn't want to take any risks and thought... maybe just get rid of all the rumors again.«

»Oh, so that is what this is about. The money you lost. Typical.« ,she scoffed, »And still, just because you had a good intention, doesn't mean you did a good thing, letting her grope you the whole evening. Uuh Draco, your chest is so muscular. Uuh Draco, you gave the possibility for this event by donating so much of your money. Uuh Draco, ARGH!«

Hermine hit his chest out of anger, which really was muscular by the way.

»Baby...« ,Draco sighed again, but this time closer to her ear, so she could even feel his hot breath graze over her skin.

He laid his hand on her hips, gripping into the tulle of her skirt.

»No Draco, I'm not that easy to turned around today!« ,she said and tried staying strong, although her legs already felt like jello and his rough lips planted small kisses on her neck, along her pulse artery. Her hand laid flat on his chest by now and she just couldn't hold back a small sigh, while holding on to the revers of his jacket.

»Please, forgive me, baby.« ,he whispered, »I'm really sorry. It was a stupid idea and I'll take care, that she doesn't grope my anymore. Promise.«

»You sure?« ,Hermione asked back. She was anxious. »Are you sure, you don't like it, when she adores you and touches you like that?«

Draco straightened his back and looked Hermione in the eyes.

»Baby. You're all I want. I Promise. You're my babygirl. I mean, I'm even wearing a red shirt, so that I have something that reminds me of you today. You're all I've ever dreamed off. And I can't wait to snuggle in bed with you today and show you, how much I missed you all this damn evening.«

Hermione blushed.

»Okay.« ,she sighed, »I'm sorry.«

»It's okay.« ,Draco nodded, »Although I've got to admit, that your jealousy kind of turned me on... Maybe I should let her grope me some more.«

Hermione scoffed and playfully hit his chest.

»Don't your dare.« ,she said and he grinned softly.

»Don't worry. I'm just joking.« ,he mumbled and tugged on her bottom lip with his thumb again. His one hand stayed on her hip, but the long fingers of the other caressed her neck and glid into her hair on the back of her head.

Hermiones mouth opened slightly she felt a shivered rushing down her spine. Dracos hair fell on his face in soft, blond locks, just the way she liked it. Draco took a fist of her hair and pulled back her head, so she had to look up to him even more.

»Draco...« ,she sighed softly, »Please.«

A devilish grin laid on his lips, as he teased his girlfriend some more.

»Huh?« ,he asked, »What do you want babygirl?« Seemingly incidentally the hand on her hip stroked down and backwards, till it laid on her rear.

»Kiss me.« ,Hermione begged and Draco saw that hungry shine in her eyes, while they wandered between his eyes and lips.

He didn't want to keep her on tenterhooks anymore. He couldn't, because he aswell got impatient. He leaned in and closed his eyes, as his lips gently laid on Hermiones. Her full bottom lip nestled between his perfectly and a small gasp slipped over her lips, but the kiss swalled it.

Hermiones hand grabbed his revers and held him close to her. With her other hand she slowly stroked back to hiss ass. His firm, round, muscular ass. Draco didn't understand what she liked about his bottom so much, but for her, it was just wonderful to look at and to touch.

Their mouths moved slowly and passionate against each other, as Draco let his tongue slip over Hermiones. A small moan left her mouth, as he pulled her upwards by her thighs. She jumped a little and wrapped her legs around his waist.

»Drayy...« ,she sighed and Draco bit her bottom lip. He didn't like this nickname, because it reminded him of slytherin girls, especially Astoria, trying to flirt with him back in Hogwarts. But he knew, that Hermione only used it, when she wasn't able to say his whole name anymore, due to her arousal.

»Yes, babe?« ,he asked like a tease and kissed her neck again.

»I need you.« ,she moaned, »Now.«

Draco took his lips off of her skin and eyed her.

»Hermione...« ,he sighed, trying to be reasonable.

»Please.« ,she begged and pressed herself against him harder.

»We can't...« ,he doubted. Usually Hermione was the rational one of them. Because he could never get enough of her and always had problems controlling himself around her. That now he had to be the thoughtful one... No he didn't like that. He wasn't by far as good as her in that.

»I'm not wearing any underwear.« ,she whispered to his ear and vanished her knickers magically.

»Ugh... Babe. You're killing me.« ,he mumbled and felt his cock twitch in his pants. He turned around and started to carry her back in to the ladys room.

They hid in the last stall and Hermione grinned, happy that she got what she wanted, needed.

»So now you're rewarding me with sex for bringing a date? Don't you think that's wrong, babe?« ,Draco asked, as he pushed her back against the tiled wall and grinned.

»Noo...« ,she chuckled with an arrogant facial expression, »You're making up for me with an orgasm. Because I had to watch that shit show. That's a really good way of saying sorry.«

Draco couldn't counter anything. He just inhaled sharply, as she started to unbutton his shirt.

Her dress already slipped up, due to her legs that were wrapped around his waist, but Draco helped out a little and pushed it even further up. Slowly he put her down on her feet again, as soon as she started to caress his naked chest and stomach. Her legs were shaking and her high heels didn't help with that, so he hold her hip, trying to support her.

He slowly kissed a way from her knee to her exposed, hot middle.

»No. No foreplay. There's no time.« ,she complained.

»Babe. Let me relish in that. Just for a second.« ,he said and stroke through her slit with two fingers, eliciting a sweet moan from her.

He looked up to her and licked her slick from his digits.

»Mh... babe. You taste so good.«

»You can eat me out at home. Now I need your cock inside of me. Please!« ,she demanded as politely as possible and tried pulling him up by his jacket again.

»So hungry for me baby...« ,he sighed and grinned crooked, as he stood up again. He started to kiss her neck, as she unbuckled his belt and opened the button and the zippers. She pushed his pants and boxersshorts down, below his bottom. And immediately her one hand was there to grab his ass. Draco chuckled and gently bit the skin on her neck. He knew she was crazy for his rear, although he didn't really get why.

With her other hand she started stroking his already hart cock.

»Please. Draco.« ,she begged.

»I know. I know.« ,he cooed in her ear, before he lifted her up again.

Her dress slipped up to her waist and he held her at her beautiful, full bottom, as she wrapped her arms and legs around him again. His cock rested in the curve of her rim, before he slowly pulled back and let his tip brush over her wet folds.

»Please...« ,she whined and Draco heard her beg, so he slowly pushed himself inside of her.

»Ohh... Dray.« ,she moaned softly and laid her head back, while he slowly pulled back again and thrustured in more vehemently.

A deep growl rose from Dracos throat, while his Hermione let her hands slip underneath the collar of his shirt and on his back.

She arched her back and he could see the little tattoo on her hip bone. It was a dragon, not bigger than two galleons. But as Draco stroke over the tattoo with his thumb, the dragon spread its wings and started moving. Draco loved this tattoo.

His fingers spread over Hermiones well shaped cheeks and his fingertip dug into her flesh, as he thrust in her passionately. Breathless he pushed his lips against her neck and planted tumbling kisses on her sweaty skin.

»Oh babe...« ,he moaned softly as Hermione began to play with his hair. She wrapped strand around her fingers and gently massaged his scalp.

He burried his nose at the corner between her neck and her shoulder and smelled her sweet, flowery perfume, while hearing her delicate little moans and sighs. Slowly he wandered between their bodies with his left hand and circled Hermiones clit.

She moaned and bit down on her lip, her hands holding on to him tightly.

»Drayy..« ,she moaned and laid her head back, so that he could perfectly kiss her neck again, »Close..«

Draco didn't change his pace, because by now he knew, that he shouldn't change the rhythm when she was close. The steadiness pushed her better to the edge than anything.

»Oh! Yes!« ,she whined and bit her lip again.

Suddenly her body spasmed and she gasped. Her crotch narrowed and he orgasm flushed over her like a tidal wave. Her insides clenched around Dracos cock, massaged him while he still thrust inside of her. It only elongated her orgasm and she enjoyed every second of it.

To see her relish in her emotions and to feel her pussy spasm around him pushed Draco over the edge. To him the first few moments of an orgasm always felt like falling down a cliff. He felt weightless and floating, while he felt his cock twitch and releasing himself inside of her. He slowed his pace and snuggled his face at her neck again.

They waited a few seconds, trying to slow down there breathing, while Draco still held her in her arms.

»Oh babe..« ,he mumbled and kissed her cheek over and over again, »I love you.«

»I love you too, Draco.« ,she answered and caught his lips with her own, while he slowly let her slide to the floor again.

Draco let his wand slip out of his sleeve and cast a refreshment spell on them, as they suddenly heard the bathroom door open with a squeaky sound.

»Mione?« ,they heard.

»Ginny!« ,Hermione formed with her lips and tried to swallow her panic.

Her eyes were opened wide and Draco looked at her in shock, while he buttoned up his shirt again and tried buckling his belt without a noise. He gestured towards his girlfriend that she should say or do something.

»Yes!« ,Hermione answered, »Just a second, Gin.«

Hermione straightened her dress and brushed through her locks with her fingers, before she flushed the toilet.

Quietly she whispered: »Love you, see you at home.« and gave him a short gently last kiss. He hid behind the door, while Hermione opened it.

»Everything okay?« ,Ginny asked her and looked at her with an scrutinizing expression, »Where were you all the time? And why are you so blushed?«

Ginny nearly interrogated her, but fortunately Hermione had a lot of experience with finding excuses fast - because in the end she was a witch living alongside muggles.

»I went for a walk and got lost. As I finally found the entrance again, I had to pee.« ,she explained and dried her hands. She touched her hot cheeks. »It's really cold outside, you know.«

Ginny remained a bit skeptical, but mumbled: »Okay.. They're already serving the food. And people asked for you, so we better get going.«

Hermione nodded and then followed Ginny back into the hall. Excited chattering and the smell of warm and tasty food filled the air.

As they sat down again, Hermione saw Draco entering the hall aswell. He quickly went back to his place, where Pansy awaited him with an annoyed expression. She said something, which of course Hermione couldn't hear, but Draco only waved it off and Hermione was pretty sure he rolled his eyes, as he often does.

»I'll go get myself some food.« ,she said to Harry and Ginny, after she downed the last sip of her elf-made wine.

End Notes

It's me again! I really hope you enjoyed this fan fiction.

Please have in mind, that I didn't beta the fic yet, but I'll do it soon! So it might contain some mistakes and typos, especially because I'm not an english native speaker.

Your comments and kudos are highly appreciated! I love to see what you think, what you liked or disliked :)

Have a nice day, noon or night.

Lots of love - your Hannah <3

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!