

Fulfilled

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Fulfilled

by [Misdemeanor1331](#)

Summary

Hermione had planned to spend her evening drinking, dancing, and trying to forget all that was wrong in her life. She never considered that being drugged and abducted could lead directly to what was right with it.

Notes

This was written for the HP Kinkfest 2020. Thanks to my beta, PotionChemist, for dragging my vocab out of anatomy class and into the erotica section of my local independent bookseller. All remaining errors are my own.

The biggest warnings for this fic are: consensual non-consent, non-consensual drugging, drugged sex, and abduction/kidnapping. Please check the tags and avoid this piece if any of these are triggering for you.

The kink was *Abduction* and my prompt was: *Hermione goes out for a night on the town and gets drugged and abducted*. Not sure if this is what people intended when they asked me to write smut, but here you go anyway. :)



Fulfilled

The throbbing bass beat and pulsing lights were far from Hermione Granger's usual scene, and the break from the norm was exactly what she wanted. She felt stuck in a dead-end, low-paying job in the Ministry's Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures, where her initiatives failed and her supervisors didn't take her seriously, despite her bonafides. Her studio apartment, which she had purchased more on principal than practicality in an overpriced suburb of Muggle London, was objectively shitty, with thin walls, drafty windows, and a mouse problem. The last might not have been an issue five years ago, but her beloved familiar Crookshanks had aged into stiff joints and poor eyesight. She didn't blame him for the infestation; he deserved a lazy retirement, particularly after all he'd been through at Hogwarts.

After growing up in the midst of a stalled war and fighting alongside her friends to finish it, Hermione knew she should be grateful for the quiet routine that formed her everyday. And she was. She found comfort in the expected and did not miss the traumatic stress of life-or-death adventures.

But too much predictability was damaging in its own way. Hermione needed a change. She needed excitement. And tonight, this Muggle club would have to do.

She looked at Ginny Weasley over the rim of her gin and tonic. Ginny looked much more comfortable amid the crowd of half-clothed patrons. Her bare arms and shoulders draped easily across her high-top chair, and her pale skin flickered green-blue-purple-red in the strobing lights. More than one man, and several women, for that matter, had noted it, too, approaching with predatory smiles and slick one-liners.

They had been attracted to her body and her confidence. To the high sex drive she exuded without even trying, with her open posture, tapping toes, and wandering eyes. Happily

engaged to Harry Potter, Ginny's rejections were graceful in a way Hermione envied. She had never felt so confident in romance.

She supposed that was part of the problem, too.

"What, is there another one?" Ginny shouted her question over the deafening music and sent a wary look behind her.

Hermione shook her head. "No, you just... You look good."

Her friend smiled. "I feel good. This place is..." She cast a look around.

The club was a converted fire station with old, brick walls, exposed ductwork, and wrought iron fixtures. An L-shaped bar edged the dance floor, which writhed with university-aged men and women. They did not dance so much as react, bouncing when the beat pulsed and grinding when it slowed. Their shifting movements reminded Hermione of a murmuration of starlings sweeping through the sky.

"It's fun," Ginny finished, though her smile no longer reached her eyes.

"Thanks for coming out," Hermione said. "I needed a girls' night."

Ginny set her empty glass onto the bar and leaned forward, sensing the evening's true intention. "What happened?"

Hermione looked into her glass, as if the melting ice cubes were tea leaves she could interpret for the answer.

"It's Draco," she said. "We're on a break."

Ginny's mouth flattened into a thin line. She had always been outwardly supportive of Hermione and Draco's relationship, but this news seemed to confirm a silent suspicion. She caught the bartender's eye and gestured for another round.

"Spill," Ginny said. "When did this happen?"

"Last week. I brought up moving in together—not even soon, just eventually—and he spooked. He told me he needed space, then he left."

"Left?"

"The country," Hermione clarified. Ginny's brow darkened. "He's been traveling all week. For business, he says, but—" She shrugged, rolled her eyes, and emptied half of her drink in a series of long sips. "I don't know if he's serious about me. About *us*. It's been over a year."

"He's always been a coward," Ginny said.

"I really like him. I think..." Hermione couldn't stop the tears from building.

Ginny's eyes widened. "Oh no."

“Ginny, I think I might love him.”

The redhead groaned and put her face in her hands. “Are you serious?”

Hermione stabbed at her ice, then finished her cocktail. “I don’t know.”

Ginny slammed her drink, hopped down from high-top chair, and held her hand out for Hermione. “Come on. We’re going to dance until we’re sore, drink until we’re plastered, and tomorrow, when we’re both hungover as hell, we’re going to figure you out.”

Hermione took Ginny’s hand, and together, they wove through the crowd to the dance floor’s center. Alcohol coursed through her bloodstream, making her feel light, and she lost herself in the crush, abandoning her inhibitions and allowing the music to guide the touch of her body against those of strangers.

Someone—Ginny, she assumed—pressed a colorful drink into her hand. Its sweet syrup didn’t quite mask the bitter taste at the back of her tongue. The earthy bite reminded her of Dreamless Sleep, but she was past caring. The music was loud, the booze was flowing, and the smell of skin and sweat made her heart race. She felt reckless and alive.

Time loosened its hold, blurring in the flashing lights. A pair of strong hands gripped her hips. A man pressed himself against her, his interest firm and insistent against the flesh of her rear, and Hermione pressed back. She wanted.

Adventure.

Escape.

Him.

Wasn’t it all the same thing?

A hand on her wrist pulled her from the swarm. She passed Ginny, who stood on the dance floor’s periphery with her arms crossed and her blue eyes narrowed in judgment. Hermione’s arm felt heavy as she tried to wave. Tongue felt clumsy as she tried to shout a reassurance. A promise that she knew what she was doing, would be careful, would Floo her tomorrow. At least some of those were true.

All at once, the world opened up, the club’s humid heat replaced by the late evening chill. Hermione tipped her head back. The moon shone white, and only the brightest stars could compete, dancing in the vast, black heavens like she had danced just moments ago, bouncing in time to the slow beat of her heart.

She spun with them—*I’m a star*—and familiar hands caught her as she stumbled in too-high heels.

The owner of the hands spoke. A dark voice agreed with her. “Yes, you are.”

Hermione searched the night for his face. Eyes like stars. Teeth as white and distant as the moon.

She smiled back, and then the world closed how it opened. The wide sensation of freedom, of floating, coalesced as if drawn in by gravity. It was the sucking darkness of a black hole, and only flashes of understanding escaped its pull.

The sharp edge of a tin against her fingers, slicing the skin of her thumb. Her blood was red, and it dripped, and she laughed without feeling the sting of it.

A soft landing on hard ground. Her knees buckled beneath her as her muscles ceased to function, her joints disarticulating like flower petals in a rainstorm.

A breeze against her face. Movement.

More stars, then darkness as a cloth wrapped over her eyes.

It didn't scare her. Not like in her nightmares—less common now than before—where evil men with red eyes and hate-filled hearts lurked in the deepest shadows. Instead, she felt protected, cradled in a pair of strong arms, held firmly against a broad chest. Cherished, as she was placed upon a sofa. Or was it a bed?

Warm hands trailed up and down her body, taking her clothes with them as she lay limp and drifting. Clumsy fingers gathered her hair, pinning it up in a loose bun, then turned sure once more as she was lifted and carried. The contact was warmer now. Skin to skin.

It was the water that woke her. Not a conscious waking, but an instinctive one, her body primitively aware that whatever imperfect paralysis had taken hold of it was not compatible with survival in this new environment.

Hermione lashed out, or tried to. Her hand collided with a shoulder with no more pressure or authority than a mouse exerted over a Hippogriff. Her neck rolled forward as she was seated, and her legs wavered into and out of existence; she couldn't move them. A firm hand supported her shoulder, keeping her upright. Making sure she didn't slip and drown.

Was she dreaming?

The water rose. The stranger sat behind her in the oversized tub and leaned her back against his chest. She tried to crane her neck to see him, as if she could intuit his face from behind the blindfold, but her head was deadweight. She let it fall against his shoulder, her nose angled toward the space between his neck and collarbone.

He smelled like the bath, masculine and ordinary.

A tear slipped from her eye, unnoticed in the water.

She didn't know him.

She wanted to.

She and Draco had discussed this once, in drowsy, post-coital darkness where everything felt safer and less judgmental. She'd confessed interest in a scenario in which she was taken and held. Abducted. She had tried to explain: it was about control, decisions, and the thrill of not

being responsible for either. Of not having to rationalize or think things through. Of having no choice but to obey.

Draco had lived that reality and, though he hadn't understood her desire for it, he'd held her close, kissed her, and thanked her for trusting him.

Now it was happening, but it wasn't him.

The chances of coincidence seemed incalculable. But if it wasn't a coincidence, then who had he told?

Did she know this man, or was he truly a stranger?

Was her abduction the planned fulfillment of a dark fantasy, or the twisted serendipity of a dangerous world?

Fear filtered in, a weak sunbeam against the drugged fog of her mind.

She could be in danger.

She needed to get free.

Hermione tried to move. A leg this time, but the resistance of the water made her weak kick little more than a twitch.

"Please..." She'd made a noise, but did it sound like speech? Was it loud enough for him to hear?

Then, he began to wash her, and everything disappeared.

The glide of the cloth against her skin consumed her meager focus, making her incapable of processing anything beyond the immediate sensual input. The hot water surrounded her like a cocoon. Her breasts were weightless, floating, her nipples hard as they peeked from the water and into the relative chill of the air. Her heartbeat, slow and even. The man behind her erect, his control unwavering as he took his time.

The cloth brushed across her nipples, causing her breath to hitch. A low sound of satisfaction vibrated through his chest like a purr. A second pass brought another spike of soft pleasure. One hand stayed at her breast, teasing her nipples with light flicks and touches. The other moved the washcloth down her abdomen, across her hips, lower...

Her body gave an instinctual flinch when he dropped the cloth and settled his fingers against her slit. The press of water disappeared, replaced by a sphere of humid air. She suspected a modified Bubble-Head Charm, but the fact that this stranger was a wizard registered as a vague afterthought.

He slid one finger inside of her, then two, gathering her natural lubrication and rubbing it across her clit. They moved easily across the sensitized nub, dipping back into her when he felt she needed it. His pace was methodical, intentional, even as her heart rate increased and her breathing grew erratic. Hermione arched against his hand, greedy for contact, needing

release. With a flick of her nipple, she had it, coming in gradual, aching waves against his fingers. He kept stroking until the ripples receded and his palm was slick.

He removed his hand from the pocket of air, breaking the charm, and Hermione cried out as the hot water flooded against her tender sex. His hand traced a path up her body, coming to rest comfortably over her left breast.

“Why?” she asked, once her breathing had steadied.

“That was for you.”

His voice was deep and gruff. She couldn’t decide if it was natural or an act, and her stomach sank. Not smell, not sound. Still a stranger. His body felt familiar, but many men were tall and slim, and the skin of her back wasn’t designed to recognize fine detail. She wanted to touch him. Needed to, if she were to have any chance at identification and escape.

“The rest, though...”

He pinched her nipple and pulled until her breast lifted from the water. Fear and desire coursed through her, a heady combination that clouded what remained of her judgment. His lips brushed her ear; she shivered at the thought of what else they might touch.

“The rest is for me.”

He eased her forward until she was sitting. Her limbs still felt heavy, but she was able to grip the side of the tub, keeping herself upright as he towed off.

“Face me.”

It was not a request. Hermione turned until she had two hands on the tub’s edge and recoiled when his breath ghosted over her face. For a moment, she thought he would remove her blindfold. Instead, he gripped her arms.

“Stand.”

He did most of the work, pulling her up and out of the water as she forced her legs to function. She stepped from the tub, and he grabbed her wrists, guiding her to a waist-high countertop.

“Don’t move.”

She braced as he dried her, starting at her neck and moving down her body. She winced as he swept the towel between her legs, all the care he’d shown replaced by swift efficiency. Once finished, he took her by the wrists again and led her from the water closet. Cold tile transitioned to plush carpet beneath her bare feet. The perfumed air of the bath lessened, dissipating in the space of what she assumed was a bedroom.

The bed never came. After walking her ten steps into the room, he issued his next command.

“Kneel.”

Her body felt heavy and slow. Whether it was from the drugs or the orgasm, she wasn't sure. She leaned on him as she negotiated her way to the floor and sagged onto her heels when his bolstering grip disappeared.

"Do you know who I am?" Her question sounded clearer through the waning drug haze.

"I do."

"Then you know..." Swallowing her fear, Hermione tried not to think of the consequences of her disappearance. She needed to be calm. She needed to be present. "You know that there are people who will worry. People who can pay."

"Yes."

"Name your price."

She twitched as the folded leather end of a riding crop touched the skin beneath her chin. Slight pressure turned her face up.

"I know who you are," he said. "I know what you could bring me. But those aren't the right questions."

The leather disappeared and air moved against her skin as he stepped behind her. She recognized the sound of a drawer opening. The rustle of cloth. The clink of metal.

"What's the right question?"

A quiet chuckle, as if he'd been waiting for her to ask. His breath warmed the shell of her ear, sending a chill down her spine.

"The right question is: *Do I care?*"

The collar snapped around her neck without warning. Her hands flew to it—instinct, again—but there was nothing to grasp. No buckle or seam. Just a smooth seal, as if she'd been born wearing it, and a cold metal ring tied with a silk cord. Her pulse raced against the snug leather.

"Please... Please don't..."

A tug on the collar, a brief constriction of breath. She straightened to relieve the pressure, recognizing the implicit threat.

"Spread your legs."

There was no hiding the tremble in her voice. "You don't have to do this."

"You're right."

He tapped the crop against the inside of her right thigh. Lightly, at first. Harder when her knees didn't move. Enough to sting when she still hadn't complied. She dragged her knees

apart, flinching as the leather crop came to rest against her sex.

“I don’t have to do anything,” he continued, “because I’m the one in control. You, however...” The crop moved against her, back and forth. “I expect obedience.” The crop stilled against the hood of her clitoris. “Shall I explain the consequences of misconduct?” He tapped the leather against her, a firm hit that sent a jolt of surprise through her body. “Or have I made myself clear?”

“I understand,” she said.

Another hit. Harder. She yelped, more in surprise than pain.

“Sir,” he amended.

Hermione swallowed, tried to control her breathing. “I understand, sir.”

“Good.” A current of cold air tingled against her as the crop was removed. “Hands by your sides. Don’t move them.”

She obeyed, heart pounding as she felt him kneel before her. His finger dipped into her entrance, still slick with bliss.

“Lovely.”

The touch disappeared from her sex, reappeared at her right breast. His fingers trailed over it, leaving goosebumps in their wake and bringing her nipple to attention. He caught it between his forefinger and thumb and, holding it aloft, attached a rubber-ended clamp. Her hands curled into fists as the pressure increased, and she held back a moan when he gave the chain a tug. He repeated the process with her left nipple. A second tug was more than she could stand. She gasped.

“How does that feel?”

Unable to find the words, she shook her head.

“Uncomfortable?” he prompted.

A nod.

“Painful?”

She considered the sensation and shook her head. He had applied them expertly, keeping her on the tolerable side of discomfort. It was like he knew her limits. Like they had done this before. Her heart pounded. She tilted her head up to where she thought his face would be.

“Dra—”

A sharp tug on the chain cut her off. Her question turned into a moan, and the pleasure that spiked from her nipples to her core almost doubled her over. A corrective slap of the crop against her groin straightened her.

“I know a better use for that mouth.”

His fingers twisted into her hair, forcing her forward, and her lips parted around his cock. She tasted the sweet-salt of his skin, smelled the scented bath water, contoured the ridges and veins of him with her tongue, and felt a small measure of relief. There were some things about a person that could not be changed.

His breath escaped in a hiss as she took each inch of him, only stopping when her teeth contacted the metal cock ring at the base of his erection.

“Fuck yes...” he said on a groan. He readjusted his grip and moved her head, sliding her mouth along his shaft.

She brought her hands to his hips to brace herself. With a sharp thrust, he pushed himself deep, jamming the head of his cock against the back of her throat. Keeping calm, she relaxed her jaw and counted five seconds until the order came.

“Hands *down*.”

He pulled back when her hands dropped and allowed her a moment to breathe. Then he continued, fucking her face in long, steady strokes. The chain between her nipples bounced with every thrust, and her scalp ached from the grip of his hands in her hair. Her arousal surged as she imagined him finishing in her mouth, the release of his thick cock against her tongue, the bitter taste of swallowing him. His breathing grew ragged. He was getting close.

Just when she thought he might come, he pulled out. He disentangled his fingers from her curls and traced them down her jawline.

“Did you think it would be that easy?”

“No,” she answered. His fingers tightened on her chin. “No, sir.”

But her correction came too late. He let her chin go with a jerk. Disappointment or disgust; it was impossible to tell beneath the blindfold.

“On your hands and knees.”

She eased forward, her hands sinking into the carpet. The chain linking her nipples hung down, an extra weight that pulled them taut and sent a thrill of delight through her.

“How many do you think you deserve for your lack of respect?”

“Four, sir.” A safe answer.

“You get eight.” Excitement and dread warred for control. It was more than she’d asked for; was it more than she could handle? “Count them.”

The first swat landed with a smack, the leather sending a sting across her right buttock and a jolt of indignant pleasure straight to her core.

“One.” Her voice shook.

A deliberate pause, then the second swat, this time across her left cheek.

“Two.”

“Do you understand your error?”

“Three.” The skin of her rear felt hot, sensitized by the first hits. But she knew he was just warming up. “Yes, sir.”

“Do you understand why you deserve this?”

“Four.” The heat spread, traveling down her rear and into the thighs, pooling at the ignored juncture between her legs. “Yes, sir.”

“Am I right?”

Harder, this time, the smack cutting the air like a knife. She gasped. “Five. Yes, sir.”

“Am I fair?”

“Six.” She wanted to touch herself, to feel the heat with her own fingers. “Yes, sir.”

“Who will you obey?”

“You, sir.” Her body began to shake. Her legs felt weak, and her shoulders wanted to sag. It took all her concentration to keep her posture. Even so, the collar tightened around her neck, her breath constricted. A reminder. She straightened her back, curled her fingers into the carpet. “Seven.”

“Who will you obey?”

“You, sir.” She could barely choke out the number, the final hit hardest yet, leaving her breathless. “Eight.”

She shuddered as he laid his palms over her throbbing rear, his hands cool and soothing. Then he shifted, leaning over her. His hands moved from her rear to grasp her hips, and the head of his manhood slid against the wet entrance of her slit, teasing.

“I don’t believe you.”

He plunged into her with a single thrust, and she cried out at the sudden sensation of fullness. He held himself against her, giving her time to adjust to the breadth and depth of him, and once her breathing had steadied, drew himself out. The head of his cock brushed against her outer folds, but he did not enter her. Just waited. Breathed.

Hermione knew this game. She couldn’t move. If she moved, he would just prolong her agony, denying her the contact and release she needed. Her body shook with desire for him.

She ached to roll her hips or arch her spine, anything that would intensify the friction between them.

She didn't move.

She began to count.

Once she reached sixty, he shifted forward. Just a fraction of his length slid into the well of her heat, but the sensation of warmth, the heaviness of his cock, the subtle stretch of her entrance around his engorged glans, almost sent her over.

He knew it.

"You are not to come without permission," he said. "Who do you obey?"

"You, sir."

"For how long?"

Her favorite answer. The one she liked giving best. The one that, at the start of the evening, she had feared no longer applied.

"Always."

He thrust into her again, sheathing himself inside her tight, warm cunt. She cried out in ecstasy as he made her whole.

She lost herself to his rhythm, matching the fierce pounding of his hips against hers, bracing and losing breath when her posture slipped. His thrusts were deep and complete, stretching every inch of her. Soon, he brought her to the peak. Pressure built low in her pelvis, and she held it captive with weakening restraint. The swinging chain between her nipples shot intense spikes of pleasure into her center, and her canal clenched tight around his swollen cock. Her body was drawn with the tension of a bowstring. Only when she was fully at his mercy and under his control did he give her what she needed. A ragged order, gruff and desperate and ready:

"Now."

Release crashed over her like a wave, drowning her consciousness with a riot of sensation. The cock inside of her pulsed, his hips thrusting in time as he filled her with his come. Her muscles contracted around him, holding him deep, milking him of every drop.

Gradually, the pleasure subsided. Hermione's arms shook with the effort of keeping herself aloft, exhausted from the full-body orgasm and the fading rush of adrenaline.

She moaned as he pulled out, the movement slow and careful. He pressed the tips of his fingers to her opening. She jerked away from the contact with a high-pitched, wordless sound of concern. She couldn't handle any more.

"You're okay," he said, reapplying his fingers. "We're done."

A whispered spell vanished the sticky warmth of his release.

She flinched again as he pressed those same, cool fingers to the hot, tingling skin of her rear.

“Just a balm,” he said, rubbing in a gentle, circular motion. The smell of peppermint filled the room. The tingling faded, the heat disappeared. He finished with a kiss to each area, then helped her onto his lap. The cold metal of his cock ring pressed against the back of her thigh, as did his penis, still firm from the ring. The restrictive collar disappeared from her neck, and she gasped as his fingers grazed the nipple clamps.

“Are you ready?”

She nodded.

“Deep breath.”

He removed both at once, and she sagged against him as blood flooded back into the area, the needle-like tingling of the clamps’ absence almost more intense than the weight of their presence. Another application of the peppermint balm soothed the pain.

Finally, he put a hand to the back of her head. The blindfold fell away, revealing a sparsely furnished bedroom lit with low, flickering candlelight. Hermione looked up at the man who held her, the man who had guided her through one of her darkest, most closely held fantasies. Her eyes brimmed with tears, equal parts grateful and relieved.

“Draco.”

His grey eyes were tender, his smile warm, his touch loving.

“You did so well.”

She released a shuddering breath and leaned against him. Her tears fell onto the skin of his shoulder. She felt overwhelmed by the experience, by the heights to which he had brought her and the limits they had explored. Holding her close, his nose in her hair, he gave her the silence and time she needed to process what had happened.

Hermione shifted in his lap, and his hold on her loosened. Swiping his thumb beneath her eyes, he dried her tears.

“I thought you were gone,” she said, trying not to sound accusatory.

“I was. I came back.”

“Why?”

“I missed you.”

She furrowed her brows. “I thought... You said you needed space.”

“I did,” he said. “I went to Paris to think things through, but the city looked different this time. I couldn’t figure out why until earlier today, when I was walking along the Rue de l’Abreuvoir. The houses were covered with blooming wisteria, practically dripping with these purple clusters. The smell of them was just...”

He closed his eyes, reliving the memory with a small, regretful frown.

“I looked to my right, expecting to see you, and then I remembered that I was alone. I realized that I wanted you with me—that I’d *always* want you with me—and came home tonight to fix things. I thought I’d find you at your flat, and when you weren’t there, I went to Potter’s. He told me where you were.”

His fingers tightened against her shoulders and his eyes darkened a shade.

“I saw you in the club, dancing with a stranger. I didn’t like it.”

Hermione placed a hand against his cheek. “It didn’t mean anything.”

“I know it didn’t, but I wanted you out of there. I wanted you with *me*. Then I remembered your fantasy, and I knew I’d never find a more perfect scenario. I knew I could give you what you wanted, and hoped that maybe this could be the start of our next step together.”

Hope dawned in her chest. “Our next step?”

“Maybe we can start slowly. Spend our weekends together, and see how that goes?”

She nodded, not trusting herself to speak.

Draco breathed a relieved sigh. “I’m sorry for leaving you,” he said. “I won’t do it again.”

Their lips met in a long, lingering kiss. To Hermione, it felt like the promise of forever.

The End

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