

Dramione: Taunts and Tests, Part 1

from GryffindorChaser

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Introduction

This is Part 1 of the sequel to Dramione: Just the Beginning. In this story, Hermione and Draco are encountered by people that were not intended to know about their relationship. What will they do?

Chapter 1

Dramione: Taunts and Tests, Part 1:

"Mmmm..." Hermione moaned as Draco's tongue swirled around her warm mouth. The lovebirds broke apart and took in everything about the other. They were in the Room of Requirement, which, upon their request, had transformed into a tiny, dimly lit room with roses embroidering the ceiling like there was a garden up there instead of on the ground. Draco smiled, and Hermione felt like she was in paradise.

"That was good," he sighed.

"Yes." Hermione stared down at her thin, pale hands, wondering what it would be like if they ended up married and had children.

"Can I have another one?" Draco murmured, more of a demand than a question. Without responding, Hermione quickly cupped her hands around his handsome face and edged closer, her mouth playing with his. Oh...this was amazing...better than kissing Ron, which had never been very romantic. Suddenly, the door of the Room of Requirement opened, and Harry and Ginny locked in a tight embrace and kissing with a fiery passion, tumbling through the door.

Neither Draco nor Hermione noticed. But Harry and Ginny noticed THEM. Their eyes grew wide, and Harry, who knew that Hermione was in love with Malfoy but hadn't expected this, shouted, "HERMIONE!"

Hermione whipped around, and Draco's eyes, which briefly had had warmth in them, immediately turned cold again as he glared at Harry. Ginny gaped and whispered, "Hermione? What are you doing?"

Dramione: Taunts and Tests, Part 2

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Introduction

This is Part 2 of Dramione: Taunts and Tests, the sequel to Dramione: Just the Beginning. Now that Ginny knows about Hermione's serious relationship with Draco Malfoy, Hermione and Draco have to keep their kissing sessions hidden from anyone who could let their relationship spill out of its secret. But when the worst person possible to know about it finds out, it isn't a secret anymore. Suddenly everyone is staring and glaring and teasing them--in an awful way. Will they stick together? Or will they fall apart?

Chapter 1

Dramione: Taunts and Tests, Part 2:

Hermione stared at Ginny, whose eyes were bright. "I--I--" She swallowed and began again, "--what does it seem like?" Taken aback, Ginny yelled desperately,

"Hermione! You DO know who you're snogging, right?"

"Yes, she does, Weasley," Draco sneered coldly.

"Hey!" Harry shouted. "Don't talk to her like that."

"I can talk to her how I want. She's a poor blood traitor who doesn't even know what 2x2 is."

"I may be poor, but I'm NOT stupid," Ginny snapped.

"C'mon, Hermione." Draco helped Hermione up and walked her to the door where they climbed out and sprinted away.

"Where to?" Hermione panted.

"I know just the place." Draco pulled her and they sped away until they reached Moaning Myrtle's bathroom. Once inside, they jammed into a cubicle and Hermione sat down on the toilet.

Draco immediately grabbed her shirt and drew her closer, kissing fiercely. Hermione moaned again.

Draco's right hand wandered to her back as his left met her stomach. He rolled his tongue around in Hermione's mouth.

While kissing still, Hermione stood up and switched places with Draco, positioning herself on his lap.

Suddenly, the door opened and Ron's white face peered in at them.

The couple stopped kissing and Hermione turned around.

"Hi, Ron," she squeaked. Ron exploded.

"HERMIONE! WE WERE STILL IN A RELATIONSHIP, AND NOW YOU'RE HERE SNOGGING THIS GIT!"

"Oh, I'm the git?" Draco drawled. But Ron whipped out his wand.

"Don't!" Hermione brandished her own wand, and Ron's purple face hastily disappeared. "Oh no."

Hermione mumbled. "I need to leave." Weeping softly, she fled to her room and threw herself onto the bed. She cried steadily for hours until she realized it was time for dinner.

Wiping her red eyes, she fixed her hair and made her way downstairs. She sat down at the Gryffindor table and ate without talking.

"Hi, Granger," a voice growled. Hermione wheeled around and stared into the furious face of Seamus Finnigan. Why was he calling her Granger? "Heard you were snogging Malfoy." He spat on the floor.

"Don't call him Malfoy--or me Granger."

"You're snogging a Death Eater. That makes you one."

"He is NOT a Death Eater and that does not make me a Death Eater." Seamus rolled his eyes, still evidently trying not to explode like Ron had.

The next day, Hermione met with Draco outside. It was raining, so no one was out there. Her eyes

"Everyone's taunting me for kissing you."

"Me too." Hermione now realized that Draco did not seem too well either. "Goyle called me a--I won't tell you what he told me."

"I don't know if we can keep this up."

"What? Hermione, you can't leave me!"

"Why?" Hermione gasped, crying again.

"Because--"

"Because you're too selfish to realize that I have a life too?" She ran away, leaving a miserable Draco behind. This seemed like the end.

Dramione: A Drop of Love, Part 1

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Introduction

This is Dramione: A Drop of Love, Part 1, the fourth chapter in this Dramione series. In this story, Hermione unknowingly drinks a Love Potion-intoxicated glass of pumpkin juice that had passed under the hand of her seemingly EX-significant other. When she finds out after the charm wears off, she confronts Draco and confesses. Want to know what she is telling him? Find out in Dramione: A Drop of Love, Part 1.

Chapter 1

Dramione: A Drop of Love, Part 1:

"Hey, Hermione. Heard you broke up with Malfoy," Seamus Finnigan mumbled tentatively, afraid she would yell at him again or worse, hex him.

"Yes," Hermione managed to reply. It had been two weeks since she had broken up with him.

"Er--good one." Hermione didn't answer. Seamus left, and Hermione, suddenly thirsty, took a satisfying sip of her pumpkin juice. She loved its refreshing personality, but today, it was even more refreshing than usual. She couldn't stop thinking about him.

Presently, she began to feel very odd and muttered to Harry that she had a headache.

"You all right, Hermione?" Harry inquired through a mouthful of breakfast sausage. "You've been acting--er--weird."

"No, really, I'm fine. I just need to rest." Harry narrowed his eyes suspiciously as Hermione sucked in her breath, but he turned around to talk to Ron.

Sighing in relief, Hermione walked slowly back upstairs, all the way to her bed. When she plopped down and laid down on it, she felt odder than ever! What was wrong with her lately? Was she dying? No, she couldn't be, could she? All her senses faded away until there was nothing left but--love? For--for him? Hermione shook her head, but it didn't help. Suddenly, she wanted to clutch him, hold him close, and snog him passionately. "I NEED to be with him," she concluded and sprinted down to the dining hall again, quite cheerful. She passed her own table and didn't stop running until she came to HIS table.

She stared at his glowing blond hair, his penetrating gray eyes, wallowing in grief. This was it. She dove in and found herself putting a warm hand on his shoulder. He swiveled round and caught her eye, understanding what she needed, knowing what had happened.

He jumped up without a word and left his wondering friends behind, having eyes only for HER.

Together, they traveled until they reached the spot where they knew the door to the Room of Requirement was. In their heads, they whispered, "We need a place that no one else can find at any time. We need a place to talk and to love." They paced past that same spot three times, and quite soon, a door appeared. They clambered through it and found themselves in a very dimly lit room with nothing at all, except for a dying brass lamp, in it. The door shut behind them.

"So..." Draco began, speaking for the first time. But he didn't finish. Hermione speedily grasped his collar and started kissing him harder than ever before. He kissed back. Finally, after what seemed like hours, they stopped.

Hermione had a queer feeling in her stomach. All her other senses were returning. "Amortentia?"

"Yes," he replied.

"You know, you didn't have to put it in my drink. I already--I already loved you." Draco's eyes suddenly shone.

"Then why did you leave me heartbroken?"

"I thought I couldn't handle the pain, but I was wrong," Hermione admitted.

"Yes." Hermione was serious. "Now I see what a drop of love can do to me. All I wanted to do was kiss you so hard. And I still do."

"Me too." And then they did. They kissed so passionately like nothing had ever happened, like nothing could separate them. That drop, that thirst for love could not be quenched.

Dramione: A Drop of Love, Part 2

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Introduction

In this story, the last in this Dramione series, Hermione finds that her love has no limits and that no one can stop it. Draco realizes that Hermione is his destiny, and he loves her so much he can't wait to be with her. Will they end up together--forever? Find out in *Dramione: A Drop of Love, Part 2*.

Chapter 1

Dramione: A Drop of Love, Part 2:

"Mmm...." Hermione hummed in her sleep, dreaming about kissing Draco at their wedding. It was the best dream of her life, and she never wanted it to end. Unfortunately, someone was tapping her on the shoulder. She rolled over and stared up at Ginny Weasley.

"Ginny?" she yawned groggily. "Why're you here? You're supposed to be in the fifth year dorm."

"I know, but I came in to tell you that Malfoy--sorry, Draco--is looking for you. He said to meet you in the Great Hall."

"Oh, thanks," Hermione sighed. "Are you still against him? Our relationship?"

"Well, I realized that you were never against me dating Blaise Zabini last year, so I have to support you when you did for me," Ginny declared thoughtfully.

"Thanks, I appreciate that."

"No, thank YOU."

"OK, I need to go." Hermione stood up, shooed Ginny out while she dressed in her robes, and did her hair in a quick french braid. Then she rushed down the stairs to the common room, out of Gryffindor Tower, and all the way to Great Hall.

There, she easily spotted Draco's white-blond hair through the crowd. When Draco noticed her, he smiled brightly, apparently relieved. "Hi--" Hermione began. But Draco put a finger to his lips and mouthed,

"Shhh...." He led her by the hand all the way to the Room of Requirement again where Hermione, reading Draco's mind, thought,

"We need a place that no one else can find at any time. We need a place to talk and to love." The door opened, and they clambered into the room, which was the same as the last time.

"You read my mind," Draco breathed, softly. "I love you."

"I know. I do, too."

"You know, you have no idea how much I want to snog you to death right now," he began, passionately, "and I want to be with you one day. You know I want you."

"And I want you. You know, last night, I had a dream that we were getting married, and I suddenly realized that--that I love you more than anything or anyone. That love, that drop of love can't be stopped. I won't let anyone stop it, not Harry, not Ron, not Seamus, not Dean--"

"Not Pansy, not Crabbe, not Goyle...." Draco finished for her. Then, skillfully, smoothly, he pulled her close and breathed quietly and softly on her forehead, causing her to shudder. Then they began their longest, most passionate, most aggressive kiss yet. For hours, they moved in sync, sighing and licking the other's warm mouth. Then, they stopped.

"We need to tell the others," Hermione stated, clearly.

"Harry and Ginny? Crabbe and Goyle?" Draco inquired.

"No, everyone. Let's go to the Great Hall."

"Are you OK?"

Once there, she climbed onto the Gryffindor table and amplified her voice with her wand. "ATTENTION!" she shouted, louder than anyone thought she could. All heads swiveled toward her. When everyone was focusing on her and only her, she continued. "I know you guys are all against me and Draco dating."
"And snogging!" someone in the crowd shouted furiously.
"Shut up!" Draco yelled.
"Thank you, Draco. Anyway, we have decided that we don't care what you think. We don't care if you hate us. We don't care about your ideas of us. We don't." Suddenly, Draco joined Hermione and wrapped her in a long, warm kiss. And then they heard clapping, first quiet, then louder, and louder, and louder, until it was so raucous that a bomb could've exploded and no one would've noticed it.

Eight Years Later:

"OHH!" Hermione screamed. "AH!" She fell back on her pillows for a second and then started shrieking again.
"It's OK, Hermione, they're almost here!" Draco bellowed, sweat dripping down his forehead, but not as much sweat as on Hermione.
"Mrs. Malfoy, keep pushing, don't stop!" The nurse shouted.
"Oh, GOD! Help me, God, help me!" Suddenly, she crashed down against her pillows again and lay there, panting for breath. But Draco was smiling and crying at the same time. The nurse scooped up the baby, a girl, completely bald and tiny, and handed them to Hermione. "AAAH!" Suddenly, a boy was presented to the tired mother, and he looked exactly like his sister. "They're beautiful," she gasped. They weren't crying at all.
"Yes, Hermione. They are. She has her mother's eyes already," Draco said.
"And he has his father's eyes," Hermione laughed, staring up into her husband's eyes.
"Hello, Skye, hello, Benjamin," the couple chorused. "Welcome to the Malfoy family."

The End