

You're My Moon Chapter 2

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Introduction

In this chapter, it is up to Hermione to heal Malfoy, and this isn't really the way she wanted to end the best summer of her life. As she begins healing his numerous injuries, the big question that no one is asking aloud is, what will happen when he wakes up? (Note: There is no Dramione in this story. I know, you probably hate me, but I'm building up your suspense for the fourth (Yes, FOURTH) chapter, where Hermione will get hit by a little (BIG) surprise. Keep reading to get there! Enjoy.)

Chapter 1

"D-dad?" Ron gulped. "Who did this?" Mr. Weasley didn't answer right away.

"What did this?" he replied.

"Wait...didn't Mad-Eye say he thought it might be a werewolf?" Ginny pointed out.

"You're right!" Hermione exclaimed. Then it dawned on her. "Oh no...that means we have a potential werewolf here with us."

"Mr. Weasley," Harry spoke up. "When's the next full moon?"

"Hmmm..." Mr. Weasley summoned a chart from somewhere in the house. It was a moon chart. He studied it carefully. "It shouldn't be till...September 13th."

"That's two weeks," George said.

"But it'll happen at Hogwarts! What then?" This was Ginny.

"I don't know, Gin. All I know is that...I don't really have the time to heal these wounds...what with work...they won't pay me...." Everyone immediately noticed Ron's ears reddening. Then Hermione piped up. "Mr. Weasley, I'll heal the wounds."

"What?" everyone else ejaculated.

"Well, it'll be good training! I've always wanted to be a Healer, and with N.E.W.T.s coming up, it'll be good practice. Do you have any magical first aid kits?"

"Er--yes," Mr. Weasley said hesitantly. "It's a good thing your mum's on vacation in Australia, or we'd be dead meat. Don't tell her. She'll skin me alive if she finds out!"

"We won't," Fred and George promised.

"If she finds out, we'll just remind her that we have to return that toilet seat we took from school in our third year," Fred joked.

"You what?"

"Only joking!" George said quickly.

"All right, Hermione. I'll get you the kit. Accio Wizarding First Aid Kit!" Mr. Weasley shouted.

Instantly, a red box labeled Wizarding First Aid Kit in large gold letters flew into Hermione's arms.

"Thank you."

"All right, Dad. Thanks!" Ron guided a baffled Mr. Weasley to the stairs. "Up you go." Mr. Weasley nodded and walked sleepily up the stairs.

"Guys, we might end up pulling our all-nighter tonight," Harry reckoned.

"No, you need your rest! I'll handle this!" Hermione protested.

"No, we're not leaving you down here, 'Mione," Ginny promised, and Hermione knew that once Ginny had made up her mind, there was no changing it. She was like Mrs. Weasley in that way...but Mrs. Weasley was WAY scarier. She shook her head resignedly and said, "Well, I guess I have a werewolf to heal. That chart is accurate?"

"Yes," George assured her. "Dad got it as a gift from one of his colleagues, who he said he'd trust with his life." Hermione nodded and opened the first aid kit.

Inside were many small bottles labeled things like "Essence of Dittany" or "Skele-gro." There were

Muggle things like bandages and wipes and other things like that. She got out one of the bottles "Essence of Dittany" and carefully unscrewed the cap. Then, scooting over to where Malfoy lay, sprawled on the couch, she forced herself to look at those nasty cuts.

"That had to hurt," Ron broke the silence. She rolled her eyes. Sometimes Ron was really stupid. She turned her attention back to the gashes and poured one, two, three drops on a particularly deep and bloody one. The liquid sizzled, telling Hermione that it was doing it's job. Everyone watched intently.

"All right, he might wake up now," she warned.

They waited, and they waited. They waited some more. After five minutes had passed, Malfoy jerked awake and tried to sit up, only to yell with pain and fall back down. His eyes were screwed tight, but he opened them and slowly looked down at his stomach, where he felt a horrible pain. Hermione watched nervously. Then, he looked up at her and...