

You're My Moon Chapter 1

from GryffindorChaser

online:

<https://www.allthetests.com/fan-fiction/movies/harry-potter/quiz>

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Introduction

In this story, Hermione is having the time of her life at the Burrow. Then someone unexpected shows up, and suddenly that summer is changed forever. (Note: This is only Chapter 1 of this Dramione--yes, DRAMIONE--story, so there won't be any Dramione in it. Please read! I will be coming out with a new chapter shortly! Thank you!)

Chapter 1

Hermione was having the best summer of her life. It was the summer before the Golden Trio's sixth year at Hogwarts, and Hermione's parents were called off to Paris to take care of Hermione's grandmother, leaving her to spend the summer at the Burrow. So far, Hermione, Harry, Ron, Ginny, and the twins had managed to upset Percy so much he threatened to curse them all, Mrs. Weasley had given them the task of cleaning out the garage (which was full of Muggle artifacts that Mr. Weasley had hidden from his wife), and Ginny had been bitten by one of the garden gnomes. They all agreed that this summer was the best ever.

It was August 30th, just over a day before the school year started, so the group had sworn to make the last day as amazing as possible. Ginny had convinced Mrs. Weasley to let them pull an all-nighter in the field by the Burrow, Fred and George had snuck some leftover Chocolate Frogs from a secret stash they had found under Percy's mattress ("Who would've thought?" Ron laughed.), although Percy later found out and blamed Ron, and the Golden Trio managed to save some of the treacle tart Mrs. Weasley had whipped up earlier in the week.

"All right," Hermione began. The group was huddled in the living room on the floor, putting the finishing touches on their plans. It was 7:00 pm. "In order to make sure your parents and Percy don't find out, I replaced everything we took--the treacle and the Chocolate Frogs--with treacle tart and Chocolate Frogs that I filled with a simple sleeping potion. I'm going to put in a very obvious place tomorrow just before we leave to go down to the field," Hermione concluded.

"That's brilliant!" Ron exclaimed.

"Shut up, Ron!" Fred and George chorused, giving him identical glares.

"And Fred and I have some Filibuster's Fireworks that we can set off at midnight," George whispered mischievously.

"Finally...Mum never let's us set off those!" Ginny said excitedly.

"It's odd, really, but...let's not push it," Fred advised.

"OK, so--wait, did you hear that?" Ron asked.

"What?" Harry said, a little too loudly.

"Shhh!" Hermione hissed. She could just hear a snarling noise coming from outside the front door. Ron yelled, "DAD!" Arthur Weasley was downstairs in a flash. Hermione was almost sure he had Apparated.

"Ron? Everything all right?" he said, his eyes wide with alarm.

"We heard a growling noise--outside the front door," Ron whispered. Mr. Weasley's eyes widened until they were the size of ping pong balls, and he mouthed, 'Stay back,' before making his way to the front door. He inserted his hand into his pocket where his wand lay. Suddenly, he undid the lock and whipped open the door.

The group peered around the wall, half-frightened, half-curious, and saw Mad-Eye Moody. But there

was another man out there, resting on his shoulder. This man had long, tangled white-blond hair, he shirtless, and he sported many deep gashes. Everyone knew immediately who it was.

"Malfoy!" Harry muttered.

"Turned up at the Ministry not long ago, not sure what attacked him. Looks like a werewolf. Thought I'd take him to you, only person I know who could help him. Careful," Mad-Eye growled as he helped Mr. Weasley carry Malfoy into the house and laid him on the couch. Ginny's eyes widened when she saw his cuts, and Hermione gasped. "I must be getting on now." Mad-Eye swiftly made his way out into the warm night air and disappeared with a pop.

"D-dad?" Ron stammered. "Who did this?"

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...