Dramione Marriage Law
(Chapter 1)

written by

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Introduction

In this first chapter, due to the loss of wizard population inflicted by the war, the Ministry of Magic has enacted the Marriage Law. This law states that anyone ages 17-30 must be paired with someone immediately. Hermione is depressed. She can't stop thinking about who she will be paired with and what the results will be! She definitely wasn't expecting this...

NOTE: THIS IS BASED AFTER THE DEATHLY HALLOWS. IF YOU HAVE NOT READ THE HP BOOKS, DO NOT READ THIS STORY...it may contain spoilers. Enjoy!
"Hermione!" Harry shouted. Hermione was on Platform 9 3/4, about to board the Hogwarts Express, when she saw Harry, Ron, and Ginny running toward her.
"Hi, guys!" she exclaimed cheerfully.

Because of the war, many Hogwarts students who had been in their 7th year had not gotten a proper last year of Hogwarts education, so Professor McGonagall had owled all the former 7th years that they would be returning to Hogwarts to redo their final year at the school. Hermione was excited to finally have a peaceful year at Hogwarts, without any Voldemort or Death Eaters showing up and killing people. The war had hit everyone hard.
"Blimey, Hermione! Where'd you go this summer to get that tan?" Ron said.
"Oh, I went to Spain with my parents!" Hermione replied.
"So you undid the memory charm?" Ginny said.
"Yes, thank Merlin. I nearly lost my head when I did. I started sobbing and they had no idea why!" The train whistled, signalling it's coming departure.
"We'd better get a compartment," Harry said. The group made their way through the crowded station, squeezing onto the train and taking the first empty compartment. They sat down and chatted about how glad they all were to get a redo of their last year. They talked and caught up on details about their summer the whole way there.

When they finally arrived at Hogwarts, they were starving.
"I hope there's lots of turkey and pudding," Ron murmured, licking his lips.
"Do you ever NOT think about food?" Hermione laughed and slapped him playfully. Ever since Ron had left her and Harry during their search for Horcruxes, their relationship hadn't been quite the same. They had decided that they felt for each other as siblings did, and Hermione was perfectly fine with that.

As they took their seats in the Great Hall, they waited for McGonagall to stand up and give a little speech. She did, saying how she was glad to see her students back for another year and blah, blah, blah.

"Just let us eat, woman!" Ron whispered as Ginny told him to shut up.
Suddenly, the food appeared on the golden plates, something Hermione would never get over. She helped herself to a bit of turkey, ham, vegetables, and pumpkin juice, and for dessert, she ate treacle tart. Afterward, she felt very full and sleepy and inwardly hoped that McGonagall's "good night" speech would not be long.
"Ahem!" Professor McGonagall cleared her throat. "I have some important news, but first, first through sixth years, please go to your dormitories. Good night. Yes, all of you. No, Mr. Finnegan, 7th and 8th years are staying here," she said as Seamus attempted to leave with a group of Gryffindor sixth years.

"I'm tired, woman!" Hermione heard him shout.

"Why is she keeping us?" Ron asked. Hermione shrugged. Once they had all gone, McGonagall resumed her speech.

"Because of the loss of wizard population inflicted by the war, the Ministry has enacted the Marriage Law, which states that anyone ages 17-30 must be married immediately." Her words were met with loud groans from all sides of the room. "I do not agree with this law, but there is nothing I can do. You will each be given a form to fill out, and this will be owled to the Ministry, where they will assign you your partner based on your description. I will do everything in my power to help you, but I cannot change this law. Here are your forms, you have ten minutes to fill them out." She waved her wand, and forms settled themselves in front of the confused and furious students. "You may begin."

Hermione was distraught. She didn't want to marry someone ASSIGNED to her. That was practically an arranged marriage! She didn't want that. She wanted to marry for love, she wanted to find her true love, someone who understood and loved her for who she was. Sighing, she began to fill out her form. When she finished, she read it over again to make sure that what she had written was true.

McGonagall collected the papers and bade them all good night. As the Gryffindors trudged up to Gryffindor Tower, they complained bitterly.

"What if I get stuck with someone I hate?" Ron whined. He eyed Lavender warily.

"What if I'm not paired with you, Harry?" Ginny whispered.

"Don't worry, Gin! We're meant to be!" Harry assured her. He kissed her on the lips.

"Ugh, get a room!" Seamus called, and Hermione noticed that Dean was watching Ginny with a look of longing. Hermione guessed that he had never quite gotten over the fiesty, red-haired beauty. The latter rolled her eyes.

But Hermione was no longer paying attention. She was terrified. What if she was paired with someone who treated her like nothing? She didn't want that! She climbed into her bed very distressed.

The next morning, she woke up with a searing headache. She hadn't slept well at all because she was too busy brooding over what her fate would be. She hastily threw on her school robes and did her hair in a quick french braid.

"Morning, 'Mione," Harry yawned as they all climbed through the portrait hole. She nodded, feeling too sick to respond. She needed Ginny. She spotted her red hair not too far way, chatting with Parvati. "Erm, Ginny, can I talk to you for a second? Sorry, Parvati," Hermione said. Ginny nodded knowingly and the two dropped behind the pack.
"What's up?" Ginny asked concernedly.
"Well, I'm just absolutely petrified about the Marriage Law. What if I get paired up with someone awful?" Hermione moaned.
"You won't!" Ginny exclaimed. "Don't worry! The Ministry, while they are a load of dimwits, are not stupid enough to pair you up with someone who isn't meant for you! The pairing is based on compatibility. So whoever you get is someone you will likely get along with."
"Exactly! Likely! And I'm not even looking to date let alone get married any time soon!"
"'Mione..." Ginny groaned. "It'll be fine." Hermione shook her head. The girls' conversation had done nothing to help her.

They all ate breakfast in silence, all too worried to speak. Finally, McGonagall stood up and told the first to sixth years to leave again. Once they did, she spoke. "I know you're all wondering who you are going to be paired with. Here are your letters from the Ministry. In them you will find your partner. Your partnership cannot be changed. If you ever divorce from your husband or wife, the consequences will be severe." With that, she sent the papers flying to their owners. Some tore theirs open immediately, others more slowly. There were shouts of joy, cries of sadness and anger.

Ginny and Harry opened theirs together. Ginny shrieked with joy, and Harry kissed her full on the mouth. Of course...they had gotten each other. Hermione inwardly slapped herself. She was happy for them, but also a bit jealous. Slowly, she ripped hers open and shut her eyes tight. Finally, she opened them and read the small paragraph within.

"Dear Ms. Granger,
You and your future husband scored high with nearly 100% compatibility—the highest score of any of your fellow Hogwarts classmates. Based on your description of your desired partner, we have decided that it is fitting that you be paired with...Draco Malfoy.
Signed,
the Ministry of Magic"

No, this couldn't be! Hermione burst into tears. Her life was officially ruined.
Dramione Marriage Law
(Chapter 2)

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Introduction

Hermione has just found out who the "love of her life" will be, but it turns out that he isn't really her true love...for now, anyway.

She and Malfoy just don't get along! And how can you blame them? Seven years of how they treated each other don't seem to make the perfect couple.

Surprisingly, it seems that the Slytherin Prince has had a slight change of heart in certain ways, but not in others. Will Hermione be able to endure his unpredictability? And what's with these romantic thoughts she's having about him?

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(Previously)
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Signed,
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Ginny was the first to notice Hermione's quiet sobs. "Oh no, Hermione!" she crooned, switching seats with Harry to comfort her best friend. "It's okay, you're okay."
"No, Ginny! I'm not!" Hermione wailed. "I--I got--" She stopped to catch her breath. "D--Draco Malfoy."
"WHAT!" Ron had overheard. "THERE IS NO WAY IN THIS WORLD--"
"Ron, shut up!" Ginny hissed.
"There is no way in this world that you are marrying that Death Eater!" he whispered-screamed.
"Ex-Death Eater," Ginny reminded him.
"It makes no difference. Okay, it makes some difference, but he'll probably still treat me like the mudblood I am!" Hermione cried.
"Don't call yourself that, 'Mione," Harry scolded gently.
"Why not? It's the truth!"
"It's not and you know it!" Ginny said firmly. "Now stop crying." Hermione obeyed reluctantly, knowing that she'd have time to cry later.

Meanwhile, at the Slytherin table, Malfoy was opening his letter. He had just watched as Blaise had gotten landed with Pansy. (He was secretly happy, for he'd never fancied the pug-faced git.) But he felt for his best friend.

He quickly opened his letter, wasting no time, and read,
"Dear Mr. Malfoy,
You and your future wife scored high with nearly 100% compatibility--the highest score of any of your fellow Hogwarts classmates." Well, that had to be good, he thought. He assumed that he'd been paired with someone respectable and smart, like Astoria Greengrass, who he had liked for a little while during his fifth year. He kept reading.
"Based on your description of your desired partner, we have decided that it is fitting that you be paired with...Hermione Granger."
What? No. Malfoy actually laughed to himself. The Ministry had to be joking. This was a mistake! But then he glanced over at the Gryffindor table and saw Hermione Granger sobbing--actually sobbing! Oh no! Wait till his father heard about this!
"Screw the Ministry," he growled. Blaise heard him.
"What is it, Draco?" he asked concernedly. Blaise had become quite pleasant since the war.
"I got paired with the mud--Granger."
"Oh. Well, if you think about it, it's not too bad. She is quite hot." Pansy slapped him when he said this. Draco had forgotten that Blaise was still a player. He loved the girls.
"Looks aside, she's a Gryffindor, she's a bookworm, and I bet she's never snogged anyone in her life!" he complained. "And she's crying! Am I really that bad?" He combed a hand through his slick, platinum-blond hair.
"To her," was Blaise's helpful answer. This was going to be a fun rest of his life.

"Excuse me!" Professor McGonagall had stood up again to finish her speech. "I know that many of you are unhappy with your pairings, but in time, I'm sure you will come to realize that the Ministry was--right." She said this in a slightly doubtful tone.
"Fat chance!" Hermione and Malfoy whispered simultaneously.

"Now, two extra towers were added onto the castle. These will be where you are staying. There is a common room in each, much like your current dormitories, and four rooms where you will stay. To be clear, there are two separate beds, so you will not have to sleep together until you are married. In your common rooms, you will find a booklet on when you will be married and such." She procured a scroll seemingly from nowhere. "Now, in Room 1 we have Ms. Greengrass and Mr. Nott..." She read the next three couples. Hermione and Malfoy weren't in this room. "Now for Room 2. Ms. Granger and Mr. Malfoy--Hermione grimaced. "--, Ms. Weasley and Mr. Potter, Ms. Brown and Mr. Weasley--" Hermione stole a glance at Ron...he looked very unhappy. Lavender, on the other hand, looked quite cheerful. "--, and finally Ms. Parkinson and Mr. Zabini. Each room will have a password that must be agreed on by you and your partner. You may decorate your room as you wish..." But no one cared. "Now, follow me. I'll be leading you to your dormitories."

Everyone stood up and followed McGonagall out of the Great Hall. Hermione tried desperately to avoid eye contact with Malfoy. She was still very distressed. Professor
McGonagall led them down a corridor that Hermione had never seen before in all her seven years of Hogwarts education. Then she realized that it must have been added on. After McGonagall showed the first four couples into their tower, she led the next four into their tower. "Now, enjoy your stay. I have things to attend to. Oh and no fighting," she finished, glaring at Hermione and Malfoy especially.

"So..." Hermione heard the drawling voice and jumped. "Sorry, did I scare you?" Malfoy said mockingly.

"No!" Hermione snapped proudly. Then she turned on her heel to enter the door that said "the Malfoys." Hermione didn't even want to think about that name.

"Password?" the door spoke, which didn't surprise anyone. By now they were used to this kind of thing.

"Ferret," Hermione said coldly.

"Hey! I thought McGonagall said we had to agree!" Malfoy almost-whined.

"Since when do you care about the rules?" Hermione scoffed and stormed up the winding stairs to *chokes* their room. She had to admit...it was breathtaking. The room was large with two queen beds, one with green bedding and the other red. There was a comfortable-looking couch, two armchairs, a bookshelf, and a huge walk-in closet. Past both the beds was a hallway that Hermione guessed led to the bathroom. She walked down it, turned on the light in the bathroom, and gasped. It was beautiful, white and shiny, and it smelled like...mint and vanilla. There was a vanity with plenty of cupboards to store toiletries and such in.

"Eh. This isn't too bad," Malfoy said, scaring Hermione again.

"Will you STOP sneaking up on me?" she demanded.

"I thought you said it didn't scare you." Malfoy gave her his trademark smirk. Hermione's heart skipped a beat. He really was quite handsome, even sexy...especially when he smirked like that...HERMIONE JEAN GRANGER, she inwardly shouted at herself. Since when had she thought such things about DRACO STINKING PUREBLOOD MALFOY! She shook her head.

"And by the way, I do care about the rules!" he called as Hermione walked back to the bedroom. "Yeah, right," she mumbled.

Hermione guessed that the red bed was hers, and sure enough, her suitcase was parked next to the night table, which had a red lamp.

"Oh, Merlin," she sighed as she sat down on the bed, which was very comfortable.

"What are you 'oh, Merlin'-ing?" Malfoy had entered the room.

"Are you following me?" Hermione groaned.

"No, it's just--I live here now, too." Hermione didn't answer. He was right, anyway. Malfoy sat down on his bed, facing her, but her back was turned toward him. "Just so you know, Granger, I'm not as evil as you think anymore," he said calmly, and Hermione could
hear the honesty and meaning in his words.
"I never said you were evil," she said haughtily.
"Well, cruel, anyway," he corrected himself.
"How--how do I know that?" Hermione stammered.
"You don't. You're just going to have to believe me." This was where she lost it.
"What did you say? WHAT DID YOU SAY! ANSWER ME, DRACO BLOODY MALFOY!"
"I said you're going to have to believe me," Malfoy answered calmly.
"BELIEVE YOU! HOW THE HELL AM I SUPPOSED TO BELIEVE SOMEONE LIKE YOU! SOMEONE WHO LIED TO ALL OF US, CALLED ME A MUDBLOOD, EVEN WORKED FOR VOLDEMORT! AND YOU ASK ME TO BELIEVE YOU!" Hermione's face was on fire, as was her tongue.
Malfoy cringed. "First of all, I don't work for the Dark Lord anymore. Second, I didn't know you were one to swear," he sneered.
"Oh, so THAT'S bad. Swearing is bad, but BLOODY WORKING FOR VOLDEMORT ISN'T!"
"I know I was wrong, you don't have to point it out!" Malfoy said, voice rising.
"You called me a MUDBLOOD, one of the worst insults possible, and you expect me to just forget that! Forget the last SEVEN years of the foul way you treated me!" Malfoy was speechless. Suddenly, he stood up, turned around and headed for the door. Ten seconds later, Hermione heard the door to their dormitory slam. And she burst into tears for the second time that day. What a bloody mess this was.
Introduction

In the last chapter, things were not off to a good start for the new "couple". They had just had a screaming match, resulting in Malfoy storming off, leaving a very distressed Hermione to brood over her predicament. But it gets worse. In the Marriage Law pamphlet, she finds a list of rules that makes this situation even harder. And with the fact that her future husband is Draco Malfoy, this isn't going to be easy. It'll take a lot to change their relationship status. And just when they share their first "moment," Hermione chickens out. Well, he's Malfoy! What was she to do?
Chapter 1

Hermione was distressed, VERY distressed. Malfoy had just stormed off, slamming the door behind him. She hoped the walls were soundproof; she didn't want Ginny and Harry, who were next door, to hear them.

Since she had nothing else to do besides mentally complain about what a prat Malfoy was, she decided to go down into the common room to see if Ginny was up for a girl talk.

There was no one in the common room, so she picked up a pamphlet that read "Marriage Law Rules (GIRLS)" from the coffee table.

This is what it read:
"All couples must be engaged by Christmas. Each pairing must be married by the Easter holidays. You must be pregnant by the 1st of June. You must have at least three children by June three years from your first pregnancy."

What? This what not what she had envisioned for herself. Engaged by Christmas? Married by Easter? PREGNANT by June? And how was she supposed to have three children in three years? She hadn't known that she had to be pregnant by a certain date. And with Malfoy's child? This was too much to bear!

Suddenly, Ginny came out of the "Potters" room and sat down on the couch beside Hermione. She noticed her devastated expression and said, "What is it, Hermione?"

"Have you read this?" Hermione squeaked, waving the pamphlet.

"No," Ginny answered quizzically.

"We--we have to be engaged by Christmas, married by Easter, PREGNANT by June, and have at least three children by June three years from our first pregnancy!"

"That's not so bad," Ginny said.

"Easy for you to say!" Hermione groaned. "You have Harry! I have to have Malfoy's children!"

"Oh, right." Ginny gazed at her thoughtfully. "Well, you do have to admit that he is hot. That'll make it easier for you to warm up to him." Hermione blushed. Ginny gasped. "Hermione! Do you like him?"

"No!" Hermione denied it, but her face said it all.

"Denial! That's the first step! You think he's hot!" Ginny's eyes widened. "This is good!"

"Don't tell Ron, or Harry," Hermione whispered. "I don't think they're ready."

"I won't," she promised. Then she grinned mischievously. "He is sexy. Just imagine him
with his shirt off. I bet that'll make you drool." Hermione's eyes glazed over. Then she shook her head.

"Ginny!" Hermione scolded. The redhead giggled evilly.

"But seriously, 'Mione. If you're going to be his bride, you might as well try to be nice to him. You might find that he's changed."

"That's what he said, Gin. But I don't know if I can be nice to him if he's not to me." She sighed and bit her lip. "I mean, I guess I could give it a try." Ginny smiled.

"That's the spirit." Sighing again, Hermione stood up and said,

"Thanks, Gin. Now I've got a--ahem--future husband to look for." She turned around and walked through the doorway out into the corridor. Since it was almost dinner time, she set off for the Great Hall, thinking Malfoy would be there with his cronies.

But when she arrived, no one was there. She thought about where she would hide if she were mad. Then an idea came to her brilliant mind. The Room of Requirement! That had to be it. So she set off for the seventh floor. Breathing hard as a result of climbing all those stairs, she thought, "I need to find Malfoy. I need to find Malfoy. I need to find Malfoy." She repeated this as she paced back and forth three times.

Nothing happened. That was weird. Maybe she needed to be more specific. "I need to find Draco Malfoy, who is mad at me, Hermione Granger, for accusing him of being a Death Eater." As she thought this, she realized how awful she'd been to him. Finally, the door to the Room of Requirement revealed itself, and she slowly opened it. This time, the Room had morphed into a small bedroom with nothing but a narrow bed and a fireplace. This seemed too shabby for Draco Malfoy.

Quietly, so as not to alert Malfoy of her presence, she made her way to the bed. There, she saw a very sad sight. Draco Malfoy, curled up in a ball, his body shaking. She covered her mouth to hide a gasp. Draco Malfoy, crying? Had she really hurt him that badly? A wave of guilt flooded over her like a tidal wave. She wanted to run, to cry, but something in her stopped her from doing either. Silently, she sat down on the bed and hesitantly stroked his back. He turned and stood up immediately.

"What are you doing here?" he croaked, attempting to sound angry, but sounding broken instead. He looked terrible in the dim light. His eyes were red and bloodshot, and he looked as pale as ever. A single tear ran down his cheek.

"I--I came to find you. I wanted to make peace, but..." she trailed off, not knowing what to say.

"But what?" he demanded. "Never mind, just leave me alone. Aren't I just a cruel Death Eater?"

"Mal--Draco, I--I didn't mean to hurt you like this. I was just tired of being treated like a--like a Mudblood." Draco sat down, and his quiet sobs ceased. He looked up at her.

"Mudblood's just a cruel name that Death Eaters use. And I'm not a Death Eater anymore,"
he said quietly.
"So what does that mean?" Hermione said.
"It means that blood status doesn't matter to me anymore. Pureblood, Halfblood, Muggleborn...they're all the same to me now."
"You really have changed," Hermione whispered. Draco looked at her with guilt in his eyes. "I--I'm sorry for the way I treated you. I was a git, but I'm not like that anymore. I've been hurt, too, by Lord Voldemort, but mostly by my father. He forced me down that path, but I shouldn't have let him. I'm choosing my own path now. I've changed. Hermione, I--" He began to cry again. It put a dent in Hermione's heart to see him like this.
But she couldn't bring herself to embrace him. The guilt was weighing her down still. And then she began to sob, too. The guilt, the shame, the years of pain and heartbreak, it all came crashing down on her. Suddenly, she felt an arm around her shoulder. Then, a warm body enveloped hers. And she cried into his chest. She never thought she'd live to see the day when she cried into Draco Malfoy's chest. But there she was.
What seemed like hours later, she stopped crying and lifted her head. She found herself staring into those seemingly endless gray orbs that were Draco's eyes. And then he was inching closer, closer, until their lips were just millimeters away. It was happening, this was happening, and then...she suddenly broke away. She stood up hastily, and, after taking one last glance at his eyes, which were now filled with confusion and hurt, she turned and ran.
In the last installment, Hermione and Draco shared their first "moment". Well, almost. Hermione kind of, sort of, maybe chickened out. Well, it was Malfoy she was about to kiss! What was she supposed to do?

In this chapter, Draco contemplates about his feelings for Hermione. Hermione confides in Ginny about their intimate moment, and her fiery friend is enthusiastic and supportive! But when their attempt to hide the secret from Ron and Harry fails, they leave Hermione and Ginny to find Draco, and the brilliant witch knows that by the end of the day, the whole school will know. It seems that she can never catch a break.
(Previously)

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The door slammed shut behind Hermione, and Draco was left with himself and his confusion and hurt. He had always hated that feeling of being alone with nothing but his emotions.

The truth was, he wasn't even mad at Hermione. He was hurt. They had gotten so close to finally coming together, but it seemed like the Gryffindor bookworm just couldn't hold on. And it really hurt him to think about.

Was he that bad that she had to go and run away just when they got close? He remembered what Blaise had said the night before--that he was that bad to her. And it stung like a thousand bee stings.

And if he was honest, he had started to develop feelings for the know-it-all over the last year or so. She was brilliant, brave, confident, proud (sometimes annoyingly so), beautiful, but most of all, passionate and kind. And that was exactly what he had written on the paper McGonagall had given him. That was all he wanted in a woman. Now he realized that Hermione fit that description perfectly.

The first time he realized his feelings for her was the first time he'd met her. She had opened the door to his compartment, where he was sitting with Crabbe and Goyle. "Have any of you seen a toad? A boy name Neville's lost one."

Draco had been speechless. She was quite pretty, even though she had bushy hair and large front teeth, and she seemed nice. The problem was...she didn't seem like she'd been in Slytherin, and his parents had strictly forbidden friendships with non-Slytherin classmates. Well, maybe he was wrong. Hopefully he was wrong. "No, we haven't," he said, trying not
to sound unkind but not too friendly either. Hermione had shrugged and turned to leave. "Wait," Draco had called. "What's your name?"
"Hermione Granger. And yours?"
"Draco. Draco Malfoy." She had smiled, showing her large front teeth, but it was a pretty smile that had left Draco speechless once more. Then she had turned and shut the door.
But Draco and Hermione had never continued what seemed like a potentially good friendship. This was because Draco had found out that she hung out with "Potty and Weasel," and he'd found out that she was a Muggleborn, or as he used to say, Mudblood. But he had changed, and Hermione now knew that. That information didn't seem to have done anything to change how Hermione saw him, though. She had just run away from him. He wished more than anything at that moment that she would come back, hug him, even let him kiss her like he had been about to. He sighed and left the Room to go take a shower.

Hermione was confused. VERY confused. She had just been about to kiss DRACO BLOODY MALFOY, and then she chickened out. It was odd, he had been very kind, comforting her, and she had wanted to kiss him...But she felt guilty. He had mocked Harry and Ron and many of her other friends. But then again, he had obviously changed. UGH, it was all so CONFUSING. She was supposed to be the brightest witch of her age, but she couldn't even figure this out!
She wasn't watching where she was going, so she bumped into someone. She looked up and saw Ginny.
"Hey, 'Mione! I was just looking for you! How'd it go?" Ginny exclaimed ecstatically.
Hermione made a nervous face and took Ginny's hand.
"Come on, let's go back to our common room. We need to have a girl talk." They speedwalked in silence all the way to their common room. Once there, Hermione sat Ginny down and took a deep breath.
"Okay, so what happened?"
"Well, let's just say that I really hurt his feelings with some stuff I said before when we kinda sorta had a screaming match."
"Oh no, what did you say?"
"Some, um, Death Eater-related things." Ginny facepalmed.
"Hermione!"
"I know, I know!" Hermione said. "Anyway, he was crying. Yes, Ginny, Draco Malfoy, crying. In the Room of Requirement. So I went up to him and kind of patted his back."
"Ooh!" Ginny squealed.
"Be quiet, Ginny! Anyway, I did that, and then he stood up and asked why I was there. And I apologized and said that I was just sick of being treated like a Mudblood." She stopped.
"And?" Ginny coaxed.
"And then he said that blood status didn't matter to him anymore." Ginny's expression was one of shock. "He really has changed," she marveled. Hermione nodded. "Then I felt really guilty and started crying, so he came over and hugged me, and then I looked up into his eyes--and--and he tried to--to--"
"To what?" Ginny said eagerly. "He tried to kiss me." "WHAT?" Ginny shouted. "Ginny!" Hermione hissed. "But Hermione, that's amazing! So what did you do?"
"I ran away," Hermione admitted, trying to avoid eye contact. "You WHAT?" Ginny yelled. Hermione shushed her again. "I just got nervous! I've never really kissed anyone. I mean, no offense, but kissing Ron wasn't very...romantic."
"Yes, well that makes perfect sense," Ginny agreed. "But still! You shouldn't have--" Suddenly the "Potters" door burst open, and out came Harry and Ron. "What's going on?" Harry asked. "We heard yelling," Ron panted. "Oh, hi, guys," Hermione said nervously. "Er--is something wrong?" Harry said. "Oh--erm--no," Hermione lied. "Mione, you know we can tell when you're lying. We're not gits," Ron said, rolling his eyes. "Um...maybe not Harry..." Ginny joked. Ron glared at her. "Anyway..." Harry interrupted. "What happened?"
"Since when do you refer to him as DRACO?" Harry said, making a face. "Guys, he's changed!" Hermione insisted. "OH, REALLY! HERMIONE, HE'S A BLOODY PRAT. A BLOODY DEATH EATER," Ron reminded her, his face reddening. "WAS a Death Eater. But he's different now. Blood status and all don't matter to him anymore. He comforted me!" Hermione said. "You kissed him?" Harry said incredulously.
"Almost kissed him," Hermione muttered. There was silence. Then--
"I'm going to find that git, and I'm going to give him a piece of me!" Ron ran out the door before Hermione could stop him. She gave Harry a pleading look, but he ignored her and followed after Ron. Hermione knew that before the day ended, all of Hogwarts would know that she and Draco Malfoy had almost kissed.