

When...

by belle4life

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Chapter 1 of 1

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HP is not mine.

Hermione grew up being told, "Live like you mean it." She took this advice to heart. She lived her life with passion, going after what she wanted, when she wanted it.

When she found out she was a witch, she immediately put her nose to the grindstone to find out everything she could about her new life.

When she garnered a sneer from a platinum haired boy, she gave him a glare that would have had Severus Snape applauding, and kept walking.

When Malfoy called her a filthy little Mudblood, she ignored him, not knowing then what a hurtful thing he had said. If she had, he would have been looking down the end of her wand.

When Malfoy yet again insulted someone, she got fed up and did something she had been longing to do for almost three years; she punched him.

When at the Yule Ball she caught him staring at her, she gave him a smirk, letting him know that she saw him staring, and continued to dance with Viktor.

When Umbridge and her little cronies broke up the DA meeting, she sent a Tripping Hex at Malfoy, laughing to herself when he fell flat on his butt.

When the Death Eaters attacked and she saw Draco running away from the school, she pointed her wand, ready to hit him with a hex, when a stream of moonlight hit his face. She saw not the face of a pompous git, or a pureblood extremist, but the face of a scared boy who had no idea what he was involved in. At that look, she lowered her wand and turned around.

When the war was over, and Voldemort lay dead on the stone floor of the Great Hall, she was comforting the Weasleys and looking for Harry when she glanced three platinum heads huddled together in a shadowed corner. Her eyes met those of her one-time enemy and a silent acknowledgment passed between them. He nodded his head at her, and she returned it with a slight smile of her own.

When she walked into her office one day to discover that her chair was occupied, she slipped her hand into her sleeve for her wand. The chair swivelled around and she met the steely eyes of Draco Malfoy. 'Go to dinner with me,' he said, not as a question, but as a statement. She did the only thing she could think of: she laughed. But then that image of that scared boy filled her mind, and she looked at him and nodded her head.

When she sat on her sofa watching a movie with him, and she looked over to see him laughing at the Muggle movie, she realized that there were so many levels to him that she could live forever and not see every single one. She leaned over and brushed her lips against his. She pulled away, and he immediately pulled her back in to him, kissing her with a passion that shocked her to her toes. The kiss quickly escalated, clothes flying, hands grabbing and brushing. Passion kindled, and an ecstasy followed

that neither had ever experienced.

When she came out of her bedroom and found him standing over her stove attempting to cook eggs, she chuckled and leaned against the doorway. "By the way, did I mention I love you?" she questioned him, and laughed again at his gobsmacked expression.

When she looked down at him kneeling in front of her, a sparkly ring in his hand, she didn't have to think and she didn't wait for him to ask. She said yes and kissed him with all the love and passion that she had grown over the past ten years. She thanked her parents for their wonderful advice, and thanked herself for living exactly like she meant it.

Thanks to Lady Lynn for Betaing this for me.

Please review and let me know what you think!!!!