

# Unexplainable

*by bookwyrnqueen*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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### Unexplainable

It isn't right. It's unnatural. Bullies don't suddenly become friendly and cheerful. Tigers don't just lose their stripes overnight. I know that. Exactly how many times have I been called a know-it-all? It seems that everyone was wrong. I don't know everything.

I can't control my emotions. I never have been able to. Truthfully, I don't really understand why. How can one truly understand the unexplainable? Sometimes it just seems like my brain is doing one thing and my heart is feeling something completely contradictory. Does it irritate me? Occasionally. But this time, my heart has surpassed even my wildest dreams.

It began one day in Potions a few weeks ago. I was being a good student, as usual, and mixing the contents of my cauldron, making sure that I got the Veritaserum exactly right. I certainly wasn't expecting Draco Malfoy to come over to borrow some of my supplies.

Don't misunderstand me; normally, I try to keep an open mind about everybody. However, Malfoy and I have always rubbed against each other the wrong way. No wonder, the way he insists on calling me "Mudblood" and insults both my heritage and my intelligence. As far as I'm concerned, he started it.

Back to the Potions lesson: I was startled of course, but I could hardly refuse Malfoy with Snape standing nearby, sneering at me. I didn't say anything, just handed him the infusion and let it be. Then, to shock me even further, the mighty Slytherin Prince actually thanked me. Me! The bane of his existence.

I expected that to be the end of it. Normalcy would return as soon as we started tossing insults at one another again. But the thing is, they never hit me. It was like all of a sudden, I didn't exist in Malfoy's world anymore. He was ignoring me. And it was extremely unnerving.

Many days have since passed, and my life has been blissfully Malfoy-free. (Or nearly. I still have classes with him.) I am heading down the corridor leading to my bedroom. (Considering the fact that I am Head Girl and all, I do get my own private rooms.) Usually, no one else is down here. Not even Harry or Ron has been to see my rooms. It's just never crossed their minds to ask. So when Malfoy steps out from an alcove in the wall not six meters away from the portrait that serves as a doorway to my chambers, I instinctively shriek, start, and drop the stack of books in my hands.

"Didn't mean to scare you, Granger." I gape in shock as he bends down to pick up my books for me.

What's this? No insults, no subtly hurled put-downs? I must look like a fish, staring at him. "Well, you did." Yes, Hermione. That's what a five-year-old would come back with.

He hands my books to me, acting like quite the gentleman. For some inexplicable reason, I blurt out, "Why are you here? How did you know that this was my room?"

Finally, something I'm used to, the Malfoy smirk. "I didn't. But now I do." He continues as I mentally curse at myself, "I guessed that your room was near mine, since we're Head Boy and Girl. Turns out I was right." That smirk again.

"That still doesn't explain why you're here. What do you want, Malfoy?" Merlin, I can be defensive sometimes.

His next words sound as if he were clenching his jaw. "I needed to speak with you."

Those are ever words to intrigue me. "About what?"

It is his turn to swear, but he does so aloud while running a hand through his blond hair. At this time, I begin to fear what he has to say. A nervous Draco Malfoy is never a good thing.

I hate it when I'm right. All of a sudden, he growls, "I'm not good with words." The next thing I know, he is crushing his mouth against mine heatedly.

I've been kissed before. Once, Ron thought that I had feelings for him (mistakenly, I might add). Sufficient to say, even a closed-mouth kiss from him was more than enough to reassure him and me both that we could never have a relationship together. And Harry has kissed me too, but always as a brother would kiss a beloved sister. Then there was Viktor. He kissed me as well, but his kisses were quiet, civil pecks on the cheek. Not so with Malfoy.

His kiss brings up emotions that I've never really felt before: passion, longing, and lust. I don't think I even realize that I am kissing him back quite happily until I feel the cold stone of the wall press into my back.

"Stop." Somehow my arms disentangle themselves from where they were wrapped around the back of his neck. "How dare you?" Outwardly, I am seething, but in reality, I am rather shaken from the force of his kiss.

"You weren't protesting a minute ago, Granger." He's smirking again, but only with a shadow of the genuine version. And in his gray eyes, is that uncertainty I see mingled still with the haze of desire?

My brain races to retort something, but... It's true. After a minute passes, I ask curiously, "Why did you kiss me?"

The smirk falls from his face. "Straight to the point, aren't you?" He sighs and seems to be gathering his thoughts. "I don't know why. Perhaps because every time I see you, I see how oddly beautiful you are. Perhaps it's because I've never heard of a smarter witch than you. I guess what I'm trying to say is that I'm attracted to you, and I have no idea why." Malfoy is now staring at me expectantly.

Sometime during the course of this speech, I held my breath unconsciously. I finally release it shakily and say in a voice that doesn't sound like mine, "You're attracted to me?" Before he can answer, I add, "But you've always hated me. That's the way it's always been; we're enemies, rivals..."

Almost angrily, he interrupts me. "Who says that it has to be that way? Do you deny that you have feelings for me, Hermione?"

Hermione. That's the first time he's ever called me that. Softly, I admit the truth. "I don't know if I do. Maybe. I hadn't really thought about it..."

He gestures wildly with his hands. He always did have a flair for the dramatics. "Well, see, then why should we have to follow a set of unspoken rules that is followed by everyone else? As far as I can remember, you've broken rules before." I nod, and he goes on, "Then you don't have a valid argument as to why we shouldn't have a relationship."

Oh, but I do. You forget, Draco Malfoy, that before today, the only thing we've ever done is argue. "What will everyone say? Merlin, what will they do?" Belatedly I remember Harry and Ron, and I shudder. Another thought occurs to me. "You're a Death Eater. You're just trying to trick me into spilling..."

"Can it, Granger." Familiar ground again. My heart starts its normal pace once more. Malfoy is rolling up the sleeve on his white button-down shirt. He thrusts his left forearm at me, and there before my eyes is only pale, unblemished skin. "I'm not a sodding Death Eater. Satisfied?" He gazes levelly at me, all traces of his earlier smirk gone.

This can't be happening. I stutter, "B-But Harry, and Ron...They'll kill me, they'll kill you..."

Draco sneers. "I can deal with Golden Boy and the Weasel well enough." Gods, I'm thinking of him as Draco now. What is wrong with me?

I am left speechless. I pull out my last possible weapon. "There's a war going on."

Draco, no, Malfoy, rolls his eyes. "So? That's your excuse. Pathetic, Granger."

"I'd like to see you do better, Malfoy." I like bantering. I can handle bantering.

He moves like mercury, snatching my wrists and pinning them above my head. "Say my name."

I struggle to break free from his grasp, but to no avail. "Fine. Malfoy."

He leans closer to my face, his breath a whisper against my skin. "No. My first name." His grip tightens.

"You're hurting me..." He cocks an eyebrow at me, and I huff, "Oh very well. Please let go of my wrists, Draco."

He smirks, "Good girl, Granger." Then he kisses me again.

The last thing that crosses my mind before losing myself to this kiss entirely is that there will be another time to sort through the confusion of this scene. For now, it just feels so damn good to be in this embrace, even if it is with my mortal enemy. Really though, who can explain the unexplainable?