

# Not Your Typical Mudblood

*by severuslover*

Two people, two worlds, and one bathroom. Draco and Hermione have a lot to get used to and that includes one another's attitudes. Forced to spend time together while doing rounds, many discoveries are made and not all of them are welcome. One thing is for sure, in their seventh and final year at Hogwarts Draco and Hermione are going to have to learn to get along.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**A/N: This is my first fan fiction on this site, so I would love any feedback you'd be willing to give. I would also like to thank my wonderfully amazing friend, Liza, for supporting me through this story's development and encouraging me to keep on writing. Love ya tons, girl! Anyway, I hope you all enjoy.**

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As Hermione stepped through the barrier onto Platform 9 ¾, she saw the familiar scarlet steam engine before her. Students and parents were bustling about, putting luggage onto the train and saying their farewells before parting ways. Animals of all sorts were either caged or in their owners' arms, hooting, meowing, or croaking. Despite the commotion going on around them, Crookshanks was sleeping soundly in his carrier on top of Hermione's trunk. A few seconds later, Hermione's parents stepped through the barrier and approached their daughter.

"Hermione, darling, are you okay?" Deb Granger asked, noticing the vacant look in her daughter's eyes.

"Yeah, I'm fine, Mum. I just realized this is the last time I'm going to be getting on this train."

Mrs. Granger hugged her daughter tightly. "We're so proud of you. I can't believe you're in your final year already!"

Hermione chuckled. "Yeah, I know. It seems like just yesterday I got my letter."

"Well, honey, your mother and I had better get going, we've got a busy afternoon ahead of us at the practice. Have a wonderful term and keep us informed."

"I will, Dad. I love you both."

Hermione gave her mum and dad each a hug and kiss and made her way towards the train. As she walked along the large steam engine, she searched the crowd for a huddle of redheads or a boy with messy black hair, but she didn't see the Weasleys or Harry anywhere. *Oh well, it is a good ten minutes before the train leaves. They'll probably get here at the last minute,* Hermione thought as she went to board the train.











