## Not Your Typical Mudblood

by severuslover

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## **Not Your Typical Mudblood**

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.

Not Your Typical Mudblood

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.

She searched the train for awhile before finally finding the correct compartment at the front of the train labeled: HEADS' COMPARTMENT. She had been so excited when she'd gotten her letter and Head Girl badge, nearly knocking over her chair in her jubilant dance around the kitchen. As a reward for receiving such an honor, her parents had taken her to her favorite restaurant, Olive Garden, and taken her to Diagon Alley to purchase a brand new quill and stationary set.

Hermione put her trunk into the rack above the seat and placed Crookshanks' carrier on the seat near the door while she settled herself into a place by the window. It was now eight minutes until 11 o'clock and she still couldn't see the Weasleys or Harry anywhere. Getting bored, she took out a Muggle novel she was reading from her trunk, propped her feet up on the seat across from her, and began to read.

The train whistle blew to signal a two-minute warning to all boarders. Hermione put her book on the seat beside her and looked out the window again, hoping to see her best friends. Sure enough, the Weasley family and Harry were rushing around the platform saying their goodbyes when the train whistle blew. Harry, Ron, and Ginny then departed from the group and boarded the train. Hermione got up and made her way into the hallway to go greet her friends.

"Hey, guys!"

"Hermione! Where did you put your stuff? Do have a compartment saved for us?" Ginny asked when she finally managed to haul her trunk up the stairs with Harry's and Ron's help.

"Um . . . well, I'm actually . . . "

"Hey, Hermione, how was your summer?" Harry asked, coming up behind Ginny.

"Fine. I wasn't able to save you guys a compartment though because . . . "

"Oh, that's fine, Hermione, I'm sure we'll be able to find one." Harry said as Ron joined the group in the narrow hallway.

And before Hermione could explain any further, the other three had headed off to look for a compartment near the back of the train. Deciding it best to just follow them until they found a compartment and then tell them her wonderful news, Hermione trailed after Ron, Ginny, and Harry. As the train whistle blew to signal its departure, they finally found an empty compartment. Hermione sat down by the window while the rest put their trunks away, gazing at the disappearing train station beyond.

Once the other three had secured their luggage in the racks above and seated themselves, Hermione pulled herself away from the window and faced them.

"Hermione, where's your luggage?" Ginny asked puzzled.

"In the Heads' compartment."

"Why's it in there?" Ron asked.

"Think a bit, Ron. Congratulations, Hermione! I knew you'd get Head Girl!" Ginny exclaimed as she gave Hermione a hug.

"Great job, Hermione," Harry congratulated. "Do you know who the Head Boy is yet?"

"Nope; not yet. Who do you guys think it will be?"

"Probably one of the seventh-year Ravenclaws," Ron said, joining in on the conversation.

"I don't know; there are some good candidates from Hufflepuff, too."

"Well, I don't really care who it is as long as I'm not stuck with . . . "

But before Hermione could finish her comment, the compartment door slid open to reveal none other than the Slytherin prince himself, Draco Malfoy.

"Granger, I've been looking all over this damn train for you! We've got to talk before we meet with the prefects."

"What?! Wait, your not . . . you can't be . . . "

"Oh, but I am Granger; I'm Head Boy."

"I can't believe Dumbledore picked you, of all people, to be Head Boy."

"Well, I'm not exactly thrilled you're Head Girl either, but we've got duties to fulfill; and I'm not wasting another second among your filthy friends, so come on."

And without another word, Draco left the compartment, leaving a stunned and slightly outraged Hermione in his wake. Harry and Ron immediately started cursing and began to discuss ways to get Malfoy back. Without saying anything to her friends, Hermione stormed out of the compartment after Malfoy.

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When she reached the Heads' compartment, Hermione saw Draco casually flipping through her novel. She sat down across from him and went to take back her book, but Draco pulled it out of her reach.

"Malfoy, give me my book back!"

"How can you read such a sappy, touchy-feely book?"

"I happen to like romance novels from time to time. Now, give me my book back and tell me what's so urgent, because I'd rather not be in your presence right now!"

"Likewise, Granger."

Malfoy threw the book back at Hermione and leaned casually back in his seat, looking out the window.

"Well . . . what are these urgent duties?!" Hermione said, getting frustrated with his lethargic attitude.

"Patience, Granger. We need to discuss how the prefects are doing rounds. That way, when we meet with them, I don't look like a complete arse. So, do what you do best and come up with an idea."

"Fine; but you know, you could think up ideas yourself. Oh wait, that would require thinking and working on your part, Merlin forbid you do that!"

"Oh stuff it, Granger! At least I'm not some brown-nosing teacher's pet!"

"Whatever, ferret boy."

"DON'T CALL ME THAT!" Draco shouted as he stood up.

"Then don't insult me or my friends!" Hermione shouted, standing up as well.

At that moment, there was a knock on their compartment door.

"WHAT?!" they both screamed as the compartment door tentatively began to slide open.

A sandy-haired boy that Hermione recognized as Terry Boot walked into the compartment. An awkward silence fell around the group for a few seconds before Malfoy decided to speak.

"What do you want, Boot?"

"The other prefects and I were wondering if you guys were planning on leading the meeting any time soon."

"Of course we are! Now, get out of my way or 50 points from Ravenclaw!"

Malfoy pushed roughly past Terry and headed towards the prefect compartment. Hermione looked apologetically at Terry and followed Malfoy out the door.

Surprisingly, the prefect meeting went by rather quickly and without any major incidents. Hermione had taken charge of the meeting until it came time to hand out patrol duty, where Malfoy, surprisingly, came up with a magical sort method to assign duties and patrols. Most of the prefects had been satisfied with the times they had been assigned, and she and Malfoy were left to patrol evenings from nine until midnight each day and from eight until one in the morning on weekends.

Now, Hermione was in the Heads' compartment getting her school robes on. Malfoy had gone to sit with his friends after the prefect meeting, which couldn't have made Hermione any happier.

"Hermione, are you done changing? Can I come in?" Ginny called from out in the hallway.

"Yeah, come on in." Hermione called back, unlocking the door.

Ginny walked into the compartment, followed by Harry and Ron. Hermione moved Crookshanks' carrier to the far side of her bench to make room for the other three to sit in the compartment. Ron sat beside her and Harry and Ginny sat on the opposite bench.

"So, what's up?" Hermione asked her best friends when they were all settled.

"Terry told me he walked in on you and Malfoy arguing before the prefect meeting."

"Yeah, he did. But it was just the usual name calling shout match."

"You mean he called you a M-mud-mudblood?!" Ron asked, quickly turning red with anger.

"No. He called me a brown-nosing teacher's pet. But I'm determined to not let him get to me so easily this year, so no hexing him, for now anyway." Hermione replied calmly.

"Why not?!" exclaimed Ron.

"Hermione, are you sure we can't hex him just a little?" Harry questioned cautiously.

"No hexing, guys. He's Head Boy, and he will not hesitate for one second to take as many points from Gryffindor as possible."

"You've got that right! Now, all of you can get out of MY compartment so I can change before we get to the school."

Malfoy was standing in the doorway, smirking at the angry expressions on all of their faces.

"Malfoy, you can't just kick them out! They have every right to be here. They're my friends and I invited them!"

"That may be, Granger, but I need to change and I'm not going to do that in the train's loo; so get out before Gryffindor loses a substantial amount of points!"

Harry, Ron, and Ginny roughly pushed past Malfoy, all with identical glares on their faces. Hermione, however, didn't budge, refusing to be ordered around by Malfoy.

"You can't just order everyone around like they're your minions, Malfoy!"

"Maybe not, but I'm changing into my robes whether you stay or leave."

With that, Malfoy grabbed his robes out of his trunk and took off his sweater. When he started to take his undershirt off, Hermione caught a glimpse of his well-toned abs before he threw on this white dress shirt.

"See something you like, Granger?" Draco asked as he turned to face her with his signature smirk on his face.

"Wh-NO! You're disgusting, Malfoy!" Hermione said as a slight red tinge appeared on her cheeks.

Draco slowly started buttoning up his dress shirt and walking closer to her. Hermione kept backing away from him until she hit the compartment door. Without hesitation, she quickly slid the door open and disappeared down the hallway. Malfoy finished buttoning his shirt and closed the door with a soft chuckle; I knew I could get her to leave.

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When the train finally stopped at Hogsmeade Station, Hermione left her friends' compartment to go help the first years find where they needed to go. First, she stopped in the Heads' compartment to grab her things and take them out onto the platform. Much to her relief, Malfoy was nowhere in sight.

Hermione took her trunk and Crookshanks' carrier to the Heads' Carriage by the Station's main entrance. After she had secured her belongings, Hermione went to make sure all the compartments on the train were empty and no first years had gotten lost. Just when she was about to leave the train, she heard a distant croaking sound. Hermione headed toward the sound to find Trevor, Neville's toad, hopping around in a compartment. She tried to grab the toad, but it hopped out of her reach, causing her to run into the seat cushion of the train bench. When she stood back up, she spotted the toad under the opposite bench. She got down on her hands and knees to reach the toad, but her robe kept getting in her way. Getting frustrated, Hermione took off her robe and laid it on the train seat and bended back down to grab Trevor.

"Nice arse, Granger. Who would've thought a Mudblood could look that nice from behind."

Hermione quickly sat up and turned around to find Draco leaning against the doorway with another smirk on his face. *Merlin, can't he do anything besides smirk?!*Glaring at Malfoy, she took her wand out of her robe pocket and conjured a cage for Trevor. Putting the cage down, she picked up her robe and put it on. Ignoring Malfoy and his previous comment, she picked up the cage and walked past him out onto the platform to find Neville.

When she had finally found Neville and given him his toad, Hermione headed over to the Heads' Carriage to relax for a couple seconds before the welcoming feast. Unfortunately, her peace was short-lived since Malfoy entered the carriage only a few minutes later. He still had a smirk plastered on his face as the carriage began to move

"Would you quit smirking at me?!" Hermione finally shouted at him.

"Why? Does it make the little know-it-all uncomfortable?" he commented, widening his smirk.

"UGH! You're impossible!"

"I try my best."

"UGH!!"

Fortunately, the carriage had reached the castle at that moment. Draco reached the door first and stepped out. As Hermione went to get out, she tripped on the step. With a shout of surprise, Hermione began to fall out of the carriage. Hearing her cry out, Draco had turned around just in time to have Hermione fall into his arms.

"Falling for me already, Granger?"

"Oh, shut it, Malfoy! Now, let go of me!"

"Whatever you say, wouldn't want to get your filthy blood on me anyway."

He pushed Hermione off of him and turned to walk into the huge castle before him. Once she brushed herself off, Hermione made her way past the massive oak doors and into the Great Hall.

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The welcoming feast went by in the usual fashion. Trembling and scared-looking first years were sorted into their houses, Dumbledore made his speech about the forest and the other general rules of the school, the Head Boy and Girl were introduced (even though mostly everyone knew who they were anyway), and then the feast began.

After the feast was done, Professor Dumbledore asked for Draco and Hermione to approach the Head table, while everyone else was dismissed to bed. When the pair reached the table, Dumbledore told them that Professor McGonagall would be showing them to their new dorms for the year.

They had been walking for at least ten minutes before Professor McGonagall finally stopped in front of a portrait of a boy and girl, no older than seventeen, on a picnic in a beautiful meadow of wildflowers.

"The password is Dreamer, and the professors will be covering rounds for tonight," Professor McGonagall said before turning and heading back down the corridor.

Hermione and Draco stood there for awhile before the girl in the portrait asked them whether they'd like to come in or not. Hermione quickly apologized to the girl and muttered the password. When she entered the dorm, she was struck speechless by the beautiful décor. Directly to her left was an enormous kitchen with maroon and gold tile on the floor and silver and green tile for the countertops. In the middle of the kitchen was a four-person cedar table. Looking through the cut-out window into the common room, Hermione saw a blazing fireplace on the far side of the room. In front of the fireplace, there were two big couches, one maroon and one black, with a cedar coffee table in between them. Closer to the kitchen, circling a round coffee table, were four armchairs, two maroon and two black. Walking out of the kitchen and into the main room, she noticed the green carpet on the floor and two wooden desks surrounded by bookshelves on each of the three walls around them. In the middle of the far side of the common room was a black metal spiral staircase leading to three upper rooms.

As she ascended the stairs, she saw Malfoy enter the door on the right side of the landing, which she assumed was his bedroom. Right in front of her, was the door to the bathroom, so she decided to check it out.

The bathroom was decorated in silver, gold, and white. The bathtub was huge, about the size of a small oval-shaped pool and situated on the far side of the room. There were two sinks on opposite sides of the room with their own mirrors and under-the-sink cabinets. Once she was content with exploring the bathroom, Hermione went out the door adjoined to her bedroom.

Her bedroom was decked out in Gryffindor colors. She had a queen-sized bed, a wardrobe, a dresser, and a small vanity strategically placed around the room. Feeling the stress of the day finally catch up to her, she slipped into her pajamas and slid into bed.

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The next morning, Hermione got up early to get a bath before her classes. She grabbed her toothbrush and toothpaste from her trunk and went into the bathroom. Once inside, she placed her toothbrush and toothpaste on the sink by her adjoining door, grabbed a gold towel and washcloth, started the appropriate faucets for the bath, and slipped out of her paiamas into the warm water.

Meanwhile, in Malfoy's room, Draco had awoken to the sound of water running. Deciding to get up, he slowly got out of bed and went to his trunk. After a few minutes, he finally found his toothbrush, toothbrush, toothbrush, shaver and aftershave. Grabbing his things, Draco headed for the door adjoining his room and the bathroom.

In the bathroom, Hermione had just finished washing her hair and was about to get out of the tub when she saw Draco's adjoining door start to open. Oh crap, why didn't I lock the doors to the bathroom before I got in here! Hermione quickly got out of the tub and grabbed her towel, but not before Draco entered the room.

"Nice, Granger; no wonder Potter and Weasel hang out with you. Do they get to see all your curves every morning over the summer?" Draco said as Hermione quickly covered herself with the gold towel.

"No, they don't, Malfoy. And I'd appreciate it if you'd knock before coming in the bathroom from now on." Hermione said as she tried to hide the blush that was creeping into her cheeks.

"What fun's that? Then I don't get to embarrass you first thing in the morning."

Hermione glared at Malfoy as she headed to the sink to start brushing her teeth. Figuring he couldn't get anymore out of her, Draco headed to his own sink to get ready for the day. As he started brushing his teeth, he couldn't help but smirk to himself; Maybe sharing a dorm with Granger wouldn't be so bad after all. She looks quite hot in nothing but a towel, not that I'd ever tell anyone that.

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After such an eventful morning, the first day of classes went by in a blur. Hermione had had Transfiguration, Herbology, Arithmancy, and then double Potions (with the Slytherins, of course). When she finally made it to dinner, she was exhausted. Ginny, Harry, and Ron were all sitting around her talking about when Quidditch trials were going to be, since they were all members of the team.

"Are you okay, Hermione?" Ginny asked after awhile.

"Yeah, I'm fine, just really tired."

"Well, you shouldn't take so many classes," Ron commented.

"I'm just taking the classes I need to be a Healer, Ron."

"I still say it's a lot for just one person."

The discussion then turned to how she was getting on with Malfoy. Hermione had told Ginny in private during lunch about the bathroom incident, but she didn't think Ron and Harry needed to know about it. When Ginny steered the conversation back to Quidditch, Hermione gave her a grateful look and continued to eat her dinner. After dessert, Ron excused himself rather quickly, saying he needed to get a head start on his homework, which no one bought for a second but let him go anyway.

After she, Harry, and Ginny were done eating, Hermione said goodnight to them and headed back to her dormitory. When she reached the portrait, she said the password and set her school bag on her desk and set to work on her Potions essay that was due at the end of the week.

A half hour later, Draco returned to the dormitory. He laid his school bag on his desk and then went into the kitchen. When he returned, he had two butterbeers with him. He handed one to Hermione and then began to drink one himself.

"What did you do to this?"

"Nothing. Don't you trust me, Granger?"

"No '

"Shame." And he took back the butterbeer he'd given her and drank it himself.

"Hey!"

"What? You said you didn't want it."

"I never said that."

"Whatever, Granger; we need to go do rounds anyway."

"Fine, let's go."

They both grabbed their wands and headed back out the portrait hole.

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They had been patrolling for two hours, one hour to go, and hadn't seen or heard anything out of the ordinary. Just as they were about to head back down to the sixth floor, they saw Peeves with his head stuck through a boys' lavatory door.

"Oi, Peeves, what are you doing?" asked Draco.

Peeves took his head out of the door and looked at the two Heads with a huge smile on his ghostly face.

"Aw . . . the Headies are here. You're going to ruin the show!" Peeves cried.

"What are you talking about Peeves? What show?"

"The one Peevsie was watching with the kissy-kissy face people."

Having had enough of Peeves, Draco walked forward and opened the door to the boys' loo. When he opened the door, he immediately regretted it. In front of him was Weasley passionately snogging Parvati Patil, who was propped up on the sink, neither were wearing shirts and Weasley was about to lose his pants.

Turning around, Draco shut the door and said, "I'll take care of this, Granger. You go check the sixth floor again."

"Malfoy, whatever is in there, I'm mature enough to handle it."

"Seriously, Hermione; just go patrol the sixth floor."

"No. You're probably just trying to cover up for some of your Slytherin buddies," Hermione argued, not noticing Draco's use of her first name.

"No, I'm not."

But before Draco could stop her, Hermione had opened the lavatory door. She stood stock still and paled ever so slightly at the sight before her. Draco immediately stepped past her and began to take charge of the situation.

"Gosh, Weasley! Get a room, or better yet a cage!"

Ron and Parvati immediately stopped kissing and started frantically gathering up their clothes. Draco turned back to Hermione, telling her with his eyes that she should leave this to him, and this time she didn't argue. Once Hermione had left, Draco took charge again.

"50 points each from Gryffindor for being out of bed, disgusting me with your public affection, and just for being who you are."

"Shove it, Malfoy!" Ron yelled as he pulled his shirt on.

"That will be a week's worth of detention for that remark, Weasley."

Furious, Ron went to attack Malfoy, but was stopped by Parvati. She shook her head at him and signaled that they should just go before they got into more trouble. Reluctantly, Ron agreed and followed Parvati out of the boys' loo.

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When Draco reached the Heads' dorm again, he mumbled the password and entered the common room. He went to go straight up to his room, but was stopped by a voice coming from the couch by the fire.

"Why'd you try to stop me from seeing R-Ron and P-Parvati?" asked Hermione quietly.

"Even you didn't deserve to see such a disgusting display," Draco replied, walking over to the couches.

"Well, it was nice you were trying to protect me."

"I wasn't, Granger. I just really wanted my chance to embarrass Weasley," he said, but Hermione saw that his eyes told a different story.

"Well, thanks anyway."

Hermione got up and headed to her room, thinking about the events of the night. True, she didn't still like Ron that way, but it still hurt to see him with another girl. After mutually deciding over the summer that they were better as just friends, she and Ron had gone back to being best friends. Surprisingly, they didn't feel any awkwardness after the decision was made, but Hermione still was uneasy seeing him flirting with or being with other girls. She was sure she'd get over it soon, but until then, it was

strange, but nice to find comfort in the thought of Mal-Draco "protecting" her.

Draco sat by the fire in the common room thinking about what had just happened. He didn't want to protect Gra-Hermione, did he? No of course not! Deciding he'd just had a lapse in judgment, Draco headed to his room and slipped into bed.

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The following day, Hermione seemed more depressed than she had been in awhile. When Ginny asked her what was up at lunch, however, she just said "nothing" and went on with her meal. Draco had also noticed Hermione's mood and was a bit concerned. That night, when Draco returned to the dorm, he found Hermione asleep on one of the common room couches, tear stains on her cheeks. Not really wanting to wake her, but deciding it best, Draco gently nudged her awake.

"Come on, Hermione. We have rounds to do."

Hermione yawned, but was soon fully awake. She went over to her desk, grabbed her wand, and the two started their patrol. Throughout the patrol, they actually talked to each other about different things: classes, graduation, future careers, etc. Hermione found it surprisingly easy to talk to Draco now that she knew he wasn't as heartless as he always boasted. As their patrol came to an end, they headed to the library to double check for any out of bed students.

Once in the library, they split up to search the various sections. Hermione found it odd that she didn't spot Madam Pince anywhere, but then remembered seeing her down by Mr. Filch's quarters. She shuddered at the thought of what that could mean. Deciding that the library was indeed empty, Hermione headed back to the entrance.

When she got there, she saw Draco struggling with the door handle. As she neared the door, Hermione could see the look of frustration on his face.

"The door's locked. I can't get it to budge, magically or otherwise." Draco informed her.

"Here, let me try."

Hermione began to try spell after spell to try to get the door to budge, but no luck.

"Well, I guess we're stuck here for the night, unless Madam Pince comes back."

"Great! What are we going to do while we're trapped here?" Draco called out in exasperation.

"Well, I don't know about you, but I think I'm going to go back to the Muggle book section and read myself to sleep on the soft armchair back there." Hermione said as she left Draco by the entrance.

Draco slumped against the door. What could he possibly do to pass the time? Sleep...no, not really tired. Read...Ugh! That's worse than classes! Snog Granger...wait a sec! Where in the heck did that thought come from?! Still, not a bad idea; No, wait, what am I saying?! Come on, you know you want to.I do not! You've seen her best assets, she's not your typical Mudblood. Don't call her that! See, you like her. Okay, maybe a little. Enough to go snog her senseless? Definitely! Now, where did she say she was going?

As Draco settled his internal struggle, Hermione was back in the Muggle book section still trying the find a good book to read. Just when she thought she'd found the perfect book, she heard a voice behind her.

"I think I know another way we could pass the time in here." Draco said in a seductive whisper.

"Yeah? And what would that be, Malfoy?" Hermione said, not turning around.

Draco came up behind her and pushed her bushy hair to one side and whispered in her ear, "Use that wonderful imagination of yours, Granger."

At this, Hermione jumped a little and turned around quickly. Draco's face was only inches from hers and his hands were planted on either side of her, blocking any escape routes. Hermione began to panic slightly as Draco closed the small gap between them. His lips connected with hers in a tender and gentle kiss. He gradually deepened the kiss, and to her surprise, Hermione found herself kissing him back. Draco smirked against her lips as her hands made their way into his hair. He slowly removed his hands from the bookshelf and placed them on her waist, pulling her closer to him.

As their kisses became more passionate, Draco began to pull at her sweater and eventually got it over her head, only breaking the kiss once. Hermione was becoming slightly self-conscious, but this all felt so right, to be here, in Draco's arms. She began tugging at his sweater and managed to get it off within a few seconds. Draco began to walk backwards and brought Hermione with him until he hit the opposite wall and spun around to pin Hermione against its cool stone surface. He loosened her tie and discarded it quickly, moving on to unbuttoning her shirt. As he worked his way down, he started to trail kisses down her neck. Hermione tilted her head slightly to give him better access, and when he hit a tender spot between her neck and collarbone, she let out a moan of pleasure.

When Draco finished with her shirt, he returned his lips to hers and gently ran his tongue along her lower lip, asking for entrance. Hermione immediately let his tongue in and their tongues danced around in her mouth, sending chills down her spine.

Hermione decided to be a little bold and let her hands slide under Draco's untucked shirt, across his toned chest. Wrapping her leg around his leg, she gradually slid it up until she reached his inner thigh then slid it back down, causing him to growl with pleasure. She smiled against his lips as she began loosing his tie and unbuttoning his shirt.

When she managed to get his shirt off, she ran her hands across his chest again as she slid her leg up once more. This time he moaned her name.

"Hermione!"

"Hermione?"

Hermione opened her eyes to see Draco looking at her curiously. She felt really hot and was covered in sweat. Hermione quickly looked around. They were in the Heads' dorm...not the library. It had all been a dream!

"Granger, why were you moaning? Are you alright?"

"Yeah, fine, never better," she replied quickly, hoping he didn't notice the blush that was spreading across her whole face.

"We need to go do rounds."

"Okay. Let's go."

Hermione went to get her wand and followed Draco out of the common room. As they did their rounds, Draco noticed that Hermione wasn't making eye contact with him, and when he did catch her looking at him, she'd blush and look the other way. Girls, I wish I knew what they were thinking sometimes.

If only he knew.

A/N: So, what'd you think? I'd really like to know. I have other stories I could start posting here too, but I want to see what people think of me first. So, you see that little box at the bottom of the screen...it's dying to be filled. Please Review. Jen