

# Would You Agree?

*by belle4life*

A Malfoy plays matchmaker for Hermione, and what an interesting match it turns out to be.

## Fire

*Chapter 1 of 4*

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HP is not mine.

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She pulled the book off the shelf high above her head and then frowned when she saw it was the wrong one. She shoved it back onto the shelf, inadvertently pushing the books on the other side off the shelf and onto the unsuspecting occupant of that aisle. A loud shout of pain met her ears, and her hand flew to her mouth as she realized what had happened. She peered around the corner and her eyes were met with the sight of long blond hair, and a pale hand rubbing the head of the owner of all that beautiful, long, blond hair. She gasped with recognition and he turned at the soft sound.

"Miss Granger, I should have known. Taking revenge for all those years of me chasing after you and your friends by dropping books on my head. Not the best revenge if I do say so," said Lucius Malfoy, who was as gorgeous as ever, just as arrogant, and stood before her in all his pureblood glory.

"Naturally, you would assume any action taken on you would be planned and entirely personal; it couldn't possibly be accidental, now could it?" she sniped back. "I apologize for knocking the books on your head, it really was an accident." With a wave of her wand, the books righted themselves and flew back onto the shelves in the correct order. She turned to walk away and was stopped by a strong hand on her arm.

"I apologize for my earlier comment. It was meant as sarcasm, but I don't think that was obvious. So I apologize."

"Wow, the great Lucius Malfoy humbles himself to apologize to the bushy haired know-it-all Mudblood. Is the world ending? Are pigs flying? Is there ice in hell?"

"Believe what you will," he said with a swish of his robe and a click of his cane as he turned and walked away.

She stood still, a gobsmacked expression on her face. She had heard that he had changed since the war. She had seen the effect that the strain had on him that day in the Great Hall, and he must have been affected when Narcissa died so suddenly, but for him to truly and sincerely be changed was difficult for her to wrap her bushy head around. She knew that Draco had changed a lot. They worked together and had become cordial acquaintances if not friends. He was no longer the petulant prat he used to be. He had grown and matured, most likely due to the sights he was forced to witness and the acts he was forced to commit. If Draco could change, why couldn't Lucius?

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A stack of papers dropped on her desk. She grimaced in annoyance and looked up into the smirking face of Draco Malfoy.

"I've always wanted to do that," he chuckled.

"Here to annoy me yet again, Malfoy?" she asked, sarcasm dripping from her every word.

"Of course, you know it's my favorite pastime, right after Potty and Weasel baiting. But I do have a purpose for being here, and no, it's not to treat your eyes to my sexy body and model features. I found someone who is perfect for you. I am setting you up on a date. All you have to do is try to look pretty and show up. Shouldn't be too hard, at least the showing up part shouldn't be. The looking pretty thing might be more difficult." He ducked the paperweight she chuckled at his head. "Hey, hey, save the fire for the date. He likes his women feisty."

"Why would I let you set me up?" she asked.

"Because believe it or not, I actually see you as a friend and I want to see you happy. Ever since that asshole Weasel treated you like that, you have been avoiding any type of romantic entanglement. I want to change that. So ta-da!" he said with a flourish.

She grimaced at the reminder of her past relationship. Contrary to popular belief, she had not had a crush on Ron. She had fallen for his older brother long before. Charlie was the mysterious, dangerous, older brother who worked with dragons. That should have tipped her off, but it didn't. On their year anniversary, she had Apparated to Romania to surprise him on the reserve, only she was the one surprised when she walked into his room and found him in bed and in another woman. Needless to say, she had ended it then, and hadn't seen anyone since.

She sighed with resignation and gave a subtle and slight nod that Draco would have missed if he hadn't been looking.

"Yes!" he shouted with excitement. "You won't regret this, I promise."

"Why do I feel like I will?" she pondered to herself as he ran out the door.

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Thanks to sirsevechick for betaing it.

Please review and let me know what you think.

## Deal

### *Chapter 2 of 4*

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"Okay here's the deal. You will meet him at the Dancing Witch. Give your name to the Maitre d', and he will take you to the private room for your date. Be there at seven and look stunning." She should have known he was up to something when he told her she was meeting her date rather than him picking her up. But really this was just insane and ridiculous.

She arrived at the restaurant and was promptly led to a back room. When she walked through the door, she was met with the back of a head covered in long, blond, flowing hair. She groaned at the sight.

His head turned around and he spotted her; a slight smirk reminiscent of his son played at the corner of his mouth.

"Ahh, Miss Granger, I should have known. This is something my son would do." He mumbled something else under his breath, but she didn't quite catch it.

"Yeah, right, like I'm going to believe you didn't have a hand in this. Nice try." A click sounded from behind her, and she turned to see that the door was now closed and most likely locked if the click was evidence of that. "Oh great, just great!" she exclaimed with anger as she plopped into the plush chair across from him.

"Well, this is definitely a new and interesting predicament. It appears we are locked in here for the night; whatever shall we do?" he said, a purr slowly rising in his voice.

"Don't even think about it, Malfoy," she ground out. "We will get out of this; a waiter has to come in at some point. We can jump them and make a break for it then," she said with optimism, which was quickly lost as plates of beef appeared in front of them and their glasses slowly filled with a deep red liquid. She groaned with annoyance.

"So, Miss Granger, since we are trapped here, we might as well take the time to learn something about each other. What do you do for a living?" She stared at him, her mouth agape. "Hello, anyone home?" he asked, waving his hand in front of her face. "Don't make me splash your wine on your face."

"Did you... was that a... you just made a joke," she said with realization.

"Yes, despite popular belief I do actually have a sense of humor. Oh, and I'll let you in on a well-kept secret: I also have a heart AND a soul. I know, it's positively shocking," he said mockingly. "Now I do believe that I asked you a question."

"Well, ummmm, I work with Draco at the Ministry in the Department for Magical Law Enforcement. I love my job, although some days I want to punch some people in the face for their stupidity. I actually feel like I am having an impact on the world, and I love that feeling. How about you? What does the wealthiest man in the Wizarding world do?"

"I dabble in many things. I have my own corporation. I am one of the School Governors, and I do a few other things. Just because I have money doesn't mean I shouldn't work. Why else do you think Draco is working? I have enough money for both of us to not work for at least two lifetimes, but that isn't right. You shouldn't spend if you haven't actually worked. That work could be anything, you don't have to get paid, just have to work," he stated as he swirled his glass of wine under his nose and placed his knife and fork on his plate, showing he was finished.

"I may be mad at the prat, and may kick him in the balls next time I see him so I hope you don't want grandchildren, but I must say that knowing that makes me have more respect for both you and him. And on top of that the fact that he thought of everything for tonight so that we couldn't escape at all is also impressive." He chuckled at her declaration.

"Yes, he inherited his thoroughness from me. I am the same way; anal retentive to the core, and I think of everything, which is good and bad."

"Agreed."

"I'm sorry, can you repeat that? I'm not quite sure I heard you. You couldn't possibly be agreeing with me; isn't that beneath you?" he questioned with a quirked eyebrow.

"Beneath me?" she sputtered as she stood up and moved around the table so she was standing directly over him. "Excuse me, but I think your memory has been erased. You were the one who was chasing after me and my friends, who attacked us, who held us captive in your mansion and watched as I was tortured by your sick twisted bitch of a sister-in-law, and you think I think you are beneath me? Clearly you have been knocked in the head. You have always seen me as the lowest of the low. You are such a pompous asshole, you don't know me or my beliefs so do not presume to know what I think and feel. I can't believe that you would do such a thing. Actually, you know what, I take that back, I can believe that you would do such a thing. You need to learn to look past prejudice and blood. You need to see what is inside a person, their personality and their inner beauty. Hell, you could even just look at their outward appearance and think they are hot, as long as you don't judge by blood. You are so frustrating! Is it so hard to accept someone for simply being who they are? Gods!!" she shouted to the ceiling.

"Would you shut up, you exasperating woman," he shouted as he grabbed her waist, pulling her towards him, leaning down and kissing her long and hard. He nibbled on her bottom lip and pushed his tongue into her mouth to stroke hers. She was enveloped with a warmth that flowed in her blood; she had never felt like this, not with Charlie, not with anyone. They heard the door click behind them. He ended the kiss and as he pulled away her body leaned towards his, following him. He grabbed his cane and left once again with a swish and click, leaving the dumbfounded and gob smacked brunette standing by the table, wondering what on earth had just happened.

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Thanks to sirsevchick for betaing this.

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## Masquerade

### *Chapter 3 of 4*

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The blond poked his head around her door and peered inside the room, wondering if it was safe to enter. From the mutterings about death and crushed balls coming from under the mountain of hair that was piled on her desk, he was guessing it wasn't smart or safe to enter, but then again, he liked to live and play dangerously.

"Hey, Granger!" he said as he strode into the room. She lifted her head from resting on her hands on the desk, and with no warning whatsoever, he was immediately met with a large flock of yellow birds attacking him from all directions.

"How fucking dare you do that to me! Do you have any idea how frustrating that man is? And you locked me in a room with him? Are you insane? Oh, wait, look whom I'm asking. Of course you are; it clearly runs in the family," she shouted as she threw her hands up in the air.

"I'm sorry, Hermione, I didn't realize. You two are so similar I thought it would have been a good match. Apparently, I was wrong, and I am the first to admit that. I apologize. How about I make it up to you? I found another guy for you. He's young, handsome, super intelligent, very charming, and I think he would be perfect for you," he said with a smile.

"What makes you think that I would ever allow you to set me up again after that fiasco?" she questioned with anger in her eyes.

"Okay, well, how about I give you an out this time? Do you have a date for the New Year's Ball yet?"

"No," she mumbled.

"Well, how about you take my guy? That way if it doesn't work out, you are in a public place, and you can just leave or just dump him and go hang out with Potty and Weasel." He grimaced at the low growl that she emitted. "Sorry, that was low. You can come and hang out with me. I will keep you company if the date is a dud, but I am 99.9% sure that this guy is perfect for you. So please, for me. I feel so bad about how things went with my father; please let me do this to make up for it." He batted his eyelashes in a ridiculous motion and gave her the only child puppy pout face, the one that always got him his way.

"Fine. You know what? Whatever. I don't even care anymore. Have him pick me up at seven that night. Don't forget to tell him it's a masquerade, so he needs to wear a mask." She placed her head back down on the desk, closing her eyes and remembering that kiss, the fire, the heat, the passion that it held. But she knew it would never work out. He was Lucius Malfoy, former Death Eater, supposed Muggle-born hater, smug, arrogant, pompous, and all other words that mean the same thing. She sighed with resignation. It was over, and nothing would come from it except for the fantasies... because if his kiss was that good, Gods know what the sex would be like.

Draco watched her drift off into her mind, and he left the room, closing the door with a soft smirk on his face because he knew something neither Hermione nor his father knew: the only way they could have gotten out of that room was if they had kissed.

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She placed the mask on her face and looked into the floor-length mirror in front of her. Her deep ocean blue gown flowed like water, covering every curve, flattering everything. She ran her hands down the front to flatten it out and checked her mask once more to make sure it wasn't falling off. Her hair was straightened and pulled back into a French twist on the back of her head. She was almost unrecognizable, just what she wanted. Men, eat your hearts out. There was a knock at the door, and she went to answer it. When she opened it, she was met with a glorious sight. He stood a foot taller than she. His crystal blue eyes shone at her from behind his mask, which covered almost all of his face. His robes were clearly expensive and very debonair. His hair was a light sandy brown, that color that is almost blond but not quite. Her first thought was Draco did well; her second was that he wasn't Lucius, and for some strange reason that made her sad.

"Hi," she said.

"Good evening, Madam," he stated as he took her proffered hand and gave it a gentle kiss. He took her arm and Apparated them to the Ministry ballroom.

The room was gorgeous; every table had a pumpkin lantern on it, the ceiling covered in candles, just like the Great Hall all those years ago. As she scanned the room for another familiar face, she came across several that she hadn't seen in a long time, and for once, she was thankful that she was disguised. Her eyes met a pair of green ones for a split second, and a flash of recognition occurred in the green-eyed boy wonder. But when he looked again, she was gone. Her date was strangely quiet, but oddly enough, that was currently soothing for her. It was as if he knew she needed quiet.

"I'm sorry I'm not much of a date. I understand if you want to leave," she said, sitting down in the chair that he had pulled out for her.

"Nonsense, you are a beautiful date. Well, what I can see of you anyway, and from what I have been told, you are a very intelligent woman, which is rare to find. Why would I leave a chance to spend time with you?" he asked as he pushed her chair in and took his own, pulling it slightly closer to hers. She smiled at him, a light blush suffusing her cheeks.

"You're good," she whispered as Kingsley stood up to deliver his opening feast speech. After he delivered his required speech, everyone began eating. Hermione and her mystery date discussed the latest innovations in potions and charms, movies, which he was surprisingly a big fan of, the war, and many other topics. When dinner was finished, he got up to go get her another flute of champagne. A few minutes later, she felt body warmth next to her again and turned to him.

"It's about time. I thought someone had kidnapped..." she stopped talking when her eyes once again met the clear green eyes of her best friend.

"Harry," she breathed.

"Hi, Hermione, how have you been?" he asked awkwardly, staring at his hands twisting over themselves in his lap while still somehow managing to watch her face.

"Lonely. I've missed you very much," she stated as she looked down in shame at what she knew he was going to say.

"You know we never wanted you to run away like that. We all hated Charlie for what he did to you. You didn't have to hide. We've all missed you," he stated shyly.

"I know. I just knew it would be hard being around all of the Weasleys, knowing that Charlie had cheated on me and having the constant imagistic reminder of him. So I ran. It was stupid, I know, and I have regretted it ever since, but I felt bad going back. So I just stayed away. I figured it was easier," she cried as he leaned forward and pulled his long lost best friend into a fierce hug.

"Oh, Hermione, you might be the brightest witch of our age, but sometimes I really wonder about you," he chuckled as he hugged her even tighter to him, so glad to simply have her back in his life. He pulled away and looked at her tear-stained face. A quiet whisper and she could feel the tears on her face disappear. She muttered a quiet "thank you."

"I better get back to Ginny, but we are seeing each other again. I will owl you tomorrow, okay?" he asked, cupping her face and kissing her on the forehead.

"So, is that my competition?"

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Many thanks to sirsevchick and DeeMichelle for looking this over!

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## Midnight

### *Chapter 4 of 4*

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She turned to see her date standing behind her with a flute of champagne in his hand. She smiled at the ease with which she felt with this man, this complete stranger.

"No, just some reins that I dropped and never picked back up for far too long." She smiled as she took the flute and thanked him. He remained standing, and she stared at him quizzically.

"Would you care to dance?" he asked, extending his hand to her. She took it, letting him lead her out onto the dance floor and into a soft waltz. It felt strangely comforting to be in his arms. He made her feel safe. How strange? And yet, she didn't even know his name.

"You know, you never did tell me your name," she whispered into his ear.

"You can call me Ti; that's what my friends call me."

"Where did that name come from?" she asked curiously.

"My Patronus is a Siberian tiger."

She smiled at this new knowledge. You could tell a lot about a person by their Patronus. When the song was over, she was sad that he had to let her go; however, she was quickly swept into the arms of Draco.

"Didn't you ever learn to ask a lady if she would like to dance, or do you always just assume that any living, breathing, female would want to dance with you?" she asked with annoyance and laughter in her voice.

"Well, why wouldn't they want to dance with me? I am Draco Malfoy after all," he said mock arrogantly. She swatted his arm.

"You are so ridiculous," she teased as the song ended and she was swept into the arms of another man. When she looked up she met the stunning and familiar eyes of Lucius Malfoy.

"Hi," she muttered meekly, still embarrassed by her actions during their pseudo-date.

"You look breathtaking. Has anyone told you that?" he asked, whispering into her hair, his gentle breath teasing her ear and brushing her dangling earrings.

"No."

"Well, allow me to be the first. You look incredible. Half the men in the room haven't been able to keep their eyes off of you, and I can assure you it is not because of your war heroine status. It is definitely because of how stunningly beautiful you look in that dress and in general."

She blushed at his high compliment.

"I also wanted to apologize for my actions earlier in the week; it was horribly rude of me to tease you like that and to kiss you without your permission. Do you forgive me?" he asked gently.

"There is nothing to forgive, you were being playful and having fun, and I misconstrued it and blew up. If anyone should be apologizing, it should be me. I am deeply sorry; I hope you can forgive me. It seems I had this set idea of you in my head, and every time I meet you, you break it down a little bit more. It is disconcerting," she said quietly.

"To repeat you, there is nothing to forgive. I think we are even. Would you agree?" he asked with a smirk. She laughed at his reference and nodded. He bent his head and kissed her on the cheek as the song ended. She started to walk off the floor and was once again swept into a strong pair of arms. When she looked up, she gulped. She was staring into the brown eyes of Charlie Weasley, and by the look on his face, he had no idea who she was. He pulled her close to him and pushed his person onto her unwelcomingly. He was a horrible dancer and was clearly drunk if the heavy scent of alcohol coming from him meant anything.

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"Excuse me, but I do believe you have monopolized my date for long enough," Ti said as he sidled up to the pair and removed Charlie's wandering hands from her body. He pulled her to him and danced away from the drunken redhead.

"Are you okay?" he asked patiently.

"Yes, thank you for rescuing me."

"You had a look of sheer panic, if I hadn't gotten to you, I think Draco was right behind me and your Mr. Potter was a close third," he said with a smile. "I think he was just drunk and not thinking, plus he had no idea who you were. Would you agree?" She nodded, just glad to be back in his comforting arms.

It was almost midnight, the time of the unveiling. The crowd started the countdown.

"20, 19, 18, 17..."

She looked up at him as they waltzed on the dance floor and smiled. She was actually happy. She looked around and saw Draco watching her. Harry was standing with his arm around Ginny's waist, and they were smiling at each other, love clearly in their eyes.

"5, 4, 3, 2, 1."

He pulled her to him and kissed the New Year in with her. His kiss was strong and powerful. It spoke of a fire and passion that was hidden behind his generally stoic nature. She pulled him closer to her and wrapped her arms around his neck as his hands tightened on her hips and then slowly moved to encircling her waist. She felt the mask disappear from her face and knew that his was gone too. She opened her eyes and smiled into her favorite pair of crystal clear blue eyes. She leaned back in and kissed him again, this time gently, sucking on his bottom lip and showing him her care for him. When she pulled away, he smiled at her.

"Do you always kiss men you've just met like that?" he asked.

"I knew it was you."

"How?"

"Your eyes for one, but then you threw me off with the hair color, so I thought it was just a coincidence. Then the dancing was a nice trick trying to throw me off by dancing with me twice, but when you said, 'Would you agree?' I knew it was you. I would just like to say that I am glad it was."

"There was no way I was letting you get away, not after all that intensity I saw you exhibit on our date. You had me at the proverbial hello." He chuckled.

"Lucius, what a charmer you are. But, I do have one question: did Draco make you do this, or was this all your idea?"

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Thanks to sirsevchick and DeeMichelle for the beta.

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