

# Three's A Crowd

*by severuslover*

Hermione and Pansy have never gotten along, but now there's a whole new reason for their fighting. And of course, it's over a guy! Join the fight as these two girls battle it out and use any means necessary to win the guy's heart.

## Secret Feelings and Pillow Fights

*Chapter 1 of 4*

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Chapter One: Secret Feelings and Pillow Fights

**A/N: Hello again! Due to the positive feedback from my last story, I decided to post this longer story. I had a blast writing it, and it's filled with some great moments, so ENJOY!! ~Jen**

Hermione slowly made her way down to the Great Hall for breakfast. She had not gotten much sleep the night before due to Draco and his obnoxious girlfriend, Pansy, snogging in the Heads' common room. *I swear those two could wake up the whole castle between his moaning and her giggles!* Hermione thought as she made her way over to her redheaded best friend at the Gryffindor table.

"Hey, Hermione!" Ginny said as the Head Girl sat down beside her.

"Morning, Ginny," she replied through a yawn.

"Didn't get any sleep again?"

"NO! I'm so sick of Pansy coming into our dorm and taking Draco's attention away from what's important!"

"Like . . ."

"Like m...I mean, uh, our Heads' duties and his studies. I mean, he's Head Boy; he can't afford to do poorly in his classes," Hermione stuttered out.

"Uh-uh, that's it," Ginny said as she gave Hermione a knowing look.

Ever since the war had ended, and Draco had revealed his role as a spy for the Order, the trio and Ginny had slowly resolved their issues with the Slytherin prince. Over the past few months, with the group trying to get to know each other better, Ginny had started to suspect that Hermione might be starting to have feelings for Draco. She'd kept her suspicions to herself, but now that June was swiftly approaching, she thought it might be time to get Hermione to admit her feelings for Draco.

"Hermione, are you sure you're not jealous?" Ginny asked cautiously.

"Wh-NO! I mean yes. No, wait, um . . ."

"I'm NOT jealous, Ginny."

"Hey, Gin," Harry said as he kissed his girlfriend and took the seat beside her, "what's up with Hermione?"

"Didn't get enough sleep."

"Again?" Ron asked from across the table.

"Yeah, Draco and Pansy were at it again."

"They never give it a rest, do they?" Harry said as he helped himself to some pancakes.

"No, and it's beginning to take its toll on Hermione. She hasn't slept well for three days."

"Maybe we should say something to Draco," Ron suggested.

"No, that would just put her in a worse mood. I think we need to let her deal with this herself."

"Whatever you say, Gin," Harry said before digging into his breakfast.

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"So, I was thinking about having a dance, but with some karaoke fun in the middle."

"What's kara okay?" Draco asked.

"It's karaoke, Draco," Hermione said, giggling.

"Whatever. What is it anyway?"

"Well, it's when you sing along with lyrics of a song that are on a screen. It's a Muggle invention."

"Oh, well, that sounds . . . uh . . . let's see, lame?"

"Draco!" Hermione yelled as she hit him with a couch pillow.

"Hey, I'm just stating my opinion!" Draco said as he grabbed the other couch pillow and began to hit Hermione back.

Within minutes, the pillows had burst at the seams and feathers were flying everywhere. They both had totally abandoned their work and were ducking and chasing each other all around the common room. Laughing, Hermione went for another swing but missed. Her massive swing caused her to lose her balance, and she fell backward onto the green-carpeted floor.

"Give up, Granger?" Draco asked with a smirk.

"You wish, Malfoy."

Even though the pair had become fast friends over the summer, they still liked to nip at the other using their surnames. However, Draco didn't learn that when in the middle of a "fight" with Miss Hermione Granger, one should never let his or her guard down. And no sooner had he come within her reach, then she quickly swiped her leg in a low circle, taking out his legs and sending him crashing to the floor. Afterwards, she stood up and walked over to him, pillow ready to attack again.

"Damn, Granger! You got some moves!" Draco said, laughing lightly.

"I do, don't I?" Hermione replied with a smirk that could've rivaled Draco's. "Now about that idea I had . . ."

Hermione was now right beside Draco. She swung the pillow back to continue the fight. But when her pillow was mere inches from Draco's head, he grabbed it and pulled, causing Hermione to fall on top of him. Taking the pillow out of her hand, he rolled over so she was beneath him.

Both breathing heavily from the pillow fight, Draco locked onto her chocolate brown eyes and said, "I've got some moves of my own. So, what were you saying?"

Hermione couldn't bring herself to answer. She couldn't even think straight for that matter. She was lost in those mesmerizing orbs of gray that were Draco's eyes. When she finally managed to regain her thoughts, she realized Draco was gradually leaning towards her.

"Uh, Draco, I think we should . . ."

But that's all she got out before Draco's lips crashed onto hers. At first, she protested a bit. After all, *he'd* have a girlfriend. But a few seconds later, she found herself getting lost in the kiss. Draco, a bit surprised by what he was doing, was even more surprised by Hermione's response. Just when he started to deepen the kiss, wanting more, a knock came from the portrait hole. Pansy's voice called out from the other side wanting Draco to let her in. The pair instantly broke apart with Draco still hovering over Hermione. Both trying to catch their breath, Draco slowly managed to tear his eyes away from Hermione's and stood up, slowly making his way over to the portrait hole.

Hermione, feeling utterly confused and irritated, repaired the pillows and put all their papers away in her writing desk at the far side of the room. Before she went up the spiral staircase to her room, however, Hermione took one last look at Draco, who had let his girlfriend in, and sighed. *Evil Pansy and her stupid timing!*

She headed up the staircase and into her room; maybe Ginny was right, maybe she ~~was~~ was jealous. As she slipped into bed, Hermione heard the all too familiar noises of Draco and Pansy's snogging. Groaning, she decided that she actually needed to get some sleep this week, so she cast a soundproofing charm on her room. *Why exactly didn't I think of that before?!* The last thing she thought of before drifting off to sleep was the feel of Draco's lips on hers and what it would be like to be in Pansy's position right now.

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The following afternoon, Hermione decided that she needed to talk to Ginny. She hated to admit it, but the redhead was right. She was jealous. Unfortunately for her, it had taken a full out confrontation with Pansy this morning to realize it.

Hermione awoke to the sound of her alarm going off. Groaning, she turned it off and rolled out of bed. Walking over to her vanity on the wall opposite her bed, she sat down and began to untangle her uncooperative bushy hair. When her hair looked more curly than bushy with the help of various spells and hair care products, Hermione picked out her outfit for the day. Since it was Saturday, she decided to wear something more casual and comfortable: a pair of her favorite blue jeans with a silver butterfly design on them and the matching light purple tank top, which had the butterfly pattern around the bottom and the neck of the shirt.

She made her way to the Heads' kitchen, only to discover Pansy there cooking breakfast, dressed only in a large T-shirt of Draco's. Hermione tried to hide her anger as she went about gathering what she needed to make a bowl of cereal for breakfast.

"Good morning, Granger," Pansy said in a sickly sweet voice.

"Morning, Parkinson," Hermione replied, barely hiding the venom in her tone.

"Don't we look semi-decent today? Big date, oh wait, who would want to go out with you? Or even touch you for that matter."

Your boyfriend didn't seem to mind last night, Hermione died to say but settled for, "Well, at least I don't go sleeping around with every guy in my house."

"Not that it's any of your business, Granger, but Draco's the only guy I've ever been with."

"Y-you s-slept w-with D-Draco?"

"DUH, Granger, I'm not wearing his shirt for nothing."

Hermione stopped pouring her cereal, she was stunned. But Draco kissed ME last night! He even seemed regretful that Pansy showed up when she did! I can't believe he'd just shag Pansy after he'd just kissed me! I mean I know he's a ladies' man and everything, but shagging Pansy?!

"Why so shocked, Granger?" Pansy asked, slightly amused by Hermione's reaction.

Hermione couldn't come up with an answer. Her mind had stopped working; she couldn't form words, let alone a whole sentence. After a few minutes, she seemed to gain her composure back and returned to fixing her bowl of cereal, completely ignoring Pansy's question.

"Aren't you gonna answer me, Mudblood?" Pansy questioned in a vicious whisper.

Since the war's end, Hermione hadn't heard that word used very publicly due to its association with Voldemort, so the nerve of Pansy even breathing it after she had just revealed her exploits with Draco sent Hermione over the edge. She whipped her wand out of her jeans' back pocket and aimed it at Pansy's chest.

"What? You're gonna hex me, Granger? That wouldn't be very becoming of our Head Girl, now, would it?"

Hermione knew Pansy was right, but she had other ways of fighting back. She lowered her wand, and just as Pansy went to turn back to her cooking, Hermione grabbed the bowl of cereal she had just finished pouring milk into and dumped it on Pansy's head.

"EWWWWW! GRANGER, YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR THAT!" Pansy roared as she wiped cereal out of her hair and face.

Hermione laughed hysterically at the sight before her, making Pansy even angrier. She lunged at Hermione, and the two fell to the floor clawing, ripping, and hitting any part of each other they could get within their grasp. Both girls were rolling around on the floor, shouting insults at each other left and right, never stopping their violent attacks.

"You evil little . . . OW!" Pansy screamed as Hermione pulled her hair.

"You're pathetic Parkinson, seducing every guy you meet just to . . . OUCH!" Hermione said as she narrowly blocked Pansy from hitting her in the head with a goblet that had fallen off the table.

"What's that got to do with . . . OH MY GOSH! You want Draco for yourself, don't you?" Pansy asked as she managed to avoid Hermione's fingernails from coming into contact with her cheek.

"Of course not, but he sure deserves better than you!" Hermione shouted back before slapping Pansy across the face.

Just as the arguing and insults started to get even worse, Draco walked into the kitchen. Immediately running over and pulling Hermione off of Pansy, he tried to stand between the girls.

"What are you guys fighting about?!" Draco yelled over their screams.

Neither one answered his question; both girls just tried to get around him to reach the other. Having had enough of trying to break them apart the easy way, Draco bent down and threw Hermione over his shoulder, carrying her out of the kitchen. With Hermione kicking and screaming the whole way out of the kitchen, Draco barely managed to make it to the common room couch before throwing her onto it. She tried to get back up and return to the kitchen, but Draco grabbed her arms and pinned them above her head. Finally giving up the struggle, Hermione relaxed, and Draco cautiously took his hands away from her arms.

"What the bloody hell was that all about?!" Draco practically yelled at her.

"Your bloody girlfriend, that's what!" Hermione yelled back.

At that moment, Pansy walked out of the kitchen and into the common room. She had a couple of long scratch marks along her cheeks, and the shirt she was wearing was torn in many places. Hermione looked down at herself to see that her shirt, too, was torn on the sleeve and the bottom hem. Her arms were scratched in many places, and when she felt her face for bruises, Hermione could tell she had a deep scratch on her forehead and a few smaller ones around her neck.

Eyes full of hatred as she looked at Hermione, Pansy made her way up the stairs and into Draco's bedroom.

"What about her?" Draco asked a bit quieter after Pansy had shut the door to his room.

"I don't want her in here anymore!"

"She's my girlfriend, Granger! You can't limit who I can and cannot see!"

"Well, she's quite a catch, Malfoy!" Hermione said with clear venom in her voice.

*Draco couldn't believe what he was hearing! Sure, Hermione and Pansy had their differences, but he'd never thought it'd go this far. And what was with Hermione's cold attitude this morning?*

*"What's with the attitude all of a sudden?"*

*"It's nothing," she said in little more than a harsh whisper.*

*Hermione suddenly got up from the couch and walked quickly past Draco and out of the portrait hole, determined not to let him see the pain in her eyes.*

Now, after she had cleaned herself up a bit in a nearby girls' lavatory, Hermione was desperately trying to find Ginny. She had looked everywhere: in Gryffindor Tower, in the Great Hall, and all over the grounds and couldn't find her friend anywhere.

Hermione was sitting by the lake, resting against the birch tree where her and her friends usually studied, when she spotted Ginny coming her way.

"I heard you were looking for me," Ginny said as she sat down by Hermione. "What's up?"

"Well . . . how do I start this? You . . . were, um, ri-right," Hermione said, struggling to admit she had been wrong.

"About what?" Ginny asked, playing dumb.

"You know exactly what!"

"I know. I just want you to say it."

"Fine! I-I li-like Draco and I*was* jealous! There, I said it."

"See, that wasn't so hard, was it?" Ginny said with a triumphant smile.

Hermione glared at Ginny before she responded sadly, "But it doesn't matter anymore."

"Why, what happened?" Ginny asked, realizing something was wrong.

"Well, we kissed last night," Hermione said and then made sure to add, "by accident."

"That's good, isn't it? What's the problem, besides Pansy?"

"I wasn't finished. Last night he . . . last night . . ." But Hermione couldn't finish the sentence.

"Last night he what?" Ginny pressed.

"Shagged Pansy!" Hermione said, practically yelling it at Ginny, but she had to get it out before she lost her nerve.

"He did what?!"

"Ginny, don't make me say it again," Hermione pleaded.

Ginny sat there shocked for a moment. She couldn't believe . . . Well, she could, but she thought Draco would have enough tact not to shag someone right after he had kissed someone else. The worst part of the whole thing, though, was that Hermione was sitting there, hoping Ginny would have some advice for her, and Ginny couldn't think of a thing to say.

"Hermione, I . . ."

"It's okay, Ginny. You don't have to say anything. I need to go see Dumbledore about approving this month's event anyway," Hermione said as she stood up.

"Oooo, what is it?" Ginny asked excitedly before Hermione could leave.

Hermione couldn't help but smile at her friend's enthusiasm. "A dance with a little karaoke thrown in."

"What's karaoke?"

"It's when you sing along to a song while the lyrics appear on a screen. Draco thought it'd be lame, but I'm going to tell Dumbledore that we agreed on it."

"Well, I think it sounds pretty fun. Who cares what Draco thinks anyway?"

*I do*, Hermione thought sadly, but instead replied, "It'll be fun. This dance is going to be the best Hogwarts has ever had!"

"That's the spirit! Let me know if you need any help."

"I will. See ya, Ginny."

Hermione left the redhead by the lake and headed up to the castle to find the Headmaster and get her idea approved.

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Later that evening, Hermione reluctantly made her way to the Heads' Dorm. She hadn't seen or talked to Draco all day. Her friends had kept her busy, from playing Exploding Snap to sneaking into the Three Broomsticks for a butterbeer. She figured that Ginny had something to do with the plan, but Hermione didn't mind since it led her thoughts away from Draco.

Now, however, all she had to do was say the password to the portrait and she would see him, all her thoughts and feelings rushing back to her. Taking a deep breath, Hermione muttered the password and stepped into the large common room. Sure enough, there was Draco sitting on the common room couch with . . . NO!

Pansy Parkinson was sitting on his lap and they were snogging passionately. Hermione had had enough of this!

**A/N: How'd you like it so far? I'd really like to know. There's more to come, so please review! You know you want to . . . ~Jen**

## Situation Max

## Chapter 2 of 4

Before he left, the waiter slipped Hermione a piece of parchment and whispered in her ear, "My name's Max. I get off in about five minutes, if you want to have some *fun*."

## Chapter Two: Situation Max

**A/N: So, here's the second chapter! This was probably my second favorite chapter to write; my favorite being the last chapter. Hope you enjoy it! ~Jen**

"UGH!! Can't you guys ever give it a rest?!"

The couple broke apart instantly to see who had yelled at them. They managed to catch a glimpse of Hermione before she bolted up the spiral staircase and entered her room, slamming the door behind her.

Hermione threw herself onto her bed. She was furious, sad, jealous, hurt, and a lot of other emotions at that moment. A few minutes later, however, she heard a knock on her door.

"Hermione, can I come in?"

"NO!"

"We need to talk; Pansy left. Come on, let me in."

"No, Draco. I thought I told you I didn't want her in here anymore!"

"And I believe I told *you* that you can't just tell me who I can and cannot see," Draco said, losing his patience.

Hermione was done arguing. She went over to the door and wrenched it open. She was going to let him have it...let him feel the wrath of Hermione Granger. However, when she opened the door, she wasn't prepared for the sight that greeted her. In front of her stood Draco in his green plaid pajama pants, but no shirt! *This can NOT be happening; not when I'm mad at him! Why, oh why must he have such a great body!*

Draco stood there waiting for Hermione to yell at him, apologize to him . . . something; but she just looked at him with pure shock on her face. *What? Did she think it was someone else at the door?* Then, all of a sudden, Hermione shut the door in his face.

"HEY! Granger, what's going on?" Draco yelled through the door.

On the other side, Hermione was leaning against the door for support. She closed her eyes, willing the picture of Draco shirtless to flow out of her mind. Closing her eyes, however, only made her picture herself touching his well-toned chest, kissing his wonderful lips, and passionately trailing kisses all over . . . UGH!! *I need to pull myself together! I just slammed the door in his face! Now, he's going to think I've gone mental or something!* Gathering her courage, Hermione turned around and, taking another deep breath, opened the door.

"You gonna keep it open this time?"

"Yeah," Hermione replied, trying to keep her focus on his face.

"Now, what's your problem with my girlfriend?"

"My *problem* is that she is always in here snogging you and we have planning to do for this month's event, patrols that you haven't done in the last week because of her, and schoolwork. She keeps distracting you, and I'm sick of doing everything myself!"

"I've helped you do things!" Draco said in his defense.

"Such as?"

"Like, umm, well, I did patrols until last week and . . . umm, planned the Halloween social we had."

"Wow, two things! Draco, I can't plan this dance all by myself. So, are you helping me or are you going to be snogging Parkinson every night?" Hermione asked, dreading the answer.

"What do you need help with?" Draco asked with a sigh.

"Well, I already got approval from Dumbledore to have it two weeks from today and to have a version of karaoke set up. So, I guess that we need to pick a theme, and then go shopping in Hogsmeade for decorations."

"Okay, but how about starting tomorrow; I'm beat."

"Snogging take too much energy out of you?" Hermione said, barely hiding the venom in her tone.

"Listen, Hermione; I'll help you, but Pansy gets to come in here at least twice a week, and no more remarks like that."

"Fine, but tomorrow, you're mine for the day."

"Yours, Granger?" Draco asked with a smirk.

"Oh, you know what I mean, Malfoy," Hermione said as she turned around, shut the door and got ready for bed.

As Hermione laid her head on her pillow, visions of Draco kissing her and of him standing shirtless in front of her kept floating around in her head. Falling into a peaceful dream about her and Draco finally getting together, Hermione drifted off to sleep.

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The next day, Hermione and Draco were again on the common room couch discussing their ideas for the upcoming dance. They had been planning everything from the setup of the Great Hall to what band they thought should play.

The following weekend, Hermione and Draco were shopping in Hogsmeade for the dance next Saturday. Unfortunately for Hermione, Pansy had forgiven Draco the moment he sent her a dozen white roses. Now, Hermione had to endure the couple during almost every planning session or patrol. Today, however, Pansy had managed

to get a detention for turning Professor McGonagall's hair bright yellow, even though she had desperately tried to deny the accusation. Hermione, of course, had actually performed the charm, but what Professor McGonagall didn't know wouldn't hurt her, right?

The day's shopping spree had proved quite productive. All that was left to buy was her dress, which she would be doing with Ginny later. Right now, she and Draco were heading to the Three Broomsticks for lunch.

When the pair entered the restaurant and found a table, a young waiter came over and asked for their drink orders. Both teenagers ordered a butterbeer and began to look over the lunch menu.

A few minutes later, the waiter returned with their drinks. When he took Draco's order, the waiter lazily wrote it down and then turned to Hermione.

"What'll you have, beautiful?" he asked with a charming smile.

Hermione blushed slightly at the attention, "Oh, I'll have the turkey club sandwich."

Then, the waiter took Hermione's menu, making sure to brush his fingers over her hand in the process. Hermione had to admit the waiter was cute. He had wavy brown hair that was cut in just the right way to accent his best facial features. His eyes were a soft blue color with a hint of green mixed in and his . . .

"Hello! Earth to Hermione! Are you still with me?"

"Wh-oh, sorry, Draco," Hermione said, trying to suppress the blush that threatened to appear any minute.

"Jeez, one guy gives you a smile and you're in dreamland," Draco said with a hint of anger and annoyance in his voice.

Hermione was about to reply but the waiter was back, this time with their food. *Wow! This place is fast! I guess I shouldn't be too surprised, it is a magical restaurant after all.* The waiter practically threw Draco's plate at him, but again took special care to place Hermione's neatly in front of her. Before he left, the waiter slipped Hermione a piece of parchment and whispered in her ear, "My name's Max. I get off in about five minutes, if you want to have some *fun*."

With that, Max left the teenagers to their lunch. Hermione was frozen in her seat, shocked by the waiter's forwardness.

"What did he say to you?" Draco demanded.

Instead of answering, Hermione opened the piece of parchment Max had given her. It read: *Meet me in room 25. It'll be worth your while.*

"I can't believe him! He wants me to meet him upstairs in five minutes to have some*fun*!" Hermione said, disgusted.

"Let me see that!" Draco said.

"Why?"

"Just give it here," Draco said, losing his patience.

Hermione quickly handed him the note. As each second passed by, Draco looked like he was getting angrier. Finally, he got up and went up the stairs. Hermione, having no clue what Draco was up to, just stayed at the table and ate her lunch.

"I thought that'd get rid of your boyfriend," a voice said from beside her a few minutes later.

Hermione turned and saw Max, who had somehow managed to take the seat beside her without her notice.

"He's not my boyfriend. But he's really mad at the moment, and if he comes back down and finds you here, you'll be in trouble," Hermione said, scooting her chair slightly to the right, away from Max.

"I've got time; don't worry your pretty little head. So, how about you and me get out of here?" Max said, sliding his chair closer to Hermione's and putting his hand on her thigh.

Hermione pushed his hand off her thigh and went to leave the table, but Max grabbed her hand.

"Let go!" Hermione hissed as she tried to free her hand from his grasp.

Max pulled a bit harder on Hermione's hand, causing her to lose her balance and land in his lap. Hermione struggled to get up, but Max's grip on her waist was too strong. She looked around helplessly for someone she could call out to. Unfortunately, she and Draco had picked a table in the back corner, making her current situation not as visible to other customers in the restaurant.

"Let me go!" Hermione practically screamed, hoping to attract someone's attention.

"Calm down, beautiful. I just want a little kiss," Max said with a light chuckle.

Max slid one hand up Hermione's back, causing her to shudder unpleasantly. When his hand reached the back of her head, Max leaned in as he pushed Hermione's head toward him. Hermione tried to push with all her might against his chest to keep him from kissing her, but Max was very strong, and soon Hermione's face was a few centimeters away from his. Within seconds, Max's lips came into contact with Hermione's. He hungrily kissed her lips over and over again as Hermione kept trying to push away from him.

All of a sudden, Hermione felt Max being pulled away. Then, losing the support of the table behind her, she fell to the floor. As Hermione sat up, she saw Draco punch Max in the nose, undoubtedly breaking it before pointing his wand at Max's chest. Draco angrily whispered something under his breath, which Hermione could only imagine was a threat by the look on Max's face, and then Draco turned around to face her. Walking over to Hermione, Draco held out his hand to help her up.

"Are you okay?" He asked, genuine concern edging its way into his voice.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Thanks."

"No problem. Let's get going."

Hermione nodded numbly as she and Draco gathered their things and left the Three Broomsticks. A few minutes later, they ran into Ginny and Harry outside Honeyduke's Sweet Shop.

"Hey, Hermione, ready to go find our perfect dresses?" Ginny asked excitedly.

"Yeah. Draco, do you mind taking the decorations back to the castle by yourself?" Hermione asked, just now realizing how many bags he'd have to carry by himself.

"Don't worry about it, Hermione. I'll help him," Harry offered.

Ginny grabbed Hermione's hand, and they rushed into the nearest dress shop to search for their dresses.

As the girls headed back to the castle, Hermione told Ginny about her earlier situation at the Three Broomsticks. The younger girl was shocked, but happy that Draco had been there to help her friend.

"I'm fine, Ginny. I'm just glad Draco showed up when he did."

"Hey, Ginny," Hermione yelled after her, getting an idea.

"Want to keep your dress in my room? Then, you and I can get ready together next Saturday. And that way, Harry will be in the dark about your dress until right before the dance."

Ginny gave her dress to Hermione and went to find Harry before dinner. Hermione headed back to the Heads' Dorm. When she reached the portrait, Hermione gave the password and entered the common room. Draco was nowhere in sight so Hermione took the dresses straight to her room and hung them in her wardrobe. That's when she heard it...the giggling. *Ugh!! Pansy's out of detention!* Deciding it'd be best if she stayed in her room until the couple left the common room, Hermione got out one of her Muggle novels and started to read.

Draco helped Pansy up and then, surprisingly, led her straight over to the portrait hole, kissed her good night, and shut the portrait behind her. Hermione could hear Pansy's protests from the other side of the portrait.



"Okay, so we're going to have small tables placed around the outer edges of the dance floor. Then where should we put the gaming tables?" Hermione asked, looking

"I think we should put them where the Head table usually is. That way, they're all near each other and away from the dance floor in the center of the room," Draco suggested as he flicked his wand so the model showed what he had just described.

"I think we can conjure a stage on one side of the Hall as long as we take away a few tables."

"Okay, now for the decorations," Hermione said as she grabbed the various bags beside her.

Once the tables looked good, Hermione took a long red piece of fabric and attached it around the sides of the stage. Meanwhile, Draco was placing banners of various casino activities along the walls. The banners contained everything from die rolling down the fabric and then starting again to cards shuffling themselves and making designs, such as pyramids or houses. Next, the pair set the necessary game pieces on the appropriate gaming tables.

"I already asked some of the professors if they wouldn't mind. Professor Snape agreed to deal blackjack, Flitwick agreed to run the roulette, and I actually was able to convince McGonagall and Dumbledore to each run one of the poker tables."

"Yeah, but it was worth it. This dance is going to be awesome!"

"I think we need a bit more color. How about we make the chairs have red seat cushions?" Hermione suggested quietly.

"Oh, yeah . . . oops."

"Now, I think we have everything pretty much done. Oh, did you book the band, Hermione?"

"Anything else on your checklist?"

"You don't have a date yet?"

"Why can't you just ask him?"

"Oh," Draco said, "that does seem a bit complicated."

Draco was taken aback by Hermione's last question. *Since when have we ever confided in each other this much? Still, it's kind of nice that she feels comfortable enough to tell me these things. But now what do I say to her?*

"Yeah, I'm pretty sure he does."

"Then I say . . . you should . . . um, ask him, but make sure his girlfriend isn't around so he can think about it without getting yelled at."

"No problem."

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Sliding off his lap onto the seat beside him, she said, "Draco, what's wrong? It feels like you're off in some other world."

"Alright," Pansy said as she gave him one last kiss before going out of the portrait hole.

*What's wrong with me?! I just let Pansy walk out and worse yet . . . I said I DIDN'T FEEL UP TO SNOGGING! When have I ever said that before?! Never!* In the middle of Draco's thoughts, Hermione walked down from her room. Expecting Pansy and Draco to be snogging, she crept quietly down the stairs.

"She's not here anymore, Hermione," Draco said, startling her.

"Why not? Did something happen?" Hermione asked, trying to hide the excitement in her voice.

"I don't know. I just . . . I just, well, I'm not exactly sure what's going on at the moment."

Hermione came and sat down beside Draco on the couch; that's when he noticed her clothes. Hermione was wearing a rather small (and tight) tank top and shorts *THESE are her pajamas?! Wow . . . who knew all that was hidden under her robes?! Man, I really need to stop thinking like this . . .*

"Are you okay, Draco? You look kind of out of it. Draco? Draco, can you hear me?"

Draco shook his head to clear his thoughts and brought himself back to reality. Not trusting his voice at the moment, he just nodded in response to Hermione's question. After a few moments of silence, Hermione gathered up her courage and spoke.

"Draco, can I ask you something?"

"S-sure, shoot."

"Um, I was wondering if you'd go to the dance with me?"

Draco was speechless for a moment. The guy Hermione had been talking about this morning was HIM?! He didn't know what to say *Did he like Hermione more than Pansy?* He couldn't decide, but he had to give Hermione an answer. *Why me?!*

"Hermione . . . I . . ." Draco started, but she interrupted.

"Wait! Before you answer . . ."

Hermione leaned forward and pressed her lips gently against Draco's. She felt him respond to the kiss, so she went to deepen it. A few seconds later, however, Draco gently pushed her away.

"Hermione, I can't do this. I'm with Pansy," Draco said before his mind fully registered what he was saying.

"Oh, okay. Well I guess I was wrong then. Night, Draco."

Hermione stood and walked up the spiral staircase that led to her room. Just before she shut her door, Hermione called out, "I hope she knows how lucky she is."

Then, Hermione shut her door and slipped into bed, a few tears running down her cheek. As she drifted to sleep, her dreams were filled with visions of what it would have been like if she and Draco were together.

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It was Friday morning, the day before the dance. Draco was sitting at the Slytherin table, trying to keep his head from falling into his bowl of cereal. He hadn't gotten any sleep the night before. Draco had tossed and turned all night thinking about his feelings for Pansy and Hermione. He enjoyed spending time with each of them, but he realized that when he kissed . . .

"Draco, I'm so excited for the dance tomorrow!" Pansy said as she gave Draco a kiss on the cheek.

"Yeah, it should be fun," Draco responded half-heartedly.

"Draco, what's wrong with you? First, you don't want to kiss me, and now you sound all depressed when you talk to me."

"I'm just not myself at the moment, Pansy. I'll be fine by tomorrow . . . Don't worry."

"Well, good, I don't want to put up with your depressive state at the dance. I'll be right back, sweetie!"

Pansy gave Draco a kiss good-bye, this time on the lips and filled with all the passion she could muster. Then, she left the hall, not noticing that Draco hadn't really responded to her kiss or that he was currently looking at a certain Head Girl who had just entered the room with her friends.

Hermione walked into the hall and took her place at the Gryffindor table. Feeling like she was being watched, she tried to tell herself to just ignore him and continue with her breakfast. Her heart, however, won out, and she turned to face the Slytherin table. When her eyes locked with his, Hermione could see the confusion she felt reflected in them. Sighing slightly as Pansy returned to her seat beside Draco, Hermione turned back to her breakfast and started talking with Ginny.

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Throughout the day, Draco was still trying to decide who he liked better. *Well, Hermione's easy to talk to. Pansy tries her hardest to care about people other than herself though. I have to give her credit for trying. Hermione's fun to be around. So is Pansy . . . as long as she's not shopping* Hermione and I don't have to be kissing to be having fun. *Yeah, but Pansy's an amazing kisser. Who wouldn't want to be kissing her?* True, but when I kissed Hermione those couple of times, my heart started racing, I started to lose all my self-control, and I forgot exactly where I was. It was amazing! *Yeah, but . . . well, with Pansy . . . Oh, I give up, I got nothing. So, does that mean Hermione wins? Beats me.*

Sitting in Defense against the Dark Arts, Draco finally was able to clear his head of its many conflicting thoughts. The truth was he needed to follow his heart, not his head. And deep down, Draco knew exactly which girl had that. Now, all that was left to do was make sure that girl knew.

**A/N: I know I'm a bit evil with this cliffie, but I'll try to get the next chapter validated within the next week. But while you're waiting . . . How'd I do? Let me know! Please review! ~Jen**

**Cake, Anyone?**

Without answering her question, he leaned in quickly and kissed her passionately. Hermione, reluctantly, used all the self-control she could muster and pulled away from him—a serious look on her face.

Chapter 4: Cake, Anyone?

**A/N: So, sorry about the really long wait guys (and girls, of course). I had quite a pile of schoolwork that needed to be attended to first. Here's the final chapter for this story. I really hope you enjoy reading it, and don't forget to review at the end. (You know you want to.) Alright, enough of my babbling . . . on with the story. ~Jen**

After dinner that night, Hermione and Draco took the model they had made down to the Great Hall and set to work decorating the massive room. Draco worked on the banners and setting up the stage, on which they had decided to add a backdrop mural of huge dice, cards, and poker chips doing various things, in order to spice up the stage area a bit. Hermione was working on setting up the tables, gaming and dining, and creating the dance floor. After about ten minutes, they both placed the balloons around the room, and Draco carefully recreated his balloon archway in front of the doors.

Then, the pair looked around and checked the model to make sure they hadn't forgotten anything. When they had confirmed that everything was done, Draco casually flicked his wand, causing soft music to play.

"May I have this dance?" he asked, bowing to Hermione.

"Draco, I'm really tired and . . ."

"Come on, Hermione, it's just a dance," he said with his signature smirk on his face.

"Oh, alright," Hermione said as she accepted his hand.

Draco immediately pulled her close, and they began to sway. After a few minutes, Hermione gave in against her better judgment and laid her head on Draco's shoulder. Unknown to Hermione, this action only caused Draco to smile wider. Soon, the song ended, and Hermione reluctantly lifted her head and went to pull away but found Draco was still holding her rather close.

With their faces inches apart, Draco whispered, "Can I try something?"

Hermione, not totally able to focus her thoughts this close to Draco, nodded numbly. Then, before she could register what was happening, Draco's lips gently brushed against hers. Hermione was slightly stunned, but soon started to respond to his kiss. He gradually deepened the kiss until . . .

"DRACO!! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!"

Pansy had somehow found out about the decorating session and was now standing underneath the balloon archway, looking murderous. Draco let go of Hermione instantly and spun around to face Pansy. Hermione tried to steady herself, her head still spinning and her knees threatening to give out on her after that truly wonderful kiss.

"Pansy, I can explain . . ." Draco said, though, surprisingly, he didn't seem very panicked about being caught kissing another girl.

"NO! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR YOUR EXCUSES! I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE KISSING *HER* OF ALL PEOPLE!" Pansy screamed at Draco.

Deciding it was best to leave before she got caught up in this argument, Hermione slipped out of the hall, unnoticed by the yelling couple. As she made her way back to the Heads' dorm, she couldn't figure out why Draco had kissed her. *Had he changed his mind? Did he want her now instead of Pansy? Ugh! Stupid Pansy ruined a perfect moment! Why can't she have worse timing!!*

When she reached the portrait, Hermione gave it the password, went into her room and threw herself on her king-sized bed. At that point, she heard the portrait open. *Great! They've come back here to "make up!" I just wish Draco would see how stupid Pansy is! Why does he always go crawling back to her? She doesn't deserve him!*

Hermione walked over to her wardrobe and took out her dress for tomorrow's dance. Her dress was a simple, red strapless, knee-length dress with a black ribbon belt around the waist. The skirt of the dress was bunched up slightly, looking a lot like a budding rose. When she and Ginny had tried on dresses, this had been the first dress Hermione had picked out. She loved the way it looked on her, showing off all her curves wonderfully. *Well, if I can't go to the dance with Draco, at least I'll be able to knock him dead in this dress; EVEN IF Pansy's still in the picture. I'm not giving up yet.* Draco was going to realize what he was giving up by picking Pansy; she'd make sure of that.

After she was ready for bed, Hermione realized she hadn't heard any of the usual sounds associated with Draco and Pansy's snogging. Quietly, she crept out of her room and looked down into the common room from the staircase. She saw Draco sitting on one of the couches but didn't see Pansy anywhere. *I wonder what happened. Maybe they actually broke up!!* Hermione pushed her excitement down; she couldn't set herself up for another disappointment. Slowly and cautiously, she made her way over to the couch and sat down beside Draco.

Noticing movement to his right, Draco turned his head to see Hermione sit down beside him.

"Is everything okay, Draco?"

Without answering her question, he leaned in quickly and kissed her passionately. Hermione, reluctantly, used all the self-control she could muster and pulled away from him...a serious look on her face.

"Draco, you can't keep playing my emotions like this! Is Pansy still in the picture or not?" Hermione asked, dreading the answer.

"No, she's not in the picture anymore," Draco said with a small smile.

"So, what does this mean? For us?" Hermione asked cautiously.

"It means, should you accept, I'd like to be your date for the dance."

"R-really?" Hermione asked, trying to stay calm.

"Yes and . . ." Draco continued.

"And what?" Hermione asked quickly, unable to hide her joy this time.

"I want you to be my girlfriend," Draco finished with a wide smile.

Hermione launched herself at Draco, knocking him down on the couch. She kissed him passionately, and he responded with just as much passion. Then, Hermione remembered a vital question she had to ask Draco before she could let herself become too involved with him. Again, she reluctantly pulled away and sat up, allowing Draco

Soon, the two couples made their way down to the Great Hall. When they arrived, Draco and Hermione made a couple of announcements and then led everyone into the Great Hall to begin the dance.



Without another word, Pansy left the hall. On her way, however, she made sure to glare at Draco and Hermione with the utmost disdain and disgust. Soon after Pansy's exit, the band started up again and the dance continued. Draco took Hermione's hand and twirled her onto the dance floor.

"Well, I don't think Pansy will be causing us any more trouble," Draco said as he danced with Hermione.

"Not for awhile anyway...especially with all that detention."

"Speaking of detentions . . . You wouldn't have had anything to do with her numerous detentions during the last two weeks, would you?"

"Well, you know what they say . . . Three's a crowd, and I needed *some* way to spend time alone with you," Hermione answered innocently.

"True, but I think I know a better way to get my attention," Draco said with a mischievous smile.

"Oh, really? And what would that be?" Hermione questioned playfully.

Instead of answering, Draco twirled Hermione around and then pulled her into a romantic dip before kissing her passionately. Moving back to their original position, Hermione laid her head on Draco's shoulder, wishing the dance would never end.

After a few more hours, however, the dance came to a close and the couple headed back to their dorm. Draco and Hermione both changed into their pajamas and went into their joint bathroom to brush their teeth. Afterwards, Draco kissed Hermione goodnight and she went to return to her room, but Draco grabbed her hand to stop her, and she turned around with a curious expression on her face.

"What's wrong?" she asked quietly.

"Will you spend the night with me?"

"Draco, I'm not ready to . . ."

"No, not that . . . Just sleep in my room. I promise I won't try anything," Draco said with a pleading look in his eyes.

Hermione nodded and he led her into his bedroom. They settled themselves into his bed, and Draco pulled Hermione close to him.

"Sweet dreams, Mi," Draco whispered in her ear.

"Mi?"

"Yeah, it's my new nickname for you since you're all mine now," Draco replied quietly.

"Yours, huh? Well, as long as you're all mine too."

"Absolutely! After all, three *is* a crowd," Draco said, laughing slightly.

Hermione laughed along with him, and soon they both fell asleep in each other's arms. And as they drifted off, their only thoughts were of each other and the wonderful future that lay ahead.

THE END

**A/N: Sooo . . . What'd you think? I hope you enjoyed the ending to the story. The lyrics within the chapter are from Avril Lavigne's song, 'Girlfriend.' Please review, it's the only way I know how I'm doing. ~Jen**