

Three's A Crowd

by severuslover

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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 . . ."

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.

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.

thoughtfully at the model.

"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.

"Alright, but then where are we putting the band?"

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

Draco tapped the model with his wand, and after a few seconds, it began to rearrange the furniture to accommodate the new plan. A stage would definitely fit on one side of the room, and even better, they wouldn't have to remove any tables if they put a few in front of the gaming tables.

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

She quickly shrunk all the decorations and began to place them in the model. For the tablecloths, they had bought a black silk-like fabric with red dice on them that magically rolled around the cloth. The centerpieces on the tables were pyramids of cards with candles sitting in the spaces between the cards. Hermione had enchanted the cards with an anti-burning spell so that they wouldn't catch fire with the candle flames so close. She had also found some confetti in the shape of the cards' suits that she sprinkled around the centerpieces.

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.

"Who are we going to get to run these games?" Hermione asked as she surveyed the model.

"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."

"Wow! I'm impressed, Draco. That must have taken a lot of persuasion."

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

"I couldn't agree more," Hermione said, smiling at Draco.

His eyes locked onto hers for a moment, and it seemed as though Draco might kiss her. But then, he shook his head, as if to clear his thoughts, and returned his attention to the Great Hall model. Slightly disappointed, Hermione brought her gaze back to the model as well.

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

"Sounds good. Hey, we forgot about the balloons!" Draco said as he pulled the red, green, black, and white balloons out of the last decoration bag.

"Oh, yeah . . . oops."

Draco magically inflated the balloons and placed them in bunches all around the hall model. He also made a balloon archway right in front of the hall doors.

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

"Yes, the Burning Bludgers will be here around five to start rehearsing."

"Anything else on your checklist?"

"Besides finding a date? No."

"You don't have a date yet?"

"No. I was hoping this one guy would ask me, but I don't think he's going to find the nerve," Hermione replied sadly.

"Why can't you just ask him?"

"It's complicated. See, he's got this really annoying girlfriend who will probably be around for awhile since she told me that they've slept together."

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

"So, do you think I should ask him anyway?"

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?*

"Well . . . um, do you think he likes you even though he's with this other girl?"

"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."

"Thanks for the advice, Draco."

"No problem."

Then, the pair packed up the extra decorations and put the model on Hermione's writing desk before gathering their school things and heading down to the Transfiguration classroom.

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Later that night, Draco was sitting on the Heads' common room couch, snogging Pansy, when he realized he wasn't having as much fun as he usually did during these "sessions." He was, of course, still participating but not as passionately as he usually did. Unfortunately for him, Pansy had started to take notice.

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."

"I know. I'm sorry, Pansy. I just don't feel up to this right now. I'll see you tomorrow morning, okay?"

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

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

to sit up as well.

"I'm guessing that was a 'yes'?" Draco asked with a slight chuckle.

"It was, but I need to know something first."

"Okay, what?"

"Did you ever . . . did you . . . um, sleep with Pansy?" Hermione asked quietly.

"NO! Who ever told you that?" Draco replied shocked.

"Pansy," She answered quietly.

"Oh, well, she always did like to brag, but I swear I didn't sleep with her."

"Then, why was she wearing your shirt the day she and I got in a fight?"

"That was because she was slightly drunk when she came over that night. She ended up passing out, so I carried her up to my room. I swear, Hermione, nothing happened. In the morning, she must have grabbed one of my shirts or something."

Hermione looked him directly in the eyes, and when his silvery-blues met her chocolate brown ones, she knew he wasn't lying.

"I believe you. If you say nothing happened, nothing happened."

"So do I have a girlfriend?" Draco asked with a hint of worry.

"Yes."

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Hermione awoke Saturday morning with a smile on her face. She and Draco had spent most of the night snogging in the common room. Hermione's smile widened; she had always dreamed of being in Pansy's place, and now she was. She went to get out of bed, and that's when she realized the arm around her waist. Puzzled, she looked to her left. There was Draco lying on the bed with no shirt on. Panicking slightly, Hermione took a deep breath and looked under the covers. She let out a sigh of relief when she saw her pajamas and Draco's plaid pajama pants were still on their bodies. Trying not to wake Draco, Hermione attempted to slide out from under his arm; but he only tightened his grip and pulled her closer to him. Deciding a couple more minutes of sleep wouldn't hurt her, Hermione lay her head back down on her pillow, not noticing Draco's grin when she snuggled a bit closer to him.

An hour later, Hermione woke to Draco, with his head propped up on his pillow by his arm, staring at her.

"Good morning, beautiful," Draco said with a smile.

"Good morning. How long have you been watching me sleep?" Hermione asked.

"About five minutes."

"Why didn't you wake me?"

"You look really cute when you're sleeping," Draco responded before leaning in and giving Hermione a kiss.

Hermione responded to the kiss and soon the pair was snogging again. A few minutes later, Draco pulled away.

"What's wrong?" Hermione asked breathlessly.

"Nothing, it's just . . . If we don't stop now, I'll probably lose control, and I don't think either of us is quite ready for that."

"No, I guess not."

The pair slowly rolled out of bed. Draco returned to his room, and then, they both dressed for the day. When they were done getting ready, Draco and Hermione had brunch in their kitchen and then decided to go walk around the grounds together before Hermione would have to return to the dorm and start getting ready for the dance with Ginny.

They spent hours just walking and talking about anything and everything. In those wonderful hours, Draco further confirmed that he had made the right decision when he chose Hermione. *She's understanding, she listens to me, and seems to bring out the best in me. I wonder why it took me so long to realize it.*

Far too soon, the couple headed back to the castle and up to their dorm. When they neared the portrait, hand in hand, they saw Ginny waiting outside.

Hearing footsteps approaching, Ginny turned to look at the couple. At first, she looked shocked to see them holding hands, and then, she looked curiously at Hermione, who nodded. Ginny smiled widely and hugged her friend once Hermione was close enough. The three entered the dorm, Draco heading to his room and the girls to Hermione's.

Once inside Hermione's room, Ginny bombarded her with questions about how she had gotten together with Draco. Hermione patiently answered each question while she started doing Ginny's hair. An hour later, Hermione had Ginny's hair and makeup done. She had decided on simply curling Ginny's hair slightly and then pinning one side back using a cute pearl barrette. For her makeup, Hermione had again stayed simple, only using a little mascara, black eye liner, and pink eye shadow and lip gloss.

Now, it was Hermione's turn. She sat in the chair to her vanity and closed her eyes. After about another hour, Ginny declared that she was done. Hermione opened her eyes. Ginny had tamed her hair, so it now had more curl definition and less frizz...it was pulled into a fancy side ponytail with small roses around the hair tie. Hermione's makeup was a light amount of mascara, black eye liner, bronze eye shadow and a glossy light red lipstick. As Hermione was looking over her appearance, Ginny had put on her dress, a black halter cocktail dress. Hermione slipped on her own dress, and both girls headed down to the common room where their boyfriends would be waiting.

When Harry spotted Ginny and Hermione, he stopped talking to Draco, signaling the Head Boy to turn around and watch the girls descend the stairs. Both boys were speechless.

"Well, what do you think?" Hermione asked.

"It's . . . It's . . . You look gorgeous, Hermione!" Draco finally said after a few seconds.

"Why, thank you. You look quite handsome as well."

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.

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A few hours into the dance, the band took a break and the karaoke was set up for people to try. Hermione and Draco were having a blast! They were at the roulette table when they heard a familiar voice singing:

"In a second you'll be wrapped around my finger
Cause I can, cause I can do it better
There's no other
So when's it gonna sink in
She's so stupid
What the hell were you thinking?"

Pansy was on stage, staring straight at the couple. She looked quite angry at the two of them. When the lights on the stage hit her dress, which was a simple green-sequined cocktail dress, Hermione and Draco had to look away because of the glare. This made Pansy even more desperate for attention, so she sang even louder and slightly off key.

"Hey! Hey! You! You!

I don't like your girlfriend!

No way! No way!

I think you need a new one

Hey! Hey! You! You!

I could be your girlfriend . . ."

When the song ended, Hermione turned to Draco and asked, "So, are you going to take her advice and get a new girlfriend?"

"No, I don't think I will. I just got this new one that I really like," Draco said with a smirk.

"Oh, really? And who's she?" Hermione said with a smile.

"This really gorgeous girl wearing a red dress and standing right beside me," he replied as he gave her a quick kiss.

"Don't you think your new girlfriend might get jealous if she sees you kissing me?" Hermione asked playfully.

"Somehow, I don't think she'll mind," Draco smirked as he kissed her again.

When the band returned, Draco asked Hermione to dance, and they joined the many other couples on the dance floor. After a few songs, Draco went to grab them some punch while Hermione went to use the loo. As he was pouring the drinks, Draco heard an unwelcome voice behind him.

"Oh, Draco darling, what spell did she use to make you lose your mind?" Pansy said sadly as she walked up to him.

"Hermione didn't use any spells or potions on me, Pansy," Draco responded without turning around.

"Well, maybe you should have Madam Pomfrey look you over just in case."

"Pansy, I'm NOT insane and I'm NOT under the influence of any potion or spell!!!" Draco said, turning to face her.

"Oh, but you must be!" Pansy cried as she flung her arms around Draco's waist. "You couldn't possibly be with her by choice!"

"Pansy, get this through your head. I am with *Hermione* now, and nothing you can say or do is going to change that!"

But Pansy wasn't about to give up. Taking him by surprise, Pansy lifted her head off of Draco's chest and kissed him. Not responding to the kiss at all, Draco gently pushed Pansy away from him.

"Pansy, stop . . . this isn't going to work."

"And why not? I'm a way better kisser than Granger. I just need to remind you of what you're missing."

Pansy leaned forward for another kiss, but Draco backed away. As she came closer to Draco, she closed her eyes in anticipation of the kiss. However, once Draco hit the dessert table behind him, he slid to the side and out of Pansy's path. Unfortunately, Pansy still had her eyes closed, and when *she* hit the dessert table, she tripped and went face first into the huge sheet cake, covering herself in vanilla icing.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

When Hermione returned to the Great Hall, she spotted Draco by the dessert table. Hermione also noticed Pansy making her way toward him. She walked quickly over to the table, but when she arrived, Hermione saw that Pansy was covered in vanilla icing. Looking over to Draco, she tried not to laugh at the sight before her. However, Draco's expression of shock and amusement caused her to lose the little self-restraint she had, and Hermione started laughing uncontrollably along with the rest of the hall.

Furious, Pansy stood and made her way toward Hermione. Draco, realizing what was happening, quickly pulled Hermione out of the way before Pansy could attack her. Unfortunately, by the time Pansy realized Hermione wasn't in her path anymore, she couldn't stop herself and ran straight into the punch table. The punch bowl flew off the table and landed on top of Pansy. Screaming in frustration, she stood and rounded on the new couple.

"FINE! You want to spend your time with this filthy little Mudblood . . . Be my guest!" Pansy yelled.

The whole hall went silent...even the band stopped playing. No one had expected Pansy to go that far. Professor Snape excused himself from his blackjack table and walked over to Pansy.

"Ms. Parkinson that will be 50 points from Slytherin and two weeks worth of detention with Mr. Filch, starting Monday."

"B-b-but, Professor . . ." Pansy pleaded.

"No buts. Now, I believe you've caused enough trouble for the night; return to your dormitory."

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