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 gigglesHermione 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!"

"I'm NOT jealous, Ginny."

And without another word, Hermione stormed out of the Great Hall just as Ron and Harry entered. They both tried to say 'good morning' to her, but she walked quickly past them mumbling something about delusional redheads under her breath.

"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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Later that night, in the Heads' common room, Hermione was discussing her plans for that month's event with Draco. Since they had been appointed to their Head positions, the pair had decided to plan an event, usually something social, every month to make their last year at Hogwarts even more fun. Now, they were both seated on a maroon couch near the fireplace, papers spread all over the coffee table in front of them, trying to figure out an event for March.

"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, hedid 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 shewas 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. Shewas 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 causal 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 Iwas 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.

"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.

- "Okay, we've got the band, the setup, and the date; now, the only thing left is the decorations," Hermione said going down her checklist.
- "Which means we need a theme . . . how about the middle ages?" Draco suggested.
- "I was actually thinking about a casino theme, but I like yours, too."
- "How about we play a game of Exploding Snap?"
- "What does that have to do with anything?" Hermione asked suspiciously.
- "The winner gets his/her theme."
- "Alright, sounds fair enough."

But just as they were about to start their game, a knock came from the portrait. If that's Pansy, I swear I'll . . .

- "Draco, darling, let me in," the unwelcome voice of Pansy called from out in the corridor.
- "What's she doing here, Draco? I thought we had a deal," Hermione said, trying to keep her temper in check.
- "I have no clue. I told her I'd be busy tonight. Just wait; I'll get rid of her."

Draco stood and walked over to the portrait, pushing it open. Pansy walked into the common room; her head held high in the air. Until, of course, she saw Hermione sitting on the couch (her and Draco's usual snogging place).

- "Draco, what's she doing here?" Pansy questioned in a sickly sweet tone.
- "Pansy, I told you I couldn't see you tonight. I'm busy."
- "With her?!" Pansy asked, struggling to keep her voice sweet.
- "Pansy, I already told you! Hermione and I are planning this month's event. Now, you need to go. I'll see you in the morning."
- "But Draco . . . " Pansy said with a pouting expression.
- "I'll see you in the morning, Pansy."
- "Fine!"

Pansy threw open the portrait and stormed back down to the Slytherin common room. Draco sighed slightly before returning to his place on the couch beside Hermione.

- "I hope you're happy. I'm going to have to do some major apologizing tomorrow to make up for that."
- "Aww . . . Poor Draco! Should I put together a pity party for you?" Hermione said, trying her best not to laugh at him, but her smile was growing bigger by the minute.
- "Ha, ha, very funny, Granger. Now, you're going down!" He said as he started setting up the game.
- "That's what you think."

Five minutes later, Hermione came out the victor. The dance theme would be a casino night with the girls wearing formal cocktail dresses and the guys wearing tuxedo-like dress robes.

- "I still say you cheated."
- "Don't be a sore loser, Draco. I won fair and square and you know it."
- "I'm not being a sore loser. I'm stating a fact. You cheated."

Then, a thought struck Hermione, and she leaned in close to Draco. At first, he backed away a bit, but then she whispered seductively in his ear, "Do you really want to know how I cheated?"

Draco had never seen Hermione act like this, and he had to admit...it kind of turned him on No, wait! I have a GIRLFRIEND! So, why do I wish Pansy wasn't in the picture at the moment? Remembering Hermione had asked him a question, he nodded his head quickly.

Hermione leaned closer so their faces were inches apart. Her lips brushed over his very gently as she said, "I had an extra wild card up my sleeve."

Then, as he began to lean in toward her, she pulled away and walked slowly up the spiral staircase and into her room. Casting one last look at Draco before closing her door, Hermione saw a look of lust fill his eyes and his face show a look of complete shock.

Draco sat on the couch as Hermione shut her bedroom door...frozen in his seat *J can't believe she just did that! Worse yet, she didn't even let me kiss her afterwards.*Wait! What am I saying . . . I've got a GIRLFRIEND! Right, I must have just had a lapse of judgment. After battling his inner feelings, Draco decided he'd better get ready for bed, starting with a cold shower. As various images of Hermione floated inside Draco's mind, he thought, A really, really cold shower.

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Draco had not been exaggerating last night when he said he'd have to do some major sucking up to Pansy. Hermione was watching from her place at the Gryffindor table as Draco kept trying to move closer to Pansy and plead his case. But Pansy wouldn't have it; she was turned completely in the other direction, her back to him, talking, or rather flirting, with Blaise Zabini. Blaise, however, being Draco's best mate, was trying to get Pansy to talk to Draco. Finally, Draco gave up and left the hall looking slightly depressed.

Hermione felt anger boil up inside her. Sure, she didn't want Pansy and Draco to be together, but did the girl have any tact at all? Flirting with a guy's best mate right after a small argument (because Hermione would hardly call what they had a fight) and right in front of the guy, was completely heartless. Why can't Draco see how horrible she is to him? He deserves someone so much better than Pansy. I would never treat him like that.

At that moment, Hermione was torn from her thoughts by her friends who had come to sit around her. Engaging them in conversation, Hermione's thoughts slowly drifted away from Draco and to the topics her friends were discussing.

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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 somefun!" 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.

Hermione smiled gratefully at her friend and handed him the bags she was carrying. Harry and Draco bid the girls goodbye and headed back to the castle.

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 can't believe that happened! Are you sure you're okay, Hermione?" Ginny asked when Hermione was done with the story.

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

"Me, too. Well, I'd better go hide this before Harry finds it," Ginny said as she went to climb the stairs to Gryffindor Tower.

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

"Yeah?" Ginny called as she turned back around to face Hermione.

"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."

"That's a great idea, Hermione!"

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.

A/N: Now, I'd really like to know what you thought; it's the only way I can improve. Please review. ~Jen

A Change of Heart? . . . Maybe Not.

Chapter 3 of 4

Hermione thought she heard a slight hint of panic in his voice. No, I must be imagining things. Why would he be nervous that I'm witnessing him snogging Pansy? It's not like I haven't seen (or heard) it before.

Chapter Three: A Change of Heart? . . . Maybe Not.

A/N: So, I don't have much to say; but I will tell you that there is only one more chapter after this one. Hope you enjoy it as much as I had fun writing it! Oh and if you want to, I have an Author's page on the forums you can visit! ~Jen

A few hours later, Hermione was still sitting on her bed reading her novel. The constant giggling had been going on for the past TWO hours!

She had had enough; her stomach was growling uncontrollably, and Hermione swore that Draco and Pansy could probably hear it from the common room. Dinner was far since over, but she figured she could at least grab something in the Heads' kitchen to satisfy her stomach.

As quietly as possible, Hermione snuck out of her room and walked past the snogging couple, but not without glaring at the back of Pansy's head.

When Hermione reached the oven, she whispered to it: I'd like a plate of lasagna, please. After about two seconds, the oven let out a soft 'ping,' indicating Hermione's meal was ready. She opened the oven door and pulled out the plate. After setting her meal on the table, Hermione poured herself a glass of iced tea, got herself some silverware, and began to eat her supper.

When Hermione was done with her dinner, she put her dishes in the sink, where they magically washed and put themselves away Now, to sneak back to my room without another Pansy confrontation.

Hermione silently made her way out of the kitchen. The pair was now lying down on the couch, still kissing just as passionately. Unfortunately, as Hermione had glanced over at the couple, she failed to avoid the large pile of books by her and Draco's writing desks, knocking them over with a loud THUD. *Oops!* Draco instantly sat bolt upright, letting Pansy, who had been on top of him, fall to the floor.

"OUCH! Draco, what's wrong?" Pansy asked, acting as if she hadn't heard the books crash.

"Nothing. Hermione, why are you down here?" Draco responded, but Hermione thought she heard a slight hint of panic in his voice.

No, I must be imagining things. Why would he be nervous that I'm witnessing him snogging Pansy? It's not like I haven't seen (or heard) it before.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt your . . . little, uh, 'session.' I was just hungry and came down to grab a bite to eat."

"Oh, okay."

"HELLO! Girl on the floor here!" Pansy yelled, wanting more attention.

"Oh, my bad, Pansy."

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.

"You'll probably have to suck up big time for that tomorrow," Hermione said with a smirk on her face.

"Yeah, probably, but I'm beat," Draco said with a smirk of his own. 'Someone had me shopping all day long."

"Well, how very cruel of that person," Hermione said, playing along.

"Yeah, and then, I had to beat up this lousy git for her, too."

"That must have been tough, but I'm sure she's quite thankful."

"I'm sure she is."

Draco walked over to where she stood. Hermione was putting away the books she had knocked over, carefully placing them onto their proper shelves. Draco bent down and began to help her with the task, occasionally glancing at Hermione from the corner of his eye.

About ten minutes had passed when Hermione finally was placing the last of the books in its place. However, this particular book belonged on one of the higher shelves, so Hermione had to stand on one of the desk chairs in order to reach it. In the process of placing the book on the shelf, Hermione put too much weight on one side of the chair, causing it to lean slightly. Trying to correct the problem before she fell, Hermione went to shift her weight so she'd be equally balanced on the chair. Unfortunately, she shifted the wrong way and began to fall.

Draco, realizing what was happening, rushed over to help Hermione. He arrived just in time to catch her before she hit the floor. Hermione was slightly disoriented from the excitement of the fall, but after a few seconds, she regained her senses. That's when Hermione realized she wasn't lying on the common room floor; she was in Draco's arms! He must have caught me before I fell. Wow, he looks even hotter when he's this close. His eyes are so sexy and I love the way his hair falls into his face like that . . . Oh, wait, he's saying something. I better pay attention.

"Are you okay?" Draco asked, slightly concerned by the way Hermione was looking at him.

"Y-yeah, I'm fine. You know that's twice you've saved me today."

"I guess it is. I'm going to have to start charging for saving your life," Draco said, laughing as he set Hermione down.

"What'd you have in mind?"

"For what?" Draco asked, clearly confused.

"Your payment, silly."

Hermione couldn't believe she was acting like this . . . all girly and flirty, but she just couldn't control herself around Draco. She smiled slightly at the stunned look on Draco's face.

"I was kidding, Hermione."

"I know, but you deserve a little something for your heroics," Hermione said, walking closer to Draco, who had backed away slightly.

Hermione wrapped her arms around Draco's neck and gave him a peck on the cheek. Afterwards, she whispered in his ear, "Good night, my faithful rescuer."

Then, Hermione pulled away from Draco, walked up the spiral staircase and entered her bedroom, sensing Draco's eyes on her the entire way.

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

Over the next few days, Draco was starting to get really confused. Do I really like Pansy as much as I say? Of course I do! Then why am I constantly hanging out with Hermione even when we don't have Head duties? Because she's my friend AND because Pansy seems to keep getting detention. Yeah, I guess that's all it is. Hermione and I are just friends. Just friends. I nothing more, right? Right! Still not thoroughly convinced, Draco pushed his doubt about his relationship with Pansy aside as she entered the Great Hall.

"Hello, Draco! Aren't you just so excited for the dance on Saturday?!" Pansy exclaimed as she sat down beside him at the Slytherin table.

Draco nodded, but he wasn't really paying attention because right at that moment, Hermione and her friends had entered the Great Hall. The whole group was laughing and smiling as they took their seats at the Gryffindor table.

Sensing someone's eyes on her, Hermione turned around. Draco tried to look away quickly, but Hermione caught him...their eyes locking for a few seconds before Hermione returned her attention to her friends.

The rest of the day Hermione was all smiles; she felt as if she was walking on air. Hermione had caught Draco on numerous occasions that day sneaking glances at her when he thought she wasn't looking; once in Potions, twice in Defense, a couple times during lunch, and a few seconds ago as she was doing her homework in the Heads' common room.

Hermione smiled to herself as she decided to have some fun with this. Draco was currently sitting at his writing desk, a few feet from Hermione's, trying to concentrate on his Potions essay. Hermione slowly made her way over to the bookshelf behind Draco's desk, making sure he hadn't noticed her move.

A few seconds later, she crept up behind him and whispered seductively in his ear, "Draco."

He practically jumped out of his seat. Draco hadn't been prepared for her to approach him, let alone, whisper like that in his ear.

"Y-y-yeah?" Draco managed to get out as he desperately tried to calm his rapidly beating heart.

Trying not to smile too much or laugh at his reaction, Hermione replied, "Could you get a book down for me?"

"S-sure."

Draco stood and retrieved the book Hermione pointed to on the top shelf. Once he had handed her the book, she said 'thanks,' gave him a peck on the cheek, and returned to her desk. Draco was frozen to the spot for a second or two, something that seemed to happen a lot when Hermione was around. Slowly regaining his ability to walk, Draco made his way toward his own desk to finish his essay.

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

The next day, Thursday, Draco and Hermione had the first two periods free to make sure everything was in order for the dance on Saturday. They were sitting on their usual couch in the common room with a small model of the Great Hall in front of them. Draco had taken the liberty of transfiguring the other couch in the common room into the model so he and Hermione could figure out how and where everything would be placed on Saturday.

"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

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.

~*~*~*~*~*

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.

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?! Neverlift 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 shortsTHESE 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.

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

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.

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

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

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 KISSINGHER 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."

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

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.

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

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.

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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 neededsome 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 guestioned 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