

Four Little Words

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Sequel to Three Little Words. Hermione wants to hear those four little words in the form of a certain question. Will she?

Question

Chapter 1 of 1

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HP is not mine and I make nothing from this.

I love him. I swear I do. I know he loves me. He tells me so... every once in a while. And I think that's enough for him, to simply live together for the rest of our lives and just be happy being in love. But it's not enough for me. I need that last little bit, those four little words, that simple little question.

We've been together for five years. It's not that I doubt his sincerity. I know that he loves me; I just need that reassurance. I mean it only took him what... three years to say, "I love you". Who knows how long it will take for him to propose, if he ever does. I guess I'll have to simply be content with knowing he loves me and doesn't want to get married.

These are the thoughts that run through my head on my way home from work. I open the door and immediately I know something is wrong. All the lights are off. I see an arm dangling off the couch and run over to it. My heart pounds a mile a minute. Adrian is lying on the couch asleep. I release the breath I had been holding and breathe in. My nose is filled with the stench of alcohol. I growl. I can't believe he would get drunk like this. It is so unlike him.

"Adrian Pucey, what the hell are you doing?" He jumps awake at my exclamation and stumbles around the room. His eyes widen when he sees me.

"Hey, kitten. Whaz happenin'?" he slurs.

I glare at him, giving him my best death stare. "Why are you drunk?"

"I needed to release my brain. I found some discocergint... disconting... freaky things. Why do you have wedding magazhins? You know I don't want to get married. I hate marriage. It is a stupid instituon... institu... thing." I flinch as if he slapped me.

"I know. They aren't mine. They are for Ginny." I lie. I turn around, walking towards our bedroom, determined not to let him see the silent tears running down my cheeks. I open the door, and I am once again met with a room completely cast in darkness, only this time it is filled with thousands of tiny votive candles. Their light is dancing around the room. I wipe my eyes, clearing the tears away, positive that they are obscuring my vision. When I walk further into the room, they are still there. I look about wondering what in the world is going on.

Familiar arms wrap around my waist, and I smell his scent, that mix of expensive cologne and his favourite gum, wintermint. I turn around and look into his strangely sober eyes. He smirks at me as if he has succeeded in completely baffling me, which he has.

"I'm sorry I had to act that way, but I wanted this to be completely unexpected. There is one candle for every day we have been together." He kneels down, pulling a tiny

box out of his pocket.

“Will you marry me?”

So I decided to continue this and write a sequel.

I hope you like it.

Please review and let me know what you think.