

My Heart and Yours Forever

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Hermione gets a symbolic gift from a mystery person.

Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

Hermione gets a symbolic gift from a mystery person.

Hermione stared at the owl. It sat on her desk primly with a package hanging from a string in its mouth. The bird gave her a demanding look as if to say, "Take it already!"

Hermione harrumphed and took the package from the bird. It flew away before she had a chance to find it a treat. She gazed down at the package, turning it this way and that. There was neither a card nor any indication whatsoever of whom the sender was. She shrugged and peeled the brown paper off the package. Her mouth dropped open. In her hands lay a box of butter.

Although she was a Muggle-born, she knew exactly what a box of butter meant. She'd heard Ron talk about it over and over again in their youth.

"Whenever a bloke fancies a girl and wants to make it official, they send her a box of butter," Ron said with a huge grin on his face.

Hermione scowled. "Butter? Why on earth would you send a box of butter?"

"It's symbolic-like, Hermione. It's an old Pureblood tradition. It has to do with the melting of butter. It represents the guy's heart melting for the girl."

"I had no idea that Purebloods could be so romantic," Hermione said tartly.

Ron looked offended. "It's not like we're from another planet, Hermione!"

Hermione kept her thoughts to herself, but she mused to herself that Ron sometimes seemed to have definitely come from another planet.

Gazing down at the butter box, Hermione frowned. She turned it over and then opened the box. There was no signature.

Who could have sent this? It must be some kind of joke or they'd have signed their name.

Another owl tapped impatiently at her window. Hermione looked up and frowned. The owl held a similarly sized package hanging from its beak. Hermione went to the window and relieved the owl of its burden. She studied it as it flew away, trying to identify whose bird it was. She'd never seen the dark brown owl before.

She returned to her desk with her second package. Waving her wand over it, she could find no telltale evidence of who had sent it. She opened it, unsurprised at the box of butter that emerged from the wrapping. She shook her head at the butter. If one box of butter meant that a man fancied a woman, what did two boxes of butter mean?

Once again she lifted the box and looked at it from every angle. No clues were evident. She opened the box and looked into it. This time the butter melted into a clear liquid. She squinted and could make out writing underneath the clear yellow liquid.

My love for you knows no bounds. We started out as enemies, but my heart can only see you as an ally now. My heart longs to be yours forever... I hope you can find love for me when you find out who I am.

Hermione stared at the bottom of the box. She had a secret admirer? Who could it be? Who had been her enemy, but was not now?

Another tap at the glass brought her out of her musing. Yet another owl was perched outside with yet another similarly shaped package. Hermione rushed to the window and took the package, thanking the owl as it turned and flew off.

She ripped the paper off the box as she returned to her desk. Setting it down, she lifted the lid and watched this block of butter melt into liquid also.

I have loved you from afar for too long now. My love for you grows stronger by the minute. Meet me tomorrow night at seven p.m. in your favorite place at Hogwarts.

Hermione's heart fluttered as she read the note. This man loved her and wanted to meet her. Oh, Merlin, who could it be?

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At dinner that night, Hermione eyed the room. She immediately discounted any students, as none of them had ever been enemies with her. She eyed Severus Snape, who was seated beside her. She never thought of him as an enemy before, but she'd certainly not liked him for the entirety of her childhood. Could he be her secret admirer? She highly doubted it.

No one else currently in the room fit the bill of prior enemy. Draco Malfoy entered the Great Hall with a flourish of dark green robes. He smirked at Hermione as he took his seat at the table. Hermione eyed him. Now there had been an enemy of hers. Draco had taken the position of Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher two years ago. He'd sneered at her for several months, but slowly had become somewhat... civil. Sometimes he'd strike up a conversation with her before staff meetings, but he usually kept to himself.

He was a Pureblood, however, and quite the Slytherin. Could he be her admirer? Her heart jumped to her throat, and Hermione was amazed to find that the idea that Draco Malfoy could be in love with her sent chills down her spine.

He truly was handsome, and he was quite intelligent as well. She knew he was a passionate man, and wondered what his passion would feel like being directed at her.

Draco turned her way and noticed her staring at him. She turned red before averting her eyes. She caught him smirking at her once again before she did.

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Hermione shifted nervously from foot to foot as she waited in the library. Her secret admirer was to come in five minutes. Her heart hoped it would be Draco. Her stomach flew into rebellion. What if it wasn't Draco? What if it was someone she truly hated?

She heard footsteps coming up behind her. She closed her eyes and held her breath.

Oh, please let it be someone I can like!

A hand settled on her shoulder, gently urging her to turn. She slowly complied, but her eyes stayed shut. She heard a chuckle, but could not quite identify the voice.

"Open your eyes, Granger, and face your worst nightmare," the voice gently ordered.

She could hear fear in his voice. He was just as nervous as she. But her fear was now gone, for she recognized that voice and could picture a life with that voice in it. She opened her eyes and smiled at the man in front of her.

"I suppose the fact that you're smiling is a good sign?" Draco Malfoy asked warily.

"I was hoping it was you," Hermione confessed.

"Here I thought you would punch me in the face again."

"You deserved it back then. You certainly don't deserve it now."

"Does that mean you're willing to accept my request to officially be the man in your life?"

Hermione's breath caught within her. She knew that was what he'd wanted, but having him ask her was so very different than what she'd thought it would be.

"I'd like that very much, Draco."

He smiled then. Reaching down, he pulled her hand up to his mouth and reverently kissed it. Hermione stepped closer and pulled him to her, ignoring his gentlemanly kiss. She returned his kiss with a passionate kiss of her own. Draco dropped her hand as his arms came around her. He returned her kiss as his hand wrapped itself in her hair. He broke away momentarily and gazed into her eyes.

"I didn't think you'd be interested in me after all we've been through," he whispered finally.

"We all make mistakes, Draco. You've more than made up for yours."

He grinned at her, and she saw a spark in his eyes. It took her breath away. She knew that this relationship would never be boring. She hoped it would never end.

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*The prompt is from ApollinaV: In traditional Pureblood culture, presenting someone with a (your choice) goldfish, duck, or box of butter is a very symbolic gesture. So, what's a bewildered Hermione to do when she receives three of them?*