

Names Will Never Hurt Me

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: The whole entire everloving Potterverse is the sole property of JKR. I'm just playing around with her stuff.

"Sure you don't want to come, Mione? Terry will be there." Parvati was staring at her own reflection in the mirror over the mantelpiece, fixated on some detail of her eyeliner that she was trying to finesse with her fingertip.

"He asked me today in Divination if you were coming. He reallly fancies you," affirmed Lavender. "He'll be sooo sad if you don't show."

"Lavender," said Hermione, flushing. "I'm not interested in Terry Boot. I mean, he's perfectly nice and all, but I'm not going to some seedy Ravenclaw party just so I can, can, erm, *hook up* with him, or with anybody else."

She pulled absently at her tie, which was crooked and loose above an untucked white shirt.

"Besides, just look at all this--I have to do next month's patrol schedules, and there must be fifteen tutoring requests from this week alone, and not nearly enough volunteer tutors to go around. I have to think about who to recruit, and there are home visits to schedule with incoming Muggle-born students, I'll need to recruit for *that*, too. Then there's..."

"Fine, Hermione," Parvati interrupted, rolling her eyes. "Message received. I'm sure your Head Girl work is vitally important, and it has to be done this minute if it kills you, and gods forbid you should have any fun, or kiss a boy or, I don't know, get the Head Boy to take care of any of this instead of you swotting away night and day."

"Yeah," Lavender chimed in. "I don't see *him* hanging around here on a Saturday night up to his elbows in inkpots. I bet he'll be at the party, along with everyone else."

Parvati made a growling sound. "Mmmmmm, I hope so. Frankly, I'd like to get up to my elbows in his trousers tonight."

"What? Ew! I can't believe you just said that. What does that even*mean*?" Hermione looked aghast at Parvati.

"Am I hurting your chaste ears? It means that he is *smoking hot*, Hermione, and that every girl in this school wants to grab his fine arse in both hands and never let go. Or every girl except you. It's a bit rich that the one girl who gets to spend so much time with him is the one who can't stand him. You'd think the two of you were still twelve years old, the way you insult one another."

Lavender looked nervously from Parvati to Hermione. Parvati was being so aggressive and rude tonight. Maybe they shouldn't have done those Firewhiskey shots before leaving the dormitory... "Come on, Parvati, there's no need to pick a fight. We should go. Hermione, do stop by later if you get burned out or bored here. It would be nice to

see you there." And with that she hustled her friend out the portrait door.

Hermione huffed in irritation. She was so sick of her roommates trying to fix her up with one boy or another, or making veiled (or blatant) remarks about her datelessness. *Why for gods' sake did they even care?* She was perfectly happy as she was--ensconced at her desk in the cozy Head Students' common room, a pot of tea within reach...

"Well, that was... what? Edifying? Diverting? Unsurprising? Help me out here, Granger, I can't quite find *themot juste*." The Head Boy closed the washroom door behind him and leaned easily against it, arms folded over his chest.

"Nauseating? Crude? The kind of imagery that makes me want to wash my mind out with lye and a scouring pad?" Hermione snapped.

"Oh, come on, Granger, drop the act. I think we can both agree that 'smoking hot' is a fair assessment. And while I don't believe it would actually be possible for more than two or at most three girls to grab my fine arse at one time, I thought that part was rather well put, too." He curled his sensuous mouth in one of his trademark smirks.

"Doubtless, Malfoy, doubtless. I'm sure it all had the ring of gospel truth to you, including the parts about my chaste ears and 'swotting away night and day.'" Hermione was having a hard time keeping a stern look on her face.

Draco shoved away from the door. He strode towards her and perched on the edge of her desk, fine arse scattering two neat piles of parchment. He reached out and tucked a hank of her hair behind her ear, then cradled her jaw in his hand.

Well, 'chaste' isn't the word I would have chosen to describe your ears--or your mouth for that matter. Or your mind. And I happen to know that 'swotting' isn't an accurate description of what you get up to night and day. I'll just remind you that it's your idea that we keep certain things quiet. I can't help it if your friends have fixed ideas about you."

"They have their ideas about you, too. They think you're a complete slag. And if you must know, it was the image of Parvati with her hands down your trousers that got to me. That is *my* job, and your arse is *mine* to grab. There are, as you say, *certain things* I don't want to share."

Draco shook his head in mock despair. "But see what grief and injustice come from keeping secrets from your chums? Here you are supposed to be a dried up virgin, and I'm supposed to be riding half the girls in the school. When actually my heart is pure and true, and I ride *you* more often than my broomstick."

"Crude, Malfoy! Nauseating! You are a complete arse!"

"And you... are a bint," he murmured, his eyes darkening.

"Show pony."

"Drab."

"Slag."

"Prude."

"Narcissist."

"Hypocrite."

"Brat."

"Harpy."

"Overbred snob."

"Mutt."

"Sexy beast."

"Goddess."

... *Oh, gods, yes...*