

I Will Survive

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Hermione figured she could survive anything. She managed when Ron couldn't figure out why they should wait a while to have sex and decided Romilda Vane was good as a side piece. He didn't understand why this was a problem. It was amazing what pureblood ideals would occasionally surface in the Weasley mind. Once she got past the hurt, she decided to get even. Ron still hadn't figured out what to do about the fact that the hair on his bits sang American country-western songs about cheating every time he got hard. And the healers at St. Mungo's hadn't figured out how to fix it. Or they didn't want to; no one is quite sure. It did lose him both girls, though, since Romilda was not a fan of country music, or shaved bits.

She survived Viktor playing Quidditch in Britain and deciding he wanted to start their romance again. He failed to realize that Hermione still wasn't a big Quidditch fan. His bits were still intact, since he managed to leave without offending her too much. Calling her a Know-It-All only brought back memories of Snape, and that wasn't too bad. The accent left something to be desired, though.

She even survived Neville's awkward attempt at romance. And they managed to stay friends. Although, if you wanted to get them both giggling incoherently, mention a field of moonflowers at midnight. Why? No one knew.

Which was why when Draco blew into her life with hurricane-force winds, she was sure she could survive. But unlike the other times, she wasn't sure she wanted to.

Draco had escaped his arranged marriage to Astoria Greengrass by virtue of the fact that she decided to run off with Seamus Finnegan. No one was quite sure why, although it was said by the boys in Seamus's dorm that he was hung like a hippogriff. Maybe size did matter. Not that Draco had anything to worry about in that regard. But maybe Astoria preferred the Irish accent.

Draco decided to go after what he wanted, and what he wanted was Hermione. She was smart, she was pretty, she didn't realize she was sexy, which could work to his advantage, and she didn't give a flying fig about the Malfoy money. Although, maybe someone should ask Neville about the flying figs.

So, Draco decided to win her over the best way he knew how. He showered her with expensive gifts, which she returned. Even the rare potions ingredients. He would visit her every day during his break, which didn't coincide with hers, and was unhappy when he was rebuffed.

One day, he finally strode into her office in full Malfoy manners and demanded, "What do I have to do to get you to go out with me?"

"How about asking nicely?" she responded cheekily.

"Would you like to go out with me?" Draco said in reply.

"Yes, thank you. When? What should I wear?" she asked him, curious now.

"Saturday around four p.m. Wear something warm. And have a nice dress ready for dinner afterward." Draco was quite sure of himself by this point.

He decided to do something no one had ever thought of doing before. He was going to teach Hermione Granger to fly.

He arrived at her doorstep on Saturday a few minutes before four p.m., carrying his old Nimbus 2000.

"Oh, no. You are not getting me on that!" Hermione started to shut the door in his face.

"Now, hold on, Granger. I don't want to scare you. I want to teach you. I want you to enjoy the feeling of the wind in your hair, the freedom of being up away from your troubles. And the warmth of being in my arms. It will be fun. I will not do anything crazy, and I promise not to let you go. Please?" Draco sputtered this out quickly before she could finish closing the door on him.

"This isn't some ploy to get even with me for hitting you third year?" Hermione questioned him.

"No, love. I really enjoy flying, and I think you would, too, if someone showed you how properly," Draco explained patiently.

Hermione thought about it for a while, then decided that if she could survive everything else life had thrown at her, she could survive a flying lesson with a very handsome man.

"All right. Let's go!" she declared jauntily.

"There's my lioness. Come on, love. Just climb on here, put your hands like that there, and lean back into me a bit." Draco was giving Hermione instructions with both his hands and his voice.

He pushed off, and the broom rose smoothly into the air.

"Now, sweetheart, open your eyes, and look... isn't it beautiful?" The sun was starting to set, and it made a gorgeous picture from above the rooftops.

Hermione opened her eyes slowly, one at a time, and looked.

"Oh, Draco! I could almost forget I'm scared of heights." She sighed a bit, and leaned into the man behind her.

They flew around for a bit, and by the end, Hermione was steering the broom. They touched down, and Hermione turned to Draco and gave him a hug.

"No one has ever thought of doing that for me. I still don't think I will fly for fun too often, but it certainly isn't as scary as I thought." Hermione was very pleased by this rather thoughtful idea for a date.

"All right, love, now, get dressed, we are going out to The Magic Flute for dinner," Draco instructed Hermione.

"Certainly. You can use the guest room to change, Draco," Hermione responded happily.

They went to dinner and shocked the heck out of everyone there, including the elder Malfoys, the Potters, and Ron and his newest conquest. No one could remember either Draco or Hermione looking so happy.

When the wine arrived, Draco held his glass up to Hermione in a toast.

"To new beginnings," Draco said.

"To new beginnings!" Hermione replied.

He leaned over and kissed her. And the kiss was sweet and tasted of wine and Hermione.

Hermione smiled at him after the kiss ended. This was certainly something she could survive.

A/N: Many thanks to Annie Talbot for the beta. You are the best!