

# Draco Malfoy's Face

*by fyiagcg*

An SS/HG shipper celebrates the end of finals by giving in to a dreaded DM/HG plot bunny. Oh? You mean a summary of the story?... Hermione recounts the many expressions of Draco Malfoy, and discovers her favorite.

## Sneers and Smirks, Mostly

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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*A/N: Except for the fact that I refuse to accept her altered post-HBP universe, this all still belongs to JK Rowling, and I make no money and mean no disrespect.*

*I haven't even read HBP. So this is definitely not compliant.*

*Please leave me a review. This is my first foray into the HG/DM dimension and I'm a little nervous.*

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For all of my Hogwarts days, I was under the impression that I knew all of the many faces of Draco Malfoy.

There were two main expressions; the sneer and the smirk.

There's the Harry-Potter sneer, the I'm-richer-than-you sneer, and the useless-Mudblood sneer (more often than not directed at me). There was one that was always sent at me, Ron, and Harry; it incorporated each of our own customized sneers, and a general I-hate-your-friendship sneer added in. There's the Gryffindor-wins/Slytherin-loses sneer, the Dumbledore's-talking-about-House-unity sneer, and the Oh-No!-There's-a-wrinkle-in-my-immaculate-robcs sneer.

As far as sneers go, a lot of them were related to my friends and me. The only thing we ever really saw other than Draco Malfoy sneering was the slightly more disconcerting smirk.

There's the Slytherin-wins/Gryffindor-loses smirk, as well as the Snape-just-took-off-house-points-for-something-ridiculous smirk. The I'm-with-my-father,-you-can't-do-anything-to-me smirk. There's a something-bad-happened-to-someone-I-hate smirk. That one is sometimes accompanied by his I-had-nothing-to-do-with-this smirk/sneer, in which he usually couldn't decide whether to smirk at the misfortune of others, or sneer at his inability to have caused it.

Of course I saw a few other faces of the blond wizard that were neither sneers nor smirks. For instance, the I-can't-believe-you-just-punched-me shocked look will never leave my memory, nor will the horror of I-was-a-ferret. I liked both of those much more than the pretending-to-be-hurt pathetic face that apparently fooled anybody who wasn't Ron, Harry, or me.

The worst expressions were when he was laughing. It was usually because pain had been inflicted on someone, or a nasty curse had found a target. There was a laugh

that he only used when reading or quoting something nasty about Harry. There was the laugh he had reserved for his own stupid jokes, at which his lackeys would always guffaw as well. Very rarely were said jokes actually funny.

I thought I knew all of the faces available in Draco Malfoy's arsenal.

The night that I saw his haunted eyes and bloodstained robes, the night that he found out what his father was really capable of, I learned that I didn't know Draco Malfoy as well as I thought I had. That night was the first time I had seen him without a practiced expression; he was neither trying to frown nor smile, the muscles controlling his mouth relaxed. He couldn't be bothered to try keeping his guard up; even Snape seemed shocked. We had never seen him, not even his own housemates had, without his usual self-aware masks. Masks that were smiles, biting comments, yawns; Draco Malfoy was very rarely caught being unaware that he had a face at all. There was no curling of the lip, no weird pouting, no attempt to even talk. It was like he had forgotten his mouth was there.

There was a grudging respectful look that I would notice during Order meetings. When Dumbledore spoke, that's when I knew that Draco Malfoy would not betray us. When Harry or Ron or any other Order member had anything to say, Malfoy still listened attentively, although he didn't look too happy about doing it.

The day of the final battle, I saw Draco Malfoy cry. He had just used the Killing Curse on his father. He collapsed there between the bodies of his father and mother. Narcissa who had just been tortured and killed by Lucius, Draco had been too late to save her. That was the first time he had ever used the Killing Curse, the first time he had ever been the first-hand cause of someone's death. He had long before come to terms with the fact that he was on a different side of the fight than his father, and he had never been close to his mother, but to become an orphan like that so quickly must have been difficult. As he huddled there, crying, I tried to comfort him but he pushed me away. I'll never know if he was mourning his parents, or his loss of innocence. I think it might have been both.

The dimming of his usually aristocratic features that I witnessed the first time I ever saw him drunk was unforgettable. He didn't have a haunted look anymore, nor an angry look. He was content, although not ecstatic. He had reached a point where he felt comfortable, if not happy, around a group of good-doing Gryffindors. His drunken smile was so ridiculous I couldn't help but laugh with him, especially when he sat down with a glass of spiked punch after dancing for hours. Sweat was dripping down his temples and his chest rose and fell with his heavy breathing, his hair was more unkempt than Harry's and mine put together. He sat there panting and watching the crowd. That was the happiest I'd ever seen him. That night was the happiest I'd been in a good long time as well.

Then there's the way his eyes widen and brighten when he's excited or turned on. It seems as if his gray eyes are doing all that they can to see as much as they can. I've heard many a girl say that it was enough to arouse them, just the way his eyes and mouth changed, his predatory side combining with hormones to drive anyone crazy.

I can tell when he's lying now. At Hogwarts we assumed that he was simply always telling untruths, but once we'd seen him completely honest we realized how little we knew. There was an honest soul in Draco Malfoy that just needed someone to believe in him, to trust him. He's still a Slytherin, guarded and cautious, and be it little white lies or huge betraying-a-dark-lord lies, he's careful and good and not giving things away. He can't keep them from me, though. I always know. I can't even explain what it is that clues me in. It might be the way he forms his words, or the hidden shield his eyes have, or his posture. I read in a Muggle magazine that you can tell if they fold their arms or look up and to the left. I don't really try to explain how I know, I just know. He continues to try to fool me, though. Sometimes I let him think it's worked. The first time that I ruined an awfully good surprise by calling him on a lie, I learned that sometimes you just have to let men think they have their secrets.

He doesn't use his nasty laugh or smirk very much anymore. Especially not when I'm around. The first time I heard a genuine laugh from him I wasn't sure where it had come from. When I looked at him and saw him smile, I knew that this man would always keep me guessing. It wasn't the smirk from Hogwarts, but it wasn't the sloppy grin that was plastered on his face when he was well into his drinks. His smile is honest, real, and I never worry that he's faking it. His teeth are straight and clean, his lips soft and thin, his cheekbones still sharp. Sometimes his gray eyes sparkle, in a way eerily reminiscent of the blue-eyed headmaster.

I've discovered some new takes on old classics. For instance, he's a very jealous man and other guys are often treated to a sneer and condescending remark when he feels it's justified. Harry, Ron, and a few of the Hogwarts professors have been treated to his you've-interrupted-me sneer. He usually doesn't realize it, but the lipstick still lingering on his lips and neck usually ruin the otherwise hateful look.

Another look, one that I've begged him to work on controlling, is his I've-just-been-good-and-shagged smirk. Apparently it's become common knowledge exactly what that smirk signifies. It doesn't help when I follow looking either highly satisfied, in a haze of contentment and amazement, or rather like the cat that's gotten the canary. Twice. I didn't realize it was so obvious until people started pointing it out. Apparently at a Saturday lunch it's understandable, but walking into a class full of first years with that smirk doesn't go over well. Or when he smiled at the Weasleys as he led me down the aisle to be Ginny's maid of honor as she wed my best friend.

But right now, I have to admit, I think I've found my favorite. He's looking up at me, his eyes are big, his mouth small. He's waiting for an answer. I want to remember the expression that he's making, down on one knee holding out a little Muggle velvet box, for the rest of my life. He's nervous, he's hopeful, he's the most beautiful person I've ever known.

His smile when I say yes is even better.