

# Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot

*by snapefan520*

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## Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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*Disclaimer: Anything you recognise belongs to the talented J K Rowling. I make nothing from this endeavor.*

*I would like to thank CRMediaGal and Meladara for the beta!*

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Should auld acquaintance be forgot,

and never brought to mind?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,

and auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my jo,

for auld lang syne,

we'll tak a cup o' kindness

yet,

for auld lang syne

Robert Burns 1788

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Millie pulled her legs under her as she sat down in the worn out recliner, quickly pulling the ragged blanket over herself. She stared at the twinkling lights and the gaudy ornaments on the small Christmas tree, wondering how the hell Draco had even talked her into putting the damn thing up. *Millicent Bulstrode* did not do Christmas no pureblood with a heritage like hers would put up a fake fir tree like those... those... *Muggles*. She came from a long line of purebloods who celebrated the pagan holidays

and the old rituals and who would never acknowledge anything that Mud... er, Muggle-borns or Muggles celebrated.

She snorted to herself as she realised that was the old Millicent. The Millicent prior to the final battle that still had family, the girl whose parents had not been killed by rogue Death Eaters. The new Millie embraced the Muggle world. Well, maybe not embraced, but she was learning to tolerate it quite well. Hell, if Draco Malfoy could accept the Muggle world, why couldn't she? Then again, Draco had married a Muggle-born, so he really didn't have a choice. She still remembered the day he told her of his engagement.

*"You what?" she practically screamed at him.*

*"I asked her to marry me. She said yes. What is so surprising about that? You know that we've been seeing each other for over a year."*

*"But I didn't think it was serious, Draco," she spat at him. "Let's see... For one, she is a Muggle-born. For another, you hated her in school. Your parents hated her. Hell, your crazy aunt tortured her. Let's see... In third year, she punched you. I could go on." She glared at him as she yelled.*

*"Okay, point taken. But Millie, it's been five years. She's changed. I've changed."*

*"What about your parents, Draco? I bet your father shat bricks when you told him."*

*"That's crude, Millie." He rolled his eyes at her before continuing. "Believe it or not, I think he was actually excited I was finally getting married. I think my parents thought I was gay."*

*"Okay, okay. But Granger, Draco? Seriously? She was like a walking encyclopedia at Hogwarts. And that hair." She gave an exaggerated shudder. "And for Merlin's sake, she's a Gryffindor."*

Her musings were interrupted when she felt the weight suddenly appear in her lap. She looked down, and her eyes locked with the yellow ones in her lap.

"Hello, Evil Git. Are you wanting to be pet, or are you just being nice so I will give you a treat, hmm?" The black cat rose slightly and bumped his head into her palm before starting to purr.

Millie sighed briefly, then put the cat down as she headed towards the kitchen. As she pulled out a tin and started to open it, she couldn't help the tears that escaped her eyes when she looked around her flat.

She emptied the tin into the dish and watched as the cats started to walk towards it with interest. She watched as Evil Git hissed furiously at Stargazer, chasing her away so that he would have the food dish all to himself. Once the cats were happily eating, she prepared a cup of tea before leaving the kitchen.

Another holiday with just her cats as company. She wiped the solitary tear from her eye and headed towards the bedroom.

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"No way in hell am I going, Draco. Merlin himself couldn't drag me."

"I'm tired of you being alone, Millie. You need to meet someone, and how the hell is that going to happen if the only place you ever go to is work?"

"I could meet someone at work. I just haven't yet."

"And how long have you worked at the Ministry? Four years? I don't think you have even been on a single date with a coworker."

Draco reached into his pocket and pulled out a small rolled up parchment. "Here, take this. It will get you through the gates when you come to the Manor. If you don't show up, Hermione and I will come in person to get you. I'm not giving you a choice this year."

"I'm not going to your damn New Year's Eve ball, Draco. I'm only twenty-eight, and I have plenty of time to meet someone on my own. I don't need you or your Gryffindor wife trying to set me up."

Draco ran his hand through his hair in frustration. "I don't care if you are only twenty-eight. You have five cats. I'm trying to save you from spinsterhood." He glanced down as a white cat rubbed on his trousers. "Hell, you named your cats after your Hogwarts professors, Millie."

"I only have three cats. And twenty-eight is nowhere near being a spinster, Draco." She watched Goblin Ghost rub contentedly on Draco's leg and sighed. "There's nothing wrong with the cats' names."

Draco shook his head in frustration and disbelief. "The ball starts at seven. I expect you to be there."

Millie sighed before replying with a sharp, "Fine." She knew that there would be no way Draco would accept "no" for an answer, so she might as well quit trying.

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Hermione Malfoy Apparated to a short distance from the entrance to Hogwarts and was quickly greeted by Hagrid as she walked up to the gates.

"Ermione, it's good ter see ya! Professor Longbottom is expectin' ya."

"Thank you, Hagrid." She barely managed to speak after being engulfed in a tight hug by the half-giant.

Hagrid walked her as far as his hut, and then she kept walking towards the greenhouses. She peered into two greenhouses, finding them empty, and then finally found him in the third one she had entered.

"Neville!" she exclaimed with excitement as her old friend came into view.

Neville looked up and offered a crooked smile as he wiped his dirty hands on his robes.

"Hello, Hermione. I was surprised to get your owl this morning. I thought you'd be busy helping Draco or his mum with preparations for the New Year's Eve ball."

"Well, I missed you, Neville. It's been months since we've been able to chat, and with the students gone for the winter hols, I thought this would be a good time to catch you. Not to mention, Narcissa has over a dozen house-elves to get the Manor ready. Actually, in all the years I have known Draco, I am pretty sure I have never seen her do any manual labor."

Hermione's smile slowly disappeared to be replaced by a nervous grimace. She gnawed on her lip and sighed before speaking once again.

"Speaking of the ball, I'd like you to come this year, Neville. You've not done anything with any of your friends in months, and, well, we miss you."

Hermione reached into her robes and pulled out a small parchment. Handing it to him, she added, "Please, Neville. This will get you in. We'd all love to see you; Harry and Ginny will be there along with Ron and Lavender as well."

Neville's smile fell, and he shook his head. "I-I just can't Hermione. I'm not ready yet. It is still too soon."

"It's been more than a year, Neville; you have to move on. I know you don't want to hear this, but Luna has moved on already. I know you loved her, but it didn't work out, and you need to quit moping. Please come."

Neville sighed. "I'll think about it, okay? No promises, though."

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Draco adjusted the cufflinks on his dress robes and then looked casually around the ballroom at Malfoy Manor. The Potters were near the entrance, having what appeared to be a lively conversation with Kingsley Shacklebolt. He snickered when he saw his lovely wife pulling Neville Longbottom towards a group of single witches she knew. The last time he had seen Neville that terrified was in Snape's Potions classes. He then cast his gaze towards the centre of the room. The only couple to grace the dance floor so far were his parents, but they were never shy about putting themselves in the spotlight. Hell, he was surprised his father hadn't cast a spotlight charm just to focus on the two of them. He glanced towards the back wall and then rolled his eyes as they met those of Millicent Bulstrode. He quickly walked towards her and plucked the champagne flute out of her hands.

She gave him a dirty look as she grabbed it back out of his hands. "What the hell, Draco? I'm here, aren't I? The least you could do is let me get my fill of the good food and drink that your parents are providing."

He scowled at her as he reached towards the drink. "Give me that. Champagne is not a food group." He grabbed her hand and pulled her, none too gently, towards the centre of the room where a few more couples had started to dance.

"I'm not dancing, Draco. Now, let go of me." As she stormed away from Draco, her eyes still focused on her manipulative friend and not on the path before her, she quickly felt the slam of her body running into another and her knees buckling.

"I'm so sorry," a voice gasped, and someone reached a hand down to help her up. "Millicent? Millicent Bulstrode, is that you?"

Millicent stared up and managed to gape like a fish for more than a few awkward seconds. The voice sure as hell sounded like Neville Longbottom, but the man in front of her bore no resemblance to the awkward boy with the pudgy face she remembered from school.

The man in front of her had to be at least six feet tall and was probably taller than that. And his muscular body filled out his robes nicely. She let her gaze travel slowly down his body, mentally undressing him as she took in his appearance. *Merlin, it's been too long since I had a good shag*, she thought shamelessly. She stared at him for another minute before finally taking his hand and letting him pull her up.

"I, uh... err... thank you," she stuttered, her face flushing as she tried to speak a coherent sentence. "Yes, I'm Millicent. I'm surprised you know my name since you were in Gryffindor. Neville, is it?"

"Er, yes." His voice was just as shaky as hers had been. "I'm so sorry for knocking you down. I wasn't paying attention, and I've probably had a bit too much to drink. I really didn't want to be here, but Hermione dragged me." He spoke so fast the words ran together. "I think I've had a bit too much champagne trying to calm my nerves."

"I've had a bit much myself. Draco actually took my last glass away and banned me from drinking any more. And it was just as much my fault as it was yours. I wasn't looking where I was going." She nervously laughed as she paused for a moment. "I was forced to be here as well; Draco won't take 'no' for an answer."

Neville took another sip of his champagne and then stared at his former classmate as she was speaking. He had vaguely remembered Millicent from school, but except for facial features, the woman in front of him bore little resemblance to the Slytherin girl he remembered. He remembered her as a heavy-set girl that took little interest in her appearance, and according to Hermione, she had been a bit of a bully as well.

The woman in front of him wasn't conventionally attractive, but he found her Rubenesque figure quite appealing. Her dark brown, almost black, hair was pulled up into an elegant chignon, and her navy robes matched her dark blue irises. His eyes paused momentarily on her breasts, which were slightly spilling out of the top of her dress robes. He blushed as his trousers had suddenly tightened uncomfortably.

"Would you like to sit down and catch up? I'm pretty sure that Draco will drag me off for socialising if I don't do it on my own." She pointed at a nearby table and smiled as serenely as possible.

"I-I'd love to," Neville replied nervously. "Hermione has already forced me to talk to quite a few witches, and I'd rather not have to do that again." He spoke as they walked towards a table.

They had only been seated for a few minutes when a house-elf suddenly appeared beside the table, holding a tray of champagne flutes. "Would Miss or Sir like another drink?"

Millicent smirked slightly as she grabbed a drink off the tray. "What Draco doesn't know won't hurt him." She downed the drink in one gulp.

Neville smiled as the house-elf handed him another drink. "So tell me, what have you been doing these past ten years, Millicent?"

She leaned towards him and gave him a devious smile. "Call me Millie."

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They had been chatting and drinking for over an hour when they heard the loud, Sonorous-enhanced voice of Lucius Malfoy carry through the ballroom.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, esteemed guests, it is only a few minutes until the New Year. The band is warming up for the last dance of this year, so choose a partner and join Narcissa and me for one final dance."

Millicent looked over at Neville and saw his hands shake slightly while holding his champagne flute. They were both pretty drunk, but she knew that if she did not dance with him tonight, she would regret it. *Hell, my inner goddess...no, make that inner slut...would never forgive me*. She blushed as several naughty thoughts popped into her head. He looked absolutely delectable in his black dress robes, accented with red cufflinks and tie, and she wasn't going to waste her one chance.

She stood up, quickly balancing herself with a hand on the table as the room slowly stopped spinning. She reached her free hand forward and spoke to Neville in her most sultry voice. "Dance with me."

His blush was almost instantaneous as he replied, "I would love to, Millie."

She pulled him up as quickly as she was able in her drunken state and proceeded to the dance floor. He placed one hand on her hip and the other gently around her neck. As the music started, Neville pulled her closer to his chest, and they started to dance.

As the song played on, Millicent looked at Neville, and she was surprised to see his eyes boring into hers, an unreadable expression on his face. As she stared at his face, her gaze primarily focused on his lips. She flushed just thinking about all the possibilities. Maybe it was the liquid courage flooding her system, but she knew that the possibilities would go down the drain if she didn't kiss him.

She leaned in towards him and moved her hand around his neck slightly, pulling his head forward. As his eyes locked with hers, his eyebrows momentarily rose in surprise. He pulled her closer as well.

Millicent opened her mouth, and he moved in quickly to kiss her. It was not a timid kiss, but a kiss full of promise for the night. As their tongues dueled passionately and furiously, neither had noticed that the music had stopped altogether. She barely heard the crowd counting down as they kissed.

Only when the clapping, cheering, and choruses of "Happy New Year" rang through the room did they stop. Neville pulled slowly away and looked at her with an expression of awe.

"That was... That was..." he stuttered, blushing as he tried to find the words.

"Amazing," she finished, still breathless from the kiss.

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Millicent woke up slowly and groaned slightly when she felt the pounding in her head. *Damn. I knew I should have stopped after that fifth glass of champagne* she thought as she licked her dry lips. As she started to wake fully, she finally noticed that she could not get up due to the muscular arm draped over her. An arm attached to the warm, masculine body spooned against her backside...her totally nude backside. Did we...?

"Oh, gods, we did," she mumbled as she started to remember the events of the previous night. Although the memories were more than a bit fuzzy, she remembered pulling Neville into her guest room in the Manor. And the sex! Oh, she hadn't had sex that good in years. All three...or was it four?...times. She never would have imagined Neville Longbottom was such a beast in the bedroom.

As Neville started to rouse slowly, she could feel his morning erection pushing into her backside. *Well, good morning, Neville.* She wiggled her backside into him, hoping to wake him enough for a repeat of last night.

Neville opened his eyes gradually, not wanting to wake up from the erotic dream he had been having. As his eyes started to focus more clearly, he nearly jumped when he felt the warm body under his arm. He started to move his arm and then paused when he felt the most wonderful movement against his now raging erection. He bolted upright, covering himself quickly with the duvet.

"Did we...?"

"Yes, and you were magnificent." Millicent turned towards him mid-sentence, her smile quickly fading as she took in his expression. "You regret it, don't you?" Her voice now sounded much smaller and defeated.

"I-I," he stuttered, struggling to find the right words. "No, I don't. I guess I am just surprised at how happy I actually am this morning. I don't think when Hermione invited me to the ball she had this in mind." He pointed quickly to Millicent and then back at himself. "I think she had planned on introducing me to more of her friends. Not that there is anything wrong with you." Neville shook his head in frustration. "That's not what I meant, I..." he stopped when she gently placed her hand over his mouth.

"I know what you are trying to say. I don't think Draco had you in mind when he invited me, either." She gently kissed his shoulder and then looked at him serenely. "I don't care if it was wrong. You were perfect. It didn't matter if we weren't supposed to be."

She reached her arm around his head and pulled his mouth to her own.

"In fact, I'm hoping for a repeat so I can show you just how right I think this could be."

She pushed him down onto his back and gently straddled him and proceeded to show him for the next couple of hours exactly how right it was.

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**A Whirlwind Romance** was what *The Quibbler* had written in the society pages, whereas the *The Daily Prophet* had more aptly titled their story: **What the Hell Were They Thinking?**

Neville had asked Harry to be his Best Man, with Draco as an attendant, and Millicent had asked Pansy to be her Matron of Honor, with Hermione as an attendant. The groom's side had pretty much been a Gryffindor reunion, and Millie's side represented the House of Slytherin fairly well.

It was a beautiful disaster that really only weddings could be. But it was perfect.

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Neville danced with his wife, pulling her as close as possible without being indecent. They both were starting to get a bit tired after dancing for so long, but this was an important day.

He pulled her close and kissed her passionately as the cheers began. Once the loud choruses of "Happy New Year" slowly started to fade, he pulled her close as the band started the next song. He couldn't help but get slightly teary eyed as they started to dance once again.

He loved the song "Auld Lang Syne"; it always felt like coming home.

*fin*