

# Learning Something New

*by Southern\_Witch\_69*

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Overcoming past prejudices won't be easy, but she'd like to try. Would he if given  
the chance?

## Taking Notice

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**Disclaimer:** I've borrowed characters from the great J.K.R. I'll return them soon. No money is being made, sadly.

*Thanks to CocoaChristy for reading this over for me.*

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Pansy watched from the shadows as Weasley cupped Granger's face and placed a soft kiss on her lips. "Disgusting," she whispered to herself. "How dare they act this way in the corridors?"

She frowned and wondered if she was truly disgusted with the loving pair or with her current situation. Draco had not returned to Hogwarts this year, even after Potter defeated the Dark Lord. She'd waited all those long months for some word or sign... She'd waited for him. And it was all for nothing. Though his name was cleared, he'd withdrawn from the public eye, not taking any callers or going out of the manor for anything.

Knowing he was likely ashamed for all that had happened and didn't want to face anyone, she'd thought that a little time would heal his wounds. When he'd refused to return to Hogwarts for his final year of learning when it reopened, she knew it was time to give up on the life she'd planned with him. None of the other boys held her attention or stirred her feelings the way he had.

Her eyes drifted back to the pair. Granger was now ensconced in Weasley's protective arms, head tucked just below his chin. Pansy longed for that, to have someone like Weasley who would take care of her the way he took care of Granger. Not that she needed someone taking care of her, mind. No, she was apt at doing that herself. Sometimes, though, she was so lonely and missed Draco terribly that she longed for a pair of arms to hold her and a soothing voice to whisper that all would be well with the world.

Pansy watched as the pair parted. Weasley headed out towards the Quidditch pitch, and Granger headed towards the library. It was then that she decided to follow Weasley, to see what kind of bloke he truly was. Keeping a discreet distance, she followed down the path he'd taken and hid amongst the trees. Gryffindor was having an evening practice. By the time practice finished, she was tired, but she couldn't resist slipping into the small changing room the team used for games when she noticed the players doing so. To her surprise, everyone left quickly--except Weasley.

Once the locker room was empty completely, Weasley locked and warded the door before he began undressing. Pansy knew that she should avert her eyes, but she couldn't help it. She continued to gaze upon him, appreciating the lean body before her. He had freckles all over his body, but they weren't so many that she was turned off. When he slipped down his underpants, she was given the sight of a well-shaped, white arse. Her fingers twitched as if itching to have a pinch.

Look at me, she grumbled. *I'm practically salivating over a Weasley. Ugh. A taken Weasley at that. He's in love with that ugly cow, Granger.*

When he turned and moved in her direction, she froze, not even taking a breath. Instead of spying her, he grabbed a towel nearby and made his way back to the spray of the shower, hanging his towel on a hook nearby.

Swallowing, Pansy took in the thatch of dark red hair surrounding his semi-erect penis. He was so different from Draco. Where Draco was everything fine, soft, and elegant, Weasley was rugged, rough, and dangerous. Dangerous? If she continued to look at him in this new light, yes, dangerous indeed. Even as she watched, he lathered his body with soap and hummed some silly tune under his breath. She had to leave... and fast. She wouldn't allow herself to fall for a Weasley. Decision made, she unwarded the door and fled to her common room where she would try to lure someone into a corner for a snog... and maybe something more.

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Months had passed since Pansy had first seen that new side of Ronald Weasley. Though she'd tried to start a relationship with Blaise, things hadn't worked out. All that it had proved to her was that the only boy--man--at Hogwarts that intrigued her was Ron.

She'd taken to sending him a few short notes, anonymously of course. After she noted that he'd not told his girlfriend about them, she started writing longer letters, poems, and even sending him gifts of chocolate or candies. He'd even started writing back to her. He never did write much, usually just wondering who she was and what she could possibly see in him.

With interest, she watched as Granger spent more time with her books, leaving Ron with Potter. They also seemed to be growing apart. Gone were the many secluded walks, soft touches, and gentle kisses. Instead, they barely spent any time alone... that she knew of. She couldn't be certain what went on in their common room or behind closed doors. She simply knew that her one wish was for them to break up.

And then what?

Would she take a chance in approaching him? He never looked on her with anything but disdain it seemed. What could she do to change that? Graduation was upon them, and then they would all go their separate ways, which was something hard for her to accept. She'd not be able to see him each day as she could now. She'd still send his letters and maybe see him around town, but it wouldn't feel the same.

"I'll just have to learn to find some other way to entertain myself... some other boy to amuse me."

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Ron waited for his friends as long as he could, but when they didn't show up to board the train, he got on anyway, knowing his mum would be angry if he didn't show at King's Cross, causing her to go there for nothing. Hermione had seemed odd lately, mentioning that she wanted to stay on at Hogwarts for a couple of weeks to help McGonagall sort out some things, but she hadn't said it was for certain. Harry was talking to Lupin and Tonks earlier. Ron wondered if he'd taken off with them. He'd sure send the both of them an owl and let them know he didn't appreciate being left out of whatever it was they were doing.

Each compartment he'd looked at was either full or had people he didn't care to associate with. He saw that one up ahead had an open door and moved that way. To his dismay, Parkinson was sitting inside. She seemed sad and was drawing something on her parchment.

"What the bloody hell is that?" Ron asked, nodding towards Pansy's parchment. He was certain he'd seen his name and a heart drawn around it. Maybe.

"Nothing," she said snidely while hurriedly rolling it up. "Get out of here, Weasley! Shouldn't you be looking for your girlfriend, Granger?" Her eyes darted behind him, trying to see if he was alone or with his friends.

"Not that it's any of your business, Parkinson, but she and I have decided to go our own way for now," he said curtly, closing the sliding door and nearly falling as the train lurched forward. *Don't know what's got her knickers in such a twist.*

"Neville'll make room," he muttered. He then paused as realization struck him. That parchment. The purple color of the ink. It was her. It had to be. "How thick can you get?" But why had she taken to writing him? "Missing Ferret Boy, I'd wager," he said to himself, realizing that Malfoy had been gone from her life a long time. "Maybe she does like me."

He turned and opened Pansy's compartment again, stepping in and stowing his trunk above as she glared at him, teeth biting her lower lip, belying her nervousness.

"This is reserved!" she said, nervously sliding towards the window.

Ron nodded, pulled out his wand, and locked their door. "Reserved for me anyway," he said, moving to sit across from her. "You've been sending me those anonymous letters, haven't you?" He saw no reason to draw things out.

"What if I have?" she asked, voice wavering slightly.

He abruptly leaned forward and kissed her. She was startled for a moment, probably shocked that he was just doing it, but after a moment, he felt her relax and part her lips to kiss him back. He brought a hand up to touch her cheek while the other moved to rest on her shoulder. Kissing Parkinson was different than kissing Hermione. He wasn't saying it was better, but it was different and new. He liked it.

Pulling back, he grinned sheepishly. "Sorry 'bout that... couldn't help meself just then..."

"Are you not disappointed that it's been me all this time?" she asked, eyes lowered in a manner that made him want to kiss her worries away.

"I'm surprised," he admitted. "Never thought you'd be the one doing it." He shrugged. "I thought it was Lavender for a while, but then I knew it wasn't once you started with the long letters and," his ears reddened to match his face, "the poetry."

"What do we do now, R-Ron?"

It was the first time she'd ever said his name aloud in his presence. Her voice was sweet and unsteady, the usual bite and sarcastic tone missing completely.

"Well, I suppose we should get to know each other."

She nodded. "I would really like that."

"Why me?" he asked, unable to help himself. Her family was made up of a rich, uppity pureblood lot. What could he have that she would want?

"I... For months I've been following you about the castle, watching you, learning things about you, and I knew in my heart that I wanted someone like that in my life." She frowned. "I never did like Granger, but part of me wished that I could be her just to see how it felt to have someone like you caring for me."

He started to speak, but she stopped him.

"My other relationship was nothing like this. All that affection that I gave to him, it wasn't returned in the way I wanted deep down." She touched Ron's hand. "He was never cruel to me, but he never... The way you show affection is a girl's dream. I never felt this way. I never fantasized... oh!" She gasped slightly and covered her face.

Ron's ego boosted. This girl had fantasies about him, did she? She'd been watching him and wanting him all this time, wishing she was in his arms instead of Hermione, eh? "Er..." Words were lost to him. He wasn't used to this type of girl. Hermione voiced everything on her mind usually, and then she was never shy about telling him what he should say or how he should act. For the first time, he was on his own, and it frightened him. What if he ruined things before they could begin?

Touching her dark locks and smoothing them away from her face, he asked, "Would you like to meet my mum? She'll be there waiting for me."

"My mum will be, too."

Ron straightened, removing his hands from her. "Maybe she won't like that you're introducing a Weasley." He didn't like feeling as if he wouldn't be good enough. He had gotten over that finally and learned to accept his life as it was. The prospect of meeting Pansy's widowed mother frightened him. What if she didn't approve?

"She knows already," Pansy said. "Knows that I adore you, I mean."

"But... I'm a Weasley," he said, shock evident in his voice.

"You're also a pureblood, son of a respected Ministry official, one of the bravest people I know," she leaned forward to kiss his lips, "and you're the kind of man I'd want in my life."

Ron's chest puffed out. "I am a brave man, you know. That's right," he said with a nod. "I battled in the war and made a name for myself on my own."

She grinned. "You did," she agreed. "But you're so much more than that."

"Is that right?" he asked, enjoying the compliments. "Go on then. What else is there?"

"You've the bluest eyes I've ever seen. They remind of the clear blue sky after a fresh rain before the sun's rays come out and put an orange tint on things."

"That's one of your lines from that poetry you wrote," he said, remembering those words. "Did you really mean that? And all that other stuff you said to me? Is this a joke?" He looked around suspiciously as if waiting for someone to come out from beneath an Invisibility Cloak.

"I meant every word."

"We need to get better acquainted, I think," he said, moving to sit next to her and pulling her close to him. "You know all this about me, but I don't know much about you, sorry to say."

"We've a long ride that will enable us to have a long talk," she said, face moving closer to his.

"Talk... and other things," he murmured, pressing his lips against hers.

It was the first time in many years that he started his own adventure without Harry or Hermione by his side. He found that he didn't mind one bit.

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**Southern's Notes:** This was a longer version of the Ron/Pansy Drabble, "Learning Something New," that I did, which is listed under the penname Southern\_Cocoa. That's the name I use with CocoaChristy. She and I challenged each other to write a few drabbles with pairings we wouldn't normally write. People seemed interested in having this one developed, so here it is: soft, sweet, happy, and a nice new beginning.

CocoaChristy is going to lengthen the story that people seemed to enjoy by her as well. Be on the look out for it. It will be a continuation of this one... sort of. Well, let's just say they will be companion stories.