

Late Night Confessions

by artyx80

This is my answer to the Potter Place Fall 2006 Prompt Challenge , Subject (19)
[George and Hermione share a pot of tea at the Burrow and end up
discussing relationships (past or
present lovers)Late Night Confessions will follow, and maybe more.]

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Chapter 1 of 4

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"Oh, finally!" Hermione sighed, and sat down on the fluffy couch in the livingroom. When she had positioned herself comfortably, she opened the book she had brought along and started to read; or rather, tried to read. The sheer chaos of the day's events, however, drove any ability to concentrate from her mind. Of course she had known what Christmas at the Burrow meant, and she should have guessed that once the war was over there would be even more people about, but what she had seen had exceeded all her expectations. Hermione let her mind wander, happy to sit and remember every moment of her wonderful but exhausting day.

"Sane people sleep at this time, you know." Hermione didn't have to look to see who was speaking to her. She could easily recognize that voice.

"Well, I always knew you two were insane." She clasped a hand to her mouth. "... didn't mean to say that, George. Please, forgive me." Oh, she felt like organizing her own funeral. She wanted to kick herself for not thinking twice before opening her mouth. Since Fred's death two years earlier, George hadn't been the same. He would flinch whenever his brother's name was spoken. Hermione still hadn't accommodated herself with speaking just about one of the Weasley twins.

"If you let me sit down, I just might forgive you," he replied, putting a tray down on the little couch desk. Hermione shuffled her feet and made space for George, who didn't wait another moment to sit down.

"What's that?" she asked, pointing to the desk.

"Tea of course; I can't let you freeze in here." Hermione eyed him suspiciously. Such solicitousness was unlike George.

"Ok, you caught me. Can't sleep. I saw you here reading and brought tea so we could both enjoy it. Why do you all always suspect me of lying? Is it really so unbelievable that I might have a heart?" George stopped his tirade just to breathe, but for Hermione it was enough time to cast a Silencing Charm on him.

"You should know that this isn't true; we... well, I can't speak for the others, but I for my part don't expect you to lie to me. Please, don't be angry with me, George. I'll release you from that spell now and... just don't shout at me; I'm not in a very bright mood, okay?" With these words she took her wand and muttered the counter spell. It didn't surprise her that George remained quiet. He had always been the brighter one of the twins, and he knew that getting Hermione angry wasn't really wise. Still, it was he who broke the silence.

"Why are you here?"

"Why I'm here? Your brother invited me; at least the letter was signed by him even if I think that Ginny made him to. Probably with a good Imperius; I heard that nowadays they teach Aurors how to cast those."

"I don't mean that. I mean, why are you down here when you have your friends up there laughing and playing silly games all night. I knew you liked reading, but if my memory is still working a bit, I don't remember you to have ever denied a nice game of truth or dare. And I actually learnt by myself that you never reject a dare."

Hermione did a good job keeping herself from blushing. Of course she knew what game he referring to, but she figured if she could make him believe that she had forgotten, he would drop it some time.

"I could ask you just the same, George. As far as I know, you get along with your siblings, and Harry and Lee are more than good friends of yours. Why are you down here drinking tea with a pathetic bookworm and not up there? And more importantly, why did you tell me you couldn't sleep? Don't tell me you went to bed at ten."

George mumbled something into the Gryffindor scarf he had around his neck.

"Sorry, didn't catch that. What did you say?" Hermione asked with a little smile on her lips.

"I'm depressed," he answered a bit louder.

"Girl trouble?" He merely nodded. "I know what you're talking about," she continued, her voice was now just a whisper.

George's head jerked up. He finally had her where he wanted her to be. All evening he had secretly looked at her, and every time her face had a sadder expression than five minutes before. He knew there was something wrong from the moment he had heard his mother say that Hermione was coming over for Christmas. When he had seen her the last time two years ago, at his brother's funeral, she had been wearing a wedding ring, which was missing now. He had heard his mother talk to her earlier that day, asking her how she was feeling. It was quite clear that she was divorced now, and he was grateful not to know why. George had always wondered why she had married that Hufflepuff bloke, his name was Tim or Tom or so. He had always thought that boy wasn't right in his head, but being afraid to make someone angry, he had never said anything against him. He had heard that he didn't treat his girlfriends quite as well as he should. He hadn't let Hermione come for the holidays at the Burrow! George looked into Hermione's eyes and saw nothing but a hurt soul. His decision was quickly made, and he caught himself asking who should start first.

"Start with what?" Hermione replied.

"With crying on the other's shoulder. Come on, 'Mione, I respect your love-life and understand if you don't want to tell me some things, but I think you want it too, just as I want, as I need, to talk to someone about my absolutely ruined and worthless romantic life."

A smile crossed the girl's face.

"Well, where do you want me to start with my pathetic relationships?" she asked mischievously.

"At the beginning I suppose. But only if you want to. I'm not making you do something you don't want."

"The beginning... that would be Viktor Krum, wouldn't it? Well..."

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Thanks & Hugs to >auberus< for correcting and helping me with this fic.

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Chapter 2 of 4

This is my answer to the Potter Place Fall 2006 Prompt Challenge, Subject 19: George and Hermione share a pot of tea at the Burrow and end up discussing relationships (past or present lovers. Late Night Confessions will follow, and maybe more.

"Why the heck do you scream like this?" Hermione had not meant to let it sound like that. She had intended to make it a nice but firm question, but what had come out of her mouth seemed to be more of an irritated shout. Now, everyone was looking at her. She tried to calm down a bit and continued in her usual teacher-like voice.

"It's a library after all."

"She's right, you know," someone said from behind.

Hermione turned around to see the Bulgarian Seeker every girl was salivating about. What was he doing here; shouldn't he be giving out autographs or showing off his great flying skills? She eyed him suspiciously. It was the third time this week he had appeared in the library and tried to start a conversation with her, for no apparent reason. Although Hermione couldn't really see why he would talk to her – duh, he was an international Quidditch star – the thought to give him a chance crossed her mind. Why not talk to him; maybe he wasn't dumb like other Quidditch players?

She noticed with satisfaction that after he spoke, the library had gone quiet, and everybody had returned to his or her silent activities.

"Thank you," she replied with a little smile.

"You're welcome," he said and turned again to his book.

For a few minutes there was complete silence. In fact, it startled Hermione when she heard him speak again, only now he was whispering almost inaudibly.

"With whom do you go to the ball?"

"Nobody. I'm not going."

"Why not? I cannot imagine that you have anything more important to do."

"Well, I do!"

"I do not believe you," He was chuckling now.

"Nobody asked me, okay? What exactly do you want, to rub it in that I don't have a date for the ball, or what?" Hermione was furious now. Who did he think he was to ask her questions like that?

"Well, then go with me. I don't have a partner yet, and I think it would be nice not to have someone who doesn't drool over me all the time, and who is at least a bit intelligent. Of course, you are more than "at least a bit intelligent." You're the perfect person. Say yes, please." He was ranting now; Hermione could clearly see that he was a bit nervous. She decided to give him a chance. She looked up at him since he had stood up during his little speech.

"Let me think about it. I'll tell you tomorrow, okay?" she told him, packing her things up. Hermione looked into the face of the eighteen-year-old Quidditch player. He merely nodded, and having acknowledged this, she stormed out of the library.

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Hermione sat in her room, a box on her knees. It contained photos, a Bulgarian scarf, and other unpleasant memories that came with the end of a relationship. She stared at it and still couldn't believe what had happened. Beneath her, on the bed, lay the letter she had received that very morning. She took it and began to read it for what must have been the millionth time.

Dear Hermione,

I'm sorry I didn't write to you this last month, but I've needed a little time for myself to sort out my thoughts and feelings, and I have to tell you something. I think we should stop seeing each other, as you call it in England. It is not that my feelings for you have changed, but I received a letter from one of your friends, which said quite clearly, even if not directly, that he has more than friendly thoughts for you. As I know that you never could return my feelings, I think we can end it at this point, so nobody will be hurt, and you can be happy with him. I also think that it would be best if we didn't write each other for some time. Goodbye, Hermione, and please don't be angry with me.

Love, Viktor

Hermione folded the letter and put it in the box, silent tears trickled down her cheeks while she wondered who had sent that blasted letter to Viktor. No, she wasn't sad, furious would describe her state much better. She closed the box and put it under her bed so she wouldn't have to see it for a long time. Her little romance with Viktor had lasted a bit more than half a year, and the only thing she regretted was the fact that she had really started to fall in love with him. With a last sigh, Hermione grabbed her cloak and left for a new school year in the magical world.

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"That was my first relationship, with one of the best Quidditch players this world has ever seen. So, what do you think? In my opinion, it's a nice plot for a soap opera," Hermione said, looking across from her, directly into the blue eyes of George Weasley.

"What's a soap opera? No, don't explain it; I can imagine it is something that involves dramatic stories, crying and other unfortunate events you women seem to enjoy," he replied with a slight smile on his lips.

"Well, if your story is more interesting, then please, go ahead."

"Of course, it is far more interesting than yours! Just let me see... my first real relationship was with..." George rubbed his chin while pretending to think.

"Oh, come on. There can't have been that much!"

"There weren't. My first relationship was with Angelina."

"GEORGE WEASLEY. She was your brother's girl, ever since I've known her. How could you steal her from him?" Hermione wasn't smiling anymore; a look of sheer disbelief was on her face. That didn't apply to George, who was quite oblivious to her reaction.

"I didn't steal anything, she seduced me. We were quite drunk when all that happened. Anyway, it didn't last long, just a few hours or so, as someone told Fred and I had to give her up. You want to hear it or not?"

"Sure, go ahead..." she said, and helping herself to more tea, she listened to George Weasley as he began to reveal the story of his first love...

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Chapter 3 of 4

This is my answer to the Potter Place Fall 2006 Prompt Challenge, Subject 19: George and Hermione share a pot of tea at the Burrow and end up discussing relationships (past or present lovers. Late Night Confessions will follow, and maybe more.

"Well?"

"Well what? What exactly do you want, Angie?" George's blue eyes looked up to Angelina Johnson, former Quidditch captain and Chaser. His face wore a slightly irritated look, as his brother's girlfriend continued to ask him stupid questions.

"Well, tell me. Come on, I know something's wrong with you. What is it; did you have a fight with your brother? Your mum yelled at you? Has Ron broken your toy broomstick again?"

"No, that was Fred," he whispered.

"Sorry, I didn't catch what you just said."

"I said the one with the broken broomstick was Fred. Ron broke his toy broomstick, not mine."

"What is it then?" Angelina looked quite worried at him. George really was a bit too silent to be okay. He was known as the biggest party animal Gryffindor had ever seen, so it wasn't in his nature to sit in the kitchen when the living room was full of people.

"Now I know!" At her words George's head jerked up. She couldn't possibly know what...

"You need a hug, George. I know you, and you can be sure that when I say you need a hug, I mean it. Come on!"

Although her face wore a look of sheer amusement, George could tell she was serious about it. With a sigh he stood up and went to meet Angelina for a bear hug. She was known for cheering up people with a hug, and nobody ever said it wouldn't help, but special situations asked for special solutions. And George considered himself in a quite special situation, as his twin brother, the womanizer, had told him to get himself a girlfriend because he would be too busy with Angelina the next weeks. But what for Fred seemed so easy, was for George what dilemmas were made of. So while his brother was having fun with his girl, he sat alone in the common room, or now in the kitchen, wondering about how it would be to have someone for his own.

"Do you want a hug or not?" Angelina's voice made him wake up from his little daydream. He merely nodded and let himself be wrapped up in her arms. Suddenly he felt her push him a bit back, but he didn't care until his knees hit the kitchen's bench. As if he was hypnotized, he let himself fall on the bench with Angelina in his lap. The girl pulled back from the embrace to look him in the eyes. George's mind was instantly blocked, so he could just watch in amazement how she lowered her lips to his own and brushed them against each other. Their little teasing soon became more, and George leaned back on the bench, so Angelina was now on the top of him, without even thinking about breaking the contact. Their snogging session continued until he heard something strange. He broke away from her lips and peeked around her head to a certain someone standing in the doorway, looking amazed at what the two were doing.

"Fred, I thought you were in the living – oh! You're not Fred..."

The person turned around to leave, but George couldn't let him escape like this. This really couldn't be true; how could someone have so much bad luck?

"Wait... I can explain it!" But was too late. The one who had caught them making out had already left.

"What are we going to do now?" she whispered in a slightly trembling voice.

"I don't know, but I think it would be wise to get off my lap before Fred turns up."

"Why should he come to the kitchen?"

"Because he will tell him..."

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"Well?"

"Well what?" George had the sensation to have already said those words that evening, but couldn't quite remember when.

"Well, is it true what he has told me; that he saw you make out with my girlfriend? When I'm just at 10 feet's distance? Come on, tell me." His brother was a bit too calm for George's tastes. He hated it when his brother was like that; a furious and screaming Fred was really his preference.

"Of course it is true," came a voice from behind. "I'm not blind, I know what I saw, and it definitely was Angelina and George who were making out on the bench over there."

George looked furiously in his direction and tried to come up with an excuse to please his twin brother. Fortunately, Angelina took care of this by delivering the perfect excuse, even if meant to play a little theatre. She went over to Fred, put her arms around his neck and purred into his ear,

"Freddy, love, it's completely my fault. It seems I had too much to drink, and on my way to the toilet, which is through the kitchen as you know, I saw your brother and thought it was you. You can imagine my desire to kiss someone as sweet as you, so I didn't take the time to think about you, the real you, being in the living room. Will you forgive me – me and George, who has absolutely no fault?"

Uh, the girl was a great actress. She had even mimicked the voice she had when she was drunk. George looked up into his brother's face and was surprised to see him smiling. Yes, Angelina definitely knew what ropes to pull to make Fred happy, and telling him how handsome he was certainly was a way. As he seemed content with Angelina's response, George excused himself and made up his way to his room. He had to plan a murder.

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"Is it pathetic, or is it pathetic?" George asked with a mischievous grin on his face.

"Well, let me think about it. I think I read something about it in "Hogwarts: The History of Broken Hearts" ... Yes, I remember the word they used there: it was PATHETIC. Honestly, how could you let yourself be caught? I always thought you were smarter than that," she replied with a smile that could compete with his.

"You think I'm smart?"

Okay, Hermione never would have thought to live to see George Weasley with a serious expression plastered across his face. She couldn't help smiling and nodded. Seeing him blush at this reply only made her want to tease him more. She leaned in, put her head on his shoulder and began purring into his ear about how incredibly intelligent he was and that he should know it by now. Hermione took a quick look from her position and was thrilled to see him play along. His face wore one of the typical "The One and Only George Weasley" expressions, and he put an arm around her to change her position a bit, but didn't remove it after he had finished. It was she who broke the silence.

"Who told Fred about you and Angie?"

"Why do you ask?"

"I'm just curious. When I started to talk to Viktor again, he told me who had written that blasted letter to him, and I wondered who ruined your little idyll. Not that I approve it, God forbid, but it wasn't nice of that guy – you said it was a guy, didn't you – to tell your brother?"

"I'll tell you if you tell me."

"How about us saying it both at the same time. I'll count to three, okay? One... Two... Three!"

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Chapter 4 of 4

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"Ron!" they said simultaneously and began to laugh the next instant.

"Ronniekins did this to you? Hey, I understand the reason for telling Fred that his girlfriend was cheating on him with me, but, well, separate you and Viktor? I didn't think he could do something like this," George said seriously after calming down.

He looked down on the girl that leaned against him and had to admit that she was quite cute. Of course she had always been, but it wasn't wise to have a crush on ones brother's best friend, so he simply hadn't cared. From what he had heard, Ron never had accepted Viktor as Hermione's boyfriend, so it was clear that it must have been he who broke them apart. Well, it was Viktor's fault too. You don't give up like that on the person you love, and surely not because of a letter you get.

"Well, I, for my part, can't understand why he did it to you. I mean, okay, heroic gesture, he warned his brother about his cheating girlfriend, but you're his brother too. He... betrayed you. As for that Viktor story... I probably should be grateful he did it," she replied, looking up into his face.

"And why is that? You surely weren't better off with that Tom guy."

"Tim. His name was Tim. And no, it wasn't better with him either. But at least he wasn't a Death Eater." She laughed at George's surprised face. "Come on, please, don't tell me you didn't already know that. Your father must have told you about it. It was in the *Daily Prophet*. Viktor was one of those who were at my parents' house when... you know." George's arm tightened around her stomach. Fred had been there too, fighting for the Order. They had sent three simultaneous Killing Curses in his direction. He hadn't stood a chance.

"Why did you leave him then?"

"I didn't. He left me, saying I was too boring and I would mope all the time. He would tell me that crying after my parents wouldn't bring them back and that I should forget my past and make a new start. Besides that, he hated you."

"Now come on. I know we Weasleys are a complicate family, but hate? Why would he?"

"I said 'you', not 'your family'. He had something against the two of you; it seems you played a joke on him back in Hogwarts. A joke involving Canary Cream and those toffees you had. After the funerals, he said that he didn't want me to go near you, that you would be dangerous and that he was happy there was only one of the Weasley twins left. We had a big fight, and short time later he left me."

"I'm sorry he left you because of us... me." George whispered inaudibly. Hermione must have heard it, though, because she started to smile.

"There's nothing to be sorry of. In fact I could kiss you for it; I think you never did something as inspired as that."

"You can kiss me later if you want to, for now I'd prefer if we could just finish our little talk because I find it more than suspicious that Ron succeeded in breaking you two up AND lived to try it again on me and Angelina. How come you let him live and even have a relationship with him?"

Hermione never had heard him so decided to talk. In fact it startled her that he had turned down such an obvious kissing offer. But hey, if he wanted to talk it was fine with her. He was right, she still could snog him later.

"Well, he was too cute to be killed. I could have done it; maybe I should have done it. It certainly would have spared me a lot of trouble. As for that entire relationship thing ... I don't know why I accepted him as my boyfriend. I must have been really desperate to commit myself to him," she said, her head again in that awkward position she tended to have, for she could see George better. Suddenly she smiled and added nonchalantly, "He's a great kisser though."

"I'm a great kisser too!" George answered with an injured look.

Ha, she finally had him where she wanted him to be. It wasn't that she had dreamed of him or had had crush on him for ages. No, she simply wanted to know how it was to snog a Weasley twin. One had to admit that George wasn't bad looking at all, and even if he hadn't played Quidditch for a long time, he still had a quite well-built body. And he had a cute smile, which was the most important.

"Oh, really? And why haven't I gotten this information earlier?"

"You didn't ask."

"Well, I'm asking now. Are you a great kisser?"

"Yes, the rumors you heard are right. I'm an exceptional kisser; you can't even imagine what you've lost," he replied, his smile now reaching from one ear to another.

He knew she just couldn't reject an offer like that. But he surely hadn't expected what came next. George watched in amazement as Hermione, without saying one word, reached for the arm that was wrapped around her and gently pulled it off. Then she turned around lightly, and facing him, she put her hands on his shoulder and lowered her lips to his. He was too shocked to move, so he just enjoyed the feeling of Hermione sucking on his lower lip. Only seconds after their lips had touched, it was over. Hermione pulled back a bit and looked at the completely shocked Weasley.

"I thought you said something about being a great kisser, but it must have been a dream..." she said, smirking.

George didn't wait for her to go on and simply did the first thing to come to his mind. In less than 2 seconds, he had pushed her backwards so she was now lying with her back on the couch, and him on top of her, holding her hands above her head. It was he who smirked now, for she was absolutely at his mercy.

"Oh, no, Miss Granger, you didn't dream." And with these words he fiercely pressed his lips on hers, not caring about her struggle. It wasn't until she gave up that he

released her hands, which immediately snaked around his back and pulled him closer. Although their snogging kept them busy for a time, they had to brake apart for breathing. Hermione decided then that it was time for another question.

"Why didn't you kill Ron when you had the occasion? I mean, you could have done it easily with one of you inventions."

"I could have done it with one of those toffees I made. But..."

"But what?"

"But if I had done it, I wouldn't be able to thank him for waking me up tonight and giving me the chance of talking to you."

"But..."

"No 'buts' anymore. Just shut up and snog me senseless." And that was exactly what she did.

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"Yes!" three people whispered from behind the livingroom door.

"We finally did it!" Ginny said almost too loudly, "They're together, thanks to our intervention." She hugged Ron, and Harry just stood and beamed at them.

"How long have we been trying to make an item of those two?" Ron asked with a tired expression on his face.

"I don't know, but I'm sick of playing matchmaker. I need some love for myself. Are you coming, Harry?" Ginny said, and taking Harry's hand, they disappeared to her room.

Ron just stayed a few more minutes behind the door, looking at Hermione and George and how their faces flushed when looking at the other, or the angelic expression both faces had shortly before their lips joined. All he had done, he had done to make them happy. He had known that Viktor wasn't really a good guy, as for George's one-hour-relationship with Angelina; he just hadn't wanted him to suffer, which without any doubt would have happened, because she had loved Fred too much to throw everything away for an affair. And now, in this very moment, he knew that he had been right and that maybe without his interventions, those two people on the couch wouldn't look at each other with such adoration on their faces.

The end

My Notes:

1.) I know, the disclaimer has to be put at the beginning of the story, but hey, I wouldn't be me if I didn't make an exception. You know what I'm going to say, so I'll make it short: They aren't mine, I just borrowed them to play a little bit, and now JKR can have them back. Thank you by the way! :-D

2.) Big thanks to:

a)Phoenix, for convincing me to keep on writing after the first chapter.

b)SW69, for correcting all the errors I made in chapters 3&4(I think I got the idea now that Viktor is written with "K" and not "C", and making it possible for me to post the story in time.

c)Auberus, for going over the first chapter.

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e)My friend 'Minnie', who fed me unknowingly with new ideas for the story.

f)Me, for writing a story so disgustingly fluffy, that I really start to like it.

jArtyx80 FOR PRESIDEEEEEEENT!