

# Costuming

*by lady\_rhian*

"I just don't like watching two people who love each other beat around the issue."  
What will happen for our various couples at the annual Halloween Feast? Inspired by  
the Halloween Feast Challenge at the grangersnape100.

## The Feast

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**Disclaimer:** As always, it's not mine.

**A/N:** My thanks to the lovely ladies at the gs100 for their support.

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*Halloween Feast, October 2001*

"Can you believe it's only been four years?" Harry raked a hand through his hair.

*Stop it, Hermione!*

Hermione quickly looked away from Professor Snape, dancing in dashing dark robes with Professor Vector.

"No." She gulped her wine. "It seems like a lifetime ago."

Harry sipped his drink in agreement.

"Why, look what the cat dragged in," a voice purred.

"Draco." Hermione smiled widely in greeting.

Harry rolled his eyes. "Still resting on your laurels, eh, Malfoy?"

"Harry, be civil," Hermione ordered, glaring.

"Potter just can't stand how bloody attractive I am," Draco said, winking at Harry. Hermione pressed a hand to her mouth, stifling a giggle.

"Particularly in such a dashing pirate costume," she added, looking at her friend pointedly. She knew Harry had harbored a crush on Malfoy for years.

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"You can be my ship wench, Potter," Draco said, staring intently.

"I'd rather not be anyone's ship wench, if it's all the same to you, Malfoy."

"Oh, for Christ's sake Harry, call me Draco, will you? We've been flirting around the issue for years now."

"Four years, to be exact," Hermione cut in, sipping her drink. The sexual tension between the men was always tangible.

"And you're conveniently dressed as a British naval officer. A naval officer catching a dastardly pirate on the high seas," Draco whispered, leaning in closer to Harry's ear. "You know you're dying to whip me and bed me..."

"Kindly keep your filthy imagination to yourself, Mr. Malfoy," Snape intoned as he walked by.

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The trio watched Professor Snape walk away before bursting out in laughter – even Harry, Hermione noticed happily.

"That man desperately needs to get laid. Almost as much as I do. Although hopefully not by the same person." Draco smirked in Harry's direction.

"Draco, you know we can't do anything together," Harry sighed, giving in to Draco's argument. He always did. "We've had this talk before."

"We've *tried* to have it," Draco corrected, speaking softly. "It always ends with us getting angry with each other and you leaving."

"Boys! This is not rocket science!" Hermione waved a hand at Draco's blank stare. "It's nothing serious – it's not a marriage commitment or a plan of attack against Voldemort – it's an attraction. An acknowledged attraction that needs to go further, or else all your friends are going to spontaneously combust with frustration with the two of you! How you two don't combust with tension is beyond me."

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Draco and Harry stared at each other for what seemed to be an eternity.

"Oh, stop being such drama kings. Will one of you just bloody say something?" Hermione asked, waving her glass wildly.

"My place or yours?" Draco winked.

"Oh, I didn't mean sex!" Hermione groaned, but before she could say anything more, the boys had exited the Great Hall, practically hurtling themselves out of the building to Apparate.

She smacked her forehead in frustration. *Nothing like coming out to the entirety of the wizarding community at a Halloween feast...*

"Well, Ms. Granger, it appears that Mr. Potter and Mr. Malfoy have finally come out to the general public. The entire ballroom watched their – elegant – departure. I presume you had something to do with that?"

She looked up and stared him straight in the eye.

"To be honest, Severus, I just don't like watching two people who love each other beat around the issue."

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"What are you implying, Hermione?" he asked softly, stepping in closer, his chin to her forehead.

"I'm implying that just as they needed to stop beating around the bush, *you* need to stop denying your feelings for me." Her eyes glittered in determination.

"I would never have feelings for a student."

"*Ex*-student, you bloody git. Besides, I rather find the whole ex-professor act kind of a turn on." She smiled, stepping in closer, her body barely touching his.

There was a long pause.

"You look beautiful tonight," he whispered, fingers brushing her cheek.

"I'm glad you noticed."

"Women in Regency gothic black always attract me," he murmured.

"Would you like to come back to my room with me? I can never get out of this corset by myself." She looked up at him with a coquettish gleam in her eye.

He let out a rare smile. "It would be my pleasure."

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Hope you enjoyed it!