

Love is But a Dream

by dragon mystique

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Encounter

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This story is my first that I'm actually willing to share with the world...(yes the others were *that* bad) Thanks to my beta Suzie & Thanks for all your help Elle!

It was a cool autumn day, the perfect day to be outside, but Hermione was stuck in the library, studying for an Arithmancy test that she had on the following day. She had just finished studying the last chapter when he walked into the library.

He slowly walked to the back of the large room, careful not to disturb her. As he approached her, he suddenly stopped to take in her beauty. She was sitting at a table near a window with her eyes closed and her chin resting lightly on her hand. The sun reflected off her chestnut hair and illuminated her soft face. He loved these moments when her beauty was unknown to her.

Quietly, he walked closer to her, and then leaned over and gently kissed her neck. Her eyes fluttered open, and she saw him standing there, smiling down at her.

Hermione couldn't keep herself from showing her affection, so she stood and wrapped her arms around the man she loved. For a moment, the two students just stood in the back of the library, embracing each other. Then, in a deep, husky voice, he whispered in her ear, "Let's go somewhere a bit more private." When she nodded her head in agreement, he helped his girlfriend gather her belongings. As they strolled down the deserted hallways, they kept their hands intertwined and their gazes upon each other.

Shortly after leaving the library, they arrived at what they now thought of as 'their place', the Room of Requirement. They entered into the familiar surroundings, a large, overstuffed couch by the fireplace, a small dining area, and of course, and a large oak canopy bed, which was tucked away in a dark corner.

The pair made their way over to the couch and immediately started kissing. It wasn't just a quick snog, it was, as it always was with them, a desperate need to be a part of the other person. He was never too rough or too fast with her, and in turn, she was always attentive and loving.

Hermione edged deeper into the plush couch as the kissing deepened, her hands roaming over his hard body. She didn't enjoy Quidditch, but she definitely enjoyed what it did for him. Slowly, her hands found their way into his silky hair. As she ran her hands through his pale locks, he slowly lifted himself so he could look into her eyes. She noticed that he had a questioning look about him – he always did, when it came to this.

This was another one of the things that she loved about him – he never assumed that it was okay. So, Hermione smiled and nodded her response. He bent down once

more and captured her in another kiss, deepening it as he lifted her off the couch and carried her to the bed.

As he laid her down, they began undressing each other in a slow, loving way. Then, after they had made their way under the blankets, he began trailing kisses down her neck, which he had figured out from the last time they had been together was her favourite spot. And, as he always said before making love to her, he looked deep into her eyes, and whispered, "I love you, Hermione."

Her response was a deep, wanting kiss. Then, she smiled and whispered, "I love you too, Draco."

Suddenly, two piercing screams could be heard echoing throughout Hogwarts castle. Two students in opposite ends of the school had awoken in a cold sweat.

Deep within the Slytherin dungeons, a confused Draco Malfoy lay in his bed. Bloody hell. What kind of dream was that?

Up in Gryffindor Tower, an equally confused Hermione Granger was having a similar reaction. Both students tried to shake off the dream, but had a tough time falling back asleep that night.

The next day, Hermione was largely preoccupied, her hand unknowingly touching her neck in the same spot in which *Dream Draco* had kissed her. This in turn was causing her two best friends, Harry, and Ron to stare at her with knowing grins. They were boys, so they had some idea of what the preoccupation could be. Especially since Hermione never daydreamed in class.

On the other hand, Draco had been actively thinking about the dream and trying to decipher its meaning. All the while waving off his two cronies, Crabbe and Goyle, who kept pestering him about what he thought would be on the menu for dinner.

Later that day, when the two passed each other in the corridor, each in the company of their friends, they desperately tried not to look at each other. Neither one knew, however, that the other had dreamed the same thing. Surprised, they looked at each other strangely when they realized that neither had made a rude remark about the other, an act customary for the duo.

Hermione's hand unconsciously flew to her neck, and Draco touched his bottom lip as they looked at each other. Both students, flushing slightly upon realizing what movement the other had just made, shared a nervous grin, both students very glad that neither Harry and Ron, nor Crabbe and Goyle had noticed this realization between the two enemies.

Immediately both students resumed their normal behaviour toward each other, sneering at one another, they both threw an insult at the other and continued on their way, unfortunately, heading toward the Great Hall for dinner, both secretly hoping for a repeat of the previous night's dream. Not for reasons that one would expect, Hermione on one hand wanted to know more about this other side of Hogwarts' Resident Villain, and Draco wanted to know just what was so great about the Mudblood that he of all people would be having an erotic dream about her. Neither one actually caring for the other made the situation all the more confusing. Draco couldn't believe that it happened, and Hermione wanted to know why it did. During the moment that they had shared in the corridor, it was understood that no matter what they would never talk of it, not to each other or to anyone else.

While they were enjoying their dinner amongst their friends, whom they never had those dreams about, Albus Dumbledore sat at the Head Table gazing out at his students. Dumbledore being the omniscient man that he was, looked directly at the two students in question. Catching their gaze at different intervals, he cracked a wide grin, his eyes twinkling. The two students looked at each other from across the Great Hall, eyes widening; they knew that he knew. At this point Dumbledore began to chuckle quietly, causing everyone within ear-shot to gaze up at their Headmaster with a mix of amusement and concern for the man's sanity, everyone except Draco and Hermione. They sat staring fixatedly at each other for what seemed like an eternity, both with a look of utter horror painted on their faces.