

The Next Wizard

by fyiagcg

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Who Walks Through That Door...

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I own nothing belonging to J.K. Rowling and make no money from this writing. That's why I'm broke.

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"I am just so sick of everybody always asking me whether I'm going to marry Harry or Ron!"

"I know, Hermione," soothed Ginny. Everyone had expected her to marry Harry the second the war ended and when they had broken up, everyone had switched their hopes to Hermione. Surely, the Wizarding World thought, at least two of the golden trio would end up together.

"They're like brothers to me, for Circe's sake! I could never be attracted to either of them! And neither of them would ever think *of me* that way." Hermione was right, but Ginny wondered if she was just stating a fact, that the boys felt for her what she did for them, or was being self-deprecating. Hermione didn't have the best self-esteem, even though at this moment she should. Her hair was somewhat tamed, her make-up was flawless, and she was wearing a gorgeous emerald-green dress with a slit up the left thigh that gave her the curves she so often claimed not to have. Ginny had caught more than one man ogling her best friend. Ginny had noticed one particularly attractive wizard staring at Hermione, but when he ambled over to try to speak to her, Hermione had snapped "She's **engaged**" so quickly, assuming that the man was trying to hit on Ginny, that he had backed off as if he had just come across a wild hippogriff.

"What I need is a man, one to be seen with in public so that people will finally understand that nothing's going to happen between me and Ron or Harry."

"What you need," began Ginny, about to tell her friend that she should open her eyes and notice that several of the men in the bar would be happy to fulfill that role. But she was cut off when the clock struck twelve, which Hermione had asked the bartender to charm it to do.

As the first gong sounded, Hermione took a deep breath and closed her eyes for two gongs, then opened her eyes and her mouth.

"You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to go home, tonight, with the next wizard that walks into this bar. Well, the next single, straight, and at least close-to-my-age wizard that walks into this bar."

"Hermione, I don't know if that's a good idea..." shouted Ginny, struggling to be heard over the last few gongs.

"It's officially my birthday now, Ginny. I love that I came out to celebrate with you tonight, and tomorrow the boys will take me out to dinner, and I just can't bear another

picture of the three of us showing up in the Daily Prophet, along with an article in which Rita Skeeter talks about how I'm leading both boys on. It's a new year, and it's time for a new Hermione. And that new Hermione is going home with the next wizard that walks through..." She swiveled on her bar stool to point to the door. "...that door."

Just then the doors opened and Hermione quickly spun back around to face Ginny, who was facing and thus still looking at the doors.

"I can't bear to look, tell me what he looks like."

"Hermione, it's Lavender, Parvati, and Padma. They said they would stop by tonight, if they had a chance."

"You invited them?"

"Come on, Hermione. You're always going on about how much people have changed since Hogwarts. They've changed just as much as the rest of us. When I told them at work that I was hanging out with you tonight for your birthday, they wanted to wish you a Happy Birthday."

"You know, this might be good. Those three are the biggest gossips in town..."

"You're really serious about this, aren't you? You're really that desperate to get people off your back about Ron and Harry that you'll go home with some random wizard tonight?"

"Yes, the next wizard. Whoever he is, I'm going home with him."

The doors opened again and Hermione stiffened, if from the chill air outside being let in or from the possibility of this being *the next wizard*, she wasn't sure.

Ginny groaned and Hermione relaxed a bit.

"Another girl?"

"No, it's a man. But Hermione, he is *not* the one you want to do this with."

"Why? Is he married?"

"No"

"Gay?"

"No."

"Old?"

"No."

"Ginny, you know I don't worry much about looks..."

"No, he's actually quite attractive, Hermione. He's just..."

"What?" Hermione asked, anxious.

"It's Malfoy."

Hermione pivoted quickly in her chair to see Draco Malfoy, towards the other end of the bar, ordering a drink and chatting; he was clearly on good terms with the bartender.

"Malfoy it is then," Hermione said, in her *I've made up my mind and you can't talk me out of it* voice.

"Malfoy is what?" asked Lavender, quickly adding a Happy Birthday to Hermione and hello to Ginny, which both twins echoed.

"Hermione's decided she's going to sleep with Malfoy," Ginny said, calling Hermione's bluff.

"Really, that's wonderful! Maybe you can get him out of his funk!" squealed Parvati.

When both Ginny and Hermione looked at her in confusion, Lavender explained.

"He used to be such a playboy. He went out every night, with a different girl every week. Never more than a week, but no girl was ever upset, he would spend money on them until they couldn't shop anymore. But then about six months ago, he stopped dating. He stopped going out, even! I think this is the first time I've seen him in a bar since, well, for six months or so."

"See, Hermione, maybe you should choose someone else," cajoled Ginny, trying to convince her friend not to try to pick up Draco Malfoy.

"No. I said the next wizard that walked in and it was him. I've made my choice and I'm going to do it." She took two calm breaths and then got up, taking her pumpkin martini to sit down a few stools away from Draco.

"Hi, Malfoy," she said, smiling at him.

"What do you want, Granger?" he asked, almost snarling.

"I want you to buy me a drink."

"What makes you think I would buy you a drink, Granger?"

"Well," she said, crossing her legs so that the creamy skin of her thigh showed to him, "I did ask very nicely, and it is my birthday."

Draco picked up his drink she noticed it was a clear martini, probably vodka and took the stool next to hers, leaning in and placing his hand on the bare skin of her thigh.

"But it looks like you've already got a drink, Granger."

She smiled at him, picked up her drink, and tilted it back, drinking until the martini glass was empty.

"Not anymore."

Draco raised his hand, the one that wasn't currently brushing feather light strokes on the skin of Hermione's thigh, and ordered another drink for her. When it arrived she took another large sip and then leaned into him.

"Now I want you to take me back to your place."

Draco motioned the bartender back over and told him to put anything Hermione and Ginny had gotten that evening on his tab. With an "Of course, Mr. Malfoy," the bartender left. When he had gone, Hermione leaned forward, threaded her hands through Malfoy's platinum hair, and kissed him.

Several minutes later, Hermione felt a tap on her shoulder and turned to see Ginny.

"Did you just pay our entire tab, Malfoy?" she asked, angrily.

"Yes I did, consider it a birthday gift."

"I don't need your-"

"Listen, Weaslette," snapped Draco, his arms still around Hermione's waist, "if your friend here does anything else as good as she kisses, I'm not going to let her get away from me for a while. So you might as well just start getting used to me now. I don't know what force of luck ended up with me buying her a drink tonight, but it's been a long time since I was seen with a beautiful witch on my arm out in Wizarding society, and I plan to take advantage of this situation."

"Hermione," urged Ginny, hoping that Hermione would slap him for expecting anything.

"This is what I wanted, Ginny. I told you the next wizard and Malfoy was the next wizard. If nothing else, it's going to be a nice birthday." Hermione gave Ginny a look that said the discussion was over.

"Ok, but call me tomorrow so I know he didn't kill you and feed you to his house-elves or something."

"I will." She turned to the man in her arms, snuggled his neck, bit his earlobe, and said into his ear, "Shall we?"

Draco's grin widened and he called the bartender over once more. "This is Miss Weasley, Conrad. Anything she or her friends need for the rest of the night is on my tab, ok?"

Conrad hadn't reached the 'k' in ok before a loud crack sounded in the bar and Hermione and Draco were gone. Ginny quickly called her (other) best friend and her fiancé. Five minutes later, Lavender, Parvati, Padma, Luna, Neville, and Ginny were all sitting around a table with full drinks in front of them. When Ginny proposed a toast to Draco Malfoy she got some odd looks, but promised to explain, after they had had a few more drinks.

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"You know that Ginny will probably be buying rounds for the entire bar before the night is over," said Hermione to the man that had already begun working the zip of her dress.

"Yes, but it was worth it."

"Is that so?"

He had finally gotten the dress off of her and was beginning to suckle her left nipple.

"You know, you almost gave me a heart attack when you didn't walk in right at the twelfth gong."

"I know, I just didn't want it to look too staged. So instead I let your friends walk in ahead of me."

"What if it had been another man? I couldn't claim that he wasn't good enough and then go for you when you walked in."

"Simple," he said, peeling off her panties and laying her gently on the bed, "I would have simply walked over to you and your friends, said 'Screw your plan,' kissed you, told them I've been in love with you for months, and Apparated us out of there."

"Draco! I don't want them to know I've been lying about having a relationship with you for almost six months..."

"I know. And that's why when some guy tried to follow your friends in, I told him the bar had been turned into a lesbian club and men weren't allowed in."

"That's horrible!" she laughed. Hermione watched him undress, and when he crawled onto the bed with her she opened up to him pulled him to herself. "I love you, too."

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Good or Bad, I like them all. Flames, however, will be ignored. ... after I cry.