

The Duke's Conquest

by blackaces924

"Romance novels are nowhere near as stimulating as *Most Potente Potions*, of course."

Chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 3

"Romance novels are nowhere near as stimulating as *Most Potente Potions*, of course."

Disclaimer: HP and characters belong to JK Rowling. Not mine.

Written for the Regency challenge in grangersnape100.

"*What* are you reading?"

Hermione Granger was caught reading, of all things, a Muggle gossip magazine.

She blushed. It was too late to hide it now.

"My cousin decided that I need to unwind – except her definition of unwind is getting outrageously drunk or reading gossip," she replied in exasperation.

Ginny raised an eyebrow. "But, you're older than Prince William."

"*Exactly!*" Hermione snorted. "Personally, I think regency romance novels hold more appeal than any modern royal/aristocrat ever would. Romance novels are nowhere near as stimulating as *Most Potente Potions*, of course."

Ginny laughed. "Snape would be pleased to hear that."

Chapter 2 of 3

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Little did they know their conversation was overheard by a dark figure hidden in the dark corner of the library of number twelve, Grimmauld Place.

A few days later found the two girls in the library again when a majestic-looking eagle landed outside the window with two scrolls attached to its leg.

"One's for me and one's for you."

"What's this?" Hermione asked, looking over the high-quality parchment with an unusual seal.

"It seems we've just been invited to a weekend soiree held by the reclusive Duke of Mandalay," Ginny replied.

Hermione snorted, "A duke? You've got to be kidding!"

III

Chapter 3 of 3

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It is a universal truth that a reclusive Duke in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife, even if he has dubious connections.

And no amount of glaring or sneering could get him out of this predicament – he had been *forced* to hold this blasted *ball* by his Aunt Minerva, the Duchess of York, because he'd lost, of all things, a bet.

But if he has to marry, he will do it on his own terms!

He would just have to convince Grimmauld Place's resident know-it-all to attend the ball.

To hell with Potions texts.