

## The Unexpected Reunion

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/30473661) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/30473661>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Mature</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Hermione Granger/Draco Malfoy</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Hermione Granger</a> , <a href="#">Draco Malfoy</a> , <a href="#">Ginny Weasley</a> , <a href="#">Theodore Nott</a> , <a href="#">Ron Weasley</a> , <a href="#">Pansy Parkinson</a> , <a href="#">Harry Potter</a> , <a href="#">Narcissa Black Malfoy</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Alcohol</a> , <a href="#">Post-Hogwarts</a> , <a href="#">Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder - PTSD</a> , <a href="#">Toxic Relationship</a> , <a href="#">How Do I Tag</a> , <a href="#">POV Third Person</a> , <a href="#">Sexual Content</a> , <a href="#">Ron Weasley is a Little Shit</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-04-07 Updated: 2021-06-18 Words: 14,770 Chapters: 5/11

# **The Unexpected Reunion**

by [athenaswisdom](#)

## Summary

Her relationship with Ron was falling apart, for years now. After so much time together one final argument was the breaking point.

Hermione went to a pub, and on that one night she saw someone she hadn't expected to see ever again in her life – Draco Malfoy, who appeared to be regular there.

The meetings were no longer accidental.

AVAILABLE on my wattpad [athenaswisdom\\_](#)

ON HIATUS

# Prologue

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

2<sup>nd</sup> – 3<sup>rd</sup> of May, 2003

It had been whole five years since the battle of Hogwarts. Everything was different now. Almost everyone thought that it had got better but not the Golden Girl, for her nothing had changed, the only difference she found was that Voldemort was no more a treat to anyone.

A person could not simply forget over *twenty* years of history and she could not forget her whole experience at Hogwarts.

Ever since their fourth year Hermione had had a crush on Ron but she had never acted on it. There was Lavender, then a whole war which outcome depended on them. Finally, after destroying the Cup of Helga Hufflepuff in the Chamber of Secrets, he had kissed her. The timing wasn't perfect at all but for what was important to her was the action itself.

After the war had successfully ended and everything started going back to normal, with small steps yet big differences, they had their chance, which they took with open arms.

Now it had been almost five entire years of them together. Everything was amazing, dare say flawless in the first three and a half years. With time passing they started to separate from each other.

Hermione and Ron stayed together refusing to acknowledge the obvious facts. They had fights but which couples didn't have? Theirs on the other hand began to increase and happened more and more often, bigger than the previous one, for random, stupid things that weren't of any matter important.

Every one of them ended with Ron sleeping on the couch or leaving their apartment and heading to the Burrow or his brother's – George's shop or him getting drunk in some random pub on Diagon Alley.

The other option was Hermione leaving and going to Ginny and Harry's place, they always accepted her like the good friends they were, talked to her if she wanted to, sometimes they had one or two, maybe more drinks it depended on how she was feeling. They had always been there for her. *Always*.

Everytime she'd stepped out of the fireplace with tears in her eyes, came tipsy or beaming with anger.

One night everything got out of control, she snapped, she broke, she couldn't comprehend his behavior - not anymore, he wasn't the Ron she had known from school - he had changed but who hadn't, even she wasn't the same Hermione she was before. That's what she told herself every fucking time, trying but failing to explain his outbursts.

She was just so tired of all this. He would get angry at everything. A man looked at her, he was fuming. She said something he didn't particularly like, again. She spoke against him same thing. The list went on and on.

That exact fight started out of nowhere and escalated faster than normal. It got more serious, even dangerous in some way. Their arguments were never quiet, they were heated but this one was different, he wasn't in his right mind - due to no one knew what, he started acting unlike - uncharacteristically for him even if he was drunk, which he wasn't, she knew he wasn't they had been together the entire day.

He was trying to force himself upon her; he even tried to physically harm her. He was unsuccessful though, Hermione was neither stupid nor weak. She pushed him back and stunned him, he fell down to the floor - unconscious. She put her shoes on and made her way out of the flat.

She clutched her coat close to herself and walked down the dark streets. Barely any people to be seen.

It was late - probably around two in the morning. She apparated on the main street of Diagon Alley and went in some pub at the corner.

It was quiet there, the dim lights provided some lighting. She stood at the bar, the bartender was a middle age, nice looking man, and ordered a glass of Firewhiskey, she needed something strong tonight.

There was someone whom she couldn't identify, even though he looked familiar, in the back of the pub and maybe it was better that she couldn't see him clearly right now. But one thing was clear - the signature white-blond hair which could only belong to a Malfoy.

She was angry and while drinking, her usual wit was not with her. She could do something immature, for example yell at him, maybe even hit him, take her anger at someone who didn't deserve it - not that he didn't after all of his deeds, who knew and she hated this man from the bottom of her soul.

And he - he was Draco fucking Malfoy, a former Death Eater, the boy who tried and failed at killing Albus Dumbledore.

He had been in Azkaban for a year and eight months after the war ended. His sentence had not been as long as the ones of many other followers of Voldemort but his crimes weren't many; he had not used an Unforgivable on anyone. With him refusing to identify Harry Potter that day in Malfoy Manor contributed with the amount of his stay in the magical prison.

...

What was wrong with faith? How did he ended up with her in the same pub, mind him it was two in the fucking morning. And she was *alone*. He was there so close to her but not close enough, sitting in a dark corner, drinking peacefully, staring at her from afar and admiring how beautiful she had become - she always had been but apparently Draco was blind as a young boy.

He was here almost every night, sometime with his former classmates - Theo, Blaise, Pansy and Daphne. This late evening he was alone, and so was she.

He was surprised by that fact. He wondered where did she work, based on his assumptions he thought either as a professor at Hogwarts or something in the Ministry related with magical creatures – this based on all the rambling about SPEW.

He wasn't supposed to think of her in any way she was just a witch – just like any other, no, she was more, she was special. Not because of her part in the war. Not because of her grades back then in school. Not because she was a muggle-born. Not because of how she looks. Not for the fact that she was “The Brightest Witch of her age” or “The Golden Girl”. Simply just because this was her – she was always natural, herself – always herself, she never cared about what everyone called her, what he called her – that stupid, hideous name “mudblood” – she was strong and even if she was hurt she never showed vulnerability. He thought of her with admiration.

An hour and a half had passed in deep thoughts and drinking. He saw her paying the bartender and leaving. He finished his drink and did the same.

The man hated staying in the manor; it reminded him of too many terrible memories; about everyone who had ever been tortured there, kept a prisoner in the undergrounds of it, even of how people were killed there – far too many people, innocent people. Even after its renovation he couldn't stand it. This was the reason why he didn't live at the manor anymore.

Draco was staying in a muggle hotel in London for nearly four months. He preferred the muggle world at this moment because the Wizarding one wasn't so welcoming, even though the war was long behind their backs.

By hearing his name or seeing his light-blond hair people sneered at him. Here nobody knew who he was and what he had done; he was just a normal, wealthy person with no family and no other place to go.

Draco never stayed at one place for long.

...

Hermione didn't want to go back to her apartment, neither to see her boyfriend after the fight. She also didn't want to bother Ginny and Harry or anyone at all. She had enough money to go and stay in a hotel in muggle London, for at least one night. She apparated there and walked to the first hotel she saw. She got a room for one, locked herself in it and fell asleep, under the covers of a rather cozy bed.

...

Meanwhile Ron was still laying unconscious in the living room, the stunning spell had been a strong one.

Another hour passed, he started waking up. The events from the evening were playing behind his eyelids. He didn't know why the bloody hell he acted like this. The argument itself began

innocently like every other time; this time was for some visit to her parents who were still in Australia. It escalated to more serious subject – their relationship. He was never good at talking on this subject, he never liked it, this was the reason why he snapped but nothing in particular explained *everything* else he did.

## Chapter End Notes

thanks for reading <3  
twitter - @athenaswisdom\_

# Chapter One

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

3<sup>rd</sup> of May, 2003

The morning passed without her noticing, she slept until late in the afternoon.

The weather was warm; there weren't many clouds to interfere the sun. When she woke up her head was throbbing, the amount of alcohol that was poured in her system last night wasn't big but she was a light head. Hermione put her clothes and shoes on and exited the small room.

On the way out she saw a spark of blond hair. *That could not be him*, she thought; *the pureblood aristocrat would never lower himself as much as for him to stay in a muggle hotel*. She ignored her thoughts, it was impossible for it to be him so she just kept walking.

Once she got out of the hotel's reception room, the apparition point was close, she got to it and apparated to Diagon Alley.

She continued her path to hers and Ron's flat. Now standing in front of the door, murmuring the counter spells for the wards; she got in quietly. She saw the man sleeping heavily on the leather couch in the living room.

With quick steps she move towards their bedroom, summoned her suitcase from the top of the wardrobe and packed her things. She picked her hairbrush and toothbrush along with some other toiletries from the bathroom.

On her way out she noticed that there was no one on the couch. Ron had woken up. She tried to go out as fast as she could but he heard her.

"Hermione, I'm so sorry!" he began. His voice was deeper from the sleep, his eyes still swollen and there was a mark from the pillow on his face.

"Sorry for what, *Ronald*?" The witch snapped. They both knew it was not a good sign when she used someone's full name in an argument or in anything at all. She was usually kind.

"About everything I did and said last night..." his eyes grew distant and Hermione assumed he was recalling the events. "I don't know what was on my mind. I would never lay a hand on —"

She cut him off. "You *would never*, is that it? Last night didn't seem like this! What's going on with you?!" she asked him – her tone sharp, icy, full with rage.

She tried to go around him and out off the door but he stopped her. His big arms grabbed her with his strong grip, turned her so they would face each other. With begging eyes he looked down at her.

He tried again. “Look, I'm sorry. I really am. I should be more open, especially to you. I love y-“

“No Ron, stop it right here! Just stop, let me leave. I may come later and talk to you. Now it is not the right moment for all of this!” She was on the verge of yelling but being aware that it would do no good she fought to compose herself.

The woman pulled out off his grip and stormed out off the flat.

...

He stood there, at the doorframe, alone. The woman with whom the redhead had spent so much time in his life had actually left him and for what - some meaningless argument, the realisation hit him. He was left there, like an unwanted pet. Ron's heart shattered. Laying on the couch, frustrated, he started to overthink everything. This continued for around hour. Not even he himself knew what had possessed him the previous night.

They called the flat ‘theirs’ but it was actually hers. It belonged to Hermione. He prepared his belongings on the bed and then put them in a suitcase. After that he apparated to the Burrow. But before doing so he wrote a letter and sent an owl to find her.

*Hermione Granger,*

*I'm really sorry! I packed my things and left. I will be staying with George or at the Burrow. If you want to talk about anything, you know where to find me. The flat is only on your disposal.*

*Ron Weasley*

At that time it was already seven in the evening.

Greeting Molly – his beloved mother - with a hug and a peck on the cheek he slipped past her and went to his childhood bedroom. There, he left the charmed to fit his trouser's pocket suitcase on the floor near the wooden bed and it expanded.

It was diner time. The head of the house had laid the table for six – since Bill and Fleur were in France for a month, Charlie in Romania for the dragons in the refuge and Ginny was on a date with a man she refused to tell anyone the name of (probably only Hermione knew but she wouldn't tell anyone either).

The youngest of the Weasley's and the famous Harry Potter had separated their paths back in October 2002. The now exes ware still close friends and was never awkward around them. As much as they knew, Harry was now with Luna.

Like always Molly had outdone herself, this evening she had prepared a pumpkin soup, homemade bread and other delicious dishes.

Feeling sick Ron didn't want to eat anything. The others seemed to enjoy the dinner.



Mrs. Weasley started worrying about him, she was aware that there was something wrong the moment her son stepped in, alone, and went upstairs almost immediately and now he was not eating. The eyes of a mother never failed her, her stare caught his pale skin and the freckles stood out, and his eyes which were usually full with joy now were full with sadness and pain, anger.

She ached to ask him what had happened, why he was there; she wanted to try to comfort him. But first she had to find out what was wrong.

After dinner passed, the youngest son stood up slowly and helped Molly with the dishes. This was the best opportunity for her to start her investigation.

“Ronald, what’s wrong? You are not looking well.” Neither of it was question, it was statement.

Looking slightly taken aback, the redhead’s expression fell. He wasn’t aware how to explain what had happened to anyone – especially to his mother.

“Hermione and I- got into a fight again” he finally spoke. The woman grimaced.

His mind started replaying the events over and over and over. Every time it was more painful than the one before. Still, he couldn’t explain his behaviour but of course he knew it wasn’t right especially to her. His head tilted downwards.

“Is that again, dear? You both will be fine, I’m more than sure!” The elder women assured him, tilting his head back up so he can look her in the eyes. Her eyes were full of concern. Then as her son relaxed, she gave him a hug of her owns.

“Mum, is it alright if I stay here for some days? I mean at least until I buy my own apartment.” He pulled away from her as he asked the question.

“You shouldn’t even ask!” She responded, her voice spilling irritation.

“Thank you.”

After the conversation between mother and son they finished with the dirty dishes and went to the living room.

Angelina was staying on the couch near the unused at the moment fireplace with George. Arthur was on the armchair opposite the couple. He seated himself on the other armchair and Molly sat on the couch. They chatted for a while. George and his girlfriend departed. Ron said goodnight to his parents and headed to the bedroom.

He changed from the clothes he had been into pyjamas, then went to the bathroom and brushed his teeth. Staying in front of the mirror, staring at his own reflection, Ron’s head was throbbing so he went to bed earlier than normal. Ron fell asleep almost immediately.

...

The owl which he had sent found her in the flat that she had rented for three days. Hermione hesitated for a moment, and then read the letter. A response wasn't written nor was going to be.

The night came.

The previous evening she had enjoyed the atmosphere at the pub so she decided to go there again, one drink or two wouldn't hurt.

It was around ten when she walked in; it was not far from the place of residence she had chosen. Taking place at the same seat as last night, ordering a glass of wine she caught sight of the same blond hair as this afternoon.

Sipping from the glass, the witch carefully glanced at him. She was certain that this was Draco Malfoy. But... he wasn't alone tonight he was with a dark skinned man. Maybe Blaise Zabini, if she recalled right.

As much as she remembered he was the same year as them, Slytherin, at some point part of the Slytherin Quidditch team.

There was a woman with them, a familiar one. She was no one else but Ginny herself. Surprise took over her face, she knew that the youngest of the Weasley's was dating someone but Hermione wasn't prepared for it to be Blaise or... Malfoy, *was it Malfoy*? Her confusion was cleared when Blaise leaned in and kissed Ginny on the lips.

She didn't seem forced to be there in any way (as she had assumed), they all laughed, and talked, and drank. Even Malfoy was laughing; she couldn't recall a memory of him laughing, not since their sixth year.

She was going to have a nice conversation with her best friend in the close future.

Hermione hasn't thought about Malfoy recently. There was nothing to think about but now as she saw him, he was looking quite good. His hair – white-blond - was as pale as she evoked from school but now it was left free, falling lightly on his forehead. His face had changed – there was no more boyishness left in it. He was... handsome. This night time he was wearing a white shirt and what had appeared black bottoms. She wasn't able to see his body freely but was positive that the man was fit; after all he had been a chaser back in Hogwarts.

In school she had hated him as he had her. He bullied her – hard. So many tears had slipped from her eyes during the years but now, after the war, he appeared different. She didn't feel hatred toward him.

Deciding that the drinking was enough for tonight she paid and headed out...

...

Draco saw her again. He was with Blaise and his girlfriend – the she Weasel. They had come after their date.

He was looking at her, again. But this time, this time she was looking at him, too.

Granger had said nothing about the couple, probably she knew but he doubted it judging by the expression on her face the moment she caught sight of them.

The three stayed a little longer after Granger's department. Then he went to Theo's. They hadn't seen each other for a long time. *What was it a month maybe, even more?* They said their hellos and went to the enormous Nott manor which was only on Theo's disposal, since his father was killed. It was past midnight.

"A drink mate?" asked Theo.

"Sure."

The brunette wizard poured him a glass of Firewhiskey and handed the one to Draco. "So," he trailed off, "What's new?"

"You know the pub where we get together sometimes?" started Malfoy.

"Of course" responded Nott.

"Well... I saw someone I didn't expect to see there or nowhere, ever again" Malfoy said after taking a sip.

"Spit it already," told Theo, his sounded interested.

"Granger" he said in a flat tone.

"Oh... I see her - rather often" he said unsurprised.

"What?" Malfoy arched a brow "Where," he asked visibly tense after his friend's statement.

"At work. She works at the Ministry, for the Department of Magical Creators," he announced matter-of-factly.

"That was one of my assumptions" the blond murmured under his breath, loud enough only for him to hear. But apparently the idiot heard it, too.

"Have you two talked?" Theo asked.

"No." he said flatly "Have you?" he asked, actually surprised with himself.

"Well, yeah. We have to, since we work at the same department," he answered. His voice rose a bit. "You know she isn't like she used to be in school. She's not that bossy, even with the fact that she is over me."

Draco's eyes widened. "At the ministry. I meant there." The other man laughed darkly.

After finishing their drinks, Theo poured them another one.

They talked. Around two hours passed in more drinking and talking between the two men. Eventually Draco decided to go back to the hotel but Theo didn't let him because they had

one too many drinks.

The blonde wasn't in the right state to apparate. Nott told him to go and sleep in one of the guest rooms and apparate in the morning. He himself went to his bedroom and went to sleep.

Jerking his clothes off, Draco went to bed.

## Chapter End Notes

thanks for reading <3  
twitter - @yanitaag\_

# Chapter Two

## Chapter Notes

See the end for notes.

Enjoy your reading.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

4<sup>th</sup> of May, 2003

The sun beams were peaking through the curtains and they woke her up. She went to the kitchen and started preparing herself a cup of tea. While waiting for the water to boil, she gathered a piece of parchment and a quill and started writing to Ginny.

*Morning Gin,*

*How was last night with Blaise?*

*Why didn't you tell me? You know you can talk to me about everything, I'll understand. Are you free for lunch? I want details and I have things to tell you, too.*

*Love, Hermione*

Calling her owl, Hermione sent the letter to Ginny's apartment.

...

Ginny was awakened by the knocking on the window. She recognized the owl, gave it a treat, and took the letter from it.

He departed.

The woman read the letter and was shocked. *How did Hermione find out?* She mouthed to herself.

"Who found out what, Weasley?" Blaise's voice came from the bed, still tangled under the covers.

"Hermione - Hermione knows. Did you tell her?" The girl asked in shock.

"No, of course not. Did she tell you anything?" The dark haired wizard questioned, his eyes full with concern about his witch.

She handed him the letter and he read it.

“Are you going to meet her?”

“Of course, I am. She is my friend, maybe even the most supportive one. I don’t think she will be frustrated about us being together, possible because I didn’t tell her but it’ll be okay.” Ginny told the man, walking towards the bed and laying down next to him. “I will write to her after ten minutes, it can wait.”

They laid in bed until little to noon. She had written the letter not long after her first return under the covers in the early morning. Ginny got up, leaving him alone in her bedroom, took a shower, made two mugs of coffee and handed one to the man.

On her way to the wardrobe she thought of what to wear. She stopped at that one light purple dress and a coat. Kissing Blaise, she went to their coffee place at Diagon Alley, where the women had agreed to meet at one.

She arrived just in time, she found Hermione standing in front of it. She felt rather anxious. Greeting each other with hugs they stepped inside together and took a seat. They ordered coffee and muffins. At the beginning no one said anything except the uncomfortable *how are you, what you’ve been doing* and etcetera.

Hermione understood that her friend was not going to start the conversation. She gave the impression of being obviously stressed; her hands were pulled in front of her in tight fists, fingers twitching at some time, leg bouncing under the table. She took it in her hands.

“So, how long has it been going?” Hermione asked in a gentle tone, shifting in her chair.

Ginny took a sip of her beverage, sighed and answered. “Around... half a year.” Her voice raised an octave slightly. She looked guiltily at Hermione. Before she could speak, Ginny began in an unstable tone her eyes were glued to the table.

“I’m so sorry that I didn’t tell you and you understood in this awful way you did, which I still don’t know but I’m almost sure you’re going to tell me. I just wanted to be sure about him, first. Second I was afraid how all of you were going to react. Blaise Zabini, a snake but I promise they’re not as bad as they were at school. I swear, I was going to tell you, Hermione! Again I’m sorry!”

“Wow that was fast.” The curly haired witch murmured quietly, and a soft chuckle escaped her lips.

“I know...” she heard the redhead sigh.

“Firstly, I’m not mad at you, in any way. I’m sorry that you didn’t feel safe telling me or anyone else. Second, I have no say in your love life. Even if I do approve or do not, as long as you are happy I’ll be fine with it. And... please do not apologise to me for things like this.” She trailed off, looking at her the entire time she spoke, “Also, to answer your question about how I found out. I saw you, Zabini and Malfoy at the pub down the street.”

She grinned. “You were so pretty in that emerald green dress,” the brunette said with a wink. “How – what do you think about him? Does he treat you the proper way?”

“Thank you, Hermione! Well, we haven’t been dating for that long but he is nice, you know. I don’t know what else I can want from him.” As the woman spoke of her boyfriend her eyes glittered with adoration. She took a bite of her pastry and listened as Ginny continued talking.

They stood in silence for what felt like a minute, sipping on their coffee. The younger one felt the need to break it.

“In that letter you wrote me in the morning, you said you have something to tell me.”

“What is it? I'm listening.” She said curiously and shifted in her chair.

Hermione sighed. “Me and your brother are officially over.” She said flatly, not a trail of emotion evident in her words.

Gin looked a little bit shocked. “W-what, when? *What happen?*”

“Mmm, two or three evenings ago we got into a fight. Pretty spiteful one, I’d say. He lost his temper...” she seemed to consider something, “I snapped and left. This was the first time I went to that pub, actually. I got some drinks and then stayed at a muggle hotel. That’s the short story. Oh, and also I'm not sure if it was my hungover subconscious but I think I saw Malfoy in the morning at the hotel, when I was leaving.” Surprised by herself she shut her mouth.

“I don’t know much about Malfoy but I know for sure that first – he has changed, second – he doesn’t live in the manor, not anymore.” She pointed out like it was obvious. “You should... meet with Blaise properly. If you want,” there was hesitation in her words.

Hermione gave her friend a reassuring smile and nodded. “Of course. When?”

“Later. For dinner?”

“Sounds good.” Her gaze narrowed. “Would he mind?”

“No, I was the one who didn’t want to tell my friends and family.” There was a pause. “His friends know...”

“Oh, okay.”

Ginny insisted on paying. After that they went out for a long walk before they separated so they can get ready for the evening.

...

Once she got home, she found her wizard on the couch reading.

“Blaise, hi.”

“Hello to you, too. How did it go?” He asked, shifting a little from his position, closing the book and leaving it on the small coffee table near him. She removed her shoes and left them in front of the main door then made her way to him and sat down.

“Obviously it wasn’t a disaster,” she said smiling. “We are on a dinner tonight. With her, so we would have to get ready for later, okay?” She moved in his arms, making herself more comfortable.

“So you didn’t have to fight your way through the conversation?”

“I knew I wouldn’t have to.” She stated. “Now come on. Get ready I won’t be waiting for you!” He laughed at her words as he was not going to be the one waiting for her.

They got up and picked the clothes for dinner. He chose a casual black suit with white shirt, she at a black dress with long sleeves and nude high heels. Before putting her outfit on, Ginny put make up. After they were done they left for the restaurant where the three of them were supposed to meet at.

...

Before she began with the preparation, Hermione went to the bathroom for a quick shower.

The woman decided on something simple yet elegant – navy, satin dress with silver details. She picked shoes to match the dress and put a little make up on. Once she was ready she left her apartment and got on the way for her destination.

Right on time she found, for the second time today, that Ginny was there before her, this time with Zabini in hand.

When she reached them, she hugged Ginny. The man took her palm in his and kissed her knuckles in manner of greeting.

Hermione wasn’t surprised by that, not really, keeping in mind that he was raised in a pureblood family and taught to be a gentlemen, that was nothing. She smiled.

They went in and took their places at the table; menus appeared in front of them. In case of avoiding uncomfortable silence, question of the sort of *how was your day* and others were thrown around.

The waiter took their order and poured them each a glass of white wine.

After a sip, Hermione began with the conversation. “How did you both met?”

“Theo introduced us to each other at some bar.” The answer came from Blaise, who looked at Ginny first who was already at him, then at Hermione. She nodded.

“You and Theo know each other, right.” It was formed to be a question but it sounded more like a registration.

“Yes. We work in the same department.” She said. Blaise took a sip from his wine. Ginny looked like she was going to ask something.

“What do you think about him – Theo?” Here it was.



“We are friends.” She started, “I like him, he's funny and makes me laugh a lot and he actually knows what he's doing. At first, I was surprised when I saw him there at the Ministry but he's nice.”

“Good.” Said the both of them.

The meals arrived. Hermione picked at the tomatoes in her salad. “Do you work, Blaise?”

He looked at her, silent for a moment.

“Yeah, I do. I work at Hogwarts, as a professor in Defence Against the Dark Arts. And Mal-” he stopped himself and slid his hand down his leg, his face scrunched in pain. Ginny had hit him under the table or something, but why?

There was nothing wrong in talking about Malfoy or anyone at all. All that was done was to make her wonder. *What did he teach?*

The evening passed in conversing, some eating and drinking wine. The topics were safe as for a first - proper meeting – work, hobbies and favourites, questions to know each other on a better level or in their case to know each other.

After finishing their meals, Zabini argued with Granger on who to pay. Eventually she gave up, the man was stubborn. More so than her.

“Now, want to go to the pub we all ‘met’?” Suggested Blaise. Ginny didn’t appear to mind.

Glaring at him Hermione said “Fine. But, I'm paying there.”

“Fair.”

They made their way out of the restaurant. Somewhere near them, hidden well, were Rita Skeeter and her photographer. Hermione saw them but her, she was maybe the only person she despises since fourth year, probably after Voldemort but after his death he doesn’t count.

All of her false articles for Harry himself and both of them as couple back then put the attention on her; this was the beginning of her hatred. The journalist and her protégé were looking at the three of them the man was taking photos.

Hermione spoke to Gin and Blaise, whispering. They turned around, their backs facing the other woman. Hermione on the other side didn’t, she stormed directly to Rita’s spot. Anger written on her face, brows furrowed together, eyes narrowed.

“Hello, Mrs. Skeeter. What can I help you with?” Sarcasm was dripping from her voice. Her hands were crossed in front of her chest, and she was standing straight in front of her.

Rita wasn’t surprised when she saw her bothered by her presence. She returned her look on her, seeming not at all worried of the new person, the woman’s eyes capable of burning holes into somebody. The witch didn’t move an inch of her body. After a minute of silence a response came.

“Hello, Ms. Granger. It is lovely to meet you again.” Skeeter said with a big shit-eating grin on her face, her tone ‘polite’ as always. The man stood behind her was looking at the camera, not paying much attention to the both women.

In response she said, “Can’t say the same for me. Now, please answer my question. What can I help you with?”

She forced a smile on her face as she spoke. Hermione took a notice on the man behind them. “Hi, sir. Can I see those beautiful pictures you took of me and my friends?”

He was young. He looked at her with respect, extended the arm with the device and gave it to her. She came across the pictures, taking them in cautiously.

There were pretty clear images of them. Hermione was the only one of Ginny’s closest who knew about Blaise and she was aware that it wasn’t anyone else’s choice to decide if other people would know. Blaise and Ginny stood at the same spot as when she left them, the only difference was that he was with his front facing her.

“Delete them! Now.” She commanded. The man didn’t even hesitate; he took the camera from her hands and deleted them immediately. He showed her for assurance.

Rita was glaring daggers at him. Hermione looked at Blaise and nodded once, he nodded back, mouthing thanks. She took a look at the witch’s parchment and saw that there was nothing written. With a good evening she made her way back the couple. Walking she heard *tell me you’ve got copies* and a quiet *no*.

“Thank you, Granger.” Blaise said.

Ginny embraced Hermione and whispered a bunch of thanks in her hair.

She smiled at them both. “No worries. Are we going now?”

“Sure.”

Blaise hugged his girlfriend around the middle and they all started walking to the pub which was not far away of the restaurant.

They walked in together and took a place in the back where she saw them the first time.

“I’m going to get drinks, I know what for you,” said he, pointing to Ginny. “Granger, what are you on, tonight?”

“Wine.” She answered. “Hey, remember, drinks are on me!”

“Okay, okay as you wish.” He said chuckling and then walked down to the bar.

“Hermione, thank you again! For Skeeter.”

“You’re more than welcome, Gin. This bitch is dancing on my nerves since fourth year so I don’t mind an opportunity to fight her... in any way,” Hermione giggled.

Ginny on the other side appeared to look somewhere behind her back. Worry displayed on her face for a moment but she covered it in a second by putting her attention back to the curly haired witch.

“What is it? What were you looking at,” when she didn’t receive a response, she started turning around but Ginny took one of her hands in hers, stopping her.

Looking at her Ginny said “It’s nobo – nothing to worry about...” she appeared hesitant, obviously lying. So she turned slightly in her chair glancing at the same direction the redhead woman was looking not long ago and saw the same stray of hair she saw no much time ago at the muggle hotel.

So it wasn’t her hungover-self who saw him. Now – now she was sure that it belonged to no one other but Draco Malfoy himself. This night he wasn’t alone. He was with Theo and Pansy. She turned back to her friend.

“Is that what you didn’t want me to see,” said she almost laughing.

Ginny looked taken aback and then nodded.

Blaise returned, levitating a glass of Firewhiskey and two of wine. “Here you go girls.”

“Thank you.”

Ginny nodded in response to the man.

“Zabini,” Hermione addressed him, “I see some of your friends are over there. Would you mind inviting them here? With us, to have drinks. If they want to, of course.” Hermione smirked at Ginny. The surprise on her face was, no, on both of their faces was priceless.

The man was silent then, “Sure. Why not?”

“I’ll give you at least one reason why not,” Ginny threatened.

“Ginny, it’s fine, I asked him to. We are not children anymore, we can all behave and be civil to each other,” she reassured her.

Blaise stood after receiving a nod from his girlfriend, and went to the bar probably for drinks for them. Then went to his former classmates and called for them to come.

The Slytherins looked at him at first. Draco took a sip of his drink, ran a hand through his hair and agreed with one single nod, barely visible if you hadn’t paid attention and words so quiet that couldn’t reach her ears.

The three stood and made their way to Hermione and Ginny. Draco was dressed all in black; his shirt’s top three buttons undone. Pansy had gone for a simple dark-grey dress, above the knee with heels. Theo casual as every other time wore jeans and a white shirt.

From their work at the Ministry they had become friends. She knew that he was in a serious relationship with Pansy.

The black haired woman and Hermione had given each other a chance for a reunion. They were, dare say friends. With her it was hard to tell but for what she knew Pansy didn't hate her.

And here it was Draco Malfoy – the enigma. They hadn't seen each other since the trials – except for these nights at this pub. The chances of him to have seen her were low but existed nonetheless.

...

Theo was speaking when Blaise approached them.

“Hello there,” Zabini greeted “Up to join us?” He made a gesture with his hands towards the table where were sited Ginevra and... oh fuck. Granger. After that the man offered them new drinks which they accepted with thanks. He took a sip from it. The other two turned at the same direction as the one Draco was looking.

Nott and his girlfriend agreed.

“Malfoy, you?”

Fuck it. “Why not?” He said with a single nod. They got up and walked towards the women.

...

Hermione watched them while they were walking. Once they approached her and Ginny they got up on their feet. She greeted them all with a hug. Hermione hugged Theo and Pansy. Malfoy and her shook hands.

Well, it *can* be more awkward. He looked at her, she gave a small smile, then he expanded his hands toward her and she took it.

“Hello, Granger,” her name was said without a sneer. His voice was deeper from what she remembered. For a second she was silent, and then she responded.

“Hello, Malfoy.”

They took their places: the pairings sat next to one another and she had to sit next to him, simply because there was no other room. He was on Firewhiskey, she noted. The new formed company engaged in conversation after conversation, changing the topic ever so often.

Hermione was quiet, didn't converse. She was watching him, that shirt fitted him perfectly; with the top buttons undone revealing just enough to make you wonder.

Strange but he hasn't insulted her yet. After all they were adults now, like she'd said earlier, but still expect the unexpected from him especially.

“Hermione, are you here,” Ginny asked, waving a hand in front of her eyes.

For a second the words came and passed her. Then Pansy snapped her fingers in front of Hermione's face and she was back to her senses.

"Mmm, yeah. I'm here." The woman straightened her posture and glanced up at the others.

"Didn't seem like it," the raven haired witch chuckled. Blaise, Theo, Ginny and even Malfoy followed. She laughed, too.

The night passed and there were some exchanged glances with Malfoy.

Just like they had agreed earlier the drinks were on Hermione. They all headed out of the pub and when she saw that Malfoy was turning to at the same direction as the muggle hotel now she was certain that she had seen him that morning, not only the stray of hair as an evidence.

...

While the others were engaging in conversations, she didn't say anything. This was strange, Draco remembered her noisy back in school but as everyone knew people change, ones under circumstances, others because they wanted to, and third because they had to.

The interesting thing here was not why she had changed it was how, he wanted to know the reason, the new Hermione Granger. Not that she will allow him. To mind came that Granger was thinking, observing. Her full lips were pursed together, hands in her lap.

He gave some short responds to the questions his friends were asking to appear engaged. He was observing her as well, from her position, towards the crook of her neck, to the way she slightly moved in her seat, taking in what she was drinking, to finally her gaze which fell on him on several occasions.

He was careful to not get caught neither by her or the others around them so the moment she started to, as much as move her head, he averted his eyes the other way or asked somebody a question related to whatever they were talking about or took a sip of the whiskey.

He had questions.

Now that he was aware of what she worked, Malfoy was curious who she dated, is she dating anyone at all right now and if she did, why was the man not with her there tonight.

Assuming on the days back in Hogwarts with all the drama surrounding her and the Weasel and his obvious crush on Granger it was possible. But she was... unpredictable, far too clever for him. Draco wasn't close to her nor him but a person didn't need to be to know that a woman like her would need a man with an intellect close to her own, a man who would not only agree but will challenge, provoke her.

*Enough.*

A couple of laughs interrupted his thoughts. He jolted.

The night continued and eventually ended. When he headed back to the hotel he turned back and caught a sight of her glancing his way, understanding in her eyes but about *what*, he

would probably find out later. If he ever did.

## Chapter End Notes

Hello to every one of you amazing people!

First, if there are even people who are still reading it – thank you and I want to apology for the late update.

Second, for the next update it is possible to be late, too. Before three days I stated working on a one-shot which should be up no later than the 15th and it's taking quite some time as well.

Kudos and comments are always appreciated. I love seeing that people are actually reading something I wrote even if it isn't really good. I'm still working on my abilities, keeping In mind that English isn't my native language.

twitter - @athenaswisdom\_

Love. Hope you all have a wonderful morning/afternoon/evening.

# Chapter Three

## Chapter Notes

Enjoy your reading :).

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

5th of May, 2003

She lay in bed thinking why would he live in a muggle hotel when he could afford to live anywhere else. The war was mostly trauma; his home was perhaps a reminder of it but still there were plenty of places to be in, in the Wizarding World.

Finally she gave in, her eyelids closed and she fell asleep after all the thinking.

“Are you insane? Why did you call to them?” Ginny’s voice came from the hall.

“It was fine. Calm down.” Said Blaise while removing his shoes and loosening his tie. “I didn’t see them fighting or anything catastrophic. Perhaps obviously, ogling each other and thinking that nobody saw them but that’s out of the question.” He chuckled.

She laughed as well. “You saw that too, right?” The woman turned to him when her boyfriend stepped into the room. “I thought that only I and Pans saw it but apparently not. Do you think that there is something between them?”

“I assume that I or Theo would’ve known. So my answer is no.”

The next morning she had to wake up early for work.

When she went in the Ministry Theo was already there, waiting for her in the foyer in front of their office. “Morning, Hermione” he looked perfect didn’t appear hangover at all. “Morning, Theo” she said with a smile. He handed her a cup of coffee and she muttered ‘thanks’.

“What are we doing today?” He was asking while opening the door for her. Hermione stepped in, took her place at the desk and pulled out the stack of parchment, books and notes on the project they were working on for so long now. They were almost done, a month or so would be needed and they would be finally done. The elves would have their rights.

“The usual. Elves. Now come here and get to work!”

“Bossy.”

“Said like we haven’t worked together for the past few years.” He sat and they got on their task. Hours passed, by noon Granger felt exhausted.

Gin stepped in the office and dragged them both out of it for lunch and a little break since neither Theodore, nor Hermione gave something up until it was done. “You two really need a break. Come with me.” Interesting but it wasn’t a request it was a clear command. When the three were in the restaurant she and Nott started talking about the task.

“So, do you have much work left with the project?”

“No, not much” answered he.

“We are a few deals, a little paperwork and a fundraising ball away from it. Maybe a month or so more.” The witch filled. Ginny was happy about it.

“How little paperwork does she mean?” skepticism in the redhead’s voice. She looked at Theo who was eating his pasta. “This time she’s not bluffing, it’s not much.”

Hermione gasped. “You don’t trust me. I feel so offended right now.” They all laughed. Ginny was considering something; she didn’t eat – just played with the food on her plate and looked down. Hermione was concerned about her friend. Did she has a new boyfriend for whom she refused to tell her about? She smiled to herself at that thought. Deciding that she was going to ask her she opened her mouth to speak but Ginny was faster.

“I talked to Ronald.” She felt uncomfortable in the mentioning of his name, her shoulders fell and she leaned into the chair, listening to her. Theo looked up, concern in his eyes. He knew what had happened and why they had broken up, and since they were friend he had found out that something was wrong with her the moment she stepped in the office. Even if they were not friends at school they got to know each other perfectly well at work. With each day he wasn’t like a book which was written in a language that Hermione didn’t understand and was trying to read upside down; each furrow of the brow meant something and she knew what, and just as she knew him, he knew her. When no one spoke Ginny continued “I talked to him and... I said that nothing of what he did was right no matter of the circumstances and that he owns you an apology.” The woman was fidgeting with her hands.

“I don’t need his apology, Gin.” Hermione said softly.

“I know. But he is really sorry for what he did. Don’t get me wrong I’m not defending him in any way, just... he asked me to inform you that he is not in the flat so you can go back there, if you want.”

“Okay. Thank you, Ginny!” She excused herself to the loo. When she was close to the table she heard Malfoy’s name being mentioned, the moment they realize she was there they went quiet. They paid and she and Theo went back to the Ministry, to finish for the day.

Once the curly haired witch was out of earshot Theo began with his questions. Knowing her both of them had no more than five minutes.

“You saw that last night? Tell me you did.” Ginny barely hold her laugh.

“Yep. You know something I don’t, don’t you?”



“Of course I do. I know plenty of things you don’t, Ginevra.” A smirk displayed on the man’s mouth. She rolled her eyes and made a gesture for him to speak then another, taping on her wrist symbolizing that they don’t have time for this. “Well, one night he came to me after the first time he saw her at the pub. There may be something but I’m not really sure. But... that particular night he asked me a lot of questions about her and when he find out we work together was close to reach for his anger.” Ginny laughed and murmured “oh God.” Then he continued “I don’t know. We can’t be sure until we get anything to tie to him or her. Keeping in mind everything from last night...”

“To be honest I didn’t expect this to happen for obvious reasons but not only them. I mean they have seen each other in the pub by accident and she... oh shit, she mentioned – I don’t know if it was by accident, or not, that she saw him in a muggle hotel the night after her fight with my brother.”

“I guess we’ll see. We just have to watch them closely. Blaise knows, I assume.” She nodded and saw Hermione coming. Then mouthed back to the wizard, ‘Pansy?’ and he nodded in confirmation. “Okay I may talk to her” after that nothing more regarding the subject was brought up. They paid and left. Them to work and she to Hogwarts, to see Zabini.

Entering her former classroom she saw Blaise sitting on his desk, rating the student’s essays. He spared her a glance and then got back to his work, a smirk forming on the corner of his lips. “I feel personally offended, you git!”

“Piss off. I have work to do” he said with a laugh, she laughed along with him. Ginny came closer to the desk with quick steps and took place behind him. “I brought you something to eat. I see you don’t have much time, and I certainly don’t want for you to be flesh and bone” she eyed him up and down, not that there was much to see, after all robes and everything.

“Funny, Gin. Now, what are you on about?” He knew her far too well, to know that she hasn’t come to Hogwarts just for lunch.

“Well... you were there last night and you saw everything, all the looks and others. I was with Theo and Hermione until a little earlier and got to talk with Theo in private. I mean we all were there and we witnessed everything, the worst is that they think we are perhaps blind, I don’t know!” She chuckled, then continued. “A question, has he talked to you about anything?”

“I’m in for whatever you all are up to and to answer your question no. But, I support as long as he does not come to complain about every single thing to me. Now, myself has a question.” The essays long forgotten lay on the desk.

“Ask then.”

“What are you planning on doing for start? I mean they’re both stubborn and you’re perfectly aware of this. Even if they do have feeling or anything they’re gonna deny it until the end.”

“You will mostly see. But for the beginning, I’m planning on a girls’ night somewhere where you three may be by accident and some stuff may also happen” she smirked “I know he’s the jealous type and he’s protective as well. Before you say anything, I’ve seen him our school

years with Pans and even his mother if you want. His name rather suits him, I'm sure you know by now." She winked "You're smart, put the pieces together." With a kiss on top of his head she left.

"I saw Ginevra leaving. What did she want?" Draco was now in attendance.

"Just lunch."

"Pansy, where the fuck are you?" The redhead woman was in her apartment, shouting.

"Merlin, there is no need for you to shout like this. I'm on the balcony. Come here!" She hurried to her and sat in the chair next to the witch.

"Sooo, speak up!"

Weasley's look was devilish. "About yesterday's ogling in the pub, you know. I'm not explaining it again, Theo confirmed that you are aware of what I'm saying. I have a plan for bringing those stubborn idiots together." Pansy was immediately interested in the conversation, stopped whatever she was doing, her eyes on Ginny in this moment.

"You have my full attention now. I'm listening."

"The three of us are going to a bar, the boys will be there but we are going to pretend that we didn't know and went there by accident. I'm going to tell them where to sit, so we won't be able to see them, or at least Hermione won't be able to. Some idiots may come to us with offer for drinks and like always a bit too flirty. We are all familiar with Draco's jealousy and protectiveness plus neither Theo, or Blaise would let them stay around us for long. This... will be the beginning of all."

"Did you even take a breath? Also, how are you sure that the group of men will come to us?" Of course she had questions.

"Trust me I've arranged every bit of it. We just have to inform your boyfriend and we are done."

"And Granger?"

"I am handling that."

"Okay, you aren't going to hear me complaining about it."

Before she leave Ginny had to ask Pansy something. After all she was a woman, not that she didn't trust Blaise's judgment, or Theo's, or hers but Pansy had dated him years before, she would know from experience. "Pansy, do you think that there is something to work on. I mean, not just for us to try and there to be nothing, like attempting to brew potion without the ingredients."

"First, dull comparison. Second, I know that he has had some sort of feelings for her for a long time. I can recall around the time when we broke up but maybe it was even earlier." Parkinson sighed. "He may deny it but Draco is like that, he's not good at impressing his

feelings – that’s how he was thought, not only him every one of us. Third and last, I saw his look last night, I know it, I recognize it. His posture literally spoke.” She turned back to Ginny and finished. “The answer of your question is yes there is something to work on. The real question is, is there with her? I don’t want him to end up hurt; I swear I’ll kill her if she hurts him. He’s my best friend and the one who saved me from my mother, not lying I owe him my life.” Godric she was sincere, the girl was close to tears.

“Not so far, calm down!” She said, standing from the chair and pulled Pansy in for a hug. After Pansy calmed her nerves she continued. “I can assure you that even if she was with Ronald for many years, she had something she couldn’t really process towards your savior” they chuckled “And she’s the type of person that when she can’t understand something or someone she acts strangely, cold, aggressively even.” Memories of Draco walking around the castle with bloody nose, from Harry’s perspective came in mind and on top of that – her proud expression. “I think she does have feelings for him. She never acted on it, or told anyone because everybody of her friend would have told her that she’s insane and to go to Pomfrey. Also with his previous believes he would, with no doubt, have called her insane as well so, yes. Not to forget my chat with Hermione, neither last night.”

“God! How can they be so fucking stubborn?” Pansy muttered loud enough for Ginny to hear.

“It’s the way they are.” Then she left.

Hermione and Theodore had just finished for the day when he invited her for tea at his house. Since there was nothing to do she accepted.

They were talking about the project and many other topics between them when a sound from where the floo is came. Guess what, our blond boy was here, such a surprise.

“Am I interrupting something important?” His voice echoed into the tall room. Malfoy was still dressed with his Hogwarts robes, the sleeves were rolled up, bare forearms on display, no Dark Mark to be seen. Hermione supposed, that it has been glamourised.

“I thought you were smarter than that.”

Nott chuckled, the next moment he stood next to Malfoy and leaned closer to tell him something ostensibly quiet ‘jealous mate?’

“Don’t be so fond of yourself, Nott.” His arms were crossed in front of his chest.

“Wanna join?” The brunette’s voice came.

“No, I can’t. I came here to get something that I have forgotten. Plus I have class after” Draco checked the watch on his left wrist “five minutes. Maybe next time.” He nodded and left.

Since Ron had left her apartment she was finally ready to go back. When Hermione departed from Theo’s manor the woman went to the place she had temporarily stayed, gathered her belongings and took on the way back to home.

When she stepped in she found everything was now clean, no reminder of the fight three nights ago, as well with a letter on the kitchen table. It was piece of parchment folded carefully in two. There wasn't much written on it – just an apology and that she can talk to him, if she ever wants to. Sure the apology was sincere, but she wasn't persuaded that she'll forgive him this fast. Hermione had never expected such a thing from Ron; however he was never good in controlling his temper.

She put back her things on their places, then went to the living room and settled on the couch with book in hand. No longer than fifteen, or twenty minutes passed and the floo came to life. She closed the volume and put it aside. Turning her head, the curly haired witch found someone really surprising – Pansy Parkinson.

“Granger, I and Ginny have a surprise for your ass, so get up! We are going shopping.” That was direct, just the way Pansy was.

“What are you two up to now?”

“You'll find out very soon.” The witch smirked. Fucking Slytherins and their smirks. Godric this is going to be either perfect, or catastrophe. She hoped for the first, but...

## Chapter End Notes

Hello my friends!

I hope you're doing well and being save!

I'm so sorry for my absence but here I am now finally. Remember the one-shot I told you all in the previous chapter? It's up now, go and check it, please mind the tags!

If you have questions or just want to talk to someone you can find me on twitter – @yanitaag\_.

Kudos and comments are always appreciated. I love seeing that people are actually reading something I wrote even if it isn't really good. I'm still working on my abilities, keeping In mind that English isn't my native language.

Love you all and have a wonderful morning/afternoon/evening! <3

# Chapter Four

## Chapter Notes

Enjoy your reading! :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

7<sup>th</sup> of May, 2003

The morning was chilly for this time of the year.

There were thick clouds on the early, grey sky; *perhaps it would rain*, he thought.

Such pleasant days were the rainy days. When he was a child Draco had never liked them, he was prohibited to go outside and play due to the mud and the puddles in the backyard. Now they were his favourite. The wizard saw them like a metaphor for purification, new beginning, something he could never have because of all the stupid decisions, made by him years ago.

Or he could, if he was able to forget and forgive to himself... but no. Images of all innocent people killed and tortured by his side flew through his mind. Their faces, full with plead, with agony in their eyes, most of them begging to be killed sooner, to be spared from all of this already.

He had to let it go at some point; no one would be able to live with the burden of it a whole life. Now was not the time for it. Most of it was gone but it was still there – reminding him, daily.

Every now and then Draco would find himself in bed, sweating, panting, and fighting to catch a breath. *Nightmares, nightmares, nightmares*. Even now after more than five years he had them. The sessions with therapist didn't help much either.

Today the white-blond man had an arranged morning tea with Narcissa in the bloody manor. Having plenty of time, he decided to take a long shower to clear his consciousness from today's enjoyable dream.

There was no surprise that it had been about *her* torture in the manor. By this time he had it *memorized*, every minute, every second, every scream and whimper, every movement. He just stood there, doing nothing, not even able to turn aside. She was looking at him.

What he would do only to go back then and spare her from this? He didn't even know. *Everything*, he thought.

Hours passed, and it was time to go meet with his lovely mother.

...

“Hello, my dear!” She expected him in the chair, in the room where one of the flooes were with a service of tea and breakfast. She stepped closer to her son, and took him in her embrace. Draco hugged his mother as well, then kissed her cheek.

“Hello, mother! How have you been doing?” The smile never disappeared.

“I’ve been doing well, how about you, Draco?”

“Well enough.” A lie.

This time at least wasn’t a ‘small talk’ about some marriage contract with a pureblood witch. He thought that she had finally given up on this, but knowing her, she hadn’t.

She was an observing woman, that much was evident, Narcissa was well aware about when to speak on a certain topic and when to not.

They ate breakfast in the dining room and then had tea on the balcony. Time passed faster than he assumed it would, and he had to go because of his morning classes.

No longer than five minutes later he was standing outside of Hogwarts in his teacher robes on, Dark Mark glamoured, glasses resting on his nose. When he entered the classroom the students were already seated, waiting for him and talking to each other in hushed tones.

“Good morning, students!” He announced his presence. All heads were now up, attention on him, the children knew that he would always leave them be once they were done with their work. It was kind of his present towards them. But when the class was working it was only silence, the only things audible were the potions in process of brewing, and if someone had a question.

“Today we will be discussing brewing The Wolfsbane Potion. It is very useful but complex one, it’s good to have one in hand even if you, yourself is in no need for it. It relieves but doesn’t cure the symptoms of lycanthropy, or also known as werewolfry. The main ingredient is obviously wolfsbane – also referred to as Aconite or Monkshood, so don’t get surprised or confused when you see these words in books.” The children watched and nodded, taking notes.

He leaned against his desk and continued, “This is incredibly dangerous potion if brewed incorrectly concocted, since Aconite is a very poisonous plant. If you ever purchase it, make sure to be from someone which skills are proven, do not go to someone because it was just easier or cheaper. I’m here and it is my obligation to inform you that you all are welcome to come and ask me for some. Any questions?” He took a look at everyone.

A Gryffindor girl with curly hair raised her hand. She looked so much like Granger used when this age. He nodded urging her to speak. “How is one supposed to take it?”

“The way one must imbibe it is strict and different from the others. Every day, for a week straight preceding full moon. They must be cautious not to miss a dosage because it can, no,

would render it ineffective.” He explained shortly.

A Slytherin boy raised his hand. “How should a correctly brewed potion look like?”

“A complete potion exudes light blue smoke and according to werewolves it should taste *disgusting*. The adding of an ingredient to change the taste would lead nowhere else but to a failed potion. I’ll demonstrate today, so you’ll see.”

A Gryffindor boy raised a hand now and the professor let him speak. “What are the effects of it, besides the obvious one?”

“Like I said earlier it does not cure lycanthropy it can only ease the symptoms. It allows them to hold onto their mental faculties after transformation, which is impossible otherwise. It renders the beast to a sleepy, calm wolf. Usually during the transformation they stay hidden and sleep through it all. Do anyone else have question?”

They didn’t need to answer, the silence was enough. “Okay then. Open your textbooks where you can find more about the founder of the complex potion, then I would demonstrate the brewing process.” The class started on the assigned work.

...

The day passed and Ginny stormed into Hermione’s kitchen after the long day of work. “We are all going out tonight, maybe for drinks, and you are coming. You are well aware of that I do not take no for answer. Wear something sexy and meet me at my place at ten!” Without having a chance to respond, the ginger was already running for the floo.

Hermione smiled to herself, standing frozen on the spot. She had nothing else to do in the late afternoon so she decided to take the time for rest. But that wasn’t what Theodore had decided for her.

The woman forgot to lock the floo behind Ginny and that lent a free passage for whoever decided to visit her.

“Hermione, is it okay if I come in? Where are you?” Theo’s voice came from the living room, louder than usual. She didn’t hear more steps, he was waiting for response.

“Yes, Theo, it’s okay. I’m in the kitchen, what’s up.” Hermione yelled and Theo rushed into the room.

“Did something happen,” she questioned when she saw him, the man was still in his work robes and his hair was messy.

“I know we just got out of work but I had to ask you something regarding the project.”

“Okay, I’m listening. Oh, by the way do you want some tea; I was just going to make some for me.”

“Yes, please.”

She prepared tea for both of them, and sat next to him to discuss whatever he was here to talk about. It came out being a small mistake that they had to correct.

“We’ll see you tonight, won’t we?” The tall man asked before he departed.

“Oh, yes. Ginny told me just before you came to talk for the project. Godric, she’s so stubborn!” Hermione exclaimed.

“What do you want? She’s friends with you after all.” He said playfully, and then smirked. She smacked his upper arm and glared at him. It wasn’t really intimidating since the height difference but still Hermione had to try.

Theo disappeared into the green flames and she went back to her original plan to rest. She still had plenty of time, it was nearing five p.m. She would go for a quick nap, take a shower after that, get ready and head to Ginny’s. The witch changed into a pair of comfy pyjamas and threw herself onto the bed under the covers. She had been so tired that she fell asleep almost as fast as her head touched the pillow.

She woke after around three hours; the nap wasn’t as short as she supposed it would be but at least she had the energy.

Hermione got into the shower, and used all the time she had. By the time the witch was out it was nearly half past nine. Thankful that magic exists she drained her hair with a spell, put light make up and a black, elegant dress for their night out. It was a dress that Ginny would approve of. Just as the clock struck ten she took the lead to the floo and called for Ginny’s address.

When Hermione arrived, she saw Ginny wearing a beautiful red dress covered with lace, not too long, nor short. Blaise emerged from the bedroom wearing a black suit with... red cufflinks.

“You both look gorgeous!” She complimented them.

“You too, Hermione,” Blaise retorted.

“Thank you. Though, I have one question. Couldn’t I have just waited for you outside the pub?”

“Usually, yes. But tonight we’re going to another location,” Ginny informed her. “We’re having drinks, yes, but at another place this time.”

They apparated in front of a bar on Diagon Alley, at quarter past ten. Theo, Pansy and Draco were already there, waiting for them to enter together.

“What are we doing tonight?” Hermione asked.

“Game night,” said Theo.

They played and drank a few rounds and the subject about Andromeda and her grandchild came up between her and Ginny. Remembering that the older woman was one of Draco’s



aunts, she turned to him.

“Malfoy?” He turned around, facing her.

“I and Ginny were talking about two of your relatives and I have an offer for you... of course if you’d like.” *At least* he was listening.

“Speak up, Granger,” his tone was the one he used to tease her back at school, the one she hated. Hermione almost rolled her eyes at him, almost.

“It’s about your aunt Andromeda and her grandson.” Hermione waited for a reaction but none came. “Would you like to meet with her? When I was with her once, I mentioned that I had seen you and she appeared interested. So, if you want to, I can arrange something.”

His face remained neutral, he was thinking; the others left them converse and continued with their games.

“I would like to meet her, if it’s not a problem for her,” was the response she got.

“Perfect. Does the 13<sup>th</sup> work for you?”

“Yes.”

“Okay, I’ll talk to her then.” The night continued on.

Draco and she talked more than they had ever before after the first conversation. The topics were different.

9<sup>th</sup> – 10<sup>th</sup> May, 2003

It was late in the afternoon when Pansy flooded to Ginny’s. Stepping through the floo, she found the woman getting ready in the living room.

“Hello my dearest friend,” at her words the ginger began laughing hysterically. Weasley stood from the armchair she was occupying seconds before, and walked towards her newfound friend. Pansy accepted the friendly embrace, and wrapped her arms around Ginny in return.

“Hello to you, too. What are you doing here?” She returned to the previous activity while Pansy stood there, still haven’t asked her question.

Parkinson made an offended face and gasped, “What, not pleased to see me?”

They shared a laugh.

“I have one question. How do you know that there is going to be someone who will be this pushy for the boys to come and interfere?”

“When I went into the Ministry to drag Theo and Hermione out for lunch, I may have accidently overheard a conversation between McLaggen and Montague about a night in some

club...”

Ginny’s voice grew distant as she neared the end of it and her eyes averted elsewhere.

“Eavesdropping, aren’t we?” The Slytherin teased.

“No, it was by *accident*. Though, I’m not denying the fact that if I had to, I would’ve.” The redhead retorted after a few moments had passed. Pansy nodded in understanding.

“Fine I’ll be going then. I have to do Granger’s and my make up so I’m leaving you be... for now.”

Saying their goodbyes she left for her flat.

She got ready. After about two hours she flooded to Hermione’s, the Gryffindor was in her bedroom when she walked in. She was surprised that Granger was already in the dress she had picked a few days prior.

The arrangements about what the curly haired witch wanted were done and Pansy began working. When she was done she went back to hers and Theo’s flat to ‘finish some things’, before doing so, the Gryffindor was informed that she would be waiting in her flat for her and Ginny.

...

Ginny stood in Theo’s living room looking for him.

“Theodore, where are you? I need to tell you something before you three go!” The woman shouted.

Pansy stepped out of their bedroom. “And here you are again, shouting.”

“Good, you’re here and ready. Where’s your boyfriend? I have to tell him about their places.”

The other woman remained on the spot, and pointed to the bedroom down the hall. Ginny gave a questioning look, Pansy nodded. The redhead took on the way to the bedroom, leaving her behind.

She knocked on the closed door.

“Come in,” called the man.

She stepped in, “We all know how the club looks. Me, Pans and Hermione will be at the bar for most of the time. In case for her to not be able to see the three of you, you’ll be in the back.”

“Understood. By the way, you look amazing, Gin!”

“You too, Nott.” They smiled at each other. “We are leaving. Bye.”

The Gryffindor and the Slytherin departed for Granger's home.

...

They stepped into the club, colourful lights lit the place. They changed from dark green, to blue, to purple, then red, and many others. Confetti was covering the ground, reflecting the light.

The sequins on the backless dress Pansy had chosen sparkled under the lights, changing colours along with them. All eyes were on the trio.

The dark haired witch had insisted on doing her makeup and hair. Knowing that she just like Ginny won't take no for answer, she let her.

Her mane was let falling freely on her shoulders, but was charmed with something to maintain it in place for the whole night. The curls were arranged every in its perfect position, although still looking naturally like nothing had been put on.

The makeup wasn't something too much for her. Pansy had kept her preferences in mind and worked so it would suit her wants.

She and Pansy continued forward to their table close to the bar but Ginny stayed behind, her eyes on something, or rather someone. She dismissed the thought and let it fly by.

When the ginger returned to them she didn't make a comment. She might have seen someone she knew, but Hermione didn't saw anyone familiar, perhaps she had overlooked... she knew they had some plan in mind... get her drunk, she suggested to herself.

...

The three of them made their way into the club. As planned, Ginny spotted the boys in the back of it, but Hermione wasn't able to see them just as it was supposed to be. She locked eyes with her boyfriend; he nodded in greeting, informing her that he had seen them. Blaise nudged Theo, his head snapped up and he nodded as well. Hermione and Pansy had already made their way to their table. Ginny caught up with her friends and asked what they'll be drinking.

Ginny went to the bar and ordered, returning with a martini for Pansy, mojito for herself and Mione. She sat in front of them.

"So that was your grandiose plan, girls. To be honest, I expected more!" Hermione stated, and glanced at both her friends.

They shared a look, a million words were passed between them, and then their focus returned back to the curly haired witch.

"Mostly, yeah." This was the answer she got from Pansy. The brunette faced the ginger; she just smiled, and sipped at her drink. Hermione did the same.

A few rounds had passed, usually she didn't let herself drink this much but she could manage more.

Her head started spinning a bit, objects blurring or mixing. The colours were making her feel even dizzier. Thankfully Ginny was better for first and for second her feet were still able to carry her.

"I need to refresh myself, I'll be back in a minute."

She excused herself and went to the bathroom. Locking the door behind her, she let the sink run for a few seconds. Looking in the mirror she put her hands under the water and splashed a little bit on her face. Hermione felt better immediately, seeing that some of her lipstick had disappeared she reapplied it. she exited the room and returned to her friends.

"Oh, you're back. Now it's my turn." And with that and a glance to Ginevra, Pans was gone. There was something she was missing or it was just the alcohol playing tricks on her.

"Mione let's go and get one last drink while she's gone." The redhead suggested.

"Gin, I don't think I can consume any more alcohol than I already have. I'm feeling dizzy and weightless now, what with one more?"

"Oh come on!" Ginny nudged her in the ribs and she started giggling. And once again she didn't take no for answer.

"Shouldn't we wait for Pansy?" Hermione asked.

"Before she went to the bathroom, I told her where to find us." Gin reassured her.

They stood and went to the bar, clutching each other's arms for support. If someone paid attention to them they'd say that these two were pretty drunk.

Ginny ordered for her and Pansy, and Hermione ordered for herself.

There were two men, the one of whom they knew well enough, and the other a former Slytherin for what the women were aware of, that came to them. Her friend looked at some direction and nodded, *but for what?*

"Good evening, Weasley, Granger." Cormac McLaggen greeted, his voice playful. *How is he so bloody dumb?*

He'd been chasing her around since Hogwarts; *didn't he get the hint already?* The women looked at them with irritation in their eyes. "Oh, I forgot to introduce you to my new friend Gr-" someone cut him off.

Pansy had returned.

"*Graham Montague*. Slytherin. A year above us." Pansy finished for him. And her last words were directed towards the brunette.

He extended his hand and she took it. “Nice to meet you,” the Slytherin said.

“Nice to meet you, too,” the Gryffindor said, returning the polite gesture. The same happened with the younger witch.

She was looking somewhere in the distance at time to time. Hermione noticed she did it far too often tonight.

“What would you say for a drink,” began Cormac.

“No, thank you. We have our own.” Granger dismissed him.

He took a long stride towards her, cutting the distance between them short. McLaggen’s hand was under her elbow, Hermione tried to shove him off but his grasp tightened.

“Cormac let go of me, now!” She warned.

“Why is that, princess? Shove the attitude aside,” the calmness in his voice made her even angrier. She tried to pull herself free one more time and saw that Montague had his hands on both Ginny and Pansy.

It was this moment when she saw three male figures approaching them. She made out the face of Malfoy, his white-blond hair distinguishing from anyone else’s; his eyes appeared to be darker than usual, he was in the front – leading them. Behind him was pacing Theo, his hand resting on the pocket where his wand stayed. Blaise, Blaise was in the back, caring his wand.

Draco stepped beside her, and looked her in the eyes, asking for permission. For what, she couldn’t understand but Hermione gave it anyways. He caught her free arm in his enormous hand. His eyes locked with Cormac’s, the other man withdrew his hand from her slowly.

“I believe that she told you to let go of her, or are you deaf?” Hermione’s eyes widened, Malfoy on her rescue. If she wasn’t drunk, she wouldn’t have let any of this to happen but she certainly was. Her legs started to give out. The blonde readjusted his grip on her, and one of his hands came around her waist to steady her, the other still gripping her arm.

“Calm down, Malfoy! We were just talki–” McLaggen began but he was cut off once more, this time by Draco.

“Get the fuck out of my sight before I hex you, or worse!”

He warned, venom dripping from his voice. She saw Blaise’s hand come in touch with Draco’s shoulder.

“Draco, don’t!” The dark wizard whispered.

Her head turned around and she set eyes on Gin and Pansy who were with their boyfriends. Their former classmates retired and the *now* six of them walked out of the club. It was late, too late.

“I’m getting her home.” Blaise told to both his friends, then he apparated back to the flat.

“I’m doing the same, Malfoy. Do you need help with Hermione?” Theo asked softly, carrying Pansy in his arms.

“No, just tell me her address. I’d get her there.” The dark haired wizard raised an eyebrow.

“I’m serious, Nott.”

“Okay, okay. Take her to–” That was all she heard as her consciousness slipped away and she was limp in Malfoy’s arms.

...

The men had had a few drinks when Draco spotted Granger with the she-Weasley. They were at the bar and Montague was there with McLaggen. He saw Cormac talking to his former classmate, and didn’t pay much attention to it, until he caught a sight of his hand clutching her elbow while she was trying to slip away – gently, not drawing much attention to her movements.

Pansy had slipped into the picture a while ago. Montague tried to get a hold of her then the Weasley girl but she got away for a moment.

“Theo, Blaise, aren’t these women over there your girlfriends with Granger?” Malfoy asked, turning over to his group, already knowing the answer.

The boys shared a look. Theo’s face reddened with anger after seeing another’s man hands on Pansy.

Draco was more than furious, and the worst was that he didn’t know why, he was sure he *didn’t have* feelings for Granger. It was just that, no man should ever touch a woman like this, especially when she has had too many drinks.

And the girls were clearly intoxicated.

Not wasting more time they got up, he in the front, followed by Theo, then Blaise. The men behind clutched their wands at the ready. He was pacing, once he got to her, he occupied the space beside Hermione and looked into her honey brown eyes – asking permission. Granger appeared confused but nodded nonetheless. He took her other arm in his. She was so tiny; hers almost disappeared entirely in his. He locked eyes with McLaggen and the man released her arm slowly.

“I believe that she told you to let go of her, or are you deaf?” His anger was dripping from his voice, back straighter than normal, making him look even taller though it wasn’t necessary; the Malfoy heir was already four inches upon the bloke.

Her eyes widened, surprise took over her features. Her legs shook and he readjusted his grip on her, his other hand went to her waist, careful not to touch her too low, keeping her upright.

McLaggen continued with his shit that they were just talking.

“Get the fuck out off my sight before I hex you, or worse!” He spat the warning through gritted teeth. Blaise’s hand came in touch with his shoulder, and two words were whispered.

“Draco, don’t!”

The new duo retired and the six of them headed out. The other two with their girls in hand, and he with Granger.

They said that they’re taking them home. Blaise apparated. She was laying limb in Malfoy’s hands not long before Theo told him her address. He picked her the bridal style and apparated with her just as Nott vanished into thin air.

He stood in front of the door; the wards were crashed pretty easily, and entrance was allowed. The blonde placed her in the bed and covered her exhausted body, after that he placed a pepper-up potion, a sobering potion and a glass of water on the night stand.

It was three in the morning almost four; he didn’t want to leave her so he went to the kitchen, drank some water, drained a sobering potion and went to the balcony for some fresh air. It was obvious that sleep would not come naturally but he didn’t want to indulge in any more potions.

In the late morning he had gone to the manor for an outfit change. Wearing a black cotton t-shirt and black sweatpants he stepped through the floo and went to the living room, waiting for her to wake up.

After another hour, it was almost noon; she woke up and emerged from the bedroom in an oversized t-shirt and shorts. Her top was covering her legs almost to the knees, hair a mess but she looked freshened, not a trail of hungover.

“Good morning,” she said while rubbing at her eyes.

“Good morning, Granger.”

Hermione stepped into the kitchen and began preparing herself a coffee.

“Do you want one?” She questioned, after putting the kettle on.

“No. I think I should go, just wanted to make sure you were alright, when you wake up.” Draco said, he moved to stand up and leave but she put a small hand on his shoulder.

“I’d like for you to stay,” she stated confidently. Draco’s pale brow rose and she fidgeted with her fingers “I mean, if you want to.”

“Since you asked so nicely, Granger.” He teased, and the woman chuckled.

“Have you slept at all?”

“No, I couldn’t.” The man admitted.

The coffee was ready and she went to the balcony, calling for him. It felt nice to see a woman like Granger in the morning or in this case at noon, he could almost picture it.

“I’m really sorry if I caused you any-“ He cut her off.

“It was no problem, Granger. Don’t worry.”

“Well, thank you,” sipping at her coffee, the sleepy witch continued, “knowing the others one of them would definitely come by today.”

“No chance for it to be Pansy. She will be in such a mood after so much alcohol; she will be sleeping until late afternoon. Theo would not leave her and that leaves us with Blaise and Ginny. I’d say both.”

She nodded her agreement.

Not even five minutes after what he had said, the floo came to life and Ginny and Blaise stepped through it – still wearing pyjamas.

The she-Weasel shouted her good morning and Hermione called. The ginger ran to the balcony, her boyfriend behind her.

“Good morning, guys.” They returned the greeting.

“Malfoy, what are you doing here?” The wizard asked suspicious.

“Making sure she was alright,” said Draco.

Blaise asked him to come inside for a moment; they excused themselves and left the women alone. The men went to the living room and closed the door behind.

“Malfoy,” he warned.

“Are you actually insane? *I* didn’t question *you* when you started dating Ginny, but to even suspect *me* in taking advantage of a woman...” he trailed off.

“First I didn’t. Second everyone knows about your *little* crush.” He defended himself. *Except her*, was murmured quietly.

“*What?* When?” Blaise chuckled.

“So you admit.”

“Oh, fuck off.” Draco punched Zabini’s arm lightly and he laughed.



Hello friends!

I really hope you're all doing well. By this time I think everyone – including myself – know that I suck at updating. By the way, this is the longest chapter I've written for this fic, thus far.

I also want to mention that I'm working on a new project but I don't know when I'm going to post it.

If you have questions or just want to talk to someone, you can find me on twitter – @athenaswisdom\_

Kudos and comments are always appreciated. I love seeing that people are actually reading something I wrote even if it isn't really good. I'm still working on my abilities, keeping in mind that English isn't my native language.

Love you all and have a wonderful morning/afternoon/evening! <33

The information about the wolfsbane potion is from google!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!