Missed Opportunities and Predictable Behavior

by SlytherinHermione

Summary

Hermione and Draco (and the rest of the gang) attend their five-year Hogwarts reunion. Draco thinks about all the missed opportunities he’s had with the most amazing girl. A girl that had stood up for him at his trial, had become friends with his beloved mother, and had forgiven his sins (oh, and she was beautiful, and hot, and beautiful). Hermione thinks about the predictable behavior she’s been accused of by her friends, and her ex-boyfriend. She thinks of a plot filled with unpredictability and recklessness, all filled in one night (hey, might as well get it all out of your system at once). Missed opportunities and predictable behavior, two ingredients that come together and make a hot mix.

A few snippets of opportunities and behavior that crescendos into a collision of two unlikely (but really, we all saw it coming) lovers.

Their happiness will shine all over the world, creating Utopia (not for real though, more like just for the two of them).

Notes

This is my first multi-chap fic! It's been sitting first in my head, then on my computer for a long while. Now I'm forcing myself to post the first part in an attempt to get it all out before the turn of the decade (Yikes!). I have no Alpha, and no Beta - although I would love me some! So all mistakes are mine. Please feel free to leave a comment if you see any blatant "ouch my eyes and brain hurt"-types of mistakes!
Much love to anyone who ventures into my little corner, and please enjoy this little piece of fluff (and eventual smut).

Disclaimer: All characters belong to J.K Rowling.
You are cordially invited to the Fifth Year Reunion at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

Prepare for a night of Glamour and Elegance.

Saturday August Tenth

Hermione was both excited and nervous as she read the invite for what seemed to be the fifteenth time. Oddly enough, both feelings brought butterflies to her stomach, albeit they seemed to be from different sides of the pond and were at war with each other. Ugh, she felt like she was about to hurl out her very light lunch from earlier. She was a grown woman damn it, she should be over the nervousness that came with the unknown and unpredictable!

Unpredictability.

She hated that word. Well, not the whole word. Or the meaning of it. More like, just the tail end of that word. The ‘predictable’ part.

That was what Ron had told her when they had broken up.

“Hermione, our relationship has just become so predictable! You live for work”...

_Oookay_.

.."you always have the same unflinching opinions"...

_Wow, big word there_ Ronald.

…"you dress the same constantly"...

_It’s called_ business attire _Ronald._

…"and you never do anything with your hair!"

_Ouch._
His words struck her like a slap to the face. She knew that they were over long before the breakup, and she had been dreading and planning to have the talk with him about ending their relationship (which really could be classified more of an intimate friendship) but when he had beat her to the punch with such a bulls-eye psychoanalysis, she had seen red and laid it pretty thick on him as well. A lot of ugly truths were said that night, but their friendship had overcome it eventually. Although the words lingered still to this day. She still lay in bed at night, thoughts swirling around in her head, words that she’d heard from Ron, and really from every person she considered being close to her heart – Harry, Ginny, even Neville and Luna had said it dismissively: Hermione, you’re so predictable.

So tomorrow night, at the reunion, she was going to be anything but. She was going to be a wild card, unpredictable to the core. She was going to go against her nature, go with the flow, defy all logic. Who knew, maybe it was going to be exactly what she needed to hurl her into the adventure she craved.

Ginny and Narcissa, (yes Narcissa Malfoy) with whom she had become great friends, were going to help her with clothes, hair, and makeup. After the war, when Harry had spoken at Narcissa’s trial and helped her escape an Azkaban sentence, and both Hermione and Harry had done likewise with Draco Malfoy, she and Narcissa had started meeting for tea every Tuesday at Malfoy Manor. Ginny had started coming along after a while, and the three ladies had become very close friends. Draco Malfoy, or really just Draco now, had slowly become her friend too, the catalyst being when he had crashed their tea party one late Tuesday afternoon. The same afternoon that the three ladies had decided to be extra mischievous and, unbeknownst to Draco, had poured some Green Fairy Absinthe in their teas (many giggles were shared over the Absin-tea they were drinking). Draco had thoroughly enjoyed the uncharacteristically delicious tea (he was more of a coffee drinker when afternoon came around), had gotten very drunk and honest, and had apologized to the “beautiful Hermione, so brilliant!” many times for everything he’d done. Yes, Draco Malfoy was just Draco now, and he was an amazing man, and a very dear friend indeed.

Draco Malfoy considered himself the luckiest unlucky man in the whole of Wizarding Britain. He had been a straight-out little shit when he was younger, then, - being handed an impossible task, he had struggled so much with it, that he had been shaken to core. Being raised to believe in a certain way of life, only to start seeing it for how wrong it was just when all options of freedom of choice had been taken away from him. He was lucky that his cowardice had stopped him from doing anything really stupid, allowing him to eventually get to that freedom of choice when he had been exonerated from his crimes, very much thanks to Harry Potter and Hermione Granger.

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Hermione Granger.

After his trial and his freedom, he had started to see her in a different light. She had started coming over for tea every Tuesday, getting together with his mother and the youngest female Weasley, now known as Potter. Every time he saw Hermione, he was struck with how beautiful she was. What he had previously seen as a rat’s nest for hair, he now saw as beautiful and unique curly hair that had life to it, much like the wonderful creature whose head it was attached to. Her intelligence shone through in every debate they’d had before the three ladies usually shooed him out of the tea parlor. Her eyes blazed and held him captive every time she patiently listened to him when he was making his point of view in whatever they were disagreeing on this time. He actually didn’t disagree with her that much at all, but he loved their dynamic so much that he couldn’t help but to play the devil’s advocate nearly every time.

One fateful Tuesday (which he now refers to as The Turning of the Fairies Dance) he had come to
the realization that he fancied Hermione Granger very much, and in his bad luck of drunken confessions, their comfortable companionship had become a close friendship. Yes, a very lucky unlucky bastard he was indeed. Since that night, he had tried to get closer to Hermione, flirting with her, trying to gauge how she felt about him, but at every turn he had been stopped in his attempts, either by silly things such as an owl swooping in with an emergency at The Ministry where she worked, or Ginny stubbing her toe on an antique boudeuse sofa in the large tea parlor.

He had amassed countless missed opportunities to get her attention, and to make her see that their friendship was meant to become more, but tomorrow night was going to be the turning point. As he read the invitation to the fifth-year reunion at Hogwarts for the fifteenth time, he felt the warring feelings of nervousness and excitement building up in his stomach. There would be no more missed opportunities for Draco Malfoy. Come tomorrow, his dear friend Hermione would simply become - his.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Giving you the second chapter right away - although there is no Dramione interaction yet... This chapter is just a little snippet into the beautiful friendship that exists between Hermione and Harry, and it also gives a little insight into Harry’s life. Although it is a multi-chap story, the chapters won’t be that long. I also wanted to warn readers that I use a lot of parentheses in this story since that is what it was asking for. It’s meant to be a humorous piece :)

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The day of the reunion had arrived, both Hermione and Draco waking up in their respective beds, on opposite sides of town, but with the exact same feeling in their stomach. Their butterflies were stretching out in preparation for the events that were about to turn the tides.

Harry and Hermione had decided to meet for brunch at a quaint little café not far from the entrance to the Wizarding World. Both of them had moments like this, especially when big things were occurring in their lives, - such as the upcoming visit to Hogwarts where all of their friends and acquaintances would meet again. This time though, five years of life experience would accompany them. This time, the same look that could be seen in their own eyes, a look that connected this generation in a way few could comprehend, would be seen in a room full of intimate strangers and distant friends.

So once again the moment arrived where Harry and Hermione took a step back, even for just a few hours, into the life they were born into: a life where magic was just a fairy tale.

The two of them were connected in a way that not a lot of people are lucky to ever experience. Having a friend, no family, that understands you completely and accepts you for all of your awes and flaws, was a gift they both cherished. So, they each always sought the other one’s uttermost happiness. Hermione didn’t have too much work to do, since Harry had finally reached a point in life where he was really happy. Him and Ginny had foregone a relationship straight after the war, recognizing the need to be alone, never lonely since they always had each other, but not in a relationship. They wanted to love each other with all that they had, and in order to do that they saw the need to learn how to love themselves first.

Harry had for years felt a worry in his heart and soul – a worry for a whole world that was his inheritance from his parents, that had given him best friends, a family, and a sense of right in the very essence of his being. A world that had given him a missing piece of the puzzle that fell in place the first time he felt the tingle of magic soaring through his little body. After years and years, this worry finally quieted down and stilled. In this peace and quiet, suddenly all sounds, sights, smells and feelings came crashing down on him.

It was a sight to see; Harry Potter - The Boy Who Lived, finally living. He had whooped, and taken off all his clothes, running out starkers into the night, flapping his arms up and down, as if he could take flight. In that moment he had screamed at the top of his lungs, followed by a bellowing laugh when he remembered that he actually could take flight. Summoning his beloved Firebolt
with a wandless Accio, and as it came soaring towards him, he had run alongside it (yes still naked as the day he was born), and jumped on with a practiced ease. He had flown for miles and miles, never feeling the cold, only feeling the freedom.

Luckily no one saw his pale arse soaring through the sky.

Since that moment Harry had lived for himself. He decided to start playing quidditch, with the goal of becoming a coach rather than a professional player. He wanted to help spread the joy of the game with all the young talents. He was still Harry Potter after all, a kind man whose definition of living for oneself was giving happiness to others. Once a martyr, always a martyr.

A year after him and Ginny had gone on their own respective journey of self-discovery, they had met up at the Burrow, where the Weasleys, and all of the remaining fighters in the Order of the Phoenix, had an impromptu gathering. After a meal fit for kings (courtesy of Molly) games, stories, laughs, and some tears, Harry and Ginny found themselves alone by a tree outside of the Burrow. There, in the quiet of the night, they had shared the more intimate details of their respective journeys. Ginny had told Harry in detail of her journey to Egypt where she studied the magic of ancient civilizations, and how she really found her inner peace. At the Tomb of a female Pharaoh, Hatshepsut, she had forgiven herself for her role as a young girl reading a forbidden diary. She told Harry that it was as if the olde magick had soothed her soul, and she was now in a place of immense self-love. Harry never told her of his naked escapades, but they both understood that this was their time. Now they could love each other freely and whole-heartedly.

They had been inseparable from that point on, with a wedding and two children following in their wake as the years took them to this day.

.:.\:. .

“Ginny has been talking non stop about the potions she has to bring to tame your hair tonight”, Harry snickered.

Hermione just rolled her eyes, “Yeah, yeah, my hair is a big mass of curls, but I love them. I will wear them out tonight, bouncing proudly all over the place” she said with a huff and an upturn of her nose.

“Hogwarts won’t know what hit it” Harry laughed.

Hermione tried to keep her haughty look in place, but soon they both were gawking loudly, wiping the tears from their eyes.

“Oh Harry, I love these moments with you” Hermione sighed.

“I know Hermione, me too” Harry said wistfully.

“I’m nervous about tonight though. I want to have fun, I want to be reckless, but I’m feeling these butterflies in my stomach, and I can’t decide if it’s a good or a bad omen” Hermione mused.

Harry knew that he had his work cut out for him, if he was going to make his best friend, his sister, as happy as he was. He knew how Ron’s words had hurt her, even if they were in a somewhat amicable friendship today. Hermione always seemed reserved but yet somehow more reckless when Ron was around. It was what showed Harry that she was more affected than she’d let on, and that everyone’s jokes about her predictable behavior was a sour point in her life. To have someone you’re supposed to trust the most of all tell you that a part of what makes you - You - is the reason that they had stopped loving you. Well, that leaves a wound on the soul that few things can heal.
Harry knew that she was a strong, independent woman – unapologetic in her path forward, a path that was always laced with goodness. Yet she still hadn’t reached that spot of self-love that he had. He didn’t expect her to run naked and fly on a broom (as if!) but he knew that she needed that type of release.

And he knew someone that would give that to her. Who craved to give that to her. After all, Harry Potter did take down the biggest, most evil wizard of all time, and he had gained an impeccable power of deduction. He always heard Ginny talk about her Tuesday teas with Cissa and Hermione, and more often than not, Draco.

“And then Draco just looked at Hermione as if she had turned into a great desert, you know like that look you get when mum makes her treacle tarts” …

(What, with looks of adoration and love? Harry thought)

…”and started laughing, all because she said that she really liked Pansy’s new hair cut”, Ginny bellowed, saying that Draco was the only one that found Hermione that funny.

Harry knew that Draco had gotten that look because he was simply in awe of Hermione’s ability to forgive people, to see the best in them. No matter what Pansy had done, no matter that she was a Slytherin, Hermione saw her for what she was doing now, and for what type of person she was now. Harry was loathe to admit it, but Pansy Parkinson was a (gulp, shudder) good person now.

Harry also saw the look that Hermione would get when she was talking about the latest discussion that she’d had with Draco, where she actually admitted that he was right (sigh).

… “He’s just so good at bringing out his point of view, he makes me consider it from all aspects! Draco said that he will show it next week, but then he came over to my office a couple of days ago and just produced it out of thin air. Draco is so good at wandless magic, I think he might be better than me! He promised to show me this summer how to do it when the sun is in Midsummer zenith” …

Yup, Harry knew how to make his friend happy. He was going to give her a little nudge into the arms of his childhood nemesis. Some might think it reckless, but that same reckless behavior that had pushed him to win the war, subsequently giving them a peaceful world to live in, was once again going to give him an opportunity to get what he wanted - Hermione’s happiness.

Chapter End Notes

The Pharaoh that Ginny mentioned, Hatshepsut, comes from real life. Find out more about her (yep, HER) in this link -
https://www.history.com/topics/ancient-history/hatshepsut
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

I'd like to mention that the lemony bits are written (as well as the epilogue) for this story. I'm working at the in-between parts, which is much more fun than writing essays, executive reports and doing flow charts! Hence another short chapter for you today!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After Harry and Hermione said goodbye following their brunch, Hermione had decided to walk home instead of Apparating.

She always took these opportunities to immerse herself into the quiet musings of her mind as the world around her loudly kept on running. She always pictured herself as an island among a sea of people as she was walking on, some soundtrack playing as if she was in a music video from MTV. Man she loved being a Muggle-born!

Even though Harry had temporarily made her forget about the butterflies, they now started coming to life as her thoughts gravitated toward the night ahead of her. She knew that Ginny was probably already at her flat, setting up all those potions Harry had mentioned, and Cissa was surely popping over soon (as if anything Narcissa Malfoy did could be described as “popping”).

As always (absolutely always), her thoughts eventually came back, and settled on, Draco. Merlin, that man was absolutely gorgeous. Just a couple of Absin-tea-Tuesdays ago, she had finally admitted to herself that she was harboring a crush on him. He simply had a way of bringing out, what she felt was her best self. Some people, when they see them bickering back and forth, might say that they brought out the worst in each other, but Hermione loved their dynamic. She loved how unapologetic she became around him, and how she surprised even herself sometimes in her interactions with him. She always became unpredictable.

With a timid hope, she thought that there was something real between them. Or at least the potential. It seemed to her though as if Draco was just waiting for something.

As her little self-made music video in her mind wrapped up, the thought struck her that it would be a perfect part of her “Unpredictable Scheme”: get Draco Malfoy to bend to her will (mm, maybe literally!).

Aaaand there her thoughts went down their predictable path once again - with Draco’s head between her legs (get a grip Hermione!!).

As she shook those pleasantly dirty thoughts from her head, she hurried her stride since she really didn’t want Ginny to have too much alone-time in her flat. That girl was not much better than the worst of the Weasleys when it came to pranks.
Hermione was sitting in her most comfortable chair while Ginny was running around, making sure that each curl was sleek and bouncy ("but in a sexy, grippable way" as she put it).

Narcissa was sitting on the sofa, quietly sipping her tea, watching Hermione with a calculating look.

Hermione knew what that meant (*three, two, one…*)

“Hermione dear, you look absolutely beautiful. You always do, but I believe that this might be the perfect look for unpredictable behaviour”.

(*There she goes, now just for the next part, Hermione thought to herself amusedly*)

“Lately, Draco has been unpredictable as well” (Bingo!) “I never knew he liked tea as much as he seemingly does - barging in to the tea parlour right after you arrive every Tuesday!” She said it as if it was not a comment that made an electric current shoot through Hermione's body…

"and he will absolutely agree with me, that you are just looking ravishing”.

Hermione had missed some of Narcissa’s keen observations (that woman is the penultimate Slytherin!) as she came down from the oxytocin high that always came when anything Draco-related was mentioned.

Hermione blushed prettily, as she caught on the word “ravishing”, and thinking about Draco’s grey eyes in front of her.

“Hermione, if you keep that blush on, I won’t need to apply any makeup on your cheeks” Ginny said laughing.

“Ginny, thank you very much for that observation, but I would like the full makeup treatment. Everyone expects me to go natural as always, but tonight I’m going to show them!”

“Also, this sexy little red dress needs to be accompanied by the full monty right?” Ginny winked at her.

The dress. Merlin, the dress.

Hermione fell in love with it as soon as she laid her eyes on it. It was a deep red flowing dress, not so little and skimpy as Ginny made it seem, but rather touching the floor. With each step she took in it, a hint of her contours could be seen. Hermione always believed that covering up the sexy bits, but hinting at the treasure underneath, was more pleasurable than tits and arse in your face. Draco had even hinted to this being his preference when they were discussing Muggle celebrities and how little they usually left to the imagination.

Although, the dress did slightly show off her upper assets so to speak, with thick shoulder straps and a deep neckline that went past her sternum. (Leaving enough for a certain someone’s imagination, yet giving some help along the way).

When Hermione was done, and Ginny had brushed up her own makeup since she was accompanying Harry to the ball, Narcissa walked over and took Hermione’s hands in her own.

“My dear, I do hope you know that you mean the world to me. I value you as a friend, and I respect you immensely as a woman, and a witch”.
The deeper meaning did not get lost on Hermione, she subconsciously appreciated the "green light" she received from Narcissa regarding the certain aspect of her "unpredictable scheme" that she was hoping for tonight.

"Thank you Cissa, I love you too", Hermione shyly smiled and squeezed Narcissa's hands.

The witches did a last runthrough before they left, "Wands" (check!)

They patted the hidden pockets of their dresses (yeah, all dresses have pockets now), and that concluded their list (because who needs lipstick and backup tampons when you have magic!).

As Ginny and Hermione apparated away laughing, they missed the sparkle in Narcissa’s eyes. A sparkle that usually was seen in the eyes of people filled with hope, longing, and knowledge of what’s to come.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! Love to you all
As they arrived to the Great Hall, Hermione’s breath was stolen away by the grandeur of it all.

The lighting was ethereal, with the bright moon shining high above in the enchanted ceiling. There were what seemed to be thousands of candles floating in the air. There was a quiet and beautiful melody surrounding them, coming from an orchestra that was playing in the far corner. Everywhere she looked, she saw familiar faces, everyone dressed up in beautiful gowns and handsome robes. People were chatting happily, hugging each other upon arrival, as if no time had passed since their last good-bye. The lights, the music, the chatter, seemed to bring new life to the castle. *This is magic*, Hermione thought.
Even though she had been nervous about tonight, making big, unpredictable plans, she also felt so content in this environment. Watching people find ease outside of their comfort zone always fascinated her. She couldn’t wait to find Draco so that they could analyze every look, touch and conversation.

She graciously took a glass of Gigglewater from a tray floating past her, thinking that it surely was unpredictable of her to giggle around (she usually always made a point to avoid the annoying American beverage as it always made her act like a silly Lavender Brown).

She saw Ginny’s flaming locks, and Harry’s dark (let's be honest and call it for what it is) mop of hair. Funny how everyone called her hair a rat’s nest, when it was so obvious that Harry “the Savior” Potter was sporting a cleaning implement on his head (she made herself laugh out loud with that mental image).

As she approached them, still laughing, Harry smiled at her carefree aura, and everyone said hello. The Potter’s were standing with Luna, Ron, Lavender (no Gigglewater needed there), Susan Bones, Dean, and Seamus.

Ron exclaimed “Oi, Hermione, don’t drink that, it’s Gigglewater in the smaller bowl shaped glasses…”

“It’s called Coupe Glasses Ron” Hermione interrupted his rude tirade.

She didn’t even bother to justify her choice to him. She was so tired of adjusting her behaviour, - predictable or otherwise, against what Ronald Weasley says or thinks.

In that moment, she started to get a little tingly feeling that maybe she was finally getting the point to something. She couldn’t grasp the thought as she took a sip of her drink, and broke out in giggles.

When she finally calmed down from the insipid forced action, she felt as if she had missed the moral to something important. Oh well, the night was still young, and Draco might help her get her thoughts straight (or eyes crossed… Sweet Morgana, she needed to get laid).

Speaking of the devil, she saw his brilliant blonde hair beyond the crowd she was standing with, and her mouth started to water. He looked ravishing (seems to be the word of the night) in his perfectly tailored black robes.

Pure sin on two legs.

He was standing with his usual friends,- Theo, Blaise, and Pansy, and they were all seemingly relaxed and enjoying themselves.

Hermione thought, as she saw the blended sea of all four houses mingling in the Great Hall, that this is what they had been fighting for. Finally, the Wizarding World, although not perfect, had reached an existence filled with equality, justice, and respect for your fellow Wizard and Witch.

In that moment of clarity, when the sense of goodness washed over her, a small smile graced her lips and Draco’s beautiful eyes met hers across the floor. They both seemed to lose a breath, Draco’s face brightened, and he broke out in a smile matching hers (oooh, there are those butterflies again!)

With a look and a nod, they both acknowledged that they were going to meet up later for their usual assessment of the events surrounding them. She could hardly wait.
When Draco saw her, he forgot how to breathe.

Merlin, she was a vision.

He had always thought that she was brilliant (and absolutely beautiful, for far longer than he’d like to admit), and she didn’t need pretty dresses or makeup to take his breath away. But the feeling of seeing her tonight, was accompanied with a heavy sense of significance.

Or faith.

Or a “fuck, this is it” moment.

Although, if there were any qualms left within him in regard to the equal value of Muggles and Wizards, the brilliance of this gorgeous dress, showcasing the beauty of his Hermione, set everything straight.

“Draco, you just have to say ‘fuck-it all’ and snog her senseless! I’m tired of seeing those puppy-dog eyes you’re giving each other” Theo said on a whine.

“Theo, it’s not called puppy-dog eyes, it’s ‘fuck me slowly on the floor in front of everyone’-eyes” Pansy snorted (in a delicate, sexy, and very Pansy-like way) while Blaise guffawked at the extremely accurate description of the look (he might have foregone the firewhisky for Gigglewater tonight).

All the former Slytherins knew of the countless (and extremely funny) missed opportunities between their Blonde snarky friend, and the swooty Gryffindor.

Blaise’s favorite example was when Draco had ventured into Muggle London to buy a specific brand of muggle hot chocolate from Scandinavia, that she apparently constantly talked about. He had wanted to surprise her and use it as an excuse to ask her out on a date. The people in the cafe in Bermondsey, aptly named “Hej” had mistakenly thought that he was from Sweden, and in an uncharacteristic moment, Draco had not corrected them and had to make up a whole story of his life high up north in the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Too embarrassed to recount "the Muggle cafe incident" he had instead added it to his ever increasing repertoire of "Missed Opportunities to Ask Hermione Granger Out". Blaise had been given the hot chocolate instead (and it was delicious as fuck; a true pleasure or “Nöje” as the Swedes would say.)

“Just stop it you fuckers. If you think you’re suffering watching me bumble around like a first-year before the Sorting Hat Ceremony, imagine how it feels for me. I’m just so sick of never getting the chance to tell her how I feel. At this point, I’m not even nervous anymore, I just want to tell her, and just like Theo said, snog her senseless!”

Draco had seriously started to believe that he was cursed. Being interrupted that many times could simply not be normal. Sure, her beautiful eyes distracted him every time he wanted to have some serious talk, and usually by the time he returned from their depths, an elf was asking about refreshments, or her muggle call device was making annoying noises.
Ugh, he was an idiot.

As Hermione remembered that she had an agenda for tonight, she steeled herself. She needed to get the ball rolling on her recklessness. Coming out of her thoughts, she went back into the conversation around her.

Luna stood right next to her, closely eyeing her dress, "Hermione, what a beautiful dress! It has such a lovely red glow to it" Luna said dreamily.

"Thank you Luna, I'm really happy we found it! I wanted to wear something special for tonight and I was lucky that Narcissa and Ginny were there to shop around with me" Hermione said enthusiastically (she really did love her dress).

"You know, every time I've seen a glimpse of you tonight, the Nargles seem to have diminished in numbers", there was a curious tone in Luna's voice as she said it. As if there was a secret she was in on but wouldn't tell Hermione.

Hermione just laughed fondly at her dear friend. Luna always brought out joy in everything and everyone.

And she had been feeling lighter and lighter as the evening progressed (maybe there was something to Luna's Nargle theory after all).

“Oh, there he is, the little ferret. Ginny, Hermione, I don’t know how you can stand to go to that wretched place every week. Seeing that slimy git. His mother can’t be that much better” Ron said with a sneer on his face that usually signified an over-indulgence in firewhisky.

Without a thought, Hermione loudly said, “Narcissa and Draco aren’t flawless, Merlin, far from it. Narcissa is still the perfect Pureblood in all societal matters, but she stopped believing in the blood-purity nonsense ages ago. She might have actually never truly believed in it. She is, if nothing else, a self-preservationist, and growing up in the Most Ancient and Noble House of Black, it was of utter importance to keep one's thoughts of equality to oneself”. Hermione had everyone’s attention now.

She continued with her shoulders straight, and her head held high, confidence oozing out of her being, - “Draco is still an arrogant git from time to time, but he’s also kindhearted, passionate, and extremely loyal. His ability to love, and his loyalty to his mother, was what fueled every single thing he did throughout the war. I’m not talking about the raging prejudice when we were young, and no one is saying that it was acceptable by any means, but we can all agree that it was just him parroting what his evil, vile father was spewing at home” (at this point everyone let out a breath, thankful that Lucius Malfoy was no more).

“Ron, I’ve seen Narcissa and Draco grow and evolve into wonderful human beings. That is the beauty of being human: our ability to change! We are not destined to believe in only one truth for the rest of our lives! The truth they believe in now is one that aligns with my own beliefs, and I love going to the Manor every week to indulge my senses with their presence, because they have made that place into a home”.

As everyone was standing there in silent agreement and understanding of what she had said, the
tingly feeling Hermione had felt earlier returned, and she felt reassured that this was not the place she wanted to be, defending people that shouldn’t have to be defended anymore.

She took a deep, cleansing breath and excused herself with a smile. She was in dire need of a dose of Draco’s special brand of humour.

As she walked away she heard Ron say, “It’s nice to see that Hermione hasn’t changed. Same old bleeding heart, taking on all of the lost causes. Predictable”

Seamus, Lavender and Dean couldn’t help but snort at his comment (Hermione did tend to come to everyone's defense) but it was the comment itself that hit Hermione like a punch to the gut. The confidence that she had been slowly building up throughout the night, suddenly washed away and despair rolled over her from the top of her head, down to her toes, leaving an emptiness in its wake.

Draco heard it all. He saw, and felt, the heartache as Hermione’s face fell.

Without any preamble he left his friends.

His body, his feet, his heart, just had to follow Hermione.

Chapter End Notes

The hot chocolate, and the cafe that Blaise refers to, exists in London. I googled it, but I hope to have a taste someday. Here's the link: https://www.nojecocoa.com/our-story/
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Tomorrow is Sankta Lucia, one of my favorite holidays, hence I will be busy caroling around my house while eating "Lussebullar" so I'm giving you a chapter today!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As soon as the words had left Ron’s mouth, and Hermione rushed away with Draco on her heels, Ginny yelled out with a fear inducing look in her eyes - “Ron, this is the last time, and I mean the LAST time I ever hear you go on with this overused, over-talked, stupid little tirade that you just revert to every fucking time we ever go anywhere. Everyone just wants to enjoy themselves, everyone has gone through the explanations, the apologies, the reasons for each action we suffered through during the war, and we have moved past it!” she huffed.

“For Merlin’s sake, Ron, I know you have moved past it too! So just stop, you’re better than this” Ginny ended on a quiet note.

Ron looked absolutely filled with shame. He had heard it before, and he actually agreed with her. He just couldn’t stop himself, - there was something about Draco Malfoy that brought out the worst in him. Maybe because he had seen him bring out the best in other people lately. Hermione specifically seemed to glow like the sun whenever Draco was simply mentioned in her presence. He didn’t love Hermione anymore, not in that way, but she was still one of the most important people in his life. After Ginny’s painful insight, mere seconds ago, he began to realize that he had subconsciously, and erroneously, felt that Draco had taken Hermione away from him. With an internal cringe, he realized that it was actually his own stubbornness that had caused a rift between him and his best friend.

Sometimes, life-altering events can happen in a moment, and Ronald Bilius Weasley had just had a moment like that.

“I know… I’m sorry”, he said quietly, looking down at the floor, before lifting his head up high and looking everyone in the eyes.

Wishing and hoping that it was enough, he said once again - “I’m sorry”.

. . . . . .

As Draco still wandered around the castle in search of his beautiful girl in her red dress, Harry managed to find her immediately, sitting in her favorite window seat on the fifth floor. Harry knew every nook and cranny that had a special place in Hermione's heart, since it was the two of them (oh, and Ron) that had ventured around the castle, making all kinds of trouble.

“May I sit” he asked politely.

Hermione sat quiet for a moment before they broke out in giggles, as if they were Parvati and
Lavender, gossiping about boys (Harry was a nice bloke, but being extremely polite was really not his forte).

“Yes, you may” Hermione sighed after their giggles had settled down.

“Hermione, you know that you shouldn’t listen to Ron. When are you finally going to allow yourself the happiness you deserve?” Harry asked as they both gazed outside, watching as the people walked around the grounds, probably reminiscing about times past.

“I know Harry, you’re right, and tonight has really been eye-opening in regard to myself, and how I perceive the world. I don’t know what it is, but I’m finally feeling more and more like the Hermione that I’m meant to be... With every moment since the night started.” The thoughts that were out of her grasp earlier, finally started to settle in her mind.

“I don’t know if it’s the resolution I took to be unpredictable, or the magic of the castle itself, but I just feel free.” Hermione confessed.

Harry let her words fall around them before he gently inquired, “Maybe it’s the presence of a certain annoying Slytherin, that has something to do with it?”

“Oh I know” Hermione said, “Harry, I am screwed with how much I am in love with him.” Her heart had started to beat louder with her voiced confession in front of Harry. Even though most people around them knew, she had never said the words out loud before. Now they were out there in the Universe, free for destiny and fate to do with them as they please.

“Hermione, you are allowed to feel love and be together with Draco. At this point it doesn’t matter who he used to be. For me, it matters who he is now, and how I see him look at you.”

“Hermione, for him, you hung the moon and the stars” Harry said with a sparkle in his eyes.

“Heck, for him you are the moon and the stars, and the black vacuum of whatever surrounds each heavenly body” Harry went off on a tangent.

“You mean dark matter, Harry” Hermione snickered, “Oh, yeah, that!” Harry said happily.

“Harry Potter, I didn’t take you for a poet, talking about moons and stars” Hermione teased him.

“Whatever Hermione, Ginny thinks I am romantic, and that’s all that matters” Harry proudly puffed out his chest.

“Seriously though...” he continued quietly. “You don’t need unpredictable behavior, you’re perfect just the way you are... no matter if you are in your lecture mode (which seems to be the default one, he teased) or if you’re doubting yourself. It doesn’t matter, because you are you, and that is enough on any given day.”

Hermione blushed as her heart swelled with love for her best friend.

“Anyone should be lucky to have you as a friend, let alone someone that can call themselves your love.” Harry knew that he had her with this one (only one thing left to say) -

“Go find him.”

..:\...
Wandering around the castle in search for Draco, Hermione mused about her night, and her (pretty poor) attempts of reckless and unpredictable behavior. Then again, Harry’s words, and her own growing confidence made her solidify her beliefs that she has grown up and found herself. It’s been years since her and Ron broke up, and it was time to stop using that as an excuse for her lack of happiness.

Finally she was realizing that you make your own happiness!

Hermione walked along the wall, with her beautiful dress flowing around her as her fingers skulled along the ancient stones, and her heart started to beat wildly; falling in love with her own uniqueness, her silly quirks, her “predictable behaviors”... herself.

Hermione Granger finally loved herself.

While Draco and Hermione were in search of each other at Hogwarts castle, Narcissa Malfoy sat at home in her favourite chair in the tea parlour at Malfoy Manor.

She was very comfortable, and the tea was delectable (just how she liked it), still she was filled with anxious anticipation, wondering about how the night was going for her son, and her dear friend.

She felt very lucky to have found such a good friend in Hermione, and Ginevra of course (much prettier name than “Ginny” although she insisted to be called that).

As she saw more and more of Hermione’s intelligence, good spirit, and pure beauty, her own changed belief in regard to “blood-purity” solidified.

In Hermione, she saw someone that was perfect in every sense of the word, for her son. Her Draco was the most important thing in the world, and she was so lucky that Draco had been smitten with Hermione, as much as Narcissa had.

And she saw that Draco had broken down Hermione’s defenses too (which she had erected after that foolish Weasley brute had broken her good heart).

Narcissa and (sigh) Ginny, had seen the blossoming affection between Draco and Hermione, and it was a sight to see; they gravitated towards each other in every conversation during Tuesdays with tea, and there were little subtle touches that they both seemed unaware of (both Narcissa and Ginny swore that they saw literal sparks shoot when these touches occurred!)

But after many, many Tuesdays, Narcissa had finally had enough. She had to take matters into her own hands, otherwise the two lovers would not get together in time to make her a young grandmother.

She had scoured the Malfoy family library, and of course found the perfect spell in the perfect book (it was one of the less malicious ones).
She had stealthily (and gracefully!) cast it on Hermione’s dress tonight.

She mused that the anxiety she felt could be due to nerves; the spell was harmless (mostly), it was only meant for the person that was cast upon, - to see themselves for their good traits.

No, it wasn’t anxiety, it was giddy anticipation!

Chapter End Notes

A lemonless chapter once again :( BUT I promise I did not string you along, they are coming! Remember - they were written first, but the story needed a build up to the lemony parts. Thank you for reading so far, the story will probably wrap up in one or two more chapters! LOVE to you all!
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Here it is folks, the last chapter, - the crescendo if you may. I thank you all for following along with this little piece of fluff that I contributed to the Dramione fandom.

This is for YOU! I hope you've had fun :)

Beware: a lemon is floating ahead

Disclaimer: All characters belong to J.K. Rowling

See the end of the chapter for more notes

**Shit, Draco** thought.

He’d been wandering about the *damned* castle like a *damned* fool, with no sign of red anywhere.

Merlin, Morgana, and even bloody Dumbledore himself, *please*, don’t let this be yet another missed opportunity.

*Fuck!*

Who was he kidding, it wasn’t about missed opportunities anymore. He just wanted to find Granger and make sure that his friend was alright. Enough was enough, - it was time for her to start seeing herself the way he saw her! He needed to tell her that he loved her just the way she was; with all her quirks, and all her odd behaviors which made her unique. She was simply *glorious*.

Then again, if making her feel better led to snogging, and hopefully, her - naked in his arms, he would *not* miss that opportunity (he was a cunning and ambitious Slytherin snake after all).
Just when he started revisiting the possibility of actually being cursed, he passed by the statue of Boris the Bewildered, and - standing right in front of the door to the Prefects’ bathroom, was the woman that constantly consumed his mind.

In that moment, he decided to not reveal himself, instead taking the opportunity to watch her stomp around while muttering to herself.

*How many times in one night, can a man be struck by the beauty of a woman? Can one die for beauty? (Does St. Mungo’s have a bed for lovesick fools?),* Draco pondered.

He found it funny that Hermione doubted herself and her own predictability. He had never found her such a thing: predictable. She constantly kept him on his toes with her inquiring eyes, always asking questions and demanding to hear his opinions. He loved her quick wit, and the intelligent response that was always waiting at the tip of her tongue.

_Her tongue._

*When it darts out between her lips to wet them, as she prepares to speak. That stops his mind from working for a second because it fills with glimpses and flashes of what that tongue could be doing with him.*

On *him._

Coming out of his naughty thoughts he heard her exclaim, “Surely not!”

.Hermione was thinking about what password might currently be in place to keep unwanted visitors out from the coveted bath. Five years had passed, and surely, the password must have changed a dozen times since she last stepped her foot in it.

Snorting out loud, muttering that ‘surely not’, she tried the old password that they had used when she was Head Girl.

She couldn’t believe that it had worked!

“I guess I’m not the only predictable one around here,” she laughed, when she heard Draco chuckle behind her (not agreeing with her comment any less).

“Merlin Granger, with the risk of having poor Salazar Slytherin rolling over in his tomb, I have to say that red might be my new favorite colour.” Draco said with his signature smirk.

The pretty blush on her face told him that it was the absolute right thing to say.

She fucking *loved* her dress!

She wasn’t surprised by his presence. She knew that he would gravitate towards her as the night progressed. He was such a good friend. He was actually becoming her best friend, although she was instantly filled with a warmth and felt the increased fluttering of butterflies in her stomach. (Well, that certainly never happened around Harry, Ron, or anyone else for that matter...).

With Hermione’s newfound self-love, combined with the recklessness that had always been there,
she gave Draco a mischievous look and walked into the bathroom, clearly wanting him to follow her.

Draco gulped, suddenly filled with nerves and excitement, thinking of all the salacious possibilities held within that oh-so-wonderful, magical, amazing Prefect’s Bathroom.

They both stood silently in the room as the door closed.

Thinking that other people might have the same idea as them, Draco turned and cast a strong locking charm and *Silencio* on the door.

*Nothing* could stop them now. He would make sure of that!

Suddenly he heard the taps of water turn on. The smell of rose, peony, and ivy permeated the air.

Draco turned around and just stood there and stared.

*Did she just start a bath?*

Draco blinked slowly as the room started to heat up.

*Does she know that baths are usually done in the nude?!*

“Granger”, he growled.

He was met with silence, “Hermione, what are you doing?”

“What does it look like I’m doing, Malfoy” Hermione answered after a few more silent beats.

“It looks as if you are preparing a bath…” Draco said hesitantly.

“Your powers of observation astound me Draco” she giggled.

“Hermione, surely you don’t take baths with your clothes on” his wit came back as the air started heating up with the fumes.

“Draco, you know, you can turn around while I take off my dress and step into the bubbly water, which will more than sufficiently hide my nakedness”…

*But I will still know that you’re naked in there*, Draco thought

… “and then I’ll turn around while you take off your clothes and jump in!”

It was all said so innocently, but Hermione knew exactly what she was doing.

She wanted him.

Reckless, unpredictable Hermione, the one that loves herself, and that had freely admitted that she was very much in love with her very good friend Draco, wanted him *now*.

Draco, being the very smart wizard that he was, saw this as the gift he’d been waiting for. This was it. This was his opportunity, the one he’d been craving, where he could finally tell Hermione how he felt.

The fact that they would be naked in a pool full of fragrant water, which more often than not leads to one thing (according to experience), did not dissuade his resolve to grasp the moment to the
fullest (Slytherin, remember).

He had never felt this way before. He was about to embark on a journey with a person that he was completely and utterly in love with, a journey that would absolutely lead to touching her body, caressing her inner most, deepest places.

With his cock.

And his heart and soul of course! (SLYTERIN!).

---

Hermione watched Draco's back as she slowly took off her dress. She was stuck between feeling timid, yet desperately wanting him to turn around.

Draco (although Slytherin) was fighting against his instincts to just turn around, rip the dress off and claim Hermione right there on the floor. Still, he remained ever the gentleman, and waited until he heard water splashing, assuming that she was (sadly) covered up by the bubbles and the water.

"You can take off your clothes now, eh I mean, I'm going to turn around so that you can get nak… oh no, I mean… I'll just be quiet now!" Hermione was completely mortified by her rambling, her face heating up, but the mere thought of what probably was to come (pun intended) by the end of the night had her flustered, and quite frankly - incredibly aroused.

Draco chuckled as he turned around, and seeing that Hermione was still watching him, her face crimson, did a little circle motion with his finger, indicating for her to turn around (although he would absolutely love to watch her eyes as he slowly undressed in front of her) but he didn't want to scare her with the prominent erection that he was sporting (he might be a redeemed man, but his ego was as big as ever...).

He undressed quickly while admiring her curls, now heavy with water, cascading down her naked back.

With his heart beating so hard that he could feel every thump throughout his limbs, he stepped into the fragrant water.

"You can turn around now" he said huskily.

Hermione turned around slowly, her chest rising and falling, every nerve in her body - now fully alive.

They just stood there in the warm water, looking at each other, pupils blown wide with love and lust.

Hermione admired Draco's smooth chest, the scars from Harry's Sectumsempra not as visible as she thought they would be.

"You're beautiful" Draco said earnestly.

Her eyes met his in an instant, seeing the love and admiration there. The one she knew were
reflected in her own eyes.

She slowly walked towards him, noting how much taller he was than her as the water surrounded them.

"You know I'm in love with you yeah?" He said as he looked down at her. She was so close now that her breasts brushed his chest with every breath (he could barely hold himself back, his cock begging to get even closer).

"Draco..." she said slowly

"Hermione, I've tried telling you this, in what feels like forever. I've missed so many chances, and I'm sorry I didn't say it earlier, but it's as simple as that - I love you"

She had quietly been looking at him during his confession, almost unbelieving that they were finally there (not the "being naked"-part in the prefects bathroom) but rather a place where they had confessed their love - they were in love! He loved her! She loved him!!! 

Merlin, she was swooning just by the look in his eyes, a goofy smile spreading across her face.

Suddenly Draco grew shuttered, and started pulling away.

(What the bloody hell?)

She didn't understand what was happening and then it struck her…

"Merlin Draco" she laughed, "I love you too you big dolt!"

She knew that she had hit the mark when he swooped back towards her, the water rippling around them, and he gripped her face - giving her a bruising kiss.

They both started laughing, and Hermione felt the need to say it again.

"I love you"

He pressed his forehead against hers, holding her face, "Hermione, I was prepared to seek redemption for the rest of my life, but when I saw forgiveness in your eyes .. that.. that was everything…” his eyes were closed during the heartfelt confession.

"Draco, if there is one truth I know, it's that humans are not just one thing…” she paused, considering her next words (definitely not thinking about how close he was, how naked he was) "I keep saying that the beauty of mankind is our ability to change, and you Draco are the most beautiful being I've seen. You've worked so hard to break away from the box you were put in - pureblood, Malfoy… Death Eater … and I admire you so much for it. I'm so proud of who you are.

Draco had heard enough, it was everything he dared to dream of and more, and now he wanted to show her his gratitude, his love for her,- he wanted to worship her.

He kissed her cheek gently, moving his fingers through her wet curls. His mouth continued on its path toward her lips, pressing against them gently at first, then with increasing fervor.

His hands slid lower, skimming across the sides of her breast, and when she whimpered he pulled her up into his arms, holding her with a tight grip on her arse.

He walked them to the side of the pool, where there was a small sitting ledge. He turned them
around and sat with her straddling him, his cock firmly pressed between them.

Hermione was on fire. From the moment their lips touched, it was like a supernova exploded in her very core, spreading through every atom of her being, over and over again - Sweeping through until nothing existed but Draco.

“Hermione, I can’t wait, I need you now love” he moaned between their passionate kisses.

She didn’t waste any time. She lifted herself up, gripped his erection, and guided herself slowly down onto his cock.

When he was buried to the hilt inside her perfect, tight warmth, he felt like he could barely breathe (an effect she often had on him), he was so overwhelmed with love and desire.

They started moving, Hermione gripping his strong shoulders as their pace increased, making bigger and bigger waves in the water.

She had been in a state of arousal since they had walked into the bathroom (heck, since she had laid eyes on him tonight really!), and soon she was chasing that wonderful, amazing feeling,- his cock filling her up deliciously, winding her up tighter and tighter with every stroke. Her orgasm suddenly washed over her, and she screamed out in pleasure.

Draco watched her unravel, his beautiful Hermione - wild and free and unpredictable - and he came buried deep inside of her, leaving him behind in pure bliss.

As the water stilled around them, both gripping each other tightly, Draco chuckled "if it wasn't clear before, Hermione, you're mine now… and I'm yours … I'm going to marry you, you magnificent little Witch"

Hermione sighed contently, her head on his shoulder, and kept on holding tight, - thinking that she'll never let go.

This was perfect for Draco's plans. He remembered that everyone that was invited to the reunion tonight had gotten a temporary ability to apparate in and out of the castle, and with a wicked gleam in his eyes he said, "Keep on holding tight, just like that".

With determination, deliberation, and the destination of his bedroom at the Manor in mind, they were whisked away, leaving behind bubbly ripples, and a pile of black and red clothes.

..:\:..  

The Lady of Malfoy Manor felt a shiver going through her spine, as the strong family wards permitted through her son, and his Hermione.

Taking another sip of her tea, she chuckled to herself, knowingly thinking -

"Just as I predicted, there's that opportunity to become a grandmother."

Chapter End Notes
I can't help but to leave some references (call it an occupational hazard, since I've written more essays and articles than I ever wanted, and references are life!)

- When Draco ponders about "Can one die for beauty", it's a sort of reference to Emily Dickinson's "I died for Beauty - but was scarce". I'm not really referring to any deeper meaning, but I rather liked the sentence!

- When Hermione talks about "humans are not just one thing…" and "You've worked so hard to break away from the box you were put in", those two snippets are inspired by the GENIUS, BEAUTIFUL movie "The Last Black Man in San Francisco". It's a movie with important themes, and I hope that no one is offended that I used the inspiration in a fanfiction Dramione work, but since this is my only freely creative platform, it's the only place I could scream out lines that made me stop and think.

Once again I THANK you for coming along on this journey. All that is left after this is a short Epilogue.
Epilogue

A future moment in Utopia

_Draco had the most pleasant dreams._

_He saw her as she was laughing, her wild hair whipping in the wind, her laugh tinkling, a loving look in her eyes. He did that... he made her laugh like that - from the heart._

_She was walking slowly toward him. Not even trying to hide the beautiful smile on her face, it made her whole being glow. She kept eye contact as she neared, and then she finally stepped up beside him, grasping his hands, ready to make him the happiest Wizard alive. Soon to be his wife._

_They were in the kitchen, she was sitting on the counter, he was standing between her legs - slowly trailing his hand up her thigh, kissing down her throat, whispering naughty things between the kisses. All the things he loved to do to her body. She moaned and sighed as his hands trailed closer to her warm core, his erection straining in his pants. She caught his head in-between her hands, forcing him to look her in the eyes, his thumb tracing the edge of her knickers. She gave him a gentle kiss before she whispered, ”Draco, I'm pregnant”..._

_He was standing stoically in the corridor of St. Mungo's, the perfect picture of Malfoy coolness, - an unmoving ship on a stormy sea. Inside though, he was exploding, melting, screaming, crying, fear, joy, uncertainty, endless opportunities._

_”Mr. Malfoy, she's ready, it's time for the baby to come and she wants you there... she said, and I quote 'tell that big prat to stop his inner turmoil, and get in here so that I can break his bloody hand while I squeeze out his Malfoy heir!' ... I'd like to personally add that I've observed how you, sir, seem to have a calming effect on both Mrs. Malfoy and the baby, so I strongly advise your presence in the birthing room."_

_His heart had never been as full as when he held his son for the first time._

_His dreams took him to their latest venture abroad, just the two of them - Scorpius was at home with Narcissa._

_He was tracing lazy figures on her stomach as they laid under the shady cover of a palm tree, gazing out over an endless ocean. What a beautiful life ..._

_Gentle kisses woke him up. Soft lips trailed a fluttering path along his neck, gently sucking on his pulse point, traveling down his collarbone, over his pectorals, down, down, further down. His beautiful wife was having her unpredictable moment. As predicted. Every time, every time, he felt his body heat up, the butterflies burst to life, his cock come to life. And he never missed an opportunity when it was presented. Granted it was presented quite often since her hormones started spiking in her second pregnancy. Gods he loved her._

_He gasped on an inhale when he felt her warm, soft lips slowly caress the shaft of his cock. She took him in her hand, slowly pumping as she trailed her tongue upwards toward the head, right before she engulfed him and started sucking and pumping in earnest._
He felt amazing, he felt ten mile high, he felt euphoria. But he knew that it would not even compare to the feeling of slowly pushing his cock inside her wet cunt.

He decided to take matters into his own hands before he went past the point of no return. He gently pushed her off of him, and when she looked up and smiled with a sultry look in her eyes, he picked her up and turned them around.

Hermione felt like she was burning alive with the desire that he always managed to stoke in her. He would say that it was her pregnancy hormones, but the fire was always alive, and she wasn't constantly pregnant. No, it was him. His smell, his eyes, his smile. His gentle touch and his demanding commands. *Gods she loved him.*

The feeling of his muscular body pinning her down, his rock hard erection (that she so proudly had caused) sliding between her slick folds. He gripped one thigh and wrapped her leg around his back just as he lined up his cock at her entrance. She was so aroused that he easily just slid in. As soon as he filled her completely, her pussy started to clamp him like a vice. She was so close to her orgasm that it only took a couple of long deliberate strokes for her to explode in absolute bliss. Licking and sucking his perfect dick always brought her close to the brink.

As she came down from her high she heard him murmur softly into the nape of her neck. He was still pounding slowly into her, whispering "Merlin… Love… you feel so tight, so perfect, I'm going to cum… Love… come with me. " Hermione growled, a sound coming from deep within as if her very soul was begging for it as she said "faster Draco, harder."

He didn't need to be told twice as he gripped her ass and started delving deep into her, hitting that perfect spot each time. He kissed her deeply, the roles now being reversed from earlier as he was the one fluttering loving kisses along her neck, collarbone, down to her breasts, sucking a nipple deep into his mouth, caressing it with his tongue. As he bit down on the nipple at the same time his cock hit at just the right angle, Hermione's orgasm washed over her once again and she bent her back in a silent cry. This afforded Draco to go even deeper and he came hard with a growling moan.

If she wasn't already pregnant, this would surely have done the job.

As they came down from their blissful state, both taking deep breaths, they looked into each other's eyes and started laughing.

It was always like this for them.

At the end of the day, no fight or argument, disagreement or bout of sadness took away the deep connection that they had.

The bad days were few and far in between, and in their imperfect lives they had created a perfect existence.

No more missed opportunities, and predictable behavior was always welcomed.
Thank you once again for following along on this fluffy journey. It's meant to be a little feel-good story, and I hope it did as promised!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!