

# *The Music Box*

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# 1. The Nurse

She opened her eyes only to see white light. She touched her face with her hands and found out she was covered with a blindfold. She tried to see through the tiny holes, but it was so difficult... She could sense someone was there. She could hear someone breathing hard and she almost felt the pain in that breathing. She opened her mouth to speak but her throat was dry. What had happened to her? Why couldn't she remember anything? She had been walking down a school corridor and then...

"Who's there?" she murmured.

No one answered. But she could feel someone there. Someone was blocking the light from her eyes. Then she felt it. The person touched her hand, and was caressing it. She grabbed the hand that was now clutching her finger. She had never felt someone hold her like that. "Who are you?" she asked impetuously.

But suddenly she felt the hand release her quickly and heard the curtains draw.

"Oh! You woke up Miss Granger! Wonderful! You've been out for a long time." She heard the welcoming voice from Madam Pomfrey.

"What am I doing here, Madam Pomfrey?" she asked.

"A... I must say stupid... boy threw a Bludger at you. I still don't get why, though," she said angrily. "But everything's all right now."

"But... why do I have blindfolds on?"

"The medicine I'm giving you makes your eyes sensitive to the light."

"And who was that boy – who attacked me?" she asked, grabbing the glass Pomfrey handed her.

"I don't know. Your friends never told me."

"Madam Pomfrey?" she asked before closing her eyes.

"Yes?" the nurse replied, now moving the curtains back around Hermione's bed.

"Who was here before you came in?"

"Hmm... some young man; I don't know who he was. He's been here every day to visit you. I thought he was one of your friends."

"Next time, ask his name please." Hermione rested her head on the pillow and fell asleep instantaneously, wondering who could have such a soft touch and such worries about her.

## 2. The Present

Hermione woke up and opened her eyes. The blindfolds had been removed and she could see perfectly now. She looked around only to see the white curtains covering her bed. She watched her bedside table and saw some chocolate frogs and a book. *Probably from Harry and Ron*, she thought wisely. Then she noticed an antique wood box she had never seen before. She grabbed it and began to examine it. It looked like an ordinary box, with a silver lock. She tried to open it but it was locked and as she began to search for the key, she found it inside the bedside table drawer. It had a thin silver strap around it, making it look more like a necklace.

She opened the box, and what she heard next made her jaw drop. A beautiful sound was coming out from what was obviously a music box. She saw two dancers holding and rotating like they were dancing at the sound of the music. Looking closely at the figures she noticed that the girl, with wild brown hair and an ink stain on her cheek, looked much like her. But if she looked closely, the small boy looked like...

Hermione heard the infirmary door open and quickly hid the box in the drawer, and threw the silver cord around her neck, hiding the key under her shirt.

Harry and Ron pushed the curtains away and looked at her smiling.

“Glad you’re back, Hermione!” said Harry.

“Yes, we thought you’d be asleep for a month at least, from what Madame Pomfrey said to us.” Ron sat at the border of the bed. “You’ll need to catch up on all the essays!” Ron said with a sly look on his face.

“Oh no! I missed a lot of classes!” Hermione shrieked, making both boys jump from surprise.

“Don’t worry, Hermione. We’ve collected all the subjects and essay themes from the time you’ve been in the infirmary, Harry replied.

“So... Madam Pomfrey already told me what happened, but I still don’t know who did it...”

Suddenly Ron’s face turned sour. “It was that git.”

“Who?”

“Malfoy,” answered Harry.

“Why did he throw a Bludger at my head?” asked Hermione, astonished.

“I think it was meant for me.” Harry folded his arms. “But maybe that stupid blond hair covered up his jerk face for a moment and he missed it.”

“It was because of the Quidditch match,” Ron said before Hermione could open her mouth.

“Malfoy wanted to knock Harry out of combat.”

“And then what happened?” She lay against her pillow, staring at the ceiling.

“You passed out and we carried you here,” Ron answered.

“And what happened to Malfoy?” Tears were now streaming down her cheeks. *Why am I crying?*

“He just stared at you in shock I think.” Harry was sounding rather sombre now. “And then we heard a rumour... but we don’t believe it.”

“What rumour?” She was curious now.

“That he... felt sorry about what he had done to you.”

Hermione thought for a little bit. What she had just seen in that music box... it couldn’t be... he would never do that... not him.

“Sorry, you two but I need to sleep a little. I feel very tired.” She tried to smile. “Thank you for the presents.”

“Bye Hermione, we will come to visit you,” Harry said as he pulled the curtains to cover her bed.

“Bye Hermione. Rest well.”

Hermione moved to the side table and opened the box again hearing the beautiful sound emerging from it. And inside was. Draco Malfoy was dancing with her.

### 3. A Secret Visit

Whilst she was recovering in the infirmary, Hermione listened to the music box every day. She wanted to discover more about it, how did Malfoy change the figurine to look like them, and why?

Two days after Harry and Ron had visited her, Hermione was listening to the wonderful music box. She didn't hear the door open, and was surprised...when a visitor peeked at her through the curtains and slid a chair next to her bed. She looked up and closed the wooden box, making the room completely silent.

"Hi Granger."

"Hello, Malfoy. What are you doing here?" she asked abruptly.

"Looks like you're enjoying my present," he said, smirking

"Well I... I was just curious about it. Why did you give it to me? I thought that you hated me."

He narrowed his eyes and pressed his lips firmly together. "I was... just trying to make it up to you." He said that with a hard breath like it was the most difficult thing to do.

"You were? Because of the..."

"Bludger."

"Are you... sorry, Malfoy?" She threw him a hesitant half-smile.

"I'd thought I'd killed you." He turned his head to look any other way than her face.

"Well..." She was so astounded with his reply that almost had no answer for him

"Fortunately, the only serious thing about all this is that I missed a couple days of school," she said, smirking.

Malfoy grinned. "Can't you think about anything else, Granger?"

"No. And you should worry about that too, Malfoy, because you're helping me catch up with my studies."

"*What?*" he yelled, jaw down to the floor.

"It's just a way to make it up to me, I guess."

"Why don't you ask Weasel or Pothead?"

“Don’t call them that. Didn’t you say you wanted to make it up to me?” she queried with a raised eyebrow.

“That’s why the music box is on your lap.”

She moved her eyes down to look at the box. “It’s not enough.” She opened it once again and turned it to him. “Why are we dancing here?”

“It’s a magical music box. It can change to be who the owner wants, just by saying the names.” Hermione thought she saw a sparkle in his eyes.

She turned the box around and closed it, taking the key from her neck. From the corner of her eye she saw Malfoy following her movements.

She looked at him and smiled. He threw her a half smile and stopped by the curtain. “Goodbye... Hermione,” he said softly, and disappeared from the room.

## 4. Studying With Malfoy

Now that she had been discharged, Hermione was talking to all the teachers, she could catch up on the work she had missed whilst in the infirmary. After each class she would talk to them and make quick notes in her notebook, scratching page numbers, names of books, missed homework and not learned spells. Almost a week-and-a-half of sleep in the infirmary made her head sleepy, but she was gaining speed again.

Two days had passed and now Hermione knew exactly what she needed to study, the problem was to accomplish, the promise she had received from Malfoy of helping her. Hermione noticed he crossed the hall, staring at her sometimes. But she knew what she had to do. Catch Malfoy in an empty corridor - which wasn't going to be an easy task, since he carried his gorillas (Crabbe and Goyle) to every place.

In the next day, Hermione entered the Great Hall when she saw Malfoy and threw a piercing look at him. He stopped, and between the crowds she heard him say to Crabbe and Goyle "Go on, I'm going to the bathroom" he flung a quick glance at Hermione and she followed him.

It was Saturday, so he entered a free classroom and she closed the door behind her. They changed an imperishable look but then she decided it was silly to continue like this, "Hi... Draco."

"Why did you call me by my first name?" Malfoy scowled

"Imitating you leaving the infirmary. And after all, we are working together, I hope we treat each other cordially... for now." She seated herself in a nearby chair and watched Malfoy do the same with an unachievable look. "So... let's start?"

"What, now?"

"Well, I don't know what Mud... Muggle-borns do, but we magical folk usually have breakfast first," Draco said with a sarcastic tone. "But I think that the sooner we start, the quicker we'll get rid of each other."

"I think you should go ahead... Hermione. I don't want people to think I'm helping you. Be back in this classroom in fifteen minutes."

Hermione opened the door nock and dashed to the Great Hall. She quickly sat besides Ron who was looked at her with a startled look "Where have you been?" he asked watching her eat like she was angry at the food.

She drank a cup of mil quickly and grabbed a piece of toast and put it in her mouth. "Doesn't matter." And in five minutes she had ate a satisfactory breakfast. She got up, leaving Ron and Harry staring at her with a scattered look across their eyes. "I have to catch up with my subjects remember?" And she left, walking rapid steps.

While rushing through the corridors she began to realize what she was doing. *“What have I done? Malfoy helping me with my studies?”* She began to lower her pace *“I hope that the rumours that he is with remorse are true. I don’t want to get jinxed.”*

Once she reached her dormitory, Hermione started to toss everything into her school bag. As her eyes flew the room searching for something she could have missed, her pupils stopped at the wooden box placed on her bed-side-table. *“There’s no time for that now.”* And she zipped once again through the corridors, returning to the empty classroom.

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Once she entered the room, Malfoy lifted his wand. She opened her mouth in shock, but only felt a rush of air cross her waist and a clicking sound behind her. “Don’t need to be startled Hermione.” He pressed his teeth when pronouncing her name. “I was just closing the door so we won’t be disturbed, or worse, discovered.”

He began to throw his stuff on a desk and sat down to a chair. Hermione was staring at him uncertain. “What are you waiting for? We have much stuff to do.” He was very serious, talking like a professor.

Silently, she sat down in front of him and placed her stuff on the table. “You will see Mal... Draco, that I won’t have any difficulty understanding everything, so I expect you to treat me with some respect. The moment you mistreat me, I will leave.”

“Really?” He smiled sarcastically.

She lifted her eyebrow and sighed, beginning to flick through her notes, thinking which subject they would begin with. “What do you suggest?” she asked Draco, since at the corner of her eye she could observe him watching her every move carefully. Surprisingly, he seemed quite startled but managed to answer, “I think we should start with the one that has more content.”

Hermione searched for the one with more content and found an entire parchment of Transfiguration annotations. “I guess Professor McGonagall really likes you.” said Draco reading through her tiny letters. “That’s about the double of what we studied in class.”

“She said it’s additional work to improve my knowledge,” said Hermione sceptical.

“It’s slave labour,” he said and then he turned his face to his own appointments and searched for his Transfiguration notes.

As the morning passed by, Hermione learned that Draco could be an excellent teacher because his methods of study were very organised and logical. It took them all morning to complete her Transfiguration studies, what was quite good since for an average student it would take almost a week.

Not once did Draco criticise her way of studying. Besides, she noticed that sometimes he copied her little schemes and ways of organising ideas.

In the middle of the study they even decided to make a break, and he made two glasses of water appear. "Thank you Draco."

His jaw dropped and he moved, uncomfortably, looking down at his cup he nodded.

They were silent for about two minutes and Hermione couldn't contain her curiosity anymore. "How is your house?"

Malfoy was a bit surprised at the question but quickly changed to his cocky trace of personality and began to talk about its majestic size, and how albino peacocks roam the lawns.

Hermione devoured every word with immense interest, willing to know more about the wizard way of living. She whined a little at the reference of the elves, but otherwise Malfoy spoke of it like a majestic place she truly would like to get to know, even though it belonged to the Malfoy family.

When they finished their study, they said goodbye to each other much more friendly than when they'd started.

Late at night, before going to bed, Hermione silenced the space around her bed and, in a very particular moment, opened the music box and heard its beautiful music over and over again.

## 5. Rain Drops

Several days passed and Hermione was recovering from her missed subjects faster than she'd ever imagined. Draco was not only helping her, he was nicer than she ever thought and he listened to her every word. Their breaks between the studies were becoming bigger because they couldn't stop talking about their ordinary lives. Malfoy's expression when he heard about Muggle stuff was priceless. Hermione never thought he would be so interested in hearing her so attentively.

Hermione never thought she could call Draco Malfoy a "friend". The only place that they met was in the empty classroom, besides that they avoided each other like before. Though when Harry and Ron were entertained talking bad about Malfoy, she made deaf ears.

It was a usual winter day outside, rain blustered against the windows, the cold made every centimetre of their skin shiver. It was a Hogsmeade weekend and most of the students, even with the freezing cold, were in the village. But not Hermione and Draco.

They were studying like always. Draco wanted to leave with his friends but Hermione asked him not to since they need to study again. Draco lowered his head and stayed silent for a bit. He then lifted his head and a smile crossed his mouth, his silver eyes shining and he nodded.

While in her room, throwing some potion notes to the school bag, Hermione wondered what that glare in Draco's eyes. She looked at herself in the mirror and let out a sigh. She continued to notice all her flaws, especially her wild hair. *"How can ever boys like me? I'm so not pretty. I wished I'd asked Krum what he liked about me."*

Looking at her trunk she noticed all her clothes were a little... dorky. Everything was so simple in her. Hermione liked it though, but could boys like it too? She decided to pick a magic bottle of a hair product. She noticed that with it, her hair was not so messy; it had its original curves, but it looked smoother and shined a lot more.

She picked up her favourite trousers and a brown blouse which, if she opened her upper button, revealed some cleavage. But she decided it was too much for her, so she left her breasts perfectly covered. Since it was cold, she wore her blazer (which she had never tried before at Hogwarts).

She left the room with her hand bag in one shoulder, and travelled through the almost empty corridors, to the meeting of Draco Malfoy.

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As she entered the empty classroom, she found the person she was expecting. She closed the door with her wand and turned her head to him. To her surprise, he was looking at her up and down slowly with his eyes. He lifted an eyebrow and continued to flick his notes. Shyly she approached his table (what was she thinking dressing like that?) and sat next to him smiling. His expression was different from before. He was quite uncomfortable with her.

As their session began, Hermione conjured some fires around them making them warm. At that time Malfoy looked in her eyes so intensely that the sudden heat in the room couldn't be only because of the fire.

Today they were studying Potions. Draco was criticizing Snape for not giving her all the necessary annotations which made her blush a little. She followed his words and for several moments the studies were forgotten and all they could talk about Snape, and his injustices. Surely Draco had nothing to complain about this since Snape always favoured him, but strangely he was agreeing with her in every point.

Like never before, Draco was being so kind to her. When they were reaching for a quill simultaneously, their hands touched and Hermione felt herself blush. She took her hand and quickly grabbed another quill from her handbag. Continuously avoiding Malfoy's staring eyes.

After a good while Draco was the one to talk. "I think we should take a break, Hermione," he said in a low voice.

She threw a quick glance at him and put the quill back in the ink bottle. She was indeed a little tired. She got up and approached a window. The rain was still falling outside and she could see her reflex in the glass. A flush of blond hair stood behind her with a smile. "What are you thinking?" he asked her innocently.

"Nothing in particular." She was lying. She now was thinking how that shirt suited him so well. She noticed his small muscles, but still prominent. Fortunately he was behind her, so that he couldn't see her blush. He was still smiling, maybe the years of relationships with the dark arts have made his smile almost looking like a smirk, but she liked it. She knew it was real and that was enough for her.

He stepped forward and played with her hair, following its curves. She closed her eyes to feel his pale skin making contact with hers. However, his hand was no longer in the back of her head; she felt it lowering down to her shoulders and to her hand grabbing it.

Hermione opened her eyes to meet Draco's face. He lifted his hand and, with a finger, made small circles in her right cheekbone. Hermione felt her heart beating faster as he leaned to her. "You are so beautiful Hermione." And he pressed his lips against her mouth.

After the initial shock, she kissed him back too, closing her eyes to feel all the waves of heat that were going through her body now. His lips were soft and small, but so were hers so she didn't mind. Draco was grabbing her waist now, making her closer to him. She crossed her arms around his neck and felt all his warm body pressed against her clothes.

A small wet thing touched her lips, and she opened her mouth a little to let Draco explore it. As their tongues played together in a tender dance, Hermione was letting Draco grab her hips against his, touching her waist under the blouse, enough to make her moan inside his mouth.

He broke the kiss so fast that her breath was still heavy. They looked at each other in horror without knowing what they could say. After several minutes' Hermione sat in a nearby chair watching Draco's face in shock. "I think... we've made a mistake." He sounded impenetrable but his hand was shaking. "I don't think we should see each other anymore."

She froze, her eyes wider. “Yes I knew it; it’s all a game for you, isn’t it? I should have guessed something like that from a... from you!”

“I didn’t say that. We can’t be together that’s just it.” He bit his lips and looked to everywhere but her.

“I guess that’s because of your arrogance isn’t it? You’re so full of yourself you can’t even admit what you feel!”

“Don’t tell me how I should I feel Granger!” he shouted making her shiny eyes dry.

“Oh! Now we’re using surnames are we? I hope you’re pretty pleased yourself for joking around with my face! Bet you’re going to tell all about me to your friends aren’t you? You piece of...”

“*Shut up!* How dare you to talk to me way? You were the one who caused this you know?”

“Caused what?”

“Coming near me with those clothes... and touching me with your skin.”

“Yeah, go blame all in the hormones.” A tear ran down her cheek and she quickly cleaned it.

“You just don’t understand do you?” He sighed deeply and turned to the door.

“I understand more than you ever will Malfoy!” He hesitated at the door knob, but disappeared two seconds later.

## 6. Paper Note

Every time Malfoy tried to take a glance at Hermione at dinner in the Great Hall, Hermione's face wrinkled in a sob. Each occasion she switched a look with him in the corridors, her face turned either to Ron or Harry, who were now used to her start talking all of a sudden for whatever reason, though they still found it very strange.

Hermione kept the music box Malfoy gave her under the bed. She didn't dare open it again, in case she started to pity herself. But she knew exactly why Malfoy said those things.

Malfoy's friends would never forgive him for hanging out with a Muggle-born, especially Hermione. The one he always insulted and almost spitted at; the one he always said he hated and despised with a cocky accent that made her quiver in anger.

What would Ron and Harry say? If they knew for a second... they would never talk to her again. They would despise her too.

Though Malfoy's reaction was expected, it still made Hermione from time to time, let out some tears from her brown eyes, quickly cleaning them up at hers already wet pillow. Her weeping was being crushed against her sheets. She grabbed the key she still wore through her blouse and seized her cry at once. *"I can't continue like this! Who are you Hermione Granger? A delicate girl? No way!"* She got up from her bed and cleaned her eyes to her sleeve. *"I won't let him get to me like this!"*

She lifted her chin defiantly and marched through the corridors, making some heads turn to her. As she was prepared to enter the Great Hall to snack on something, someone grabbed her arm and threw her against the nearest cold wall. Malfoy was leaning on her, his hand holding the wall, and his eyes connecting with her. "Please get away from me Granger, I can't stand it anymore." His breath was heavy and he couldn't stop staring at her lips between every word.

"What are you talking about?" She clenched against the wall to avoid further dangerous contact with him and his blissful lips. "You're the one pressing me here!"

"I just mean that," he said and approached her letting her fall into his curves, containing her urges to kiss him right in the middle of the hall, where fortunately no one was passing, "maybe we need to talk further about what happened," he almost stuttered.

Slyly, she rolled through the wall, getting away from him. "Look Malfoy... you've made yourself perfectly clear, okay? I'm leaving."

However, he grabbed her arm. "Wait please... Hermione" he seemed to beg at first, but Hermione took this as a very low trick to get her attention.

“Should have thought of me when you ran from our...” But her voice was silenced by his rushed move against her lips. She closed her eyes and felt his quite familiar taste and smell. She lost herself in his sensations for a while, but a sudden noise made her broke the kiss and push Malfoy away. “And don’t you EVER talk to me like that again, Malfoy!” She felt two boys come close, and Malfoy let out a groan and a smirk, “Don’t worry Granger, *I will* talk to you like that whenever I feel like.” And he turned away, letting Harry and Ron looking at Hermione with a befuddled look across their faces.

“What happened, Hermione?” Ron asked dazzled.

“Nothing to worry about.” Her breath was settling down, but her heart was still beating fast, her fear that the truth of what had just happened (again), was splattered on her face.

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Everything was quiet in the Gryffindor common room. Hermione had assembled herself next to Ron and he smiled back at her. Sinking in her thoughts, she tried to find something to distract her head. She glimpsed at Ron, standing right next to her. She knew Ron liked her a little, maybe she should try with him, try to forget Malfoy. At least Ron would never say that stuff to her.

She was embarrassed from her attitude, and from what Malfoy made her do to herself and her best friend. Ron was nice and everything and she loved his company; but something was missing, something Malfoy had and he didn’t.

Mystery, maybe. Malfoy had so many secrets and a life Hermione was so curious about and... Ron, well she already knew him from first year, so new stuff wouldn’t come at large.

Yet, decidedly she brushed her leg against him slowly; but Harry’s eyes followed her, not Ron’s, which wasn’t a big surprise, he was always oblivious.

“Hum, I need to go to pick up something.” And Harry flew in the dormitories direction.

“What the-!” Ron’s eyes revolved from his legs to her face and Hermione half-smiled. His ears became red and he bit his lip lustfully. This made Hermione fade. “*What am I doing? He’s my best friend I can’t do this to him, or myself!*” But just as she was about to remove her hand, Ron grabbed it and leaned into her. Thankfully, a first year old seemed to Apparate right next to them at that moment.

“Hum hum.” The little boy coughed beside them.

“Yes...?” Ron had a threatening look.

“A note for... Hermione Granger?” He was scared he got it wrong.

“Yes, yes I am!” Hermione was still recovering from the shock. “Who is it from?”

“The person said you would understand.” And he vanished again in the middle of other Gryffindors.

“Who is it from Hermione?” Ron asked with a cordial tone, trying to hide his frustration.

“Don’t know...” Yet, when she opened the little folded piece of parchment, she recognized immediately that type of letter, and hid it from Ron’s vision. “Hum it’s from... Ginny!” Ron threw her a disbelief look. “It’s personal; I’m going to read it in my room.” And she grabbed it firmly inside her hand, letting Ron with a freezing look in the couch, unaware of what just happened.

Something was heavy inside Hermione’s stomach; however she couldn’t help but to be relieved she was away from Ron. Now she was certain he wasn’t who she really wanted, even if it was only to forget Malfoy.

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It was seven o’clock and Hermione was sitting at the teacher’s desk in the usual empty classroom. She was expecting what Malfoy wanted to talk to her. “*Come meet me at seven o’clock in the usual place. We really need to talk; I promise it will be the last time.*” Hermione noticed that he wrote the note so nobody would understand it besides her. “*Very clever actually. He and Harry should join each other; they would be best friends with all their paranoia.*” The thought of Draco and Harry hanging around like friends made Hermione chuckle.

The door swung and a pale hand came into sight. The blond boy steps were harsh and each look he threw at her was defiant. He was acting kind of strange, looking back like if someone was there. “Something’s wrong Malfoy? Expecting someone else?”

“No.” He turned his head with sharp irises watching her body against the desk. “I think I just saw... but never mind. We’re here to talk about us.”

“I have nothing to talk about” She balanced herself while supporting her body weight with her hands; such a strange behaviour from her, like she didn’t know what to.

His silver eyes were glowing, watching her wrinkle her face in displeasure for the lack of words she had for this situation, which was not usual. Malfoy tossed his bag aside to the ground. “Well, don’t you know that you have books in there?” she said, throwing him a piercing look, and crossed her arms in disapproval, but that didn’t make him step back or even stop. As he drew near she started herself to stride backwards against the desk again. As he lowered himself against her, she felt her knees weaker and all her body went tense. “You could go if you want to... Hermione.”

She didn’t want that; not now that she could feel his all hot body against her and his warm breath fluttering in her wet lips. She bit her lower lip and he looked at her desiring. “I don’t care about nothing at all, neither the stupid books that were somewhat damaged on the ground, only about you.”

Hermione melted under him, but he didn't let her fall, Draco grabbed her firmly against his abdomen, "Draco you..."

However he didn't let her finish, for him what he said before was enough, and now it was to her too. Every member of her body was tensing up with his touch around her waist skin. His kiss was the deepest she had ever tasted, his tongue was caressing her in a way that made her moan and have goose bumps. Every corner of his mouth tasted like heaven, and she lifted her arms to his shoulder and began to fondle his smooth hair. He lifted her up in the table and placed himself between her legs. Her mind protested a little to this ruthless and unasked move, but that was quickly forgotten when he started to move his mouth to her cheek placing some kisses that made her giggle. His mouth was close to her ear. "Your skin tastes sweet. I want more." She couldn't stop slipping a small moan when he started to lick and bit her neck passionately.

She was over the edge with feelings, her mind was a blur of warmth, and for the first the only thing in her mind was the temptation of feeling Draco touch her skin and embrace her into his arms. His eyes burned with delight when he looked at her. Lowering his head he checked her body beneath him. She was so vulnerable at his gaze, she felt herself weak, but at the same time desirable from his appreciate look of what he was staring at.

He bruised her belly and made her giggle and smile sweetly only to him. She never knew he was this tender with a woman. She licked her lips in satisfaction and he raised his hand to rub her cheek affectionately, until he kissed her this time trying to steal her breath. Inside her something was burning, some hidden desire.

Draco's hand, which had been playing with her collarbone, was now unbuttoning her two blouse buttons. Hermione shuddered when he licked one of his fingers and sunk it inside her cleavage. She didn't want to stop now - she was enjoying it so much, the secret desire uncovered.

But as Draco was unbuttoning one more, Hermione broke the kiss when she heard a squeak in the distance. Coming to her full senses, she looked to the side with Draco and her nails penetrated her palm skin.

Pansy Parkinson was staring at them with her jaw dropped to the ground.

## 7. Room of Requirement

The silence crushed the room. Hermione's brain was running and her mind was spinning around like a carousel. They'd been discovered. It would only take a matter of time until Pansy started spreading the news. And, as far as she knew, the frivolous looking girl always had a crush on Draco, and her expression was possessed.

As Pansy's mouth opened and her eyes rolled, a flash of light passed through Hermione and hit Pansy full in the chest, making her fall hard on her back. Before she could think of anything else, Hermione ran to the door and locked it.

"What have you done Draco?" she looked at his concerned face and calmed down a little.

"Don't need to worry. I just stunned her." Sloping over Pansy, he grabbed the body in his arms and asked Hermione to unlock the door. "I'm going to have a little talk with her now."

"Okay. And..." She was thinking what she could say to him. In his note he said it would be the last time they'll be together but that was the last thing she wanted. "We will see each other again?"

"I really don't know. It depends on this little bitch over here. But I won't let you run away again." And he stared hungrily at her.

Draco dashed through the almost empty corridors, since everyone was having their middle afternoon snack. Hermione could see Pansy teeter, as Draco was not making any effort to make her comfortable or steady.

She smiled, imagining Draco touching her again. She had never gone that far with a guy, letting him touch her cleavage. Hermione returned to the Gryffindor tower to have a cold shower.

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Hermione didn't talk to Malfoy for a whole day. They exchanged meaningful looks through the hall at meals but Pansy seemed to follow Draco everywhere, watching his every move. Ron and Harry were strangely looking at her, but maybe that was because of Hermione's behavior with Ron the day before.

Catching Hermione alone in the library in the afternoon, Harry sat in front of her, glancing with condemned looks. "What do you want Harry?" she enquired, throwing him a fake smile, making his own smile disappear.

“Why did you make that to Ron, Hermione?” Harry was staring at her, never breaking eye contact.

“What are you talking about?” She tried to disguised her guilty look, avoiding eye contact with Harry.

“I’m talking about yesterday when you dismissed him. To me it looked like you’re trying the exact opposite.” Harry’s matter-of-fact tone made Hermione’s hand tremble with fear from the way the conversation was going. “You gave me that feeling, or am I wrong?” Harry eyes penetrated hers and she froze, but opted for a hidden truth.

“I’m seeing someone else.” A sudden comprehension looked passed through his green eyes.

“That explains a lot. Can I know who is it?” Hermione choked, still thinking what answer to give without lying to Harry.

“Sorry Harry, I’d rather keep it to myself.” She sobbed, and started to pack her books.

He lifted his head to watch her leave, still with the same unpleasant look across his face. “Just don’t play game with Ron okay? Neither with yourself.”

She stopped and turned her shiny eyes to him. “Sorry.” Swinging to her feet she paced quickly to the library door.

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Hermione was leaned against the wall, cracking her fingers, waiting anxiously for Draco. Everything was so quiet now in the corridors, so Hermione suspected it wouldn’t be difficult for her and Malfoy to talk.

He sent her another message. But this letter looked like it had been written in a hurry. She had a bad feeling about this, if it wasn’t for a good reason, Draco would never have asked her to meet at such public place.

She suspected that the Room of Requirement next to her would serve a comfortable conversation without being interrupted like previous time. Maybe it was the purpose of the place.

The minutes went by and Draco wouldn’t show up. *He is never late*, she thought with angst and worry. She observed everything around her, the wall, the ceiling, every conversation Draco could want to have with her.

Almost fifteen minutes later, Hermione finally saw a shadow thrusting between some second year Hufflepuffs that were passing by. Draco grabbed her arm and pressed his finger against her lips, so that she wouldn’t make a noise. After he made his request to the wall, a classroom door appeared before them. Draco threw a last suspicious glance around them, and pushed Hermione inside.

Hermione's chin dropped when she saw what Draco had asked; once she entered, it had seemed like the classroom they used to study together. However, looking to his bottom. Hermione could see a large four-post bed, with similar brown sheets and curtains. Even the pillows were the same colors.

She turned to Draco with an eyebrow lifted, asking for an explanation, but her expression became surprised when she saw him blush a little. She wasn't prepared for this, or so she thought.

Before any words came out of his mouth, Draco pulled her into him and kissed tenderly, stealing her breath. Hermione could sense his ardor, kissing her like that; tongues were fighting in a wet war, and their tastes were the bombs that made their kiss explode. When they separated from each other, their breathing was heavy, and their chests bumped at the same time.

"Hermione, I'm sorry," Draco said grabbing her hands and holding them.

"What happened?" She could see the sorrow in his eyes.

"We... can't be together anymore." His face turned in anger

"Why?"

"Because of Pansy. She threatened me, said she'd tell my parents. It's not that they're important but I could lose..."

"I understand," she interrupted him.

Before they could stop staring at each other in anguish, Hermione hugged him with comfort. He sighed and pushed her against him, kissing her lips deeply again.

"I don't know what you're thinking, I just thought of the bed so we could... since is our last time together as... something more than friends." He gaged uncertain "I... want you so much Hermione."

And then she was confident, she kissed him, retrieving every emotion she was feeling in that particular moment. Trembling and clumsy, both reached the bed and Draco sat with her above him, her torso inviting him for a more delicate touch. "Where were we last time?" he asked with a smirk

He started to open the first two buttons of her blouse, and then the last three from the bottom, leaving only a button covering the cloth hiding her chest. He placed small kisses on her belly which made her giggle. She sat on his lap and touched his lips again, leading his hand to the final button of her blouse.

Draco refused, and laid her on the bed, never stopping kissing, but now already nipping and licking her neck. While drinking each other's passion, he removed his shirt and let her touch his chest. Hermione rubbed her thigh against his crotch making him shiver, willing to remove her last button...

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Hermione woke up few minutes after dinner time, alone in the bed. Looking around, she began to think about the moment she had just passed with Draco, what she had delivered to him. *I regret nothing..* she thought against her pillow blushing. Everything was getting dark again in her head. She yawned and closed her eyes against the fluffy pillow. It was brown like the music box, where she and Draco would be dancing forever.