

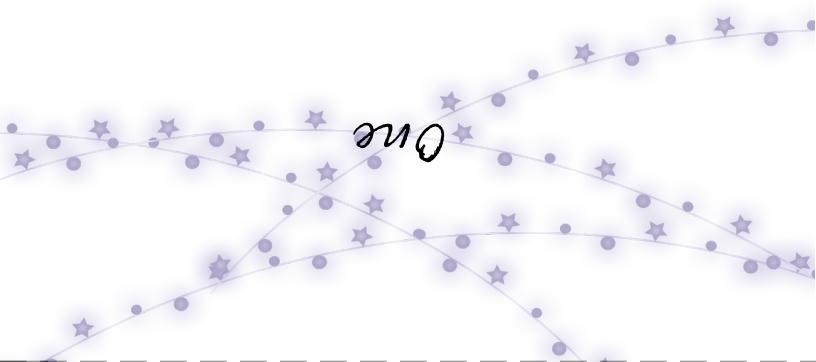
finished an hour ago, but the blond was traipsing around one had to sign off and audit their reports. She could have partment of Magical Accidents and Catastrophes, Hermi-Muggles who witnessed the event. As director of the DE-Task Force members spent four days tracking down all the streets of Muggie London being flooded with families miscast charm at the Magical Menagerie ended up with the She was finalising her review of last week's blunder. A

"So you've said, Malfoy?"

"This is an A-list lineup, Granger!"

She smiled to herself as he chattered away. This excitementivalised that of a Niffler in a jeweller's shop. Next collaborative project. The lineup was just released and Draco Malfoy had spent the last hour in Hermiones office participating on about the Hinkypunk Music Festival, their

Hermione



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IF YOU BOUGHT THIS, SHAME ON
YOU.
IF YOU BOUND THIS YOURSELF, IM SO
PROUD OF YOU!
xoxo -SENNNA





front of her all alone
into stolen moments and Draco has to find a way to show Hermoine that her soulmate has been right in
she happens to be in a relationship with Cormac McLaggen. As the festival draws near, long nights turn
charming friend to Hermoine...except for the fact that he's been putting her for years. The problem is,
Hermione and Draco are working on the Hinkypunk Music Festival. Draco has been an informant
for the Ministry of Magic.

Typecast by [Senna Stein](#) 2025
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her office, rambling on and on about headliners and opening acts.

"Stop pacing, I'm nearly finished." She was searching for the final page of the report, which had gotten lost amongst the clutter on her desk when Draco made his way over and picked up the errant page without missing a beat. She could feel his gaze as she signed the parchment and placed it in its proper file. In the past year, he had become a constant in her life. His position with the Department of Extraordinary Affairs meant their paths crossed often. He had inherited his family's penchant for event planning and most wizarding world events fell under his jurisdiction, whether it be galas, Quidditch matches or – on occasion —birthday parties. Their unlikely friendship following the war was a shock to everyone.

"Oi!"

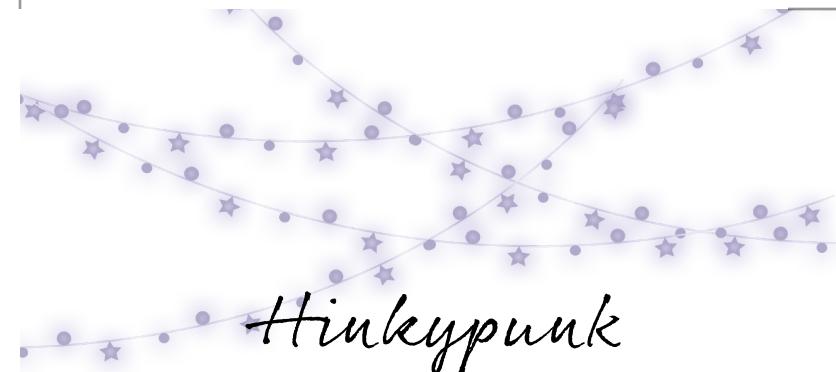
The door flew open as Ron strutted in holding up the pink flyer.

"Malfoy, have you seen this —"

"Lineup? I was just telling Granger how this is the best we've seen in years and she's —"

"She was in the middle of finishing up a report before you clamoured in here going on about the festival, distracting me."

"I was merely updating you with pertinent information on our next joint venture." He shrugged, unaffected by the annoyance in her voice.



5

Draco watched her eyes scanning the parchment -
“Watch it, Milonie!”

she grabbed the flyer from Ron's hands, nearly spilling his drink.
“Work hours, Malfoy.” Her face flushed in indignation as busy finishing the Menagerie case. Some of us work during
ance. “I never even saw who was performing because I was
“Now hold on.” Hermione held her finger up in annoy-

ing a sip of Blaise's drink.

“Granger is less than impressed.” Draco smirked, tak-

school, they meshed surprisingly well.

ed tolerating each other's company. Given their years in

It was easier than he expected when the two houses start-

beer and whisky sat in front of his former housesmates.

at the head of the table. Half finished glasses of Butter-

Draco raised an eyebrow at Granger as he took the seat

“All of our favourites in one place! ”

“The lineup looks phenomenal! ”

“So...Hinkeypunk.”

excited voices.

Ron made their way towards the Slytherins, hearing their

their crew. Theo, Pansy, and Blaise were already congregat-

The Hog's Head was the usual Friday night spot for

Draco

Hinkeypunk

argument about the influences of their formative years before landing on the similarities of their overbearing and overprotective mothers. They had been friends ever since.

As Hermione sorted the last of her documents, she smiled to herself. She never thought the day would come when Draco Malfoy would have a willing and civil interaction with Ron Weasley. It filled her with peace and happiness to see how far they had all come.

She grabbed her bag and was walking towards the former rivals when Draco plucked it out of her hands and slung it over his shoulder.

“Malfoy, I am perfectly capable of —”

“I know you are, but you don't have to do everything alone.” He grinned, eyes sparkling with mirth.

“A true gent, this one.” Ron teased, tipping an invisible hat.

She felt her cheeks flush as she awkwardly debated what to do with her hands now that she had nothing to hold. She ended up clapping them once and heading for the door past the two men.

“Shall we?”

Ron sniggered when she passed. She let the door swing back

swiftly, hoping that it would clock the annoying redhead as it did.

get off his high horse. It all eventually devolved into an never given the chance to change post-war and Ron should subject came up, Draco countered that people like him are led to believe Draco had actually changed. Whenever he the wrong side of the war, she had forgive him. He struggled years of calling Hermione a "Mudblood" and fighting on been fiercely loyal and he could not understand how, after travel on the basis of Muggleborn rights. Ron had always the war, the two of them had continued their schoolyard huddled together. It hadn't always been this way. Years after She felt a tug in her chest as she watched the two men

drafting a schedule of must-see artists with Ron.

"Not all of us have the pleasure of working without the pressure of deadlines, Ronald."

"Come on, Mione. It's Friday, everyone else has left the office already!"

"The Banshees?? Boggart Dreams? Love Incendio??" She looked up from the list of artists, her eyes like sparkling pools of amber. He couldn't look away, holding her gaze longer than was appropriate. Her cheeks flushed before she broke the trance as Potter and the Weaselette walked in.

"Saw the headliners, did you?"
Potter slid into the booth next to Theo as Ginny slipped behind Pansy to kiss her on the cheek.

"The Harpies have a bye that weekend so I should be able to have the time off."

Draco could see Hermione was already lost in her head planning for worst-case scenarios at an event of this scale. Her gaze was unfocused, her bottom lip between her teeth and her legs bouncing to the rhythm of her racing thoughts. He'd grown familiar with these moments when he could see her mind in action. He was rather fond of it.

"My family has a chateau not far from the festival grounds should we need a place to stay," He shared nonchalantly, avoiding Blaise's knowing gaze. "We could easily apparate back and forth as needed."

When Draco looked back at Hermione, she was reading over the flyer once more with surprise written on her face.
"Did you know the festival was being sponsored by the McLag—"

He grabbed the sheet and scanned it, groaning.

look back and acknowledge him as she left, but it was for He stared at their retreating forms, waiting for her to gesture.

away. Draco could feel the heat creeping up his neck at the casually slung an arm around her shoulders to steer her "Thanks, Malfoy, you're tops." He winked his way and arms.

She clapped excitedly and fell into the wankers' open "Sure, Granger."

her favourite bands after the look of pure joy on her face? How could he deny her the opportunity to see one of ically at Draco. "You wouldn't mind, would you Malfoy?"

"Oh!" She jumped from her seat looking over at apologist the offer.

vited me to and..." He saw the moment her eyes lit up at shees have an open rehearsal for Hinkypunk that they in-

"Well, I was hoping you'd join me because The Ban-

Hermione bit her lip nervously as she nodded.

"Work today," He drawled. "Right, Granger?"

"Unfortunately, McLaggen, we have quite a lot more

"I was hoping to convince you into skiving work for the afternoon." Draco's eyes darted towards him, accusingly.

it always steal bites of his dessert even though she refused to order one herself. Cormac glanced over at him with his brows furrowed.

Draco snorted and, realising his error, tried to cover

McLaggen

Hinkypunk

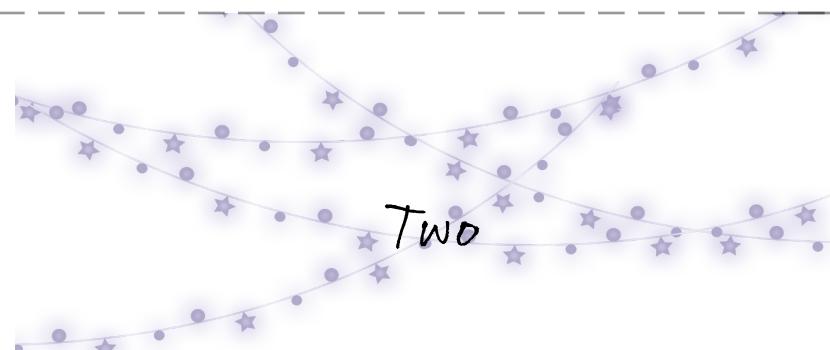
He huffed and continued to eat, stabbing at the olives with his fork. Hermione hid her smirk as they ate in silence. He knew he was acting childish. It should have been perfectly acceptable for her to stay with McLaggen, yet his irritation remained over a battle lost. He pushed away his filet, exchanging it for his slice of lemon meringue pie. As he took a bite, he looked up to find her wearing a smug smile.

"What?"

"Well if you had let me finish, you would know that although Cormac has somewhere for us to stay, I would much rather be with my friends. He's not particularly happy about it, but he'll be off securing donations for The Society, so I would be left on my own anyway." The pressure in his chest eased as excitement and hope took its place.

She reached over to steal a bite of his pie. He watched how her lips closed around the fork and the way her tongue darted out to lick off some of the meringue clinging to the corner of her mouth. Circe save him, this was torture. He was fighting the urge to wipe a stray crumb from her bottom lip, when a grating voice called out.

"Golden Girl! There you are!" Cormac trotted over with the grace of a bloody hippogriff, a proud grin on his face. "I looked for you in your office but Joanna said that you went to lunch." He noticed the bit of pie and wiped it away with his thumb before bringing it to his lips. "Dessert? You never have dessert." Hermione blushed at the public display.



Hermione

She was listing the number of aurors needed to adequately ward the festival when Draco waltzed into her office, two coffees in hand.

"You know, Granger, starting early doesn't make you better than me. It just makes you petty."

She sighed, taking the cup from his outstretched hand. "And you know bringing me coffee doesn't mean I'm going to let you cut corners, right?"

"Wouldn't expect you to." He winked, sipping from his cup.

He took a seat across from her as they quietly enjoyed their morning ritual. She savoured the hazelnut and cinnamon, the aroma invading her nostrils and warming her throat. She looked over at him as he settled in. Only once had she told him how she took her coffee. He hadn't gotten it wrong since.

"We should probably go over the projected attendance

"Everyone is going to be disappointed! That I'm staying with my boyfriend?"
 "Oh, come on Granger. Everyone is going to be so disappointed if you don't stay with us."
 "Hermione offered up the britny little buggers. "Cormac does have somewhere planned for us to stay...".
 "You're planning on staying with us at the chateau, right?"
 "He watched as Hermione meticulously picked the olives out of her salad. She had the option to order it without them, but insisted since she knew he enjoyed them. He had mistakes told her he loved olives ago. She was having a particularly trying day and looked as if she would burst into tears at the sight of the olives in her salad. So he took them. He hated olives.

Draco



after him.

Hermione gazed down at the chaos of her desk. She sighed, grabbed her work tote and hurried down the hall. "And where do you propose to eat said takeaway?"
Ginny

Hinkypunk

nought. Suddenly, an afternoon working in a cramped office didn't sound quite as appealing as usual.



"You're in trouble, mate." Theo walked over and placed a glass of Ogden's Finest in his hands.

Draco sighed as he sank into the velvet chaise, downing it in one pull. Nott Manor didn't hold as many bad memories for him as his own, so he preferred to spend his time here.

"What's wrong with me? She's unavailable. She's had a boyfriend the whole time we've worked together and I can't...I can't..."

"You can't bring yourself to tell her how you actually feel because you're a coward?" Blaise offered. Draco threw one of the decorative pillows his way.

"I can't tell her." He stood abruptly, pacing in front of the bar cart with restless energy. "If I can't have her the way I want, I'll take whatever she gives me. I'll ruin whatever this is if I say anything." He reached for the decanter just to keep his hands busy as Harry walked in.

"He has a point." Harry shrugged. "Hermione is a Gryffindor and she wouldn't do something to intentionally harm someone. Even if that someone is that slimy knob." The three of them snorted in agreement.

Theo pursed his lips, thinking it over. Then his eye-

have so much to do!" she called after him.
 out of its daze, "Can't you just bring me takeaway? We still gared. Relishing what she was doing, she shook her head carressed her hand where the warmth of his touch still lingered. Draco turned towards the door as she absently minded "You need to eat and I am starving. Come on, witch."

Somehow unflustered stirred in her chest.

She continued to ignore him as she sorted through her notes until a gentle hand settled hers. She glanced up as something unfamiliar stirred in her chest.

"Grangette."

Piles on her desk.

"Mhmhm." She was distractingly slipping through the "It's lunchtime, Granger. Let's go."

Middle approached, Draco began to pack up his bag.

A comfortable rhythm was set as they volteed back and forth about each department's needs leading up to the event. The soft rustle of parchment and the scratch of their quills became the soundtrack to their morning. As and forth about the aurors, we'll need to set aside

"You've read my mind, Malfoy."

that the vendors will have ample time to set up.

If the warding were completed at least three days prior so accommodations or portkeys ahead of time. I would prefer curtains still sprang free.

"And once we have the aurors, we'll need to let the DMBE know what we need." Hermione twisted her wand into her hair in an attempt to pull it back, yet her numbers. Once we have those estimates, I'll be able to let this punk

Juleinx

"I think you mean all's fair in love and war, Weasley." Blaise countered.

Draco looked around at his friends as he considered what they were saying before raising his glass.

"To war, then."

"Note, I don't think your house elf likes me." Ron waltzed into the room, immediately making his way to the bar cart.

"Ah, the Weasel is here. Thank you, Mills." The professor reached the parlor door.

"Mister Theo, the ginger one is back." She adjusted the pleats of her pink dress, clearly unimpressed by the arrival of his new master.

poor sod. Drago raised his glass to Braise at that.
There was a sudden crack of magic when Millie, the
Not Man's house elf, appeared.

"Oh, enough you two. We're supposed to be helping the bum. Potter blushed.

"You assume that I even had to try, Malfoy," Theo walked over to Potter planting a sweet kiss on his cheek. "Besides, Granger is not Potter. You'd be barking up the wrong tree. I doubt my tactics would work on anyone but this one." He winked at Potter as he playfully smacked his set off a Gryffindor? The Chosen One to be exact."

"You," Draco pointed at Theo, "How did you bag your spectators? I bet they're shamed to be seen in public."

"How Slytherin of you, love. But I doubt she would appreciate being manipulated into a relationship." Potter squeezed Theodoros' shoulder as he passed.

guliyux brows lifted, a slow grin forming. "Unless you make her think it was her idea..."

"Then you'll just have to do the same to him. An eye for an eye [high-five]"

"I don't know, Parks. I'm sure the bastard will do anything to get her away from us," Cormac be arranging separate accommodations?"

“You think she’ll still stay with us at the chateau?” O’
dodgy territory.

"Hypothesically," Harry," Draco huffed in amusement.
"Saying hypothetically doesn't actually grant you a
ency, Weasel!" Theo rolled his eyes while rubbing his boy-
friend's back. Ron struggled it off, wrinkling at Draco again.
"How am I supposed to work under that wanker for
the next few months?" He loved that his job meant he'd
be working with Hermione more often than not. However-

"I got Uncle Sarge's sake, now," we work at the DUMZ, "that pinched the bridge of his nose.

people that could orchestrate an unfortunate portkey accident. Ron winked, mischievous twinkling in his eyes.

"You know, hypothetically speaking, I may know of
of whisksy down his throat.

"How you holding up, mate?" Blaise clapped him on the back.

When he rejoined his friends, he was met with pitying stares.

Zukjinx

"Brilliant. Just what we need." He dropped his head back in exasperation. He enjoyed the times his job aligned with Granger's – but less so when it involved McLaggen.

“Don’t be an arse, Malfoy.”

She sighed as she got up to get a drink. He waited a moment before deciding to get up and follow. He approached cautiously as she placed her order.

“Are you saying you didn’t know he was sponsoring this event beforehand?” Draco asked casually leaning against the bar facing her.

"It may come as a surprise to you, Malfoy, but I don't, in fact, know it all."

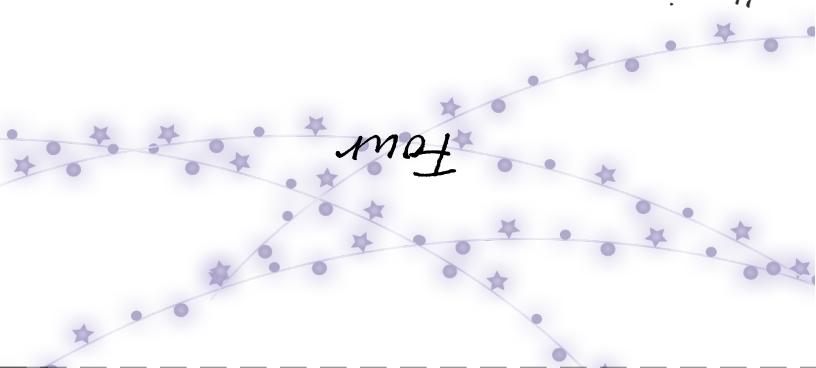
He scoffed and signalled the server for a glass of Ogden's. "You're telling me 'The Golden Girl' is not aware of the goings on at the Ministry when it involves Cormac McLaggen?" Draco sneered with an eye roll, reaching his hand to touch her brow. "Are you well?"

She laughed as the barkeep served their drinks. Just as Draco was about to continue to pester her about the festival, a foreign arm snaked around her waist from behind, drawing her in and away from his side.

"Who's buying?" McLaggen drawled, peppering kisses up the side of her neck. She giggled, turning towards the git. Draco's eyes narrowed as he grabbed his drink to return to their table, retreating from the nauseating scene. Going by the uneasy stares his mates were giving him, he knew Granger and that insufferable twit was not far behind.

„Alright there, Granger?“

Hermione



Hinkypunk

idly and shook her head, willing the thoughts away as she began to pack up her tote. She cursed herself for even noticing these details about the man in front of her when she was involved with another. Her movements slowed as her thoughts rationalised. It was completely normal and acceptable for friends to appreciate each other, platonically. Completely normal.

"Is there a conversation happening in that head of yours that I should be aware of?"

She nearly jumped, forgetting that he was still waiting for her, "What? No. I'm ready, let's go." She swung her bag over her shoulder, nearly knocking the ink pot over... again.

Draco smirked as he held the door open for her. She huffed as she passed, unable to ignore the scent of cedar and mint that invaded her senses as she did.

"I've heard of your past girls' nights and there was nothing ladylike about them." He sauntered back to them, taking a seat next to Dany on the couch who immediately stretched her legs over his lap. "So, who are we talking about tonight?"

Theo made his way to her kitchen, pouring himself a
true and took a delicate sip from her glass.

"Ladies, Theo. We're ladies." Pansy adjusted her pos-mec."

"I can't believe you lot are having a girls' night without that."

"So you do see it," "There's nothing to see!" She felt her cheeks flushing, either from the wine or the conversation, she couldn't tell anymore. With an exasperated huff, her head fell into her hands. The sound of her Floo started them out of the awkward silence, as an unexpected wizard waltzed into her

„So you do see it.”

together.”

She bit her lip and raised her head to look at her friend. “Malfoy and I are just friends. We work together a lot. Of course, we would be comfortable spending so much time together,” she said.

her face, "Please tell me you're not acting like you don't
remember. Jimmy Brownmead, shading her hands down

Himself been him and Malfoy mostly...

Jukjinx

has feelings for Draco.”

“Ginny!”

"Ah, yes. What shall we do about that?"

"We will be doing nothing, Theodore, because this has nothing to do with any of you!" She got up from the floor and headed towards the kitchen. "I don't owe anyone an explanation for who I choose to spend my time with and I would appreciate it if my friends could respect that!" She braced her hands on the counter, head bowed, trying to breathe through the tug of war happening between her head and her heart. Her friends stayed silent, exchanging furtive glances. Several moments passed before a throat cleared.

"So, when do we think Potter is going to propose to me?" The tension in the air dissipated. Hermione sighed with relief as she uncorked a new bottle and returned to her friends.



In the week leading up to the festival, Hermione's anxiety and anticipation for everything to go off without a hitch were reflected in the untamed curls that refused to obey any law of physics or magic. No amount of Sleekeazy's Hair Potion could bring it to heel. She huffed and attempted yet again to twist her hair back with her wand, but it did nothing except give the impression that it was

As he began packing up his carryall, Hermione noticed strands of hair falling onto his forehead and was filled with the urge to push them back for their audacity to hide any part of this wizard's face; the glimmer of mischievousness in those eyes, the soft pout of his lips contrasting with the sharp angles of his jaw. It was rather unfair that someone be blessed in appearance, intellect and competency.

"Granger?" Draco had paused his movements looking quizzically over at the distractingly witch. She blushed rapidly.

"It's ready. We're ready. Despite all the extra hoops you made me jump through, we are ahead of schedule." The annoyingly unfrazzled blond resumed sorting through his itinerary. "The appertition points and portkey zones are already in place. The vendors are scheduled to arrive at the grounds on Wednesday afternoon. Our portkey is set to activate that morning. We'll be able to do a final run through before the artists arrive Friday night, with plenty of time for us to make any last minute changes. Chateau des Sables will have time to settle in before our friends arrive."

hands touched before glancing up to find him looking back at her. Piercing silver eyes that she was pretty sure could read her thoughts. The fact that he was a master Legilimens didn't help the matter. She should have found his undivided attention unnerving, but instead, she felt grounded and relieved. He removed his hand from hers before she found

Hinkypunk

She snapped her eyes away from him, looking towards the sky, pretending she hadn't heard him and wasn't just inappropriately ogling her coworker.

"Granger?"

"Huh? Oh, me?" She pointed to herself as if unsure of who he was speaking to. He grinned knowingly before walking towards her. She, again, found herself not knowing what to do with her hands and ended up waving both of them awkwardly at him. Since girls' night, she couldn't remember how to act normally around him.

"We're nearly done with the mainstage and the concession tents. How's the warding going?"

Thankful that he didn't acknowledge the weirdness of the last few moments, she breathed a sigh of relief. "We just finished. I'm going to double check the apparition points and the portkey zones, but then we're all set."

"Excellent, I'll wait for you before heading to the Chateau."

"Oh, that's not necess -"

"Go on, Granger. I'll be waiting at the apparition point when you're done." He held her waist as he passed, his long fingers curling around her possessively. It sent a thrill through her that stole her breath. Hermione stood there for a moment before realising she was staring, again. Merlin, I need to get a grip. She shook her head and headed towards the portkey zones.

It was nearly supper time when they arrived back at the

"Everything is ready, Granger. You were very thorough." She Huffed, falling ungracefully back into her seat.
"I knew everything was going to be fine when you asked me, with a straight face, if I thought Luna would be willing to search the festival grounds for Naglises." She narrowed her eyes at him as she continued her work, making sure to place the ink pot out of harm's way.
"I just need this to be perfect. Donations for all of the charities Cormac has invited depend on it!" Draco sought out her hand, stilling her frantic energy. Her breath caught in her chest.
"Just that familiar warmth returned. She stared at where their fingers intertwined.

Hermione cleared the split link with a flick of her wand. She scowled at him before getting up from her seat to pick up the missing parchment from the floor. "Good to know that you're as grown up as ever, Malfoy." She rolled her eyes as she handed it to him. His calmness only irritated

He paused his work, leaning back in his chair, crossing his arms over his chest as he examined her. "Have you checked that man's name off yours?" Surely you've lost something in there." He grinned trying to hide his smile.

"I have enough on my plate, Malfoy, without having to keep track of every parchment of yours that passes my desk." "She had said it before she got

"Have you seen the file for the portkey zoning?" Draco

THE CROWN

Jukjinx

"Mmmhmm." Ginny raised her eyebrows, loudly sipping from her glass.

"Ok, out with it. I know you two have something to say so let's get it over with." Resigned, she leaned her head back into Pansy's lap.

"Are you happy?"

"Wow, Pans. Don't hold your punches." Ginny set her wine on the coffee table before lying on her side to face them.

"Of course I'm happy! Why wouldn't I be happy? Cormac makes me...happy"

"But?" She could feel Pansy tug on her hair a little more forcefully than necessary.

"I don't know. I know he cares for me and he is not shy about it, but sometimes I would prefer a quieter love." She took another sip of her wine, giving her the courage to go on. "Something that doesn't always need to be shouted from the rooftops. I want the little things. The little gestures that show that he knows me. Like bringing me coffee the way I like it or sitting in comfortable silence together or letting me ramble about what's in my head without making me feel silly or—"

"— or working together to plan a festival?" Pansy had given up on the plaits and had switched to a calming rhythm of running her fingers through her curls.

"I mean, besides taking me to the open rehearsal, Cormac and I haven't really worked together on anything. It's

he walked over to the screen, turning it off. He had almost
“Very funny, Grangie,” he called into the darkness as
and laughed.

sudden intrusion of his senses. He looked over to the telly
from the box was loud. His heart jumped in his chest at the
came to life, revealing a snowy screen. The static emitted
blanket and was heading towards the stars when the TV
arms above his head before getting up. He folded up the
off to bed without waking him, he sighed, stretching his
Hermione wasn’t there. Disappointed that she had gone
his eyes adjusted, he glanced next to him and realised that
provided by the moon spilling from the windows. As
Draco awoke with a start to darkness, the only light
exhaustion.

his breathing matched hers and he too succumbed to his
ly resembled the purr of her moodily kneazle. Eventually,
fell to his shoulder as she snored softly, a sound that close-
his when he noticed her breathing beginning to slow. Her head
day working in the sun. Her body was brushing up against
moment. He could feel the heat radiating off of her from a
key. Her body had inched closer to his with each frightened
he looked over and found her face hidden behind a blan-
sional gasp from the witch next to him. He gritted when
They watched the movie in silence, save for the occa-

of the couch. “Ok, Malfoy.”
Hinckpunk

reliable to you than an Unbreakable Vow.” Draco shook his head, holding out his pinky to intertwine with hers. Satisfied with the promise, she quickly climbed the stairs to her room. The spark of his touch still danced across her skin as she closed the bedroom door.



Draco

“I don’t understand how Muggles could possibly survive these horrors without magic. A deranged Moaning Myrtle climbing out of your telly to murder you?” Draco reached his chopsticks over to steal another piece of broccoli.

“It’s the thrill, Malfoy. Don’t tell me you don’t at least find this thrilling.”

“I guess if she had control of some form of Dark Magic, it would make this situation more palatable. But after the horrors I’ve faced in my life, I doubt there’s much that can scare me anymore.”

“Is that so?” She looked over at him, eyebrows raised, unconvinced. They were sitting together on the couch in their pyjamas, the glow of the TV the only light in the room. Her legs were tucked under her and fuzzy socks covered her feet.

“It is so.”

ened, confusion written in his eyes.
you’ve used my name to get special privileges.” He straight-
“It cheapens the gesture, Cormac, when it seems like
avoiding his gaze and removing his hands.
she found it heavy and laced with expectation. She sighed,
Instead of finding his touch and attention comforting,
shoulders and bent down in an effort to meet her eyes.
“Are you alright, Dove?” He braced his hands on her
back before he made his way to her.

Cormac shook Aster’s hand and clapped him on the
tailored.

a moment, to enjoy each other’s company, but now it felt
working non-stop. She was so eager to step away, even for
be a fun activity for them to do together after weeks of
she felt a knot form in her chest. This was supposed to
way. As the band continued to pack up their instruments,
Favoutite band or not, she resented him for using her this
She was not a bargaining piece in someone else’s game.
Her cheeks heated and irritation crawled up her spine.
leburn.”

vouette band and watching her swoon over The Aster Ke-
anything for my bird. Including taking her to see her fa-
“After all she’s done for the Wizarding World? I’d do
regarded the slight and turned his attention to Aster.

him under the guise of examining the stage props. He dis-
place his arm around her waist, but Hermione side-stepped
he didn’t call her by her name at all. Cormac attempted to
Hinckpunk

Juleinx

“I’m sorry, babes. I know I can get carried away sometimes.” He reached for her hand. “There are still times when I can’t believe you’ve chosen to be with me when you’ve accomplished so much and I have yet to create my own legacy. It’s all I can do not to shout at everyone who passes by that you’re with me. You chose me.” He brought her hand to his lips to place a chaste kiss. She closed her eyes, calming the waves of frustration threatening to pull her under. With a long exhale, she looked back at him.

“I would just prefer it if you just thought of me as your girlfriend and not The Golden Girl. I want to be liked for who I am and not who people think I am or expect me to be because of a silly title.”

“As you wish.” Cormac tugged her closer with his hands around her waist and placed a soft kiss on her lips. “Would it please you to know that the real reason I brought you was to convince Aster to donate to The Society for the Betterment of Muggle Relations? His donation will be enough to fund this year’s incoming Muggleborn students and their transition to the Wizarding World. Impressing you by bringing you here was just the cherry on top.” Hermione stepped back, her eyes shining with surprise and confusion. The knot in her chest slowly began to unravel, releasing its hold on her.

“You’re joking.”

“I certainly hope not. I am a primary sponsor for this festival, Dove. I don’t need to name-drop to get an audi-

"I still don't understand how a pinky promise is more promise, mischievous in her eyes.
"I won't tell if you won't." She held her pinky out in front of her hands out we watched it without him."
"Without our friends? You know Weasley will throw a horror movie marathon?"
scary movie night? The Ring is out now. We can continue singing back around towards him. "Oh! Shall we make it a She nodded, making her way to the stairs before spinning old and the plumbing isn't up to our modern standards."
"Mind the pipes while you do. This place is centuries old."
Her heart fluttered in her chest. "Right. Well, if you don't mind, I'm going to have a shower before dinner."

"Yes, but—"
"The usual? Beef and broccoli with white rice?"
"Gods, that sounds fantastic." She hadn't eaten more than a bite or two all day and her stomach was making her well aware of that fact.
"Unless you wanted something else?"
"I was thinking of ordering Chinese takeaway for dinner," unless you wanted something else?"
morning so tonight it was just the two of them.
Hinkypunk

made it to the foot of the stairs when the same white noise came from the living room. He looked towards the sound of the noise, hesitant.

"Granger?"

The time of night and the darkness did nothing to help the paranoia now invading his mind. He walked back to the living room and shut the TV off once more. Cursing under his breath for leaving his wand in his room, he quickly made his way back to the stairs. He took them two at a time before making it to the landing. Draco waited and listened, but heard nothing. Shaking his head, he laughed at himself and the ridiculousness of the situation.

"Bloody Muggle contraptions. Can't even depend on them to function properly." He took a deep breath and continued down the hall towards his room. As he approached the room Hermione was staying in, there was a blue flickering light from under the door. Curious to see if she was still awake, he knocked, the force of which pushed it open slightly.

"Granger? You awake?" He stepped in and his eyes widened at the sight of the television in her room, flickering on and off, crackling with static. He backed himself up against the wall and looked towards the bed, finding it empty. Panic alarms started ringing in the back of his mind. Where was she? He inched in further and heard the drip of water coming from the loo, followed by squelching noises and whispers. Those damn, old pipes. It had to be

"They're... fine." her.
for the knowing gaze of the red-headed witch across from attempt at sounding nonchalant would have worked, if not "So how are things with Cormac these days?" Parsley them, wine in hand.

She sat on the floor with her back against the couch, sipping her second glass of wine. Darcy sat behind her, attempting to plait her hair. Ginny had just finished their

She hesitated, an inkling of doubt in the back of her

mind. Shaking the thought from her head, she lacced her fingers through his and leaned up to kiss him on the cheek.

"Dinner would be lovely." She hesitated, chin with a finger and gazed into her eyes, amused.

"I know what you assumed, but please don't overthink this. You weren't wrong, I did still use your name for our benefit and for that I am sorry. Let me make it up to you.

"I... I'm sorry, Cormac. I assumed that..." She looked down as shame began to creep up her throat. He lifted her chin with a finger and gazed into her eyes, having you here did help to

edge with the performers." He adjusted his collar, a slight smile on his face. "Hermione, having you here did help to edge to his voice. "However, having you here did help to encce with the performers." He adjusted his collar, a slight smile on his face.



Hermione

The smell of must and smoke was embedded into the walls of the auditorium, the echoes of past performances etched into the wood floors leading to the stage. Hermione stared in awe as the last chords were strung with Cormac applauding eagerly from the side stage.

"That was bloody brilliant," Hermione praised, walking over to shake each of the musicians' hands. "You'll be absolutely smashing at Hinkypunk!"

The lead singer, Aster Kettleburn, came forward with a crooked grin. "Well, when Cormac asked us if we'd fancy the 'Golden Girl' getting a sneak peek at the set list, we couldn't bloody well say no."

"Oh gods, please call me Hermione." She eyed Cormac with what was almost a look of disappointment. He was unfazed as he approached the group with an air of... confidence? Superiority? Hermione couldn't decide which was more annoying, the fact that he name-dropped or that

looked over to see Ginny gesturing towards Draco and her throat loudly and stared at Ron with wide eyes. "Banshee. I'll join you lot at The Ba—" Pansy cleared her throat loudly and said "Banshees," Hermione agreed.

"I haven't gotten to see a live set from The Banshees yet, so I'll probably head that way." Draco shrugged. "I haven't gotten to see a live set from The Banshees either. They aren't equally as eye'd Pansy and Ginny. They arent' equal as he eye'd Pansy."

"Valkyrie Rite for me as well. If these two think that up to ruffle his curly hair." Theo nuzzled Harry's neck and he smiled, reaching an arm around Harry's waist that I got lost in these green eyes..."

Pansy gestured over to Theo and Harry. "Not my fault we almost lost them last time."

"Well, we promised these gents we would superwise them at Valkyrie Rite since we lost them last time."

"Well, back to important matters. Who's going to The Banshees and who's going to Valkyrie Rite?"

"Oh, back to important matters. Who's going to The group."

"He just knows how much you mean to me," her eyes caught Draco's. "And I think it just pushes him to act like a dolt." A hum of reluctant consent passed through the arms around Harry.

"A bit?" Theo raised his eyebrows as he wrapped his arms around Harry. "No, no, I know," Hermione hesitated. "He means well, he does. It's just that he can be a bit insecure around you all."

"PANSY!" Ginny scolded through clenched teeth. "Ginny!"

ister said, it's time to do your part. Now run along." She dismissed him, annoyance clearly written on her face. Cormac glared, reaching for her hand again. Hermione's jaw tightened with surprise as she pulled away. The fact that he even considered volunteering the Golden Girl, without her consent had indignation coursing through her veins.

"Cormac, if you would be so kind." Kingsley gestured away from the group towards a huddle of wizards waiting in perfectly tailored dress robes, looking completely fascinated and out of place at the same time. "Lovely to see all of you here together. Enjoy the rest of the weekend!" And with that, he was gone in a blur of purple. Before he followed, Cormac reached for Hermione, and she let him draw her in. With his hand cupping her face, she dodged his attempt to kiss her, his lips meeting her cheek instead. He appeared confused by her reaction then turned to the group.

"Guess I'll catch up with you tossers after I've drained the pockets of these donors."

"Yeah, only to drain us of all our sanity." Ron mumbled. Harry elbowed him in the ribs.

As Cormac hurried after Kingsley, Hermione turned back to her friends apologetically.

"Don't even think about it, Granger." Theo pointed at her threateningly.

"I know you're not about to apologise for that bloody arseho—"

Hermione wished she could feel the same towards her own Ashamed he was to have his fading Dark Mark on display. Most surprising was how unceremonious or unbuttoned at the top of his lean shirt hinted at his Seeke- to his usual Ministry attire of black and grey. The undone casually dressed. His light trousers were a stark contrast to his usual Ministry attire of black and grey. The undone cowoker... former enemy? It was strange to see him this took a moment to let her own gaze roam over her friend... As the group continued their walk to the pavilion, she

ing daggers at the wizard beside her.

couldn't be sure, but she could sense those silver eyes staring at her. Hermione lowered his sunglasses from his head. Draco remembered this look of vials in their kits, should it happen again." Pepper-UP potion couldn't fix. I reminded all employees a key was slumped and did not handle the tip well. Nothing that —,

"All set. Turns out one of the wizards arriving by port-

"All set, Malfoy?" Harry asked as Draco re-approached the group.

with the portkey or apparition points, it's my job to ensure that —,

"I really think I should go help. If something is wrong skin, distracting her for a moment from her thoughts.

"What's got you worried, Dove?" He whispered, tuck-

ing a stray curl behind her ear. His hand lingered on her to smooth the furrow between her brows.

done the same thing. Cormac turned to her, fitting a finger

in it. If it were anyone other than Draco, she would have

think you

Hinkypunk

inflicted war scars instead of constantly glamouring them. She rubbed at her forearm absentmindedly.

"Alright, The Banshees and Valkyrie Rite have sets that start in half an hour. Boggart Dreams isn't until late afternoon so we can grab something to eat beforehand. Love Incendio's set starts at 7 p.m. so we'll want to get there early for prime viewing." Ron rattled off the group's itinerary while the others looked at him, eyebrows raised.

"You would be more detail oriented when planning a schedule for Hinkypunk than at work." Harry laughed incredulously.

"It's a matter of priority and I happen to take my leisure activities very seriously."

Hermione smiled at her best friends as they continued to rib each other in a way that brothers do. It reminded her of their early days in school when they found moments of peace to be children, before everything changed. Before lines were drawn between classmates and then to different sides of a battlefield. It seemed that time was ever changing as she looked between the boys she clung to during those years and to the man beside them. A man whom she clung to more and more these days. She chanced a glance back and found him letting his eyes wander over her. She could feel the burn of his gaze as it travelled over her face, down her neck and along her collarbone, like he too could see the war raging in her head. He always seemed to see what others didn't, knowing when she was lost in her own mind

"Don't be daft, McLaggen!" She snorted. "You can't possibly pull her away from this to work! Like the Min-

"Nonsense". Kingslley adjusted his sleeves. "Hinkypunk is the result of his hard work these past few months and as he said, Adrian is the day-of coordinator. Today, it's time to do your part and secure funding for The Society. We must continue to provide for the incoming Muggelborn students." Cuaght off guard by the refection, he pivoted his approach, "But certainly the Golden Girl would be of great assistance in this endeavour." He made for Hermiones hand, but was conveniently thwarted as Ginny swatted him.

"That would be much appreciated, Draco."

"Minister, thank you so much for coming. Would you need a representative from the Department of Extraordinary Affairs to join you? I would be happy to send Adrián, my second in command and day-of coordinator."

hours as he passed and gooseflesh bloomed up and down his arms, despite the warmth of the day. Draco reached out to shake Kingsley's hand and she frantically toyed with her hair in an effort to distract herself from the sight of the corded muscles of his arm.

Hinkypunk

Hermione. He continued, confused. "...The Banshees" Ginny rolled her eyes and smacked him upside the head. Draco stifled a laugh as Ron rubbed his head glaring at his younger sister.

"Alright, we'll meet up again for Boggart Dreams and Love Incendio tonight, yeah?" Theo said over his shoulder trailing after Harry.

"You two better wait up!" Pansy yelled.

"We should have put the tracer spell on them." Ginny admonished as she linked her fingers with her girlfriend's, pulling her to catch them before they lost the boys in the crowd. Blaise shook his head as he strolled after them.

As the five of them disappeared, Ron dashed ahead with Draco falling into step with Hermione. She looked over at him as he stared forward, hands in his pockets, his pace slowing slightly like he didn't really mind getting left behind.

"You've never seen The Banshees?"

"I'd never even heard of them until last year when I walked into your office and they were playing on that grandma-phone of yours." He smiled to himself as he kicked at the ground. "Same with Love Incendio."

She stopped in her tracks, shock written all over her face. "First off, it's gramophone. Second, you hadn't listened to them before then?" Draco turned around to her, amusement colouring his face.

"I hate to be the one to break it to you, Granger, but

Hermione could sense Draco's presence as he approached. When did she start doing that? His arm brushed past her shoulder as he stepped forward. "You wouldn't mind if I steal Cormac away, do you?" It seems as though you have plenty of company to keep you busy," Hermione said, her voice low and husky.

"Minister Shacklebolt, was that a Muggle reference?" "Kingsley smiled proudly at her. "I'm full of surprises,"

“The donors have arrived and are asking to speak with the man behind the curtain!”

The day was baffling. Then again, a cooling charm could make the heat tolerable.

and not present. But he didn't try to bring her out of those thoughts like Cormac did. He let her flush them out, like she knew they were important, that it was something she needed before letting them float away. Her breath hitched as she looked away before he could continue. Why couldn't she stop comparing them to each other? Magic made his way towards them, purple robes billowing crowd, "Just the wizard I needed to see." The Minister for Magic made his way towards them, purple robes billowing in his wake. How he could be wearing them in the heat of

Zukjinx

"Sod off, Weasley." Draco sneered in faux annoyance. He could handle Ron's playful taunting. It was McLaggen's passive aggressivene tone hidden behind concern that irked him. Draco turned, walking away before he could say something that he would regret. Holding his cutting remarks was becoming increasingly more difficult. Glancing back towards the group he glimpsed the wanker's arm tighten around her waist. His eye twitched.



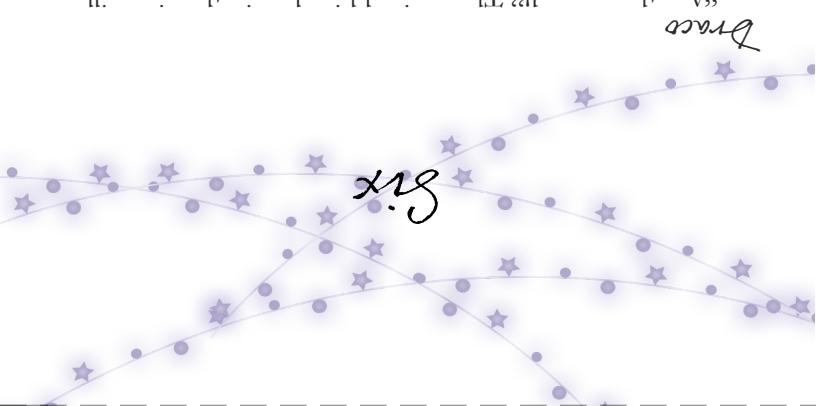
Hermione

"Was that really necessary, Cormac? There are plenty of other workers who could have handled the situation besides Malfoy." Hermione eyed him disapprovingly.

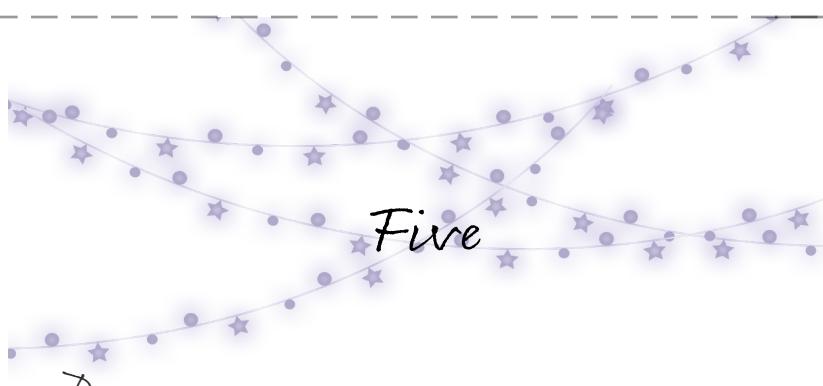
"If something were to potentially go wrong with the wards, wouldn't you want to be the one to check on them personally? I was only thinking of his pride and reputation." Cormac shrugged, slipping on his sunglasses not even looking at her as he spoke.

She sighed. He wasn't wrong. But something about the whole interaction still left her uneasy. She felt an inkling of guilt that she was so eager to help Draco instead of staying with her boyfriend. But Hinkypunk was a result of their joint effort in planning. Of course, she would have a stake

“And what of Zabini?” Draco looked around in search of his friend.
 “Harry shook his head. “I left to get food before Boggart Dreams and when I got back this lot was three sheets to the wind and it was all I could do to herd them back here.” The drunken trio, still lying on the floor of the pavilion, were laughing hysterically.
 “Bloody hell,” Harry shook his head. “I left to get food time taking Ginny and Theo with her
 “What happened? Potter? How are you the only one not buzzed?” He cringed as Pansy slid off the bench again, this time leaning his hand through his hair, exasperated.
 “What do we do with them now? They’re all pissed!”
 “Another round!” Theo raised his glass in the air, spilling scene before them.



This was going to be a long weekend.
 Against it with a quiet sigh.
 “Goodnight, Malfoy,” She watched as he backed out of the room. Was that a sad smile on her face? He couldn’t be sure. After he closed the door, he leaned his forehead against it with a quiet sigh.
 “Right. Good night, Granger.”
 Looking back down to her lap.
 “Oh...um...it’s fine. But, I probably should get to bed. I’ll be a long day tomorrow.” Her eyes darted to his before she sat up in bed, crossing her arms over her stomach.
 “Uh...sorry,” He rubbed the back of his neck, avoiding her eyes.
 “Uh...sorry,” He quickly removed himself from the position, he broke and she cleared her throat. Realizing the moment broke and she confused in her eyes before mindlessly. He could see the confusion in her thumbs before He stared into her eyes as his thumbs stroked her wrists, their laboured breaths, her chest heaving with every inhale. stalled when she looked up at him. The only sound was this quiet



Draco

“Theodore, must you wear the largest hat you own? No one can get around you, let alone see the stage if they have the misfortune of standing behind you.” Pansy swatted at the floppy brim of his comically large hat.

“One can never be too careful with sun protection, love. I couldn’t possibly put this face under any unnecessary stress before this one makes an honest man out of me.” He winked over at Potter whose face was red from either embarrassment or the heat of the sun, hard to tell which.

Draco strolled between Pansy and Hermione, stealing casual glances at the curly-haired witch. The yellow minidress that hugged her curves and showed off her tanned skin was beyond distracting. His eyes danced over the dusting of freckles that made an appearance after spending most of yesterday morning setting up for the festival. Draco’s gaze snagged on a cluster on her collarbone that,

of his hair tangled in her grasp as she brought him closer. Draco pulled her through the threshold, kicking the door shut. There was only the heat, the taste, and the feel of everything she had to give. Wrapping his arms around her waist, Draco pulled before his lips responded, starved for every moment before him kissing him soundly. It took him only a moment to respond, his arms around her for every thing she had to give. She seized the moment of surprise and determination.

Hermione



“Granger? What are you—”

Staggered back, shock stilling the breath in his chest. Scathed. He swung the door to his bedroom open, only to scathed at her feet without hope of it returning to him unscathed. Her heart raced to lay his hands on her once again. Draco strode back to his door, determined to be selfish for once. But fuck it all if he didn't deserve to be selfish for once. He roughly ran his hands through his hair, panic gripping her laugh. Merlin, her laugh.

Ber to honey brown when she is well and truly happy? And

Hinkeypunk

this...”

Draco felt his heart drop. His chest caving in on him, stealing his breath. This was it. He was losing her. He should have stolen more moments at the festival, more moments this past year. He should have let her...no he couldn't. The guilt she would have carried with her if he let anything happen, he couldn't do that to her. Instead, he would carry this heartache, alone. Draco reached out, gently cradling the side of her neck, his thumb brushing back and forth over her pulse point to ground himself.

“Malfoy, I—”

He drew her towards him and placed a soft kiss on her forehead, daring to linger, pressure building behind his eyes. She stilled. “It's okay, Granger. It's okay.” He slowly dropped his hand from her neck, his eyes memorising every freckle, every curve, every curl. He backed away from her with a pained smile. With his head bowed and hands in his pockets, he made his way towards his room.

Draco's head fell against his door as it closed, attempting to shut out the devastation that threatened to drown him. His hands flexed at his sides, fighting the urge to go back and beg her to forget what had happened between them tonight. He couldn't lose her, not now.

But what happens then? Do they go back to being friends? Back to being colleagues when he knows what it's like to feel the heat of her body pressed against his? When he can recognise the subtle shift in her eyes from deep am-

Making her way to a clearing, she looked to the sky, taking a look behind her as she went. Shoved past him through the horde of onlookers, not sparing his insouciance to make her feel small. “Piss off, Cormac,” she hissed. “We're done.” She so naive? She refused to stand here any longer and allow who she was not what she was. How could she have been whole relationship, she thought that she was wanted for The arse couldn't even be bothered to apologise. Their eyes, looking at the crowd that had gathered around them. “Oh don't be a bit, Hermione.” Cormac rolled his

for my friends and I certainly didn't expect to do it for you than what people have labelled me. I never had to do that around here; “All my life I've had to prove that I am more for the benefit of your ego.” Her magic continued to crack your Golden Gilt. I am not some trophy to be displayed am fully capable of making my own decisions. I am not “You don't have a say in what or who I choose, Cormac.” Sparks of magic fizzled at the ends of her hair. “I

to calm the anger pulsing through her, to no avail. Burning through her veins. She closed her eyes in an effort flash of hurt in his face as she turned back to Cormac, fire step back, blending into the crowd. Hermione caught the him before she held up her hand, stopping him. He took a

“Watch it, Malfoy.” Draco made to move towards me.” He pointed menacingly at Draco.

Juleinx

exhaling a long breath in an effort to quell the pressure of tears behind her eyes. Had she really been so blind? Or did she know all along and choose to ignore it in exchange for the feeling of being wanted? She laughed in disbelief at her own foolishness. As she looked around, she spotted a head of familiar red hair approaching her.

“Mione! I heard there was some witch absolutely eviscerating a wizard over here and I thought maybe...” He paused looking behind her. “Oi! Malfoy! Did you catch the poor bloke getting his arse handed to him?”

She could feel Draco approaching them. She could always feel him when he was near, almost as if he had called to her. Slightly out of breath, he looked like he'd pushed through the throng just to reach her. She glanced at him briefly, before looking back at Ron.

“I'm actually quite knackered, Ronald. I think I'm going to pack it in for the night.”

Draco looked towards her, eyes searching. “Same, mate.” His fingers gently brushed hers and she nearly broke.

Ron shrugged as he wrapped an arm around her, giving a reassuring squeeze. “Suit yourselves. I'm gonna see if that witch or wizard needs a shoulder to cry on.” He smirked as he disappeared back into the crowd.

The two of them made their way towards the apparition point, not acknowledging the charged air between them. She hesitantly glanced over and found his wary eyes

"Malfoy, about what happened back there..." Her lips, "I... I don't know... umm... I think... I'm ruined less damage with her cuts, then at her sides and finally, her comprehension was clear as her hands continued their rest-

and toying with the ends of her hair.

They approached Hermione's bedroom door and paused, turning to each other. She was avoiding his eyes and their relationship? Did he push her too far? knowing if he was flying or falling. What did this mean for his way. He felt off balance, suspended in uncertainty not were unsure and he caught several nervous glances sent from his arm and maintained a respectable distance. Her steps from the marble floor. The others must have either fallen asleep they arrived back, Hermione immediately dropped her arm anyone other than the witch walking next to him. When or returned to the festival, but he couldn't care less about the chateau was silent, save for their footsteps along



Hinkeypunk

er still. Hermione's back hit the wall with a soft thud, his hands gripping her waist as if afraid to let go. Draco lifted her, her back scraping up the smooth wall. A gasp tore free as her legs curled around him on instinct. She panted against his swollen lips, steadyng herself. The moment stilled as their eyes met, taking each other in.

"You didn't let me finish." She breathed, a cheeky grin on her face.

Draco laughed, resting his forehead in the crook of her neck, breathless. "Apologies. Please continue." He walked them over to the edge of the bed and sat with her straddling his lap.

Hermione's hands were clasped around his neck, her fingers dancing up and down his nape. "What happened tonight at the festival, it was wrong of me to carry on the way I did before it was officially over with Cormac. It wasn't fair to you. It wasn't fair to us."

"Us?" His eyes glinted with desire as he looked her over. Hermione bit her lip in an attempt to hide her smile.

"Yes. Us. I mean if that's what you —"

"Thank Merlin" Draco sighed as he flipped them, her back hitting the soft bedding as he pinned her to the bed. His hand travelled up her waist while his lips explored the dips and curves of her chest. He nipped at her neck, his thumb brushing over her breasts. Hermione's breath hitched and she brought his mouth back to hers, his tongue begging for entrance. She felt his fingers move towards

the wizard that had been right there in front of her after she couldn't discern if it was from the pull of magic or there was a crack of apparition and a twisting in her chest. They held out his arm for her and she took it away as her chest tightened, guilt and embarrassment holding already on her. They were always on her. She tore her gaze from him all this time.

Dukinox

ten in his features.

"I—I'm sorry, Malfoy. I don't know what that was." She avoided his imploring gaze. "I think I need... I think I —" As she turned to walk away, she collided with the last person she needed to see at that moment. Panic surged up her throat.

"Hermione, I've been looking all over for you." Cormac's eyes looked slightly unfocused, sweat beading at his hairline and the smell of pipe-weed wafting off him, the special blend that Draco had provided for the donor tents. He glanced behind her, eyes narrowing as he saw the tall wizard standing there, jaw clenched in frustration. "Just you two, then? Where are the others?" He examined the faces in the crowd before turning an accusatory glance at the two in front of him. "I think I've got her from here, Malfoy." He sneered, forcefully taking her hand and leading her towards the edge of the crowd.

"Cormac, wait...stop." She pulled back looking at Draco following close behind, a dullness now clouding his eyes and tension lining his posture. "The set isn't even finished yet —"

"Enough, Hermione!" He threw his hands up in frustration. "Are you trying to embarrass me?"

"Excuse me?" She gaped before stepping towards him in challenge.

"You're supposed to be my witch. My Golden Girl. I can't have you choosing your friends, least of all him, over

the more she could take. Draco's pleasured moans and the shed to him. Hermione took him slowly at first, unsure if him then with her hands creating a slow rhythm up and down. Draco strangled out a groan as she brought her widened at the sight, intimated and aroused. Her eyes towards his cock, his breathing turning ragged. Her eyes dragged her hands down his chest as she moved

"My turn."

over them, a curtain of privacy as she whispered in his ear. rolled over him, switching their positions. Her hair draped last barrier between them. As Draco readjusted, Hermione as she slid her hands into his trousers, pushing away the strong and soft parts as she went. His stomach tightened the Her hands travelled down his body, appreciating the

self on his tongue.

head down and kissed him slowly and deeply, tasting her of them as he made his way back up to her. She pulled his body. He slowly removed his fingers, licking the release off "So beautiful" he praised, as her mind returned to her deeper still.

as he let her ride it out, thrusting her hips pushing him wave of pleasure wracked her body. Her thighs trembled then closed around her clit and she cried out as a fierce body was wound tight, desperate for release. His mouth maintained his rhythm, only increasing the pressure. Her ing as she tightened his body, sensing she was close, he *slightly*

Hinkeypunk

ers. Her hands grasped the sheets around her in an effort to tether her excitement. His hand dipped below the soft fabric, fingertips grazing the wetness there, pulling a groan from his lips.

"Gods, you're so wet for me already." He dipped a finger in and her hips canted up towards him. Lips finding hers again, he slowly thrust his finger in and out. His mouth moved down towards her neck, nipping behind her ear as he added another finger.

"Please, Malfoy." Hermione whined as she writhed beneath him.

He let out a low laugh. "So impatient, my witch." His hand slid out from between her legs as his lips slowly pressed wet kisses down her chest and stomach, his tongue stealing tastes of her as he went. He settled between her thighs and looked up through hooded lids. She lifted her hips as he slid off the last piece of clothing, exposing herself to him. Draco laid a trail of kisses along her inner thigh stopping right before where she wanted him, only to switch to the other thigh. Her cunt throbbed with anticipation as she felt the heat of his breath below. His tongue then made a long, slow pass along her slit and she saw stars.

"Gods help me." She praised as her eyes rolled back.

With each pass of his tongue, he delved deeper and deeper. His fingers returned, matching the thrusts of his tongue and curling to hit the front walls of her cunt. Her hands were in his hair and she could feel the pleasure build-

he would one day have the privilege of learning its magic. A magic you couldn't master in school, but hoped weaving through her fingers as that brilliant mind worked she would hum as they worked together in silence, the quiet office slowly made their way through him. It was the song milder notes of a song he had heard many times in her The whole world spun around them as he waited. The gasped looking up at him, lips parted in surprise.

"Dance with me, Granger."

Leaned towards her, his lips grazing the shell of her ear. in reverence to the night. Before he could stop himself, he did the same. She had let loose her cuts and was swaying to the music, singing along with her head spinning full.

Draco didn't know when the band started playing, nor happiest moments in the last year. Incandescently beautiful glow, as if she were a patonus created as a sum of all his The moon now cast her in an ethereal light that made her The confidence she had tonight had his head spinning with his and led them to the main stage.

"Come on, Malfoy." She giggled as she linked her arm tightly soothed the heat between them.

appeared on the horizon and the cool evening air temperature. The sun disappeared saluting Draco before leaving them alone. The sun disappeared and saluting Draco before leaving them, glistening at Hermione just... " He backed away from them, gazing at Harry with some witches on my way back here, so I think I'll *thoroughly*

Juleinx

Hermione turned to him, hesitating before placing her hands around his neck. He slowly moved his hands towards her waist, eyes searching hers for permission. She nodded and he drew her in closer.

He was playing a dangerous game, but he couldn't be bothered to care. He didn't stand a chance when the witch in front of him was blithely unaware of the effect she had on him. Her hair was wild and uninhibited, dancing around her, the wind twisting curls across her face. She smiled at him and he was done for. This brilliant, beautiful witch wouldn't dim the fire in her heart or her mind for anyone. He wanted them both and it was unfair. Unfair that she chose another.

His hands flexed on her waist, the remnants of his self control waning with each passing note and each breath they shared.



Hermione

She could feel the heat of his hands through her dress. The intoxicating rhythm of the song flowed through her as she let the smell of cedar, mint and sweat invade her senses. The line between what was right and wrong started to blur as her fingers slowly tangled with the hair at the nape of his neck. She couldn't find it in herself to feel guilty about

Draco's fingers played with the waistband of her knicker-uninhibited, had her crying out, "Oh gods." Once again and the sudden sensation of his tongue on her, once again and the heat of his mouth found the sensitive peaking it aside. The heat of his mouth found the bra and loss-voice. He reached behind her, unclasping the bra and loss- "More." She hardly recognised the desperation in her through the lace of her bracelet with his tongue.

Draco's fingers pulled down the top exposing the lace of her bracelet. His lips pressed reverent kisses along her collarbone as he the straps of her dress, pushing them off her shoulders. *Hermione*

"This fucking dress," he murmured as he made quick work of it. Pulled down the top exposing the lace of her bracelet. In her belly. Her teeth, impatient fingers moved to undo the buttons of his shirt. She paused, taking in the sight before him of a tan that enhanced the contours of his chest and abdomen. The jagged scars across his bare skin did nothing to hide the beauty of the man before her. Her eyes did not. Hermione let out a sigh of pleasure, heat settling low

Hinkypunk
vulgar sounds of her ministrations only urged her to take him deeper, her arousal causing her to clench her thighs together, desperate for friction. Hermione nearly had all of him down her throat before she was pulled off him, her back returning to the mattress. She didn't have time to protest, his lips descended, devouring hers. Draco's fingers returned to her core, a delicious heat slowly building once again.

"I need this cunt around my cock. Now." He growled as he nipped at her ear. Hermione couldn't find her words and only nodded her head, lifting her hips to take more. His fingers left her as he aligned himself at her entrance. Draco searched her face for any sign of apprehension. Hermione smiled up at him, pushing her heels against the backs of his thighs, urging him forward.

"Fuck." Draco groaned as he slowly pushed inside of her. Hermione whimpered as his cock slowly stretched her, preparing her to take all of him. He paused once he had filled her to the hilt, allowing her time to adjust to his size. Her body found a rhythm of its own, moving against him. His lips sucked and bit at her neck as he took over and she whined for more. The tension wound tighter with each thrust, her nails scraped down his back, her body seeking release.

"Draco. Please." His eyes snapped to hers, surprise and adoration written on his face. He kissed her then, tongue exploring as if she held the answers to the questions he

"No, don't —" Draco reached out for her, regretful that she couldn't breathe. What was she doing? Shame seized her heart and she was with. She stepped back, hugging her arms around what she was doing. The reality of where she was and who Hermione stiffened, doused by the cold realisation of look on his face.

her eyes reluctantly only to find an apologetic and pained arms to remove them from around his neck. She opened her hands up her

"Granger." Draco pleaded as he ran his hands up her hair. One of his hands drifted up to tuck a curl behind Hermione's ear and then cradled her face. His thumb caressed her cheek and she felt herself lean into the touch, eyes dimmed. Her hands could only hope that he would be there to catch between them, but she couldn't stop. She was free-falling and she could feel the stiffness and recklessness of her to give in to whatever it was

drifting closed and everyone around them disappeared. Her eyes sparkled as he looked at her. She felt her stomach tighten and her heart stutter as Draco's hands travelled up and down her sides, as if fighting the urge to explore and take. Their bodies moved closer still, his forehead dropped to hers.

"Hi." She breathed out quietly. The bright silver of his eyes sparked as he looked at her with what she could only describe as adoration.

Hermione the wizard holding her. As her eyes lazily drifted up to find

Juleinx
he would rather enjoy seeing the Chosen One frazzled.

"If you go past the wards behind the medical tent, you'll find a side road. The Muggle repelling charm should wear off about 100 yards down, near an old petrol station. You should be able to call a cab from there." Hermione rattled off the instructions, just as she rehearsed in preparation for moments like this.

"Thanks 'Mione. Come on, you lot." Harry gestured towards Theo who was struggling to get the clumsy witches off the ground. "I'm sorry to miss the headlining act, but I'm sure Ron and Malfoy will be good enough company. Maybe if you're lucky, you'll find Zabini too."

As Harry led their friends towards the medical tent, Ron passed the unclaimed drinks to Draco and Hermione.

"Cheers!" They clinked glasses and downed the fire-whiskey. Draco could feel the warmth of it burn his chest, giving him the nerve to track the bob of Hermione's throat as she swallowed her own. A pink hue covered her cheeks and her skin glistened with sweat. Draco followed a small droplet making its way down her temple, grazing the side of her face in a way he wished his fingers could. There was a lightness about her that wasn't there earlier. The tension in her expression was smoothed out, relaxed, and happy. He couldn't pull his gaze away. Her eyes found his and held, no sign of the apprehensiveness he usually saw there. Instead, he found mirth and a bit of mischief shining back at him. Ron cleared his throat, breaking the trance.



made for the back door.
scene before her, eyes darting between the two men, then with the force of her conflicting emotions. She took in the Hermione stepped back, her mental walls crumbling house." He lowered down at him.
"I warned you, McLaggen. Now get the fuck out of my his face, blood gushing from his nose.
"Fuck!" Cormac wailed as he fell to the floor clutching face followed by a sickening crack.
Cormac was cut off as Dracos fist collided with his Cun —"
help. Hermione Granger, The Golden Slag with a Golden Malfoy? You can have her. Your reputation could use the man," he spat, looking towards Draco. "You know what, copped and needed by the very people who saw you as less for your fear of being inferior, hoping that you'll be accepted, "You hate yourself, Hermione. Overcompensating her. "I told you last night, Cormac. We're done. I don't want this anymore." She whispered as her eyes met his.
"Or what, Malfoy?" he taunted him, lip cutting as he laughed.
"Laggen," He hissed, fists clenched at his sides. Cormac *angry*

Hinkeypunk

his chest ache.

"You're not needed because you're the Brightest Witch of our Age or the Golden Girl or whatever label they've chosen to give you to make you fit into a neat little box. You are so much more than that and they're daft if they can't be bothered to notice." His voice intensified as he turned to face her. He wouldn't tolerate another moment of her feeling small when she was always meant to be great. "You are the most incredible witch I have ever met. You don't need me to tell you any of this, but it seems as though you have let the foolish opinions of simpletons plant doubt in your head, so let me remind you. You, Granger, have the incredible ability to elevate everyone around you by simply believing that they are worthy of your time and attention. Your intelligence is only rivalled by your endless compassion. There is no one in this world who has seen your mind and your heart that could deny it."

The corner of Hermione's lip twitched, hinting at a smile that urged him on.

"And not the least of these things is your beauty." His hand reached out for her, lifting her chin. "Merlin, you're beautiful." Draco sighed as his eyes roved over her face, committing it to memory. "The shimmers of gold in your eyes that shine in the sun, the constellation of freckles that dance across your nose and the way your curls always seem to fall into place no matter how many times you try to tame them," he smirked. "Unparalleled beauty. A beauty

"You better watch what words come out next, Mc-her." staggered back as it struck. Draco moved to stand beside Hermione. My family runs one of the most successful charities in the world supporting Muggle-borns like you." She your name to get my foot in the door anywhere. I'm a McGonagall. "Unbelievable. Come off it, Hermione. I don't need stepped back, shaking his head and scoffing.
"No, what is it about me that you want? Beyond the tip to elevate his status in the Wizarding World. Cormac as she thought of all the times he had used their relationship beyond my name, what is it you want? Her eyes flared "No, what is it about me that you want? Beyond the here to believe him.
placed his hands on her shoulders squeezing them, urging your side, there's nothing we couldn't do." He confidently Golden Girl. The Brightest Witch of our Age. With me at Hermione Granger. Why do I want you? You're Hermione Granger. The me?"
"What about us is perfect, Cormac? Why do you want er."
"You can't be serious, Hermione. We're perfect together."
"I told you last night, Cormac. We're done. I don't want this anymore." She whispered as her fingers to her hunger. She stared down at it, feeling nothing.
let that all go?" His thumb stroked the back of her fingers. This think of all we've accomplished. You're just going to this out," he pleaded, reaching for her hand. "Think of *happily ever after*

Jukebox

"Do we have to?" Her muffled voice vibrated through his chest.

"I'll have you back in this bed before you know it, witch. That's a promise." Hermione lifted her head, nose brushing his. He leaned in and she sighed sweetly into the kiss before rolling off of him to grab her clothes.

As Draco buttoned up his shirt, he watched Hermione transfigure yesterday's sundress into a matching set. A quick Scourgify and her makeup was wiped clean. She made multiple attempts to tame her curls before giving up and twisting them to the top of her head with her wand, curls falling perfectly to frame her face. Her hands were restless, constantly adjusting her clothes in the mirror. Letting out a distressed huff, she made her way to the door. Before she could reach the knob, Draco's hand slid around her waist, pulling her to him. With reverent hands, he held her and kissed her gently, holding on to the last moments they had before taking on what awaited them outside this room. Hermione softened in his embrace, a quiet sigh escaping her lips as he withdrew. Resting his forehead on hers, his eyes closed, resigned.

"Shall we?"



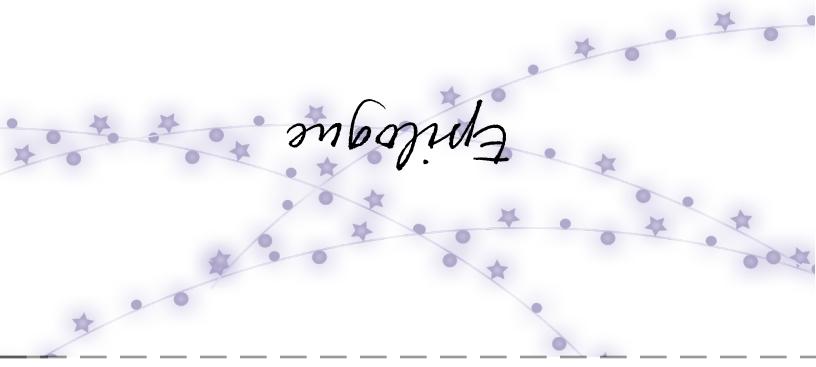
drinks in hand. He offered her the wine glass, fingers
Hermione's gaze lifted to Draco walking towards her,
thoughts", Ginny teased as she slung her arm around Parasy.
one point, Won Won, maybe your team isn't as good as you
"If you're so worried your team will lose because of
for a handful of crisps.

"This is complete bullsh*t", Ron huffed as he reached
urging him to sit
them have this one." Harry clasped him on the shoulder
"It's fine, Ron. We're still ahead of them. We can let
LOVE?"

reclimed his seat, looking at his fiancee. "Isn't that right,
brushing something off my face." Theo shurgged as he
"Don't get your knickers in a twist, Weasel. I was simply
pointing at the other team. "This isn't charades, you can't
act it out! You're meant to use one word!"

"Absolutely not allowed", Ron jumped to his feet,
"Aimlessly pointing at the other team", Ron jumped to his feet,
"We're still ahead of them. We can let

6 months later - Hermione



Hinckpunk

Draco cupped her chin, guiding her attention back to him with a smirk. Her eyes fluttered shut as he leaned in, brushing his lips against hers. The world around them slowed as their breaths mingled, full of everything they no longer had to hide.

"Oi! Ferret! Can you please come back in here? Parkinson just threatened me with Veritaserum!"

"Come off it, Weasley. I was joking, your love life isn't that interesting."

"Stay away from me, witch!"

Draco laughed under his breath, shaking his head. Hermione looked up at him, her eyes a honey brown with golden flecks sparkling in the sunlight just for him. He kissed her once more before interlacing their fingers and heading towards the sound of their friends' laughter.

tonight.
would ever come close to what transpired between them
neck and she knew nothing her dreams had in store for her
thinkpink

Eight

Draco

The warmth of the sun spilling through the window was nothing compared to the heat of the curly haired witch asleep in Draco's bed. His arm lay beneath her, wrapped around her shoulders, fingers combing through the brown tendrils of her hair. Hermione's palm rested on his chest, legs tangled in his, her soft, shallow breaths tickling his neck. Draco couldn't remember the last time he slept so soundly and he guessed it had everything to do with her. The bedsheets were draped low around her waist, her bare chest pressed against his. It took the restraint of a saint for him not to wake her to repeat last night's exploits. His cock twitched and Draco swore under his breath as Hermione stirred.

Her breathing grew deeper as she began to wake, untangling her body from his to stretch her arms above her head. Her eyes fluttered open as she looked over to him.

"Good morning." There was a flicker of hesitation in

open window, "Wha—"

Hermione's mouth flew open as she turned towards the window. "Weasel about a rather large love bite on his neck," he said about so disappoited. Besides, we're busy interrogating the guests are fed? Honestly, Draco. Cissy see to it that his guests are fed? Honestly, Draco. Cissy would be so disappoited.

"Non sense! Me? In a kitchen? Shouldn't a proper host dispsoal, Park. Be my guest!"

"There's a full pantry and a functional kitchen at your disposal, Park. Be my guest!"

some of us are rather starved for breakfast." Draco shook them back to reality. "Now if you two are quite finished, I'll finally call from the window, snapping his head in relief.

"Finally?" Pansy called from the window, snapping his head in relief.

"If that's what it takes."

"The rest of your life, huh?" She teased as he swept a strand of hair from her face.

smiling as she looked up at him. "The rest of your life, huh?" She searched his eyes before roughly pulling him to-
ever give you."

showing you that you are more than any idle anyone could eyes level with hers. "I will gladly spend the rest of my life with him desperately. Believe and desire wards her and kissing him desperately. Believe and desire stood, pulling her to her feet, "Draco, I—I don't know—"

Her eyes glistered as she let out a choked laugh. Draco that you seem intent on denying.

Hinkypunk

brushing hers while he placed a chaste kiss on her lips.

"No fraternising with the enemy, Malfoy!" Draco looked towards Ron, rolling his eyes.

He turned back to Hermione and whispered against her lips. "Hope you're ready to lose, love." His lips brushed against hers before returning to his teammates. A shiver travelled up her spine at the challenge and the promise of something more in his eyes.

It was their first time hosting game night since they moved into their flat a month ago. Not much had changed between them since Hinkypunk, which was a testament to the depth of their relationship. It was easy with Draco, effortless. They fit into each other's lives seamlessly. They had only finished unpacking the last of their boxes that morning when Theo and Harry flooed over to announce their engagement. Hermione was overcome with joy for her best friends and insisted on having everyone over to celebrate.

"Speaking of fraternisation, we were thinking of a summer wedding." Theo had walked over towards Harry taking a seat on his lap.

Ron huffed as he got up to get a drink. "No one is taking game night seriously anymore."

"Summer? As in this summer?" Pansy asked, panic written on her face. "You expect me to find an outfit in just a few months?" Ginny grabbed her hand, kissing it to calm her breathing.

"Well, that's shit timing," he sighed as he stroked her hair. "Guess we should get dressed."

Hermione froze, eyes wide before burying her head in his chest, groaning. Draco chuckled, kissing the top of her hair.

"Smirk in Theo's voice. "Morning, Granger."

"O! Draco! You might want to get dressed and come out here. We have a...situation." Draco could hear the

smirk, the sound of banging at the door froze them in place.

gently marched his rhythm. As he repositioned himself for neck and chest. He rocked his hips towards her and she eased.

Hermione held her waist as her mouth laid claim to his hips. Draco held her hips towards laid claim to his

grooving in urgency.

the distance between them, lips kissing gently at first, then

"I could wake up to this every morning." He closed

downturned. Draco lifted her chin with two fingers, brushing

"Morning." She blushed realising her mistake, her eyes

gravely from sleep.

"Morning, Granger." Draco's voice was rough and

eyes finding his, their breaths still entangled.

her smile against his lips. Hermione slowly pulled away, her

teased hers as she gave in to his coaxing. His tongue

hers attempting to ease any lingering doubt. His lips found

her voice and she pulled the sheets up to cover herself.

Hinkypunk

was too afraid to ask. His pace quickened as one hand reached down, applying pressure to her clit matching the thrusts of his cock.

The band inside her was nearly stretched to its breaking point. A wave of pleasure and euphoria waiting to pull her under.

"Gods, Hermione." Draco panted against her neck. The sound of her name on his lips threw her over the edge and she cried out in ecstasy. Wave after wave crashing over her as she took it all from him. Each press of his thumb against her clit sent her back under. Draco's tempo grew erratic until he called out and let himself go with her name, a prayer on his lips.

Their laboured breaths were the only sounds she could hear as they stilled. Draco's face was flushed, his hair sticking to his forehead and neck. It was one of the most beautiful things she had ever seen. His hand came up to caress her face as he bent down to kiss her. Hermione's eyes fluttered closed and she giggled.

"What?" He eyed her curiously. Hermione bit her lip, smirking up at him.

"Thanks for letting me finish."

Draco laughed as he pinched her arse. "Anytime."

He slowly pulled out of her as he rolled to his side, pulling her back to him, his arm around her waist. Hermione couldn't remember the last time she felt this content. As her eyes drifted closed, she felt Draco place a kiss on her

thierrypruv
e

Julienx

Dumbledore

“That so?” He raised an eyebrow, pulling her close. “I thought we were through with titles.”

She tilted her head up, leaning towards him, lips grazing his ear as she whispered, “This would be a title that I choose. And I choose you.” She kissed his cheek before turning around to return to their friends.

He lingered a moment, watching her. She laughed then, head tipped back and face glowing. Her smile, her face, they were his undoing long before he even had a right to love her. He did plan to give this incredible woman a new title, if she let him. It wouldn’t be a label or a cage or a box meant to keep her small, but a promise. A promise to always see her, to always support her, to challenge her and to always love her. He exhaled slowly, patting his pocket ensuring that the small velvet box he’d been carrying around the past few months was still there. As he rejoined the party, Hermione glanced across the room, eyes finding his. All he could see was his love reflecting back at him. It was a love he couldn’t possibly deserve but it was his. It was theirs.

Blaise sighed, laying his head back on the couch while Ron continued to feel an interest flipping through the books across.

"No fucking way," Pansey grinded, clutching on to her excitement. Draco looked at Harry, shrugging his shoulders.

"Alright, Hermione?" Harry asked, confusion furrowing his brow.

"Oh my gods!" She squealed, slapping Draco's thigh and nearly knocking the drink out of his hands.

books lying on the couch while she read a chapter of a
brow as she looked between the two wizards, realization
dawning on her.

Hermione sipped her wine as she gazed back at Blaise. His face was growing increasingly red as he sank into the couch. She glanced back at Ron who was on the opposite side of the room, suddenly curious about the books lying on the coffee table. She raised a suspicious eye-

"Good luck with that," Ginni snorted.

"What if we promise to keep Ron from doing anything embarrassing?" Harry offered.

"Yeh, I'm tops." Ron wiped his mouth using his sleeve, avoiding eye contact with everyone in the room.

"You alright, Ron?" Harry looked over to him, concerned.

"Oh, come on, Blaise!" Pahsy whined. "Are we really so horrible that you won't let us meet the witch?"
Ron coughed, choking on his Butterbeer, face reddened.
think you

Zukjinx

on the table.

"Not a witch. A wizard." Blaise admitted as he got up. Hermione clapped excitedly as he made his way to Ron, slipping the book out of his grasp and replacing it with his hand.

"You bloody wanker!" Theo gasped, betrayed. "You didn't even have the decency of telling your best friend that you dabble?"

"Mate, you call everyone your best friend." Blaise laughed. "Besides, we still don't even know what this is or what we want it to be." He looked over at Ron. "But we're having fun."

Hermione smiled at them then turned her gaze to her own wizard. He took her hand, kissing her fingers adoringly. Their friends continued to interrogate the new couple and she took advantage of the distraction, leading Draco to the kitchen. He leaned back against the island as she wrapped her hands around him.

"Can't even wait until our friends leave, witch?" He smirked as he leaned down to kiss her.

"Keep it in your pants, Malfoy." She teased as she backed away towards the fridge for the celebratory bottle of champagne. She levitated the flutes onto the counter and set a charm on the bottle to fill them. Warm hands gripped her hips from behind and she leaned into the wizard as he trailed kisses down her neck.

"Don't start something you can't finish, Granger." His

Hermione stared up at him, eyes twinkling and a knowing smile on her face. "I think I can handle that." She winked as she turned towards the champagne flutes. "Be-winked as she turned towards the champagne flutes. "Be-sides, all this talk about weddings has me thinking I may be in the market for a new title. If you play your cards right, I may even let you do the honours." She levitated the glasses towards the living room before turning towards him.

trace

"Everything okay there?" Harry called from the next room.
"All good!" Hermione answered as she turned back to Draco, eyes bright with mischief and a hand over her mouth as she attempted to muffle her giggles. With an amused smile, Draco quickly vanished behind the mess and left - treated a new set of flutes to be filled.

"You're trouble, Granger," He smirked. "Careful with that or I may fall in love with you."

thickly pink
deep voice vibrated through her causing goosebumps to bloom everywhere he touched. Draco then spun her around in one fluid motion, claiming her lips with his. Their breaths grew more urgent as heat spread under her skin. Passion and alcohol fueled the fire as he pushed her further into the counter. The sound of breaking glass brought them out of their lustful haze. Hermione gasped as she noticed the champagne flutes they had knocked off.

Jukjinx

"Seems a little ambitious don't you think?" Blaise added as he joined Ron at the bar cart. "The Chosen One is getting married and you don't think the Wizarding World will make this the wedding of the century?"

"First off, I find it offensive that you didn't clarify that The Chosen One is marrying The Theodore Nott, a devastatingly handsome wizard and heir apparent. Secondly, that's precisely why we plan on having the best when it comes to planning our wedding."

With the game night paused for the moment, Draco made his way back towards Hermione, perching himself on the arm of the couch. She smiled up at him, knowing what was coming next.

"Think there's any way you can squeeze in planning a wedding for your best friend in the next few months, Draco?" Theo looked over at him, pouting, his hands together as if in prayer.

Draco chuckled as he shook his head, downing the rest of his whiskey. "It'll cost you, Nott."

Theo clapped his hands together excitedly. "Excellent! We plan on it being a more intimate affair, but I am curious to know who Zabini has been sneaking off with several nights a week." Blaise's eyes snapped to Theo's, shocked. "So if our wedding is the only way for us to meet them, he gets a plus one."

Blaise cleared his throat as he returned to his seat.
“Don’t bother. I won’t need one.”