

White Tulips

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White Tulips

by [mariaswrites](#)

Summary

ON HOLD

Hermione Granger left London behind her and went to rescue her parents in Australia. Everything was perfectly planned. So what can go wrong? Will Hermione manage to make her parent remember? And how does Draco Malfoy happen to be her boyfriend in the eyes of Hermione's parents? From fake relationship to broken hearts.

Notes

Hi guys! So another story is here! This one is just a romance with sad a cute plot. No mystery, no murders no deaths. Just one adorable story about our lovely Dramione couple. I hope you will enjoy this.

This one is just a Proluge (I needed a way to get the things started. So it's not that much interesting as the next chapters.)

White Tulips will be posted every Friday.

Love you so much- Maria

Prologue



White Tulips
Prologue

Hermione was running around the small penthouse, red dress in hand. "Mione, I still don't understand why you don't want me to go with you," said Ron, as Hermione returned to her bedroom, where her suitcase was open. "Ron, I've explained this." She put her clothes on the chair and stood in front of her fiancé. "I have to bring them back myself." She took Ronald's face in her hands and kissed his forehead. "It's just over the summer. And when I get back, I won't be Hermione Granger." She smiled. "Weasley, you'll be Weasley." Ron looked into her eyes with a twinkle in his eye.

"And I need my parents, to become Hermione Weasley." She kissed Ron on the lips and went back to her suitcase.

Ron sighed gently and turned to face the trunk.

"So. Two bathing suits, I got it. -Dresses too. Uh, hat and sandals - uh, yeah, I do. What am I missing?" She thought and put her chin between her forefinger and thumb. "Books?" Ron joked. "Books! I almost forgot." Hermione smiled and went into the living room to pick up her three favourite books. She had intended to take more but realized she already had a very heavy suitcase. Plus, they have bookstores in Australia.

"How long before your flight?" Ron asked as he helped Hermione down the stairs with her suitcase. He always tried to help Hermione when she forgot she was a witch. So he dragged her heavy suitcase down the stairs alone, without magic.

"Two hours." She answered, checking her purse. Passport, money, phone - yes she had it all.

"I still don't understand why you don't use the portkey instead of the plane," said Ron, calling a taxi. "Because I always loved flying as a child, and for more, I will now live without magic." She smiled at her fiancé. "Let's get there. Harry and Ginny are waiting." He took Hermione a year later and they got in the car.

"Let's get there." She sighed in her head.

London Heathrow Airport (LHR)

Looking at the airport, Hermione returned to her childhood years, when she and her parents went to visit relatives in France every summer or in winter to the mountains in Italy.

"Hermione." came a woman's voice. Hermione turned and put her suitcase on the sidewalk. "Ginny." She smiled and hugged her future sister-in-law. "Oh, I don't want you to leave. What am I gonna do here without you?" Ginny muttered into Hermione's shoulder. "It's three months since it could happen," she said. "It could be that I die here alone." She replied gravely. "Er, what about me," said Harry. Ginny just rolled her eyes, took Hermione's hand, and together they went into the airport building.

"Er, Ginny? Do you think you and Ron could get me a magazine?" Hermione asked as they reached the check-in area. The two agreed, leaving Harry and Hermione alone.

"I will miss you guys." Hermione smiled sadly and hugged her friend. "We'll miss you too. Especially Ron," he whispered of her hair. "I know, but I have to do it," she replied. "He knows, he's just afraid of losing you," said Harry. "Why would he be afraid of something like that?" Hermione pulled away from the embrace. "Australia and muscular surfers? Ring a bell?" he laughed. Hermione joined him, rolling her eyes.

"I wasn't sure what you wanted, so I took something about a science", Said Ginny, breaking off the conversation between Hermione and Harry.

"Thank you, smiled gratefully and put the magazines in her handbag. The four of them looked at each other for a moment, then embraced.

"I have to go now." She murmured, pulling away from her friends. Harry automatically put his arm around Ginny's waist and smiled. "Have a great trip and write to us," said Ginny. Hermione just nodded. "Have a great trip, Hermione," Harry said goodbye, and the young couple walked slowly towards the airport exit.

Hermione turned to her fiancé and took a deep breath. "Ron I-" she tried to say, but Ron interrupted with a sweet kiss. He laid his forehead on hers, and Hermione kept her eyes closed. She felt tears building up in her eyes, and one of them managed to get on her face.

Then Hermione pulled away and slowly removed the ring from her left hand. "Hermione?" said Ron, puzzled.

"Take it, Ron, I - I don't want to lose him," she explained. And maybe she lied...

"When I get back, you'll give it to me at the wedding." She added, kissing her boyfriend one last time.

"I love you." He muttered. "I know," said Hermione, disappearing from the sight of Ronald Weasley as quickly as possible.

Welcome in Sydney

Chapter Notes

Hi guys! So the first chapter is here! I really hope you will like it

I will post two chapters every week. On Wednesday and Friday.

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

Chapter one Welcome in Sydney

Hermione awoke at seven o'clock in the morning with sunlight filtering through the glass doors onto the small balcony of the hotel room. She rubbed her tired eyes and sat up slowly. She stretched her olive-brown hands over her head and yawned for a long moment. She threw both her legs over the edge of the bed and put on her slippers. She took her underwear, a yellow summer dress with daisies and a headband with the same pattern from the trunk on the floor in front of her bed and went into the bathroom.

She stripped off her white satin nightgown and went into the shower. After a hot night in Sydney, was she sweaty as if she had come out of the sea and her hair? They certainly weren't happy about the weather. Slowly she traced the curves of her body with coconut soap and hissed gently at the touch of the icy drops of water.

When all the cold-warm water had run out and was only ocean-ice, she climbed out of the shower and wrapped a white towel around herself. She made a bun on her head in front of the big bathroom mirror and fine-tuned her face with a fine layer of makeup. Eyebrows, eyelashes and a little proofreader.

She put on a yellow dress, put a headband in her hair, and took one last look in the mirror.

"Perfect," she said, smiling at her reflection in the mirror and stepping out of the bathroom. She quickly packed her things in her purse, made the bed, and slipped out of the room.

Hermione stood outside the hotel entrance, looking around for a quick breakfast. After a moment she saw a small corner cafe, so she put on her sunglasses, and walked determinedly toward it.

Hermione sat down in the small front yard and opened the MENU. She read it for a moment, then closed it again and put it on the table. She decided to shorten her wait for the waiter by looking at the map. She wanted to be 100% sure she knew where to go.

"Good morning, welcome to our cafe. What can I get you?" The waitress smiled at her. "I'll ask you for an espresso and your breakfast special. thanks" Hermione smiled, the waitress disappeared into the cafe, and Hermione returned to her map.

About ten minutes later, her breakfast appeared before Hermione. Hermione put the map back in her purse, poured milk into her coffee, and looked around as she stirred the drink. It was indeed a

beautiful day, the sun playing with one cloud in the sky, and the sea breeze ruffled Hermione's bun. Hermione spat out her morning coffee as she stared into the crowd of people waiting to cross the small one. When she saw the colour of one of those people's hair. But that's not possible. She said in her head, wiping her chin quickly with her napkin, When she returned her gaze to where she had seen him, he was no longer there.

That's impossible. No one's seen him in over two years. And what are the odds of him being in Sydney...

Hermione stood in front of a two-story building with a dental office and a psychologist on the ground floor. She took a deep breath and read the sign on the door again.

Wendell and Monica Wilkins - dental practice.

With one last deep breath and exhalation, she reached for the doorknob from the waiting room. She planned to ask around for work. According to the information they had on the Internet, they were hiring, so Hermione made some adjustments to her CV. She sat down on the orange plastic chairs in the waiting room and looked around. The walls were painted pure white and decorated with frames of photographs. When she saw the photograph of her father skiing, tears came to her eyes. It was with her, on Christmas break in the fourth grade.

At the sound of the door opening, Hermione quickly wiped away her tears and rose from her chair. Her mother was standing in front of her.

Everything in her heart told her to hug her, to apologize and never let her go again.

"Miss?" Monica's voice interrupted her. "Oh, I'm sorry." Hermione apologized and felt herself flush. "All right, it happens to me sometimes. Are you booked?" She asked with a smile.

Hermione cleared her throat after an unsuccessful attempt. "I'm here about the nurse job? I'm new here, and I read online that you're looking for help." Hermione smiled. "Oh honey, I'm sorry, but the lady we gave the job to just walked out of here." Monica apologized.

Hermione's heart stopped at that moment. She had it all planned out so well. As a nurse, she would be in daily contact with them, she could help them remember. But now what?

"Are you all right?" Monica asked, noticing Hermione's reaction. "Ah, yes, of course, I-I was sort of counting on the job." She was half right. "I'm really sorry, but we promised the girl." Monica went on.

"What's the matter, Monica?" came a male voice. *Dad*

"Oh, a girl came here for the job," Monica explained. And Hermione stared at her father, looking the same. Tall, with hazel eyes and a shiny head. Hermione doesn't even remember seeing her father with hair.

"It's all right, I won't, um- I won't bother," Hermione began to panic and back away from her parents. She bumped into chairs, of course, with her blunt movement.

"We can ask Derek," suggested Wendell. "Oh yes, he might know about some work is probably in yours-" Monica continued

"ahem, no, that won't be necessary. I- uh, thank you," Hermione said quickly and ran out of the

office. When she opened the door, she hit someone. She didn't see who it was, only the doctor's coat. "I'm sorry." Hermione apologized, trying to get as far away from the office as she could with a quick step.

Chapter End Notes

Well, Hermione doesn't have a good day hahaha.

I think I have to say one important thing: There will be NO cheating in a Ron and Hermione relationship. I hate when someone is cheating so I won't write about it. It will be heartbreaking - Yes, but there will be no cheating at all.

You can find me on my socials, and we can talk there!

TikTok: marias.writes

Twitter: mariaswrites

Love you all.

Flower Shop

Chapter Notes

Hi! So another chapter is here! In this one, we will meet a really important character.

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

Chapter Two *Flower shop*

Hermione found herself across the street, in front of a flower shop. She sat down on a green bench that probably belonged to the shop and put her head in her hands. She felt tears stream down her face and fall to her knees. She was clueless. She hadn't anticipated the possibility of not being accepted. She didn't know what to do. One thing in her head was her father putting his arm around her mother's waist and kissing her hair, and it was tearing her heart out. Not that they were happy, that they were happy without her.

"Oh, so young and so sad." There was a hoarse woman's voice behind Hermione. Hermione turned to see the old woman standing in the doorway of the flower shop. She wore a pale green dress with the same coloured headscarf that held her grey hair together. The lady couldn't have been more than 60 years old.

"I- I" Hermione was scribbling more and more. "Ah, don't cry." She sat down beside Hermione and rested Hermione's head on her shoulder. "Tell old Isabella what brought tears to the young girl's eyes." She smiled. "I-I didn't get a job, and I don't know how it is now- me." Hermione tried to explain, but through her tears, she could say virtually nothing.

"You're not from around here, are you?" Isabelle asked. Hermione shook her head. "From where and why did you come here?" she asked in a gentle voice. Hermione tried to take as many breaths as she could to steady herself.

"London. For a new life," said Hermione. "And you didn't get one job? That happens." laughed Isabella, and the old lady's laughter managed to put a smile on Hermione's face.

"Come on, you must be completely dehydrated. So many tears, you couldn't have any water left in your body." She laughed and helped Hermione to her feet.

"I'll make you tea," Isabelle said. Hermione still held Isabelle's hand and followed obediently. When they paused outside the front door of the flower shop for Isabelle to fix one of the flowers. Hermione looked at the shop for the first time.

It wasn't very big, it had one showcase with cascading flowers. Above the flowers was a striped awning - brown and white. Open peeling brown door with a sign *open* and *closed*. When she and Isabelle walked in, she saw paradise. So many flowers in such a small space. The whole room was filled with potted shelves, silver metal buckets on the floor, flowers of various kinds. From roses to gerberas to white tulips. They were beautiful. Hermione had always liked tulips, and the white ones seemed so pure and innocent.

"Sit down." Isabelle offered, pointing to two small wicker chairs in front of the window with a table between them. Hermione smiled and sat down in her chair.

"Tell me about yourself," said Isabelle from the opposite chair smiled at her and took a sip of fresh tea. Hermione put the cup back on the table between them and cleared her throat gently.

"My name is Hermione Granger, and I'm from London." She introduced herself and held out her hand to Isabelle. "Isabelle Thompson, local since birth." She replied, smiling. Isabelle's smile was so warm and full of love. The smile reminded her of Molly Weasley.

"Ehm," Hermione thought about how best to tell her life story.

"I came here to Sydney because of my parents." She said, her voice a little shaky. "Ah, do they live here?" Isabelle kept asking with the same kind smile. "Er, no—they died." She made it up. "Oh, I'm sorry, Hermione." Isabelle was horrified and took Hermione's hand in her two hands. Hermione felt bad for lying to this lovely lady, but she had to tell her something.

"They always wanted to come here, so I decided to come here instead." She went on, half a lie. She sipped her tea and hissed gently. "Are you all right?" The older lady asked. "Yes, I just had a sudden headache," she replied. Isabelle just nodded and waited for the story to continue.

"I came here yesterday, I live in a hotel not far from here. I'm trying to find a decent apartment and a job. I don't know how long I'll stay. " she admitted a little sadly. "The original plan was this summer, but who knows. My fiancé is waiting for me at home." She smiled at the mention of Ron. "But I can't see the ring," Isabelle said. Hermione glanced quickly at her left hand.

"I left it at home, I didn't want to lose the ring." She replied, and Isabelle replied with a simple *hmmm*.

"Well, Hermione, I can help you." She said after a moment, putting her already finished cup of tea on the table. "You can work here, in the flower shop, and there's a tiny penthouse above the shop—it's yours," Isabelle said, rising from her chair. Hermione couldn't believe her ears.

"I-it" began to stammer, and Isabelle turned to the young girl. "Thank you very much." At last, Hermione managed to get lucky. Isabelle smiled and took the keys from her pocket.

"from the apartment, from the office and from the store." She pointed to the keys. "I open at 7:30 sharp. Let you be here tomorrow. And if you need anything, there's a piece of paper by the phone with my phone number on it." Explained Mrs T and began to leave the flower shop

"Where are you going?" Hermione said. "I'm going to see my daughter." She answered as if it were a matter of course and disappeared through the door. Hermione sat back in her chair, her mouth open, trying to understand what had just happened.

"Yeah, and you need to paint a sign with the name on it—you figure it out. I don't care." Isabelle reappeared in the doorway, and Hermione jumped in fright. Finally, she disappeared completely, and Hermione watched through the window as she rode her bike away from the flower shop.

"What just happened?" she asked herself aloud, looking around the flower shop. This was not how she had imagined her first day in Sydney.

Chapter End Notes

So, for the ones who miss Draco: Just two chapters and he is here! (Little spoiler? Maybe? haha)

I hope you liked this chapter.

If you have any suggestions what you want in this story, write it in a comment and I can make it happened (probably)

- Love M.

First day

Chapter Notes

I just accidentally posted this chapter 😅 what can i say im so stupid but Im not going to take it down 😅 because of this, there will be no chapter this Friday - sorry. I hope you will enjoy this one!

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

Chapter three First day

Hermione woke up at 5:00 in the morning. Her alarm was set at 6:30, but thanks to the jet lag, she woke up early. She repeated her morning routine from yesterday: shower, dress and fine makeup. Today she wore a white summer dress with ruffles at the bottom of the skirt and narrow straps. She brushed her hair back into a bun and wrapped it in a pale blue ribbon with flowers on it.

She packed her suitcase, locked the door to the room, and went to fill out the paperwork at the front desk. She and the lovely young lady signed her out of the hotel, wished a lovely day to each other and Hermione ran out into the street. Today was a little warmer than yesterday. Not a single cloud in the sky but the breeze made the weather more acceptable. Hermione didn't have time for breakfast in the front yard this time, but she went to the same cafe anyway. She chose an iced coffee to go, and a chocolate-filled croissant. When she came out of the cafe with a paper bag and a cup of coffee, her eyes saw the same thing they had seen yesterday. And this time she was sure she wasn't dreaming. A man with blond-almost white hair stood on the other side of the sidewalk. He had his back to her and Hermione had no chance of seeing what he looked like, but only one family in the world had that hair.

But that's impossible, Hermione! What Draco Malfoy would do in Australia. Shaking her head at her stupidity, Hermione made her way to the flower shop.

*

Hermione walked to the store and took a set of keys from her purse. She had half an hour until opening time. She went into the office, from which she knew the stairs led to a small apartment and used magic to help her heavy suitcase upstairs. Hermione unlocked another door, also brown and finely peeled, and entered the apartment.

When Isabelle mentioned the tiny apartment, Hermione imagined something much smaller than this. It was a studio, but probably bigger than what she had in London. On the right side of the door was a small, modern kitchen with all the appliances. In the centre of the room was a light blue sofa with a wooden coffee table, and on the wall opposite the sofa was a low library on which was laid a small television. Next to the library was a bedside table with a lamp. Next to the table was a double bed with white sheets and colourful pillows. Opposite the bed, about a meter from the edge was a dining table and four blue chairs. Next to the bed and table was a wall with three large windows, which illuminated the apartment beautifully. Behind the dining table was a beautiful picture of the sea, and above it hung a surfboard.

“I won’t touch this “. Hermione laughed and put the keys to the apartment on the dining table.

The apartment was beautiful. It was small and cosy. It had, even a fairly large bathroom with a shower. Hermione would consider it as a dream apartment.

She left her heavy suitcase by the front door and ran back to the store. When she entered the main room and stood behind the counter and discovered a black A4 notebook. Hermione opened it and saw the timetable.

7:00 change the water to the flowers

7:05 take the flowers in front of the shop

7:10 check the register

7:20 Wipe the dust.

7:30 open the flower shop.

7:35 start breakfast and wait for Thomas to bring new flowers (Every Thursday)

“Thursday, that’s today.” She murmured to herself. “I’ll read the rest of later ” She smiled to herself and looked at her watch. 6:50.

“I could start early.” she decided and went to the flowers in the buckets. Gradually she took each bucket, took out the cut flowers, put them on the ground, and went to the sink to change the water. So she did it with all twelve buckets and another five with decorating (leaf to bouquet etc.) Then, according to the schedule, she carried the flowers out and arranged them. As she stood up and wiped the sweat from her forehead, she noticed a peeling sign that was barely visible. Hermione decided today to create a flower shop name. She then completed three more points, and at 7:40 she sat down on a barstool behind the counter, took out her breakfast, and began to eat. It took about twenty minutes for a young man to appear at the door. He was dark-skinned with close-cropped curly hair.

“Ah, I don’t know you, miss.” He smiled at Hermione when he saw her. She immediately rose from her chair and introduced herself. “Hermione, I’m new here.” She smiled and picked up a scoop of roses from Thomas. She put half the rose in a bucket at the store and the other half in a small storeroom with flowers in the same buckets. - To replenish.

“I’m Thomas, but I guess you know that. We’ll see more of each other now.” He smiled and helped Hermione take the flowers out of the car and put them in their place.

Hermione said goodbye to Thomas and watched the young man drive off with his green van. Then she went back to the flower shop and looked around. She had already done everything she was supposed to do, so she decided to put up a sign. She took the ladder out of the storeroom and leaned against the wall outside. Then she filled a bucket of water and took a sponge.

She climbed the ladder carefully and hung the bucket on the ladder. Using one tiny spell, she made the bucket lighter and began to wash.

As she scrubbed the sign, old, chipped letters began to appear.

“W--t-T-l--s” she read. Hmm thinking about it, trying to make two words out of the letters she had was hard. After about five minutes of thinking, the name came into her mind.

White Tulips.

Rejoicing, Hermione climbed down the ladder. She spilt the bucket of dirty water and put it where it belonged, then tried to find paint in the storeroom. But finding something in this mess? She didn't have a chance. So she looked carefully into the shop, which was empty, and whispered: “Accio White paint.” and a white can of paint appeared in Hermione’s hands,

“Beautiful.” She said aloud, picked up her brush, and went outside the flower shop.

She climbed the ladder carefully and began painting the sign.

Then, out of nowhere a familiar voice interrupted her

“Granger?!”

Chapter End Notes

I made a little trailer/aesthetic video for this fic! You can find it on my tiktok
Here is link <https://vm.tiktok.com/ZMeu9XJPF/>

Oh an thank you for your comments and kudos- it means so much to me!
Love you

The day that I met you again

Chapter Notes

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

Chapter four *The day that I met you again*

“Granger?!”

There was a third letter drawing, and Hermione froze first and then began to lose her balance. “Oh. ooh.” She tried to grab anything to keep from falling, but it was of little use to her. Hermione waited for it to hit the ground from three feet and end up with a broken arm or leg. But it landed pretty softly. When she opened her eyes carefully, she saw pale blue, almost grey eyes looking at her. They were so beautiful that Hermione could look into them forever. All this before she realized who it belonged to. Any suspicion that she saw him was true.

“Malfoy!” She screamed, trying to get out of his grip. “Relax Granger. *Thank you* wouldn't kill you.” He muttered as Hermione kicked herself out of his arms.

“Malfoy. - what are you doing here?” She kept asking, trying to straighten her dress. “I live here. And what you're doing I won't ask, it's pretty obvious. You're trying to kill me.” He answered himself, massaging the spot on his leg where Hermione had kicked him. “Don't be dramatic.” She hissed, still staring at him with wide eyes. He looked almost the same as the last time she had seen him-almost, that is.

His blond hair, once almost snow-white, was now a healthier blond colour. He still had the perfect face and body, she could see that through the narrow white T-shirt he was wearing. His formerly alabaster-white skin had a hint of healthy colour.

“Hey, Granger.” It roused her. “I was talking to you,” he said, with a hint of arrogance. “You're selling flowers or painting a sign? And why the hell don't you use magic?” He said, looking at the half-painted sign.

“Yeah, I sell what you want?” She blurted. “That's not a good way to talk to customers.” he laughed. Hermione just rolled her eyes and walked into the flower shop.

“Welcome to White Tulips, what do you want?” She smiled falsely. “That was like a coffee shop. Granger again.” He said, leaning against the counter. She gasped in disbelief. “Malfoy, I'm busy. I don't have all day off like you, so choose what you want.” She said, annoyed. Draco looked around the flower shop, then at his former classmate.

"Why do you think I'm not working?" he laughed, "Those white tulips, It's Monica's birthday." He muttered the second part of the sentence. "Mo-Monica?" She stammered. There are a few Monicas in Australia, not just her mom, right? "Uh-huh, colleague. She works in the next office - dentist. But why am I telling you this?" he laughed to himself, and Hermione's eyes widened.

"Monica- Monika Wilkins?" She asked, laying the flowers at the desk. "Yes, do you know her?" he asked blankly.

"She's my mother." she replied, and now the two of them were looking at each other with the same surprised expression of "Mother? Come again Granger? Monica doesn't have kids-- and certainly not you," he said, watching Hermione as if she had grown a second head.

.

"She doesn't remember me, that's why I'm here. Malfoy I have to-for her birthday-I have to-" she started talking nonsense again. "Granger calm down, and try to put together a sentence." He grabbed her shoulders across the ul to steady herself. "Malfoy, I have to see her today," she said after taking two deep breaths. "And how do you expect me to do that? And why would I do that at all," said Malfoy. "I testified on your behalf, you owe me." She said, shaking his hands off her shoulders.

There was an uncomfortable moment of silence as they looked at each other.

"Ugh fine," he said after a moment, running his fingers through his hair. "I'll just get her here at noon, think of something." He sighed. "Oh, my God, thank you very much. I wish I could hug you right now." It fell out. "Don't do that." He said quickly, taking a step back from the counter.

"Do you still want the flower?" She asked when neither of them said anything. "No, I'll come after her with Monica." She replied, and in the blink of an eye he disappeared from the flower shop.

Her mom was having a fake birthday today, and Malfoy's helping her see her. Nothing stranger could happen today.

Hours later.

Hermione was sweeping in front of the florist when she heard a woman's laughter. Monica "Ah, it's you." Monica smiled when she saw Hermione. "ah, Mrs Wilkins. Hermione Gra - Green." She corrected herself and held out her hand to her mother. "Hermione? Like from the play?" Monica asked. Hermione nodded. "This is Derek Montgomery." She pointed to Draco. Hermione paused at the name, then smiled. "Oh, we know each other." She looked at Draco with a false smile, and he nodded. "Oh, really. How do you know each other? Monica asked, and Hermione thought the worst but most logical thing. And a new plan began to form in her mind.

"Derek is my boyfriend." She said, smiling. Draco looked at her in utter shock. "Boyfriend? Derek, you didn't say you had a new girlfriend." Monica River. Draco cleared his throat and looked at Hermione murderously. "That's pretty fresh." He said, and Hermione was happiest that he chose to play with her. "That's why I came here from England." She smiled and put one arm around Malfoy's waist. Draco was so tall compared to her that she was only up to his shoulders. "And for that I am very glad." he replied, and "hugged" her, too. Well, he circled his hand so that it was around his waist but never touched it.

"Well Wendel will be pleased, why don't you both come on Saturday? I'll have a little party." Monica suggested with genuine interest. "I guess-" "We'd love to, thank you, Mrs. Wilkins." Hermione interrupted.

"Oh, call me Monica."

"Hermione."

"Gran- Hermione, do you have the flowers for me?" said Draco after fighting with her name. Smiling, Hermione nodded and went to get the white tulips she'd had all morning. "Here, honey." She said, snuggling up to Malfoy again. "Thank you." He smiled back and leaned toward her ear. "You'd make a splendid actress. Too bad you won't live to see the future." He whispered in her ear. Hermione smirked and steamed.

"We have to go. Nice to meet you, Hermione, Saturday?" Monica hugged her daughter. "I can't wait," Hermione replied, quickly releasing her mother. She was afraid she wouldn't be able to do it later. "I'll stop by tomorrow," said Draco, bending down to kiss her cheek. It was a quick kiss. But Hermione put his hands on his face. "You're a good actor, too. And I'm not afraid of your threats," she whispered in his ear. From Monica's point of view - who probably hadn't even noticed them since she was looking at the flowers - it looked like either a hug or a kiss. "We'll talk about this, not today, but tomorrow." He said into her ear and pulled away from her. Hermione nodded agreement and watched her mother walk away with Draco Malfoy - or Derek Montgomery.

And for the first time in three years, the sight of her mother was not sad, but full of joy. She believed she could bring both her parents home this summer.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! another chapter is here! the time plan in posting chapters that I had is gone now :D So there will be chapters twice a week but what days? Who knows.

Oh, and I have another fanfiction! It's a really sad one so if you want to cry you can check it - but it is also really romantic. Perfect combination, right? :D
Love you all!!

Get to know you again

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! It took me so long to finally post this chapter! I'm so sorry...
But I have another Three chapters ready for you so YAY!
Enjoy this chapter!

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

Chapter five Get to know you again

Draco didn't come yesterday. Hermione had been waiting for him at the florist all day so they could put together a full plan for the afternoon.

But he's just nowhere.

Hermione hoped he hadn't backed out. She admits what she did to him wasn't the best thing. She didn't even think about whether he really had someone. At that moment, she didn't care. She needed to get to her mother and father, and Draco Malfoy seemed to be the ticket to success.

Hermione was counting the register when the doorbell rang.

"We're closed," she said without looking at the door.

"I'm aware." A man's voice said.

"Malfoy," Hermione looked up from the shop's money. She put them back in the register and walked around the counter to stand directly in front of him. She took a deep breath.

"Where were you yesterday!? You said you'd come and we'd sort out a few things about this." She said angrily.

"You know Granger," said Draco, leaning sideways against the counter.

"Not that you care, but I have a personal life, too. Or at least I did have." He went on, looking venomously at Hermione.

"And you want to know why I don't anymore?" He asked and approached Hermione.

“Because your little brain came up with a completely stupid plan for me to be your boyfriend,” he said, gradually raising his voice.

“Did it occur to you that I might have a girlfriend? That I have a life?” He shouted at her.

“Honestly?” Hermione asked in a small voice. “No, I just wanted my parents..” She said sadly and quietly.

“fuck this” Draco swore, resting his hands on the counter beside them. “Why couldn’t you have thought of something else, Granger?” he whispered.

“And-and do you have a girlfriend?” Hermione asked after a long moment of silence. Draco gave her a long look.

“I did” He answered, and there was silence again.

“And will we go to my parents’ house tonight? As a couple?” she asked quietly.

“Damn Granger. How can you pretend we're dating if you don't know anything about me? About *this* me?” He began to laugh.

“Then let me find out.” She whispered, and Draco looked at her, puzzled.

“We’ll have lunch before we go to my parents. You can tell me everything I should know.” Hermione suggested.

Draco sighed and rubbed his temples.

“Why should I do that? Give me one good reason why I shouldn't turn around now and tell the truth?” he asked. It was a fair question, Draco had no reason to play with Hermione. Until now, that is.

“I can make your life hell.” She whispered.

“Excuse me?” he sharpened.

“I have contacts at the Ministry, I can say that you threaten my parents. I can say anything about you. Because I will be the one to be trusted.” She said firmly.

“You’re blackmailing me.” He said, and Hermione nodded.

“This is actually funny Granger.” He laughed lightly. “*You* are blackmailing *me*”

"You own me this Malfoy. After the sixth year, you own me at least this" she whispered. Her heart breaking again because of her sixth year memories.

"Fine. I'll play your little boyfriend." He said quietly "take it as paying off my "debt" with you" He looked in her eyes and Hermione breathed a sigh of relief

"Thank you so much, you won't regret it." She smiled and went to lock the register.

"I regret it already."

"So, tell me your story, Deren," Hermione began as they settled in front of the garden of one of the local restaurants.

"Derek. We can start by you learning my name." he corrected it and picked up MENU.

Good job Hermione.

This is not a good start. She thought, also reading the menu.

"My Muggle name is Derek Montgomery," he said after they had received their order. "I left England, where my mother stayed at home and my father is in prison." he continued.

"You weren't lying," said Hermione, and Draco raised a bored eyebrow at her. "Don't interrupt me, thank you." He admonished her and ate some pasta from his plate.

"Now I'm practising with Dr Leon Moore, a psychologist."

"The psychologist? I wouldn't pick on you." She said, continuing to eat her salad.

"Believe it or not, I've had a gift for listening since sixth grade," he said, and Hermione swallowed hard, understanding the meaning of the sentence.

"I live in a beach house not far from here. It's been in my family a long time. I came here right after my trial. You probably don't know this, but I got an ultimatum." He sighed. "A forever locked up in Azkaban, or I'll give up my wand. You can only guess what I made of it," he explained.

Hermione looked at him in surprise, feeling her jaw drop.

Draco Malfoy - former Death Eater, one of the best students at Hogwarts. (Right after Hermione, of course) now lives as a Muggle, without wand, in Australia, studying Psychology.

"Cat got your tongue?" he laughed.

"I, uh." She cleared her throat. "you gave up your wand, or even your magic." she asked.

"Wand," he answered simply.

"So you can still do magic?" she inquired. "Yes, I can do wandless magic," he explained.

"The first year wasn't easy. The Ministry let me take some money out of the family vault and exchange it, but I didn't have a vision. I didn't know how to behave, what to do nothing. Until one day I met Alice." Draco paused at the mention of a woman's name.

"She taught me everything. Along with books and human observation, I blended in. And stayed with Alice." He paused and took a sip of water.

"After six months, I applied to college here in Sydney. I tampered with the recommended ones and forged my report card, and in another six months, I was accepted. Now I'm a second-year student, and I'm satisfied." He finished his story.

Hermione was taken aback. "Er, good for you. I guess," She laughed nervously.

"What about you, Granger, what's new with you? What happened to the brightest witch of her age after war?" he asked politely but with a hint of sharpness .

"I plan to return to England." She said simply.

"Hmm, is there someone waiting for you?" He asked, and Hermione looked at him in surprise. She did think that he would ask. That we would be interested in her love life. Especially after...

"It's only fair, you know about my ex, I want to know about yours," he explained.

"You didn't have to break up with her." Hermione whispered, feeling gently guilty "Oh trust me, Granger. If only it were up to me, we would be still together." he laughed.

"How did you—?" Hermione wanted to ask how they had broken up, but from his look, she knew better than to ask.

"Ron." She said after a moment, and Draco looked blank.

"Ron's waiting for me in London," she explained.

"So after all these years he finally made it to you pants" he laughed

"Is it serious?" He asked, and Hermione thought about her response.

True or Lie?

“We paused our relationship before I left,” said Hermione. And she was telling the truth, they really did pause the relationship. She may have left out the engagement information, but something inside prevented her from telling Draco.

“We should go, we have a busy afternoon,” said Draco, calling the waiter. Hermione started to take out her wallet and Draco stopped her.

“I may not be a wizard for the wizarding world anymore, but I still have pureblood manners,” he said, paying for their lunch together.

Chapter End Notes

Hermione, Hermione.

You are not telling everything. You forgot the engaged thing... ops.

What do you think about this chapter? Please let me know.

love you!

Deja Vu

Chapter Notes

I apologise for a shorter chapter!
Next one is a longer one.



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

Chapter six Deja vu

The sentence Hermione kept in his head all the way to Monica and Wendell Wilkins.

“Do you still believe in blood status?”

Hermione asked as they got out of the taxi. Draco looked at her in surprise and laughed. “I have nothing to believe in Graner, I am not a wizard anymore. Just an ordinary person who doesn't know what you're talking about.” He winked at her and rang the bell. Hermione was only 80% sure she'd got his words right. “You are still a wizard, just without a wand,” she said in a low voice.

“Derek, Hermione.” came the voice of her mother before Draco could respond. “Monica, you look great.” Draco smiled and shook hands with Wendelle.

“Monica, good to see you again.” Hermione smiled.

“Oh, honey. This is Hermione Green. Derek's girlfriend.” Monica introduced them.

“Hermione? What happened to Ali-” before Hermione's father could finish, Monica gently elbowed him in the ribs. Hermione's father had never been able to think and then speak, which Hermione probably inherited.

“Nice to meet you.” Hermione smiled at her father. “Oh Hermione, why are you crying.” Monica was startled, and Hermione touched her cheek quickly. “Oh em, I—” she began to panic gently. She wasn't aware of her tears.

“Hermione is allergic to cats,” Draco said automatically, and Hermione was very grateful. The reason she cried was simple, the sight of her parents' happy couple tearing her heart out.

“Oh, we're sorry. Well, luckily, we'll be in the garden so Minnie won't bother you,” Monica smiled and invited the young couple into the house.

"Thank you," Hermione whispered so that only Draco could hear. "Don't mention it." He answered and followed Hermione with his hands in his pockets.

Hermione's jaw dropped gently as the fake and real couple reached the garden. There were like 30 people. Her parents never had as many friends in London as they do here. "Shut your mouth, it's inappropriate." She felt Draco's breath on her ear. Hermione obeyed him and smiled.

"Oh, Monica." Hermione turned to her mother.

"I brought you something, too." She smiled and handed the flowers to her mother. "Ah flowers, they are beautiful thank you. You are modern women. I never got flowers from another woman." she replied. "I work in a florist's shop, it kind of fits," Hermione said, and Monica went off to put them in a vase. All three followed her.

"Well, Miss Green, tell us about yourself," her father suggested, wrapping his arm around Monica's waist. They seemed like a happy couple, unlike her and Draco, who stood next to her like a friend than a newly and madly in love boyfriend. And out of nowhere Draco, as if he had read her mind he had done the same as her father.

Hermione smiled to herself.

"I'm from London and I've come here for a new life." Hermione laughed.

"Oh yes, my wife said she meets you at the flower shop? How did you get that job?" asked Wendell

"Yes, I got the job by accident. I didn't get a job as your assistant and out of nowhere miss Thompson gives me this job. And please call me Hermione." She smiled again. Wendell smiled back and offered Hermione his hand for introductions.

"Well, you call me Wendell. Ah yes, miss Thompson, really nice lady." smiled Wendell

"Derek, I wanted to talk to you about the new car I'm buying. Can you come with me?" Wendell asked. Draco apologized to Hermione and Monica and disappeared from view with Wendell.

"Come, Hermione, I'll introduce you to the others," Monica suggested, and they went into the garden.

"Finally," said Hermione as Draco joined her back in the garden. Almost an hour passed of introductions and waiting for Draco with a glass of white wine.

"Hh? Weren't you talking to Monica enough?" He asked, sipping his beer.

"It's not that, it's just that there's an awful lot of people," she explained.

"It's a birthday party. It makes sense." He smiled.

"You know what I mean." She hit him gently on the shoulder.

"Ow, damn woman." He massaged his shoulder.

"We can leave at any time," He said after a moment, and Hermione looked at him, puzzled.

"Why the hell would I want to leave?" She looked at him incredulously.

"Come on, Granger, you haven't learned to lie since sixth grade," he smirked.

"You have no right to talk about our sixth year," Hermione snapped at him. Draco excused himself with a look and looked back ahead, in the same direction Hermione had looked before. To Monica and Wendell. They were talking to another pair looking really happy.

Draco looked at her again, wiping tears from her face with the thumb of his right hand.

"Come on, let's say goodbye." He said, grabbing her wrist.

"Goodbye?" She asked, wiping tears from her face she hadn't known about until a moment ago.

"This was a bad idea." He muttered to himself, and Hermione scurried obediently after him.

"Monica, Wendell needs to say goodbye," said Draco as they reached the older couple.

"Oh, of course, I'll see you at the office on Monday," Monica smiled and hugged Draco.

"Well, I'll see you when I see you." Monica laughed at Hermione.

"Oh, why don't the four of us have dinner?" Monica suggested as she pulled away from the hug with Hermione. "Amazing idea, dear." Wendell agreed. Hermione raised her head and looked uncertainly at Draco. He sighed and nodded.

"Sounds good. When do you have time?" Hermione asked in a low voice.

"How about Tuesday? We can eat at Derek's. You know how much I love when you cook," Monica laughed.

"No problem," said Draco, smiling. His smile began to evoke long-lost feelings in Hermione.

"Wonderful, see you on Tuesday." The two couples said goodbye, and Hermione and Draco disappeared from the garden.

When they were both safe from the house, Hermione turned in his direction.

"I don't know where you live." She said, and Draco stopped. It was a fine evening, and Draco had suggested that he accompany her like a gentleman he was. So they walked the streets of Sydney at a slow, common pace.

"Do you have paper or something?" He asked, and Hermione, after a quick glance around, turned a rose and a stick into a piece of paper with a pen. She didn't even notice the wounded expression on Draco's face because of the joy she'd had in performing any spell.

"Here." She smiled, and Draco quickly wrote down the address of his beach house.

"Do you think-" Hermione began as they arrived outside the flower shop. "-that we could see each other before Tuesday?" She asked carefully.

"Granger, we agreed long ago that-" Draco began.

"I still know little about you for a girlfriend. Like what happened with Alice and why you don't drink alcohol." She explained, and Draco looked at her, puzzled.

"I noticed the nonalcohol drink sticker on the beer bottle," she explained.

"Of course you did. Still the brightest witch of her age." He rolled his eyes. "Okay, I'm not getting rid of you in any time soon, right?. Monday afternoon coffee?" he asked.

"What about the cafe where we ate at 9:30 tomorrow?" Hermione asked cautiously, with an expression she remembered was working on him. Draco looked at her for a long moment. He looked deeply into her eyes, searching. Seeking what he knew, what was familiar but painful. And after a few moments of silence, he merely nodded his head in agreement.

"Draco-" said Hermione, holding out her hand to his cheek. But he drew back quickly.

"Good night, Granger," he said without looking at her and disappeared into the darkness.

Hermione watched him disappear from the street and felt the chill on her face. Everything comes back and repeats, even though it shouldn't. Everything feels like a painful *Deja vu*.

Chapter End Notes

Ehm, Hi guys! So the first hint about their history is here. you will get more of their history in the next chapter.

I also wanted to say that this is my first fanfiction - So I hope you will be nice to me in the comments - haha.

I think I should explain a little bit about Hermione in my story.

- She will do EVERYTHING to get her parent back home.

- She is selfish about it - because she blames herself for hurting them with Obliviate. So now she is trying to make everything right and take them to London.

A little bit about Draco:

- He still can do magic but he doesn't have a wand so and he miss magick.

I think that it's a good punishment for his crimes and I believe that it is kinda ironic. - When he was young he called Hermione a Mudblood and he believed she doesn't deserve magick. And now? The wizard's community decided that he doesn't deserve it. You will found out more about him in the next few chapters.

love you Maria.

Old bruises

Chapter Notes

I did not forget about you guys, but I'm so sorry that it took me so long to post another chapter. Maybe you saw on my profile that I started another fanfiction - Croissants & Bruises - Love story from London- so if you like my content you can check it out and let me know what you think about it.

I will post now weekly -or I will try but the school is ending and a lot of exams are coming so please be patient with me. Love you!

Chapter six Old bruises

"How could you!" Hermione cried, hitting Draco across the cheek. He did not move, and his silver eyes stared at her face.

"I trusted you. I was the only one in this school who was on your side! I lied to Harry. All this time I have been convincing him that he was wrong. And you- you!" Hermione sobbed and beat him in the chest. Draco grabbed both of her wrists.

"I had no choice," he shouted back.

"There's always a choice" She argued. "You could have come to me!! I would help you." argued the young, betrayed Hermione

"I loved you. And you betrayed me." She whispered and looked into his eyes. His eyes were gleaming with tears piling up. His face was troubled and his gaze ruined. "I loved you," she repeated,

"Hermione, let me explain." pleaded Draco. "There's nothing to explain," said Hermione. She wiped away her tears and turned her back on him. She took a deep breath, broke away from him.

"Where there is desire, there is gonna be flame.

Where there is a flame, someones bound to get burned. but just because it burns doesn't mean you're gonna die...."

whispered Draco, and Hermione turned to him halfway down the corridor. "But I already died. Because of you. And you will have to live with it. You'll have to live with the fact that you're the one who killed me." she whispered mercilessly. She was so broken so betrayed.

"Slowly and painfully."

Hermione awoke from a dream. Sweaty and out of breath. She turned her head to the next wall where the clock hung. 7:30 am. Hermione rubbed her face and ran her wild curls. She felt miserable. Her head pounded and her body ached, and she decided to lie down for another hour-perhaps more.

Her next awakening was at 9:07, and she had only about 20 minutes to prepare for her morning coffee/breakfast with Draco. She got out of bed quickly and went to the phone book. Now just to find his name.

"Melleys... Monterass, interesting name." Hermione paused. "Montgomery. Derek Montgomery, a student at the Faculty of Psychology. Hh." She read aloud. She picked up her phone and dialled the number she had found on the list.

"Montgomery," it said.

"Malfoy, it's Granger." She said, nervously playing with the page in the list.

"Granger, what do you want?" he asked. "Um, I'm running late, so I wanted to apologize, but you will probably have to wait for me," she explained. Her original plan was to cancel the coffee and maybe meet tomorrow. But his voice stopped her.

"Yeah, okay. Um, do you want me to order you something?" He asked, and Hermione said no. They said a quick goodbye, and Hermione went into the bathroom. The cafe was no more than a 10-minute walk from the flower shop. During the next twenty minutes, she managed to shower, put on some makeups and dress in clean clothes. Today she chose canvas shorts and a red blouse. She finished the whole outfit with a headscarf, put on sandals, and ran out of the small penthouse.

She was about five metres from the cafe when the phone rang. *Ron*. Hermine looked at his name on the screen, pressed the red button, and put the phone back in her backpack. She didn't want to talk to him, not after her morning nightmare. She didn't know why but she felt like she cheated on him at her parent's house, but it was nothing.. *right?*

They faked it, they both faked it.

"Granger" Draco smiled at her. "Malfoy, I hope didn't you wait long?" She asked, sitting across from him. "Oh, no, maybe I looked weird not ordering anything but it okay." He answered with a

small smile. You could see he was in a good mood, not like yesterday at lunch.

"So..." he began. "...Yesterday you didn't tell me why your parents don't remember you." he began the conversation as the two of them finished reading the menu. "Oh, well. Before the war, in the sixth year, I obliterated them, after we- you know" she said truthfully. "Oh." was all he could manage. "I wanted them to be safe, so I did it" She smiled.

"Now, just to make them start remembering gently, use the magic, and we can all go home to be a happy family." she finished with an even bigger smile at the idea of her parents back in England with her.

"You want to take them back to England? What if they don't want to?" He asked, and Hermine began to laugh. She stopped when she noticed it was a serious question.

"Why wouldn't they want to go to London? England is their home. They have friends there, my mother's sister lives there, and I'm there. I see no reasons to stay." said Hermione.

"Didn't you think they had friends here, too? They've got work to do, it's their new home," he explained, and Hermione's smile fell away. "I hadn't thought of that." She murmured. "But who knows, they might be happy to come with me home to London," She went on, and Draco knew to stop talking about them. Her stubbornness never ceases to surprise him.

"Hello, welcome to Café la Rosé." The waitress smiled. "What can I get you?"

"An English plate, and green tea." said Draco. "and you want some tea, too?" The waitress asked. "No tea, Coffee." They both answered at once, and the waitress looked puzzled.

"I'll ask you for the matcha cake and Espresso." Hermione smiled, and the waitress walked away from their table.

"You still remember me drinking coffee?" She asked.

"You were the only one at Hogwarts who preferred coffee instead of tea. You remember that." He explained without looking at her. Hermione sighed.

"Er, do you want to tell me about alcohol or Alice?" Hermione asked cautiously. "wow, granger. You don't beat around the bush. Alcohol then," he said, taking a sip of water. Then the waitress brought their food and Hermione had to wait a few more minutes.

"I started and stopped drinking my first year here. I was in bad shape - new country, almost no magic. No family -nothing...He explained, adding honey to his tea. "My only way out was alcohol. it helped me forget everything, bad memories and even the good memories. War and yo-

"- me too?" She interrupted and cut a slice of cake. Draco looked up at her. "and you. Yes" He cleared his throat and looked back at his breakfast.

"Then Alice appeared. She helped me stop. She's the reason I'm sober now." he explained, taking a bite of eggs.

"I'm sorry you had to break up because of my stupidity," she said sincerely. "Maybe it's not all your fault, it's been worse between us for a while," he replied. "We started arguing sometime in the spring and it went down...we always argued about a stupid small thing like *why don't I put the cup in this cupboard but in the next one. Or why am I at work all the time...* you know." Draco explained and she nodded. Yes, she knows, he just perfectly described her and Ron's life together.

"Well, your mom actually gave it the icing on the cake." He smiled a little, and Hermione looked surprised. "On Friday, Alice came to my office. I told her it would be wiser to end it, and then Monica came along. She saw Alice crying and nothing more." He laughed a little at the memory. "Well, she thought she'd come to ask us to get back together. So she mentioned you." He said casually.

"What?" Hermione said, choking on the water.

"Now Alice thinks I cheated on her. Humorous story." He said and returned to his meal. "I'm really sorry-" Hermione tried to apologize, but the ringing phone cut her off. "Sorry," she said and took her cell phone out of her purse. Ron, again.

Hermione took a deep breath and took the call. "Hello, Ron." She said, and at that moment Draco became alert. "Yeah, everything is fine," she murmured. "Yeah, I saw them. Um Ron, can I call you later?" She asked, looking at Draco.

"I'm having breakfast with - a colleague from the office next door. I'll call tonight." She ended the call before Ron could say anything. "Isn't it night in London?" asked Draco. "Yeah, I'll call him when he woke up." She said, trying to move away from the subject.

"Didn't you say you paused your relationship?" he asked. Hermione rolled her eyes, he couldn't just let it go!

"I did." She said shortly. Draco said only *Hmmm*, and the conversation ended.

"What are you eating?" He asked, looking at the green dessert that had been half-eaten. "Matcha. Want a taste?" Hermione asked, her eyes brightening. She hoped to at least teach someone at Match. Draco looked at her, at dessert, and at her again. "I don't know, it's very green ..." he said uncertainly.

"Such and baby. I thought you like green thigs" She laughed and cut a small piece with her fork.

"Well, not all green things..." he said. "Open your mouth," she said, her forked hand at the height of his mouth.

He opened his mouth slowly and ate a piece of Hermione's fork. He stared into her eyes the whole time, and Hermione felt as if everything had stopped around them.

"What do you think?" She asked as she returned to reality. Draco swallowed hard and drank some water. "Granger, how can you eat this?" He asked, trying to wash the taste of Match out of his mouth with a lot of water.

"Tss, you're like the others! It's good, it's healthy, and it helps-" Hermione began in her professorial tone. "What?" she asked, noticing the way Draco looked at her.

"I stopped listening when you said the word *good*. Granger, you're not normal. this thing is disgusting." he laughed. Hermione felt insulted for a moment, but then she began to laugh with him, and everything was as it used to be...

Everything was just wrong and right at the same time.

Draco offered to accompany Hermione again. Initially, they both wanted to go for a walk, but Draco remembered that he had to finish his paper and it was called off for the day. Hermione could feel the uncomfortable tension between them. The last thing they talked about in the cafe was how terribly unconvincing they were as a couple. Draco disagreed, but Hermione said they need to practise. Then Draco mentioned their sixth year and there was an awkward silence. The silence broke outside the flower shop.

"Draco, I know you think we look fine, but we do not. My parents aren't stupid. They'll realize something's wrong and they'll be moving away from us, and I can't afford that." said Hermione. "Granger, do you realize what you want me to do? What are you asking me to do? Yes, I know I owe you for your testimony in court, but I paid that back yesterday. And that's all you've got on me," he laughed arrogantly. "Or is it?" He asked, raising one eyebrow.

Why does he have to ruin it? It was a beautiful morning. Why is he acting like the guy he hates now?

"Cat got your tongue?" He interrupted her. "I see Weasley's stupidity rubs off on you. You'd argue with me in school." And that was too much. but Draco had no right to insult him. "Well you told me secrets in the sixth year," she whispered angrily.

"What?" he asked surprised

"I have your secrets. I have so many secrets. I can bury you with them in London. Draco Malfoy will never be able to appear in England again." She began to threaten him. Draco was a little taken aback by her reply, but he quickly shook himself off at the last sentence, "There is no Draco Malfoy!" He said back. "He died and his secrets died with him. You have nothing on me." he turned his back to her and started walking away. Then he stopped and looked at

her over his shoulder. "And...were you blackmailing me with things I told you when I trusted you? Wow, Granger, it looks like I don't know you at all." He continued angrily.

"And you decided to leave him dead," Hermione said to him totally ignoring the words about blackmailing and trust. That got his attention. He turned back to her and looked into her eyes. Then he looked at her in disbelief.

"Of Course I did! He died, he is not here anymore. It's just me. Derek from Australia." Explain insanity.

"Just like Hermine Granger?" Those words caught Draco off guard.

"Granger," he warned her.

At that moment, they were both well aware that their argument was not about Ronald Weasley or Hermione's parents or the secrets. It was about 16-year-old Draco Malfoy and Hermione Granger

"Is he dead like her? Did you let him die like you let me die? Did you kill him? Like did you kill me?" Hermione hissed, staring into his eyes. Her eyes were beginning to startle with tears, but Hermione refused to let them enter the world.

"don't do this Granger," he whispered. Draco was always the one who tried to back down from arguments.

"I want to and I will Malfoy! I told you! I told you that day that you killed me. And you didn't come back. You never came back or tried. You just left me there." She whispered the last sentence and saw Draco look past her, and that was too much emotion for Hermione. The tears she'd fought now ran down her face. And the promise she had made a few years ago was now tearing her heart apart.

"You think I didn't feel it?! Do you think I didn't know how you feel? You think that you were the only one heartbroken!?" He cried and looked back at her. His eyes were red and he was struggling with tears.

"No, you didn't know how I feel! You let me break. Harry and Ron had to pick up all the pieces and put me back together! Just to survive the fucking war! Just so I don't break down!! You have no right to tell me, that you know how I felt. No rights." Hermione screamed at the top of her lungs. At that moment, she didn't care if anyone heard them or not. She just needed to get it all out.

Draco gave her a long look, and there was silence.

"You never let me explain," he whispered
"No, I did not."

"Will you ever let me explain?" He asked, looking into her eyes. In the eyes of the girl, he once loved, in the eyes of the girl he killed.

"I don't know." She answered sincerely, looking into the eyes of her first love.

"Maybe one day. But not today. Today, I'm still dead. " She wiped a tear from her face and looked away. Draco just nodded and looked down. He wanted to say something. He wanted to yell, cry and perhaps remind her of the good times they had had. But he couldn't, his cowardice overcame him. So, with one last look at her face, he left. And he hoped, really hoped, that he would have a chance to come back.

Not an update - Apology

Hello, everybody!

I want to apologize for not being very active the last few months and not posting a single chapter! I know I am awful.

Unfortunately, I'm not in the mood right now to write romantic, post war Dramione fanfictions.

Don't get me wrong, I'll definitely get back to these stories. I hope that by September, something will break in me again and I will return to romantic stories.

As a compromise to my inactivity, I have a suggestion.

About a year ago, I started writing my first fanfiction: *The Skyfall Time*.

It's Voldemort wins AU.

Harry Potter / Hunger Games - Hunger Games there is a copied point Her.

This fanfiction currently has around 30K words, and a 23 chapters.

That way, if you're interested, I could regularly post this fanfiction and in the meantime try to finish writing White Tulips and Croissants& Bruises.

Please let me know what you think!!

And I apologize again for my weak activity. please be patient with me. Love Maria.

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