

Hallie Potter

She Could

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Inhaltsangabe

ENGLISH

Missing Romione Moment from HBP!

Vorwort

another English ficlet - would love some feedback!

Inhaltsverzeichnis

1. She Could

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Lavender's curls vanished quite vigorously in the doorway, Hermione thought, and she couldn't help the little smile on her lips when she, Ron and Harry followed her into the hallway that was covered in glowing sunlight that reflected her inside all too well today. A glance to her left revealed a few remaining white flakes on Ron's shoulder and she had to keep herself from lifting her finger tips and brushing those away as well. She wouldn't do that, she wouldn't give herself away that easily. But *she could*.

Hermione knew she wasn't supposed to be as elated about this as she was – but she just couldn't help them, the fireworks inside her going off every time that she thought about what had happened, about how things had changed within one evening and suddenly made everything possible. Lavender had been so hurt and there was definitely a part of her that felt undisputedly sorry for her, that wanted to tell her the truth about last night, how she and Ron had not been meeting up in secret, how there was nothing. There was this other part of her, however, that cheered, that screamed in glee, because perhaps it wasn't nothing after all. It was the same part that made her jump slightly from one foot to another once she was on her own in her toilet stall, and that made her smile at herself in the broken mirror while washing her hands, ignoring the Hufflepuff girl at the sink next to her and her judgmental stare. Trying to calm down, Hermione closed her eyes and took a deep breath before opening the door leading outside the girl's bathroom where Ron and Harry were waiting for her, but she just couldn't help it, and the butterflies rushed back, filling her whole body with this tingling feeling that she just couldn't shake off.

Because this was it, wasn't it? This was the moment she had been waiting for all this time. She knew what she wanted, she knew she wanted him. And Ron, she thought, she *hoped* – he had to know by now, he had to know about her feelings and maybe, just maybe, he felt the same way. The things that he said, the things that he did ... the way he looked at her, the way their glances met and lasted for a second too long sometimes and how they would have to break them or otherwise she would burst into flames. Hadn't it been the same last night, in the common room? When Lavender had left, had there not been something hanging in the air, something unsaid and yet so obvious to the both of them? They had stood in silence and still it had felt like they were screaming at each other, shouting words of endearment and truth, and Merlin, had it just been her that wanted to throw herself at him and finally touch him, feel him?

The grin on her face widened and when Harry asked for the reason of her general brightness today, she merely shrugged her shoulders, avoiding Ron's eyes. She didn't avoid the back of his head though, his bright red hair that, slowly but clearly, was making its way past his ears, and she liked it that way.

When they sat down at the Gryffindor table in the Great Hall, no thought about Lavender was left, she didn't see her glare at the lot of them. Instead, Hermione had to put a bit of extra care into placing vegetable stew on her plate today while Ron was telling some kind of joke and everyone was laughing and so was she.

From the corner of her eye she examined him again, and this time, she didn't avoid his profile, his long nose, the many freckles that covered, no, decorated his face, forming a kind of pattern that she would have loved to take hours to figure out. His mouth that opened wide when Harry made a snide remark about one Slytherin Quidditch player or another. She didn't, she *couldn't* avoid his lips, spread so widely that his gorgeous eyes would wrinkle a bit, but that was okay because once his face calmed down again, they would go back to their usual size, and god, weren't they just-

“Hermione?”

Choking slightly on her pumpkin juice, she looked in Harry's direction, avoiding Ginny's grin, and desperately tried to pull herself back into reality, when Ron patted her back slightly and asked “You alright?”

His touch was soft, she felt each and every finger through her thick Hogwarts cloak as if her back was completely free of clothing and when he removed his freckled hand, the spot where he'd touched her burned like fire, except the feeling was wonderful and the only pain came from wanting more.

“Yes. Yes, I'm great actually”, Hermione answered with her eyes closed, as to not meet any of their gazes. And she was.