

# 7 times

Von viv-heart

The first time he sees her, it's an early Monday morning and Draco steps out of his car. He is walking to his favourite coffee shop in the middle of London, deep in thought, when he hears the squeal of brakes and cursing. He turns around and looks at a young woman with dark skin that contrasts with Draco's pale one and brown curly hair falling loosely over her shoulders, glaring at him in anger. She is not a supermodel, but not ugly either and Draco finds himself drawn to her. He is about to say something, when she races on her bike past him, leaving him standing in the middle of the street in confusion. The whole encounter doesn't last more than three seconds.

The second time she is sitting in the concert hall during a rehearsal of the National Symphony Orchestra and Draco thinks for a moment that she is asleep. He notices her legs wiping with the beat and realizes that she has closed her eyes to concentrate on listening.

"Who's that?" Draco asks his friend Pansy who is running the Orchestra.

"Her name is Hermione Granger. A friend of Blaise's," she motions to the conductor.

"Studies music theory or something if I am not mistaken. Why do you ask?"

Draco shakes his head and follows Pansy to her office to sign the papers for his next tour that starts in London.

When they are done and he has managed to get rid of Pansy Hermione's gone.

The third time he sees her is during one of Blaise's frivolous parties. He is sitting at the piano, giving a private concert and she is standing there, her eyes closed again, listening closely. He gives the best performance of his life.

The applause is overwhelming and she smiles at him and Draco wants nothing more than to talk to her, but he has to talk to investors and he knows it. It's already late when he is through with the social calls he is obligated to make and he fears that she is already gone. He can't believe his luck when he finds her chatting with Blaise in a corner, a glass of Champagne in her hand.

He approaches them and Blaise beams at him. "Draco!" he exclaims. "I believe you haven't met my friend Hermione yet."

"Draco Malfoy," Draco says and kisses her hand and instead of blushing like he had anticipated she rises an eyebrow.

"Pleased to meet you," she says. "Your performance was extraordinary."

"Thank you," he smiles, intrigued by this unusual woman. He hasn't seen much of her, but he can already tell that she won't treat him like the star he is even though she obviously knows who is standing in front of her."

"So what do you do?" he asks her when Blaise excuses himself as some of the investors demands his attention.

"I study music theory and history," Hermione says and watches him for his reaction. Draco gives her a charming smile. "Here in London I assume?" he asks and she nods. "How did you come across it? Do you play an instrument?"

Hermione looks away as her cheeks get a slightly red tint. "I don't. I am really bad at any kind of producing music. I can't even properly play the flute and let's not talk about singing! But I love music and I just wanted to spend the rest of my life surrounded by it and-"

Her eyes are positively glowing with passion as she talks and Draco doesn't even know when he moves and suddenly he is kissing her and she is staring at him in surprise for a split second, before she closes her eyes and kisses him back.

"Let's get out of here," he whispers when they pull apart and she takes his hand and they are at his flat in a blink of an eye, kissing again, tugging at each other's clothes hastily.

He bites her neck as he pushes the straps of her dress down and it falls and pools at her feet and Hermione is unbuttoning his shirt but he doesn't have time for that so he moves away and pulls it over his head.

He looks her appreciatively up and down and she pulls him closer and soon enough they are just a tangle of limbs in his sheets, kissing, moaning, biting as he trusts into her.

When he wakes up the next morning she is gone.

The fourth time he sees her it is just barely a glimpse of her hair as she climbs into a cab in front of the Royal Albert Hall and Draco can't do much but watch it disappear in traffic.

The fifth time, he is drunk out of his mind as his friend Theo drags him into yet another shady bar. They are celebrating Theo's promotion and Draco is laughing at something his friend said when he sees her.

Hermione is glaring at a customer from behind the bar and trusts a glass into his hand before taking the money. When she offers him the change, the customer seizes her forward and tries to kiss her.

Draco is moving forward without thinking but Hermione doesn't need to be saved. She punches the man with her free hand and he stumbles a few steps back. He wants to try again but a bouncer is standing next to him already and guides him out of the bar.

Hermione sighs and looks around for waiting customers and that's when she sees Draco. "What are you doing here?" she asks, sounding exhausted.

"Celebrating with a friend," Draco gestures in the vague direction of Theo, managing to sound somewhat sober. "Are you alright?"

Hermione relaxes visibly. "What do you want?" she asks, ignoring Draco's question.

"You," he blurts out without thinking and she snorts.

"Sure," she says and turns around to serve another waiting customer.

"I am serious," Draco tries.

"You are drunk," she replies without looking at him as she pours some vodka into shot glasses, before placing them at the counter.

Draco waits till the man leaves before speaking again.

"Doesn't change the fact that I want you. Go out with me."

Hermione snorts again. "You don't even know me."

"Is this what this is about?" Draco leans over the counter and Hermione shakes her head slightly in the direction of the bouncer that everything is under control. "You don't want to get out with me because I don't know you?"

"No," Hermione says flatly. "But let's be real here: you are one of the world's most famous pianist and I am just some university student. You are talented, good-looking and rich and I am not. I don't want to be the girl who is tossed away the moment someone better appears and someone will. I enjoyed the one-night stand and it was fun while it lasted but that's all."

Draco can't believe what he just heard. He is furious. "For god's sake, are you listening to yourself?" he hisses. "I don't even give a damn what you think about me but how the hell are you thinking so low of yourself? Blaise told me that you are one of the smartest people he has ever met and that means quite a lot considering it comes from him!"

"But that's not what men want!" Hermione fires back and Draco stares at her in shock. "Who the fuck told you that?" he asks, cold fury in his voice. There's nothing more attractive about a woman than her intellect, except her passion for music maybe, and Draco can't believe someone would say otherwise.

Hermione trusts her chin forward and doesn't respond and Draco runs a hand through his hair.

"Fine," he mutters. "I won't force you."

The sixth time he sees her it's the evening of the first performance of his new tour. He just walks backstage from the stage when he sees her standing next to Blaise, waiting for him.

"It was breathtaking!" someone says and Draco gives them a fake smile and asks himself why she is there. He isn't paying proper attention to those coming to congratulate him and simply thanks them.

Only when Hermione and Blaise come over he is back in reality.

"The performance was amazing, Mr. Malfoy," Hermione says and Draco realizes that she hadn't told Blaise about their little encounter either.

"Thank you, Miss Granger," Draco replies casually and grins at Blaise. "Are you two coming to the after-party?"

"I can't," Blaise says. "Pansy isn't feeling well. The pregnancy is taking a toll on her. But I am sure Hermione would be honoured to accompany you."

Hermione gives him a forced smile at that and Draco doesn't know what to feel. It seems he is somehow getting his date anyway, even though Hermione doesn't seem too happy about it.

She relaxes considerably as the evening progresses, drinking one glass of Champagne after another and by the end of the evening Draco has her pinned against a wall, moaning his name as he kisses her senseless.

He can't even say he is surprised when he wakes up alone the next morning.

The seventh time he actually seeks her out. It's early evening and he hopes she is working as he walks into the bar he had found thanks to Theo.

It seems luck is on his side as Hermione is standing behind the counter, putting away glasses.

"Date me," Draco says instead of a greeting and Hermione looks up in surprise.

"I told you already-" she starts but Draco cuts her off.

"You told me that you are scared and that's fine. Someone hurt you. I respect that. But you are a charming, intelligent and pretty woman. You can't hide forever. All I am asking you is to get on a date with me."

Hermione hesitates, but nods finally. "One date," she says and a wide smile spreads over Draco's face.

"But I don't do sex before the fifth date," she adds and Draco laughs.

"I can wait."