

Chapter Five

Fred paced nervously in the common room, his footsteps loud in the empty room. His mind was everywhere and nowhere at the same time. He thought of her and what he was going to say. He exhaled loudly and closed his eyes, collecting himself.

He looked up at the large clock hanging above the fireplace. Fred took another long breath as he read it; 11:56pm. Despite his nerves, Fred couldn't help but smile and be somewhat excited. They were going to have alone time, time to talk. That's all he needed. A little peace and quiet with her would help him sort out his feelings. Or at least, he hoped it would.

He walked over to the thick, dark windows that lined the side of the common room and watched as leaves continued to fall and the harsh autumn breeze whipped against the stone castle.

"Pretty, isn't it?"

Hermione's voice startled Fred and he jumped at the sound of it. He turned around quickly to see her descending down the stairs. She was wearing the sweater she wore on the train. The corners of Fred's mouth rose and he smiled at her as she approached him.

"I guess," Fred told her, smirking at her. "It's about as pretty as pitch darkness gets, I suppose."

Hermione rolled her eyes at Fred and adjusted her orange sweater.

"What do you say we go for a walk?" Fred asked her, initiating the first step of his plan.

"After hours? What about Umbridge?" Hermione asked him skeptically. Fred gave her a mischievous grin though she hardly looked comforted by his gesture.

"We'll be fine, I promise."

Hermione paused for a moment before sighing and starting to walk towards the portrait hole out of the common room.

"I swear to you, Fred Weasley. If you get me in trouble, I will write your mother so quickly, your head will spin," she threatened though she followed it with a light chuckle.

Fred bit his lip, grinning widely as he did so and followed behind her into the dark hallways of Hogwarts.

Their walk became increasingly awkward as time passed, Hermione walking with her arms crossed and Fred with his hands in his pockets. They had nearly reached the library on the fourth floor.

"This isn't the greatest idea," Fred told her bluntly.

Comment [KFB1]: I love how he recognizes what she wears. I also love how she wore it. Whether she knowingly remembers his compliment, we find out later. BUT STILL. :3

Comment [KFB2]: Typical Hermione. Lol.

Even without another phrase, Hermione understood what Fred meant. She stopped walking and sat down on a stone bench in a small nook. Her eyes beckoned Fred to join her and he did immediately. Fred rested his forearms on his knees and waited anxiously for Hermione's response.

"The greatest things in life involve great risk," Hermione muttered. "My mother used to tell me that when I was younger."

Hermione cleared her throat and sighed. Fred saw her hesitate before she placed her hand on top of his.

Fred nervously bit his lip, seeing his plan fall to pieces in front of him. This was not supposed to happen. He was supposed to tell her: I need space, time to think. But he couldn't bring himself to move his hand away from hers.

"But what if that great thing isn't what's right?" Fred challenged her.

"I think it is."

Hermione spoke with confidence as she squeezed his hand. Her brown eyes scanned over his and he averted his gaze.

"But Ron—" Fred began.

"I'm not Ron's property," Hermione told him firmly.

"That's not what—"

"But that's how you act," Hermione interrupted.

"I don't mean to," Fred explained. "He's my brother, Hermione. How do you expect me to go about telling him I like his best friend?"

Hermione smiled bashfully, her cheeks reddening at the admittance of Fred's feelings. Fred huffed and tried not to smile at her endearing expression.

He let out a long breath and finally let a smile spread across his face. Hermione let out an airy laugh and she too smiled brightly.

The blissful silence was interrupted by the startling sound of heels on the stone floor. Fred snapped his head to his right, making nervous eye contact with Hermione. They stood up quickly and Fred held onto her hand and began to sneak around the corner, into the library. They tiptoed quietly into the dark, deserted room and waited tensely behind the main door. They closed it silently and turned around to see the huge library, pitch black and empty.

Fred released her hand as they stepped further into the library and Hermione started to giggle. Fred gave her an amused look and she covered her face with her hands.

"That was exhilarating," she said between girlish laughs. "I haven't snuck anywhere since second year."

He smiled at how carefree she was at that moment. He loved seeing her that way.

Comment [KFB3]: This was what my Grandfather used to tell me before he passed away so the quote has personal meaning behind it. I find it to be one of the most truthful things I've heard.

Comment [KFB4]: AHH! FRED FINALLY TELLS HER HE LIKES HER. I had to rewrite this so many times to make it just right. :)

Comment [KFB5]: I don't know if it is just Emma Watson being a good actress but Hermione's happiness always seemed to bring the happiness in others. I liked seeing her that way.

“We shouldn’t stay though. I reckon there are tons of enchantments in here to keep us away,” Fred told her. Her laughing subsided and she nodded in agreement.

“Back to the common room then?”

Fred nodded and they quietly made their way back to the portrait hole. They didn’t speech much but they exchanged nervous laughs and smiles. Hermione spoke the password when they arrived and went back in to the red common room. When they walked in, someone was waiting for them.

George was sitting at one of the desks, talking quietly to Katie Bell. He gave his twin a mischievous glance and smirked. Katie let out a small giggle as George whispered something in her ear.

“Walk me upstairs?” Hermione asked, grabbing Fred’s attention away from George.

“Of course,” he said.

They walked in silence up the stone staircase until they reached the girls’ dormitories on the right. Hermione spun around and faced Fred, her hand hovering over the doorknob to her room.

“Thank you,” she told him. “I had a good time.”

“So did I,” Fred said, biting his lip.

“Can we do it again soon?”

Fred was caught off guard by her straight forward question but he already knew his answer.

“Hermione, I need a little time to figure things out.”

Hermione frowned for a moment but then nodded subtly. She looked up at Fred in confidence, putting on a brave smile.

“I understand,” she told him. She paused and just looked at him. “Don’t forget about the meeting tomorrow. Four o’clock sharp.”

“I’ll be there,” Fred told her. He waited until she had vanished behind the thick wooden door before he sighed and hung his head.

He wished he knew what to do, what to say. But all he could know for sure was that he was falling for her and fast.

Comment [KFB6]: That’s such a high school thing to do. But hey, there are 15 and 17 years old.

Comment [KFB7]: I wanted to just note how this is seen as a nervous habit of Fred’s. You have seen it a lot and will see it much more. :)

*Fremione action is getting better!
Haha. I’m sorry to keep you all waiting and hanging but Fred’s got to sort out his priorities! Stay tuned for more. :)*