

How I fell for Scorpius Malfoy

Von annalina

Kapitel 6: "If this wasn't embarrassing... I don't know what it was"

A/N: So I was looking for an excuse not to study for my final exams, which are going to take place in about two weeks now - and writing a new chapter seemed to be the best idea.

I hope you enjoy it...

Okay, just let me get a few things straight, before anyone of you starts drawing the wrong conclusions.

First of all: I did not sleep with him that night.

I mean, I'm not one of those girls who dream of their fuzzy, blissfully perfect first time with the big love of their life and being happy until the end of time.

I don't believe in *the* perfect guy who's going to deflower you at *the* perfect moment at *the* perfect place... because those cheesy love stories don't exist, but stupid stories like "Unshaken Love" have blurred our vision of reality. That's a fact. Deal with it.

But I'm not one of those girls who lose their virginity while being totally drunk to some random guy either

Then again I had always thought that I'm not one of those girls who go and get drunk with Scorpius Malfoy of all people... So imaging one thing just leading to the other wouldn't be that bizarre. But still... That's not the point.

The point is that I didn't sleep with Scorpius Malfoy.

Therefore you can put your ideas right out of your dirty mind.

Just let me repeat it to make sure you really get it. I. Did. Not. Sleep. With. Scorpius. Malfoy.

At least not that night...

Secondly... I really, really hadn't expected *this*. When I had said that I was going to join him I hadn't had any idea that we would end up snogging on his bed.

When his lips first touched mine I was totally stunned. Seriously, I was like some frozen statue, and my heart seemed to have skipped some beats.

I came back to life when I felt him deepening the kiss. And then my heart started beating about three or four times faster.

I hadn't been kissing for quite a while (Of course I had been dating from time to time, but my last boyfriend and I had broken up ages before). So basically I felt as if hadn't done it before.

But as soon as I stopped thinking, and every rational thought was simply wiped from my mind, I started enjoying.

And then... everything faded to black....

Honestly, I don't remember what happened next. I guess we just fell asleep somewhere along the line.

But I do remember the next morning. Way too clearly actually....

I woke up quite early because I wasn't used to the amount of sunlight that illuminated his dorm. My dorm was located in the western part of the castle, which basically meant that it was relatively dark most of the time.

So when I opened my eyes I looked right into bright sunlight. Usually it takes me ages to get fully awake... but that time it was almost as if you emptied a bucket of ice-cold water right above my head.

Speaking of which... There was this horrible pain torturing my head, and this weird feeling that my stomach was turned upside down.

I sat up slowly – partly because my head was killing me, partly because I was afraid I was going to throw up – and looked around.

It took me a while to realize where I was, but when I spotted the green curtains, Scorpius Malfoy right beside me *on his bed*, his dishevelled clothes, his messy hair and my *half-opened* blouse, the amount of everything crashed right down on me.

"Oh Fuck", I muttered under my breath.

This *had* to be a nightmare.

Could have anybody, *anybody* told me that I hadn't gotten drunk with Scorpius Malfoy? Could have anybody told me that we hadn't been snogging?

Bloody hell.... I had kissed Scorpius Malfoy! And he had kissed me back. Or the other way round... Not the point... But still... Merlin.... If my head hadn't already hurting that much, I would have banged it against a wall.

I had to get up. I desperately needed to get away from there.

I stood up quickly, but as soon as I was on my feet, I regretted it – I had problems with standing steadily.

I picked up my sweater which had been lying on the floor and stumbled towards the door.

Before I walked outside, I turned around to see if he was still asleep.

He was.

I held my breath and stared at him for a few moments.

Then I left the room.

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Somehow I managed to get to my dorm unseen. It was already time for breakfast, so I guess everyone was there right then.

Although usually nothing can stop me from eating I didn't care missing breakfast, because, honestly, ... If I had eaten just one bite, ... I guess it wouldn't have stayed where it should have.

I felt terrible. My clothes were reeking, I was tired as hell, and I looked like a zombie. You may think I'm joking, but believe me: I'm not.

If you ever get up after a night of heavy drinking ... Don't look into the mirror before having a shower – you will regret it. I was almost scared of myself.

All I wanted to do was sleeping, but I didn't fall asleep for about an hour. Instead, the memories of the previous night were racing through my head. And the more I thought about it, the more I recalled of our little session.

What *the hell* had I been thinking?

Okay, I guess I just hadn't been thinking at all.

You know... It wasn't as if I regretted kissing him because he was unattractive or anything. He wasn't. Scorpius looked quite good actually (well... he still does...). Even when he had been asleep he had looked kind of cute.

I just felt extremely awkward and uncomfortable, because I had never kissed a guy just on a whim.

Actually I hadn't kissed him... I mean... He had kissed me!

And you kissed him back, duh!

"Oh, shut up!", I muttered to myself. Merlin knows how much I hated my inner voice.

After one hour of thinking and rethinking the happenings of the night before, I dropped off.

My nap lasted for a few hours until somebody was knocking at my door. Again.

"Jeez, you look like the living dead!", Dominique exclaimed when I opened the door.

I winced. "For Fuck's sake, Weasley! Keep your voice down! I'm not that into loud noises right now...."

Dominique walked into my room, sat onto my bed and looked at me suspiciously. I'm sure I still must have looked terrible.

"What are you doing here?", I asked her.

"Well, basically I just wanted to make sure if you're still alive... I didn't see you at breakfast, and when you didn't show up at lunch either, I decided to look after you."

I sighed and sat down beside her.

"Are you alright? You look like shit."

"You've got such a nice choice of words, Dominique."

"Yeah... whatever... So, what's wrong?"

I opened my mouth to answer, but then I hesitated. I wasn't sure if I wanted to tell her.

A part of me wanted to "pour my heart out", another part just wanted to hide the truth.

The second one was much bigger. So I lied.

"I don't know... I guess I just caught the flu..."

"Oh..." Dominique looked at me sympathetically. "Is there anything I could do for you?"

I began to feel miserable.

"No thanks, it's okay."

"Okay... So go back to bed, I'm going to leave you alone.... You really look like you'd need some sleep."

Wow, now I really felt miserable for lying to her. Dominique told me almost everything. Every mistaken step, every wrong movement, everything she had ever screwed up. And believe me... She had done a lot of screwing up.

I just nodded. Then she stood up.

"If I didn't know you better I'd say you're utterly hungover.", suddenly she said.

Oh shit...

Thank Merlin she didn't notice me blushing.

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Since this weird feeling in my stomach refused to go away, and because I wanted to avoid Malfoy more than anyone else in the world, I decided to skip dinner too. Nobody would have missed me, and I was sure that Dominique had told everyone I was sick – but I really needed to get away from my dorm. I didn't want to lie to any other of my relatives who would come to look after me, or scream at those who would want me to do their homework.

And then it slowly dawned on me....

Hugo...

None of that would have ever happened, if Hugo hadn't been such a jerk.

So avoiding Hugo was another good reason to skip dinner.

And last but not the least... I feared that Malfoy decided to pay me a visit, and I really, really didn't know how I would have dealt with *that*.

Basically I was avoiding each and everyone of Hogwart's population.

I thought about going for a walk, but the pouring rain upset my plans.

Now tell me... Which is the only place in Hogwarts where nobody wants to spend his Saturday evening?

Right: The library.

Here I was - sitting in a library, staring out the window rather than doing my Charms essay.

"Why am I not surprised to find you here?", someone said and broke the silence.

I gasped and spun around.

"For Fuck's sake, Malfoy... You just scared me to death!"

"I'm sorry..." He grinned and slid into the chair right in front of me.

After the "surprise effect" of his appearance was gone, my heart started beating furiously, because those vivid memories came back into my mind.... I felt my face turning red.

Stupid Weasley blush.

"What are you doing here?", I said a bit angrily – I really didn't like that effect that his showing-up had on me.

"Erm... well... Actually I just wanted to talk to you....", he seemed to feel a bit uncomfortable, but I guess that was nothing compared to the awkwardness I was experiencing.

"And since you haven't been in your dorm, I came looking for you here... given you spend here most of your spare time."

"Why would you know?", I asked.

"Because I'm very observant." He smirked.

"There other people in that library too, you know. I do my homework here basically every day. You're just too distracted to notice other people when you're here, mysterious, little girl.", he added when I looked at him suspiciously.

I have to say... He did have a point. Being in the library meant being in my own world, where no-one else existed.

Silence befell us. That turned out to become more than awkward. *Oh come on, Malfoy... Make it short and painless!*

"Look, Rose...", he began, "I'm sorry."

Well... I didn't expect that.

"I didn't intend ... *that* to happen..." Yeah, that was for sure...

But I did feel sort of relieved. This hadn't been that bad. Short and painless, indeed. I even managed to smile at him.

"It's okay... Really... In the end, it's not even your fault. I just took a few steps too far."

Malfoy seemed to be relieved too. "Okay... I just wanted to make sure that this is going to make us suffering for the rest of the year."

I had to grin.

"So, you're alright?", he asked.

"The headache has become better, but my stomach's still killing me."

Malfoy smiled. "Yeah... No wonder after puking your guts out...."

"I did *what*?!" I almost yelled at him. All my nervousness was blown away.

He looked quite frightened, as if he didn't mean to say that.

"You... you don't remember?"

"No, I don't.", I spluttered in panic.

"Erm... We had already been dozing, and suddenly you mumbled something about ... well... throwing up..."

"No ... No way! Please tell me, you're just kidding!"

Malfoy started grinning. "No, I'm not."

Then I started remembering – me sitting on the floor of his bathroom. Fuck...

I must have looked kind of terrified, because he said, "Come on, Rose. It's not even a big deal. You drank a bit too much, you ran to my bathroom... and that's it. I'm not going to tell anyone."

"Yeah, thanks.", I murmured completely mortified.

Malfoy stood up. "I'll leave you alone then – I'm going to have dinner. See you, ... Rose"

When he was gone I started banging my head on my table.

If this wasn't embarrassing, I don't know what it was.

*A/N: So, what do you think about it? Are the dialogues too short? Too unrealistic? Is there too much of Rose's monologue? Too much of her complaining?
Too few other characters?
Too much/too little of anything?*

*Any kind of review is **highly** appreciated!*

Thanks to those of you who review almost each and every one of my chapters, and to those who have favourited.

Have a nice day!