

Just Hormones, They Say.

Rating : R and NC-17 :)

Timeline : Seventh year, Hogwarts. Not HBP related.

Pairings : Main pairing is Draco/Hermione.

Summary : With war's fear, students in Hogwarts decide that this may be their last shot, and they *seize the day*. This causes Dumbledore to built a ward that forbids intercourse in between students within Hogwarts grounds. But to this, students are sure that they can find a twist in ward spells. Can they? And if they can, who will break it?

Disclaimer : I own nothing related to Harry Potter.

Author's Notes 1 : Hey :) This is my first HP fiction in English. I'm Turkish, and English is naturally not my major, so I'm sure as hell that I have many mistakes already, hope they are forgivable. I wouldn't say no to a beta though, if you think you can give me a hand, please do so :)

Author's Notes 2 : A ward that forbids intercourse in between students is not an idea of mine, I saw it on a challenge element, and I quite liked it. I sadly don't remember where I saw it though, so if you remember where it belongs, tell me :)

Reviews : They are of course important. As for my many years in HP fandom, I'm satisfied that HP readers *do* leave reviews, I hope I can get my bite :)

Just Hormones, They Say.

It was a new day at Hogwarts.

A usual : clear skies, singing birds, warm weather.

But something was *not* normal.

It was the aura.

With the bad news popping up everyday on *Daily Prophet*, and hearing war rumors, students of Hogwarts were scared.

Scared of not getting *any*---thing from this life.

When, and it was a *really soon* when, the war would start, they already knew it would be the end. No one was hopeful. How could a skinny boy can stand against the Dark Lord? Even the ones who were not afraid to say you-know-who's name were thinking that.

Many people think that "students" mean "children". Well yes, they *were* children, but they were *not* idiots. They knew what was happening.

They'll be dead before they even get 18.

They'll be dead before tasting love, that divine wine.

They'll be dead before feeling some heat amongst their skins.

They'll be dead as *virgins*.

And they were angry for that.

Well, they all were angry but one.

Hermione Granger.

"Come on Hermione, it'll be fun!"

"No, I don't think so Ron, but thanks for the offer."

"But Herm-"

"I said '*no, thank you*' Ronald."

And to that, a young man with that signature Weasley red hair sighed a little. Looking at his bestfriend, he murmured

"But you are not fun anymore."

"Exactly when was I *fun*, Ronald?"

Looking at her, he spoke

"At the times you called me Ron, instead of *Ronald*."

And without a word, he turned back, walked away. Leaving a sighing young woman behind.

"Hermione, what happened, you look sad?"

Looking at her best friend, she answered

"Nothing, *usual Ron*."

Smiling, Harry answered

"What did he do this time?"

Looking at him, she sighed and leaning forward, she whispered

"I just don't understand Harry, I mean, why do we always flee to Hogsmeade whenever we can? Just to snog senselessly?"

laughing heartily to that, Harry responded

"I didn't see you *snogging senselessly*, Hermione, how did I miss that?"

rolling her eyes, she gave tall and handsome boy a look, then spoke

"I didn't, but that doesn't mean you guys didn't do it either. I'm the Head Girl Harry, I should report this!"

looking at her, Harry's emerald eyes shined a little, and he spoke

"But you won't, because you love us so much, don't you?"

Sighing with desperation, she nodded, and rewarded with a big grin.

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