

# the doll

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Submitted: February 18, 2007

Updated: February 18, 2007

*A little girl. A little boy. A porcelain doll, and broken promises. BlaiseHermione ONESHOT*

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# 1 - the doll

**Title: The Doll**

**Summary: That little porcelain doll in the corner&**

**Disclaimer: J.K. Rowling.**

**A/N: AU. A bit OOC. I guess. Non canon. Very short.**

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The bright summer eve that dawned on her reflection in the clear river water. The sounds of afternoon had been reduced to just the splashing of water, and the soft wheezing sound of wind when you were sensitive enough to hear it. She knew that he had fallen asleep again.

Then the thought of anxiety once again dawned on her, if he had forgotten her birthday.

They were the best of friends, always together. Even at times when she wanted to see the pink frilly porcelain doll in the toy store. He'd sit and wait as she stared at the doll. It was never sold.

Blaise, she nudged him. He stirred awhile, before finally dropping himself on the ground again, and drifted off into the world of dreams.

She smiled lightly as the orange-ish shade of red highlighted his features.

Blaise, she shook him again, the boy who had always agreed to everything she said.

He had just nodded lightly when she asked him every year; no, begged him to get the porcelain doll for her birthday. Even though she knew, that even if he collected all his pocket money for a year, he'd never be able to afford the graceful doll.

She smiled a sad smile.

Little Hermione, he always called her. He was always taller than her, and a year older. She laughed remembering everything they did together.

Playing in the mud, climbing trees, picnics underneath the great willow tree and spending almost all their time together.

Young love, that's what Harry and Ron said. She giggled at the thought of her and her cute best friend together at the altar.

She was seven years old, and he was eight. But every time they walked together, all eyes were on her best friend, and she felt unimportant, unattractive.

He broke his promise every year, the promise that was forced onto him by her childish mind.

Yet yesterday, as they walked into the toy shop in the corner, she felt her eyes water as the usually occupied white stand was empty.

He had a strange smile on his face. Their 4 years of broken promises were taken away with no hope.

She yawned, feeling sleepy as she watched Blaise sleep peacefully. Nothing. He slept ever so gently with his head laid softly on his bag.

Hermione closed her eyes and laid her head on the grassy plain. Soon she was deep into unconsciousness.

Blaise Zabini smiled and opened his eyes, remembering the day he talked to the shopkeeper, asking if he could buy that doll, keep it there and pay it gradually. How the shopkeeper gave him a gentle smile and said yes, knowing he had come there almost every single day with Hermione to look at it.

He had paid for everything two days ago. And so the doll was finally declared sold.

The porcelain doll was now in his bag, neatly wrapped inside a pink paper bag with hearts.

He opened his bag, taking the porcelain doll out. He looked at her serene expression.

He sat up, and leaned down to kiss her forehead.

Blaise slipped the package into Hermione Granger's limp hands and lied back down. He faced her, his lips nearing her right ear; voicing out a small faint whisper.

Happy Birthday, Little Hermione

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**A/N: Sorry if it's so short, hope you like it ^^ R&R!!!**