

# No One Ever Said I Couldn't...

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*This is a SURPRISE! hah, you'll have to read it. It involves Draco Malfoy, cause he's my hottie ;)*

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# 1 - Looking Back on Bèauxbatons

“But... uh! Why?” Screamed a 13-year-old Andrée. “I was perfectly fine at Bèauxbatons!”

“Because Bèauxbatons was getting too... err, how do you say it? Girl-ish.”

“Girl-ish?! *What?* Your so picky you, you... Uh!” Andrée stomped off into her fully lit room. A perfect view of the Eiffel Tower. Andrée was being forced to go to Hogwarts in London, because her father was moving and they were going too. “I could have stayed with Emilée!”

“I don't think so! Now bring your trunk down to the fire. We are using Floo powder to get to Aunt Mary's house in London.”

Andrée stomped into her closet and stuffed her cat, Victorie, in her cage and shoved her trunk forward. She stepped outside her door. “Bye my beautiful room. Mother is forcing me to move and go to filthy Hogwarts.”

“Stop talking to yourself, Andrée!” Her sister, Sabine, walked down the stairs toward the kitchen.

“Idiot little 8-year-old! C'mon Victorie, like you have a choice.” She frowned. As Andrée headed down the marble staircase, she could hear her mother talking to Sabine. Something about having to stay with Aunt Mary. Why should she care though?

“Come! Hurry up, Aunt Mary says the Hogwarts Express leaves in an hour.” She stuffed some powder into Andrée's hand. Andrée threw it into the fireplace and yelled “*Aunt Mary's in London.*”

She suddenly found herself trying to fall asleep. And she succeeded.

She awoke in a London taxi. They were approaching the train station. As they halted, she saw a various amount of children, young and old, heading toward the same place with trunks. The platform between 9 and 10.

“Um, excuse me.” She said to a blonde haired boy.

“Yes, mudblood?”

“*Mudblood?* Me, your kidding yourself right?” She said with her eyebrows raised.

“Y-yeah. Why are you questioning me?”

“Uh, anyway is this platform 9  $\frac{3}{4}$  ?” Andrée pointed to a large brick wall.

“Yes, but I-I have never—“

“Uh, thanks.” Andrée walked into the wall while no one was looking. She emerged on a large platform with a train that said *Hogwarts Express*. There were a large number of people lining up to get onboard. The tall blonde boy had finally appeared on the platform, but Andrée was not looking.

“Calling last riders for the Hogwarts Express! Last riders! Leaving in 5 minutes...”

“Oh great and look at the line,” said a tall boy. He had red hair and freckles and was standing next to what looked to be his twin. (I bet we can all guess who that was =P) He turned to Andrée. “Oh! I've never seen you here before, mate. Are you a first year, or a Muggle in the wrong place?” They laughed.

“Hey watch it you filthy git!” Andrée backed up as the boys enclosed on her.

“Wait, we mean no harm, geez.”

“Well leave her alone then, Fred, George.” A slightly smaller frizzy haired girl appeared. “I’m Hermione.” She held out her hand.

“Thanks for sticking up for me, but I think I can handle my own self.” Andrée got her grip on the handrail of the train as she lofted her trunks into the car. She looked around for an open compartment. She found one at the end and sat her luggage down. She got a book from her trunk and started to flip through the pages. The door opened.

“Is this compartment taken yet?” The blonde haired boy who she saw earlier pushed his head through the door.

“Um no, but it will be if you sit down.” She grinned as the boy took his seat. “I’m Andrée Blaevoar, Bëauxbatons. I’m from France, so that’s why my name is kind of weird.”

“I don’t think it—uh, I mean... um, what I mean is—“

Andrée giggled, “so, what’s *your* name?”

“Uh, I’m Draco, Malfoy... Draco Malfoy. So your how old?”

“13.”

“Me too!” Said Draco smirking.

“Cool, so what do you want to talk about?” Andrée and Draco got to know each other as time flew by. Finally they arrived at the Hogsmede Station.

“Is this it?” she said gazing at the castle.

“Yeah, hopefully you get into *my* house.”

“House?”

“Um, group-like dormitory thing.”

“What's the best?”

“In my opinion, Slytherin,” Draco said standing up and showing her his badge.

“Well I hope I get in to. What do you have to do?”

“You have to be cunning, sly, and most important, a Pureblood.”

“Perrrfect.” Andrée twiddled her finger for a second as if thinking and got her luggage. She followed Draco off the train, and to the carriages. They took them up to the castle and Draco led her to the Great Hall.



## 2 - Let The Sorting Begin

As Andrée was approaching the Great Hall, she saw all the 2nd-7th years sitting in their rows by the tables. They all turned to her. She soon figured out she was standing in front of the 1st years.

“What?” She sneered at a 4th year Hufflepuff staring at her. He quickly looked away. A tall lady walked up to her and told Andrée and the 1st years to follow.

“I am Professor McGonnagal (or how ever you spell it =P) and I will be your Transfiguration teacher. This hat,” she pointed to an old, brown hat standing on a stool nearby, “will sort you into your houses.”

“Oh, wow that's awesome.” Andrée squished up her nose. Sarcasm was getting to her again.

“First years will be sorted, then we will sort our new, 3rd year student, Andrée Blaevoar. She is from the French academy of Bœauxbatons.” So the sorting began with Achaean, Mishia (Hufflepuff), and ended with Wallace, Jacob (Gryffindor).

“And now for Miss Blaevoar.” McGonnagal gestured for Andrée to come up.

“Oh great, a moment to humiliate myself!”

The Sorting Hat began, “Well, well, well... Andrée, you have a deceiving turn upon in your mind now. One half is telling me Ravenclaw—“

*No! I want Slytherin...*

“No? Slytherin, eh? Well you are a Pureblood, and you have a cunning mind.” Andrée could see the frizzy haired girl, Hermione, whispering to a red headed boy. She could also see Draco smiling at her while another girl with short hair frowned. “I think I have made a decision. I will go with—“

Everyone stared tensely at her.

“SLYTHERIN!”

“Yes!” Andrée got up and ran to Draco who had saved her a seat.

“*Andrée...* well, you wont be taking my place as the *Princess* of Slytherin, I'm Pansy Parkin—“

“Oh Parkinson, give it a rest... you were *never* the “Princess” of Slytherin! I bet Andrée could out-beat you anytime. Welcome to Slytherin house, Andrée.”

“Thank you, Draco. Now can you tell me when food—“

“*Tuck in,*” a tall man in white hair said.

”Who's that?”

“Dumbledore, you don't want to know.” Food suddenly appeared on the long table.

“Whoa! Well let's eat. I'm starving, haven't eaten for like a day!” She grabbed a large platter of bread and put some on her plate.



“After dinner, I'll show you to the dormitory, which is under the lake.”

“Who the heck puts a dormitory under a lake?” Andrée's eyes widened.

“Well obviously Salazar Slytherin, but that's not—“

“Draco, we're having a party for all the new Slytherins, down in the dormitory, after dinner. Don't forget to bring someone, remember last year?” A short, funny looking boy ran up to him.

“Last year was bad... but, okay, don't worry.” Draco smirked at Andrée.

“What? And who was that? And what happened last year?” Andrée stuffed her face with corn.

“Oh nothing, but that was Marcus Flint. Funny looking guy isn't he?”

“Yeah...”

“Racki, joowu vento tah gratie viffe?”

“Ew! Gross, you don't talk with your mouth full.”

“Vell, \*gulp\*, sor-ry! Anyway, Draci—“

“I though I told you NOT to call me that in your first year!” Pansy didn't listen.

“—do you want to go with me to the party?”

“Um, no! That's disgusting you filthy git!”

“Want to go with *me*?” Andrée stopped eating. She blinked twice before getting an answer. Draco looked at his food and then looked at Andrée.

“Sure,” he said in a small voice.

“Huh? I couldn't quite catch that.” She could have sworn the edge of her lips moved a fraction upward.

“I said, err, sure.” Andrée looked down at her feet and smiled. She would have to write to Emilée in Paris and her mother at Aunt Mary's about this.

“Well lets go,” said Draco. She noticed everyone getting up.

“Okay, follow me.” Andrée got up and walked after Draco. He grabbed her hand. Or did she grab his? She couldn't tell, but didn't care. At least someone cared about her.

### 3 - Party, Party, What?

Draco led Andrée down into a large spiral of stairs. She could hear the cheering getting extraordinarily loud as they got nearer. They approached a painting at a dead end.

*"Felis Felicis!"*

"What?" The painting turned out to be a door and opened.

"That's the password to the door of the common room. You need that to into it, but periodically it changes."

"Oh, common room?" Andrée stepped through the door and her jaw dropped. "Whoa! This place is cool! Even has a fire, wow. This is better then the dormitories they had in France."

"Yeah, this place is the Slytherin Common Room." Andrée let go of her tight grip on Draco's hand. A tall boy ran up to her and Draco.

"Hey—Whoa! Who's the chick? Draco, how did you get in so good? I'm Adrian Puce—"

"And I'm not interested! Would you mind?"

"Actually, I would mind." Adrian grabbed her hand and dragged her into a couch.

"Ouch! Leave me alone you git!" Andrée struggled to get her arm out of his grip.

“Leave her alone!” Draco whipped out his wand and held it up to Adrian's neck. “Don't make me use this. It's very simple, you see. Just let go of Andrée's arm, and you won't have to suffer through severe pain and or misery.” Every one stopped cheering and stared at Draco, then Adrian, then Andrée, back to Draco.

“Let go of it!” Andrée whimpered. Adrian wouldn't budge. “This is awkward now let me go. Okay that's it...” Andrée bit Adrian's hand.

“OUCH! What the bloody hell? Can't I have some fun with a hot Bèauxbatons chick?”

“Well obviously not!” A cold voice had entered the room. Everyone turned to see a tall, pale man, with greasy black hair. Andrée got up and ran into Draco's arms as he held her

close.

“Professor Snape! That, that little jerk bit me!” Adrian held up his hand in front of Snape's face. He shoved it down and turned to Andrée.

“Is this true Miss, err. Who are you exactly?”

“I'm—“

“This is Andrée Blaevoar, the new 3rd year Slytherin.” Snape tried to place a hand on her head but Draco slapped it away.

“Well, someone here is a bit defensive as to bite someone—“

“But, he wouldn't let go of my hand and it was my only way of defense! You can't blame...”

"I can, and I will... that's 30 minutes of detention for you Mr. Pucey, 15 minutes for you Miss Blecur, and 15 for you Mr. Malfoy."

"It's, Blaevoar!" Andrée's fists bunched up. Draco held her back.

"Dascore, Blaevoar... that's still 15 minutes. I'll see you all there in 5 minutes, in my dungeon." Snape walked out of the common room.

"Couldn't you have just let go?" Andrée turned to Adrian.

"It's so threatening to you to have anyone be with you but that stupid Mudblood, Malfoy, eh—"

"Don't you dare start with me, nor do you talk about Draco that way."

"I'm no Mudblood you ignorance! If anyone is the Mudblood in here its you!"

"I have a single sister a Muggle..."

"Still! You have Muggle in your blood!"

"Lets go, Draco."

"Let's because if we don't, I'm going to blow." Andrée walked up to Adrian once more with her finger up to nose length.

"If I here you talking about this outside this common room, or to anyone else for that matter, I know a few curses that are sure to give you a life of grief. Got that?"

Adrian whimpered, "Mhmm..."

"Good... know, Draco lets go."

"Fine with me." Draco put his wand back in his pocket and grabbed Andrée's hand again.

They walked out of the Slytherin Common Room hand in hand. What would Snape have in mind for detention?