

Shattered

by Pipperstorms

I wish I could end this happily, but if there is one thing I have learned in life, or rather, I should say one thing I've learned in death, is that life rarely ends happily ever after. I am convinced, now, that every single fairy tale I was read as a child was completely worthless. Fate never intended for me to have a happy ending.*Sequel to Scream*

What Fate Intended

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Well I've been working on this for a very long time. I wanted to do a sequel, but I wanted to make it worthy of following after Scream. Let me know what you think!

Disclaimer I do not own Draco or Ginny, as much as I would like to. They do belong to J.K.; however, I have more plans for them than she does it seems.

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"AVADA KEDAVRA!" she screamed. Oh, my poor, sweet angel. Never before had she said something like this. Never had she felt the hatred necessary to utter something so final, so absolute. He had pushed her to this. This was the first real blood on her hands.

I had claimed the life of at least three or four people, here, today, I had done that. Which is why things turned out the way they did I assume. Why now, now when I am dead, I can see and hear her, but I cannot touch her, nor can she see or hear me calling out for her.

Ginny Weasley has just murdered my father. I doubt anyone still alive will hold that against her.

Generations of Malfoys must be turning in their graves now. The bloodline is dead, the heir, finished off by his own father, and he, in turn killed by my precious goddess. A Weasley, a Muggle loving Blood Traitor. Oh, the irony is wonderful.

I can see her. She's fallen to her knees now, sobbing, clutching my dead body. She's swearing at me, telling me to come back to her.

Damn it, Gin, I wish I could.

My body is bloody, and my lips are already blue, yet still she clings to my lifeless form.

"You bastard!" she cries, "You bloody bastard! I would have married you. Why did you have to be a goddamn hero?"

I move closer to her, wishing that I could comfort her, but already knowing I cannot.

I am not a hero angel, not a hero at all. I am but a poor completely irrationally thinking man, absolutely in love. I am but a fool who died to save the woman he loves.

I watch as she takes the diamond solitary ring – the one that was biting angrily into her palm – and slides it on to her left ring finger.

“Draco Adonis Malfoy,” she whimpers, lacing her warm hand with my cooling fingers. “Do you know what you left behind?”

Of course I know. I left her, the one thing I ever really wanted in life. She was, no, is, so perfect. In what ever ethereal form I inhabit now, I will always be haunted by a longing for her. As I look down at her, I see something that makes my stomach drop. She has my hand press against her stomach.

Fuck. No. No, no, no. Please anything but that...

“I’m pregnant,” she tells me, trying hard to smile through her tears. “You’re going to be a father.” If possible she cries even harder now, laying her copper curls upon my chest.

Oh, Ginny.

It was more than just a bloody game then. She had been trying to tell me earlier, and I had been so stupid to not see. There is a baby, there, growing inside of her, as the war rages on around us.

“I don’t know yet if it’s a boy or girl. I was going to wait to tell you. I was going to tell you after the battle, while we were both curled up on the couch, thankful to be alive... but now... Oh God, Draco. What am I going to do?”

Run Ginny! Listen to me for once in your stubborn life and run! Run as fast as you can, and get the hell out of this bloody mess.

She can’t hear me. This is to be my penance then. My own personal purgatory where I am to atone for all the grievous sins I have committed. Well that’s just wonderful; I always knew Fate hated me.

I turn my eyes away from her, hearing someone coming. Please, if I can have only one wish granted, let this be someone from the Order. Please, whatever Gods are still willing to listen to me, don’t you dare let her die.

“Gin?” her brother Charlie, whispers hoarsely.

Alright, *thank you*. It’s about fucking time I get one damn prayer answered.

“Ginny?” he says again, this time wrapping an arm around her shoulders.

“Leave me alone!” she screams, holding ever tighter to my body. Charlie can see the platinum hair and pale skin. He knows immediately who I am, and that I’m already gone. He’s seen too much death to mistake it.

“Oh, Ginny,” he whispers, trying to take her into his arms, but she won’t go.

“No! No, I’m not leaving him!”

Charlie eventually wrestles her away from my corpse, telling her that there’s nothing she can do for me now.

“It’s over, Gin,” Charlie soothed, holding her sobbing form. “The war is over. We won.”

It’s over? *We won?* Well, then at least St. Potter is good for something. At least my child will grow up in a world without this hell. They’ll grow never knowing pains I wish I could forget. Was that the price I paid? Was that my sacrifice? The child will grow up without this, but so too will they grow up without me.

I look over to see how Ginny is taking the news, hoping to see a smile lighting her eyes, but she isn’t listening. Her face is still void of anything even close to joy. I don’t think she even cares anymore. She has pulled out of her brother’s arms again, and she’s kneeling beside my body. But, she isn’t crying anymore.

“Draco,” she whispers brushing her hand through my tangled hair and over my ridged face. Charlie is walking away, probably to get someone to help tear Ginny away from my lifeless body.

“I miss you already,” she tells me. I thought she’d been done crying; apparently, I was wrong.

I wish I could touch her, hold her in my arms, and assure her that everything is going to be alright. I’m going to protect her, as I am now; I’m going to find a way to protect my gorgeous angel. She and the baby growing inside of her will never want for anything. By some stroke of fate, I changed my will around two weeks ago. I didn’t tell her then, but she’ll find out soon enough.

I have resigned myself to being a silent observer. I hate watching her here in this agony, vainly wishing for the warmth to return to my face. But if it is all I am allowed, I will make do.

Ginny’s fingers slip around the silver chain around my neck. She gave it to me when we first started dating. There is a delicate silver snitch on the end. Ever so slowly, she unhooks the clasp.

“I hope it’s okay if I have this.”

Take it and remember me.

“I’m going to give it to the baby. I promise to tell them all about you. I’ll tell them you love them.”

Somehow, even dead, I still have a heart to break. Or I did. What’s left of it is lying shattered on the ground.

...

She had dealt with my funeral well, with a strong face and a long black dress. After that, she swore to never wear black again; for that I am thankful.

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A/N: Believe it or not I am actually working on a prequel to *Scream* as well. We’ll have to see if that ever gets done :-X The story does end here, however. There will be nothing more added to the end. I hope you enjoyed it!

~PS