

White Flag

by Southern_Witch_69

Draco feels that Hermione, an Auror who arrested his father, has betrayed him while she holds on to the hope that he'll forgive her one day.

Hermione's White Flag

Chapter 1 of 2

Draco feels that Hermione, an Auror who arrested his father, has betrayed him while she holds on to the hope that he'll forgive her one day.

Disclaimer: Just writing for my own entertainment. No money is being made and all that good stuff.

Ohhh, noes! A songfic!

~nod~

And the pesky lyrics are in italics. Bwahahaha

Hermione's White Flag

I know you think that I shouldn't still love you,

I'll tell you that.

But if I didn't say it, well, I'd still have felt it.

Where's the sense in that?

"Draco! I love you. I will always love you," Hermione cried, watching his back as he walked away from her. She knew that this was it. He wouldn't forgive her this time. The nasty look he'd just given her told her all she needed to know.

"Love me, do you? Do you know how it makes me feel to hear those words come from your lips, Hermione?" He sneered. "Don't fill my head with your lies. I won't listen to you anymore! Go fill someone else's life with deceit and lies. I'll have none of it."

I promise I'm not trying to make your life harder

Or return to where we were

"No, Draco..." she said with a sob, sliding down the wall and rocking herself back and forth. He kept walking this time. He was through with her even though she knew he loved her, but he would never believe that she loved him desperately, that what she had done was for their future. Now there was no going back to the way they were

before. She and he were both destined to be without each other...as hard as that would be.

Well, I will go down with this ship.

And I won't put my hands up and surrender.

There will be no white flag above my door.

I'm in love and always will be.

She would never stop loving him. As much as he wanted her to go on and let him be, her thoughts would always be filled with him. She'd forever remember his touch, his lips, his hands, his scent. Everything. He was her world. She would die loving him.

I know I left too much mess

and destruction to come back again.

And I caused nothing but trouble.

I understand if you can't talk to me again.

And if you live by the rules of "it's over,"

then I'm sure that that makes sense.

Hermione had been working undercover for the Ministry of Magic. Her mission was to bring down Lucius Malfoy for what he was: an ex-Death Eater who had gotten away with all the crimes he'd committed by divulging information. He'd had gone too far though this last time. They had received information that he was going to try to have his own son killed to make amends with his old Master, Voldemort. She was able to bring him down after getting the right information and trapping him into a confession, but that had ultimately lost Draco to her forever. She loved Draco deeply, but he would not trust her. He believed that she'd only dated him to get to his father, to use him, or to ruin his life.

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Life would never be the same without Draco. Who else could make her feel like a woman just by looking at her? She would not give up on him. Maybe one day he would realize that she did love him. That much had not been a lie.

And when we meet,

which I'm sure we will,

all that was there

will be there still.

I'll let it pass

and hold my tongue,

and you will think

that I've moved on....

SIX MONTHS LATER

Her soft brown eyes met his cool grey eyes. "Hello," she said tightly.

He nodded.

She hated the times when they'd met on the street or at a party. He would make small talk, but would never venture further. Never ask how she was. Her heart still beat quickly when he was near. She still hadn't given up on him. One day he would look back and regret not giving her another chance.

"Well, nice to see you again then. Hope your job is still giving you all the excitement that you need. Good day." He sneered. She was reminded of the nastier version of himself that they had all gone to school with. She nodded and watched him walk away.

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He was wrong. Her job meant nothing to her. The only good thing that it had done for her was save his life. It was unreal that he couldn't at least appreciate that fact. The day he'd found out that his father had intended to hand him over to Voldemort, he'd gone mad. Accused her of framing him... until he heard the words straight from his father. Then he accused her of lying about everything. Lying about her feelings. Lying when they'd made love. Said she was more or less a whore for the Ministry, shagging men to get close to them and bring them down. She had loved him before she had taken the assignment, but he hadn't believed her.

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SIX MONTHS LATER... AGAIN

"Oh, Hermione Granger," Draco drawled, half pissed from too many firewhiskys. "Have you met my fiancée? Her name is Jennifer Wood. You remember her brother, Oliver, don't you?"

"Pleased to meet you, Jennifer." Hermione smiled stiffly. She had heard that he was seeing someone, but she hadn't known who it was. This younger girl was very pretty and complimented him well.

The girl smiled warmly. "Draco has told me about you. Said that you once saved his life. I must say thank you. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't be marrying the greatest man in the world!"

Hermione met Draco's eyes. He was smirking. Without warning, she began to tear up. "Congratulations. You are a very lucky woman. Draco is the best friend and lover anyone could ask for. I hope you will always cherish him as I still do." She paused. Maliciously, she added, "His only downfall is that he doesn't put much faith in the ones who truly love him. Be careful, Jennifer."

She turned and left without telling anyone good-bye. She knew she was too emotional and didn't want to ruin Ron's wedding reception with her problems. Her world was ending, but she would not let it leak to anyone. As far as they could see, she was fine. Living a happy life. Hadn't missed a beat.

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ONE WEEK LATER

Hermione had set all of her affairs in order. She was through. She felt as though her world was no longer solid but liquid. And she was drowning. There would be no way that she would ever be able to go on without Draco. Her hopes of getting him back one day had been dashed the day she'd met his Jennifer. Harry had checked in on her earlier. He'd said he felt like something wasn't right. She'd assured him that all was well and sent him back into hiding. His assignments kept him virtually away half of the time. They were always top secret. She never knew where he was or where he was going or when he'd be back.

She held up her glass filled with experimental potion and toasted a picture of herself, with Ron and Harry, taken back when her class had left Hogwarts. "May we always be friends." She took a long gulp.

She held the half empty glass up and toasted the many pictures of Draco she had on a shelf. It reminded her of a shrine. "May life treat you well." She downed the remaining liquid. She sank down onto her couch and hugged to her chest a picture of Draco and an envelope containing a letter she had written to him. It was dated a year earlier. She had never sent it, but everything she had poured into it then was what she still felt. She had left an envelope for Harry on her dining room table as well. She made a few requests. One being to give the letter to Draco for her, and the other being not to seek revenge on him for her decision to end things.

Her poison was working quickly. She felt the sudden impulse to go to sleep. "I love you still..." she whispered to his grinning face.

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AN: This ends on a terribly sad note, but there is another chapter. I shall post it soon.

I've always loved this song (White Flag) by Dido. It reminds me of a rough time I went through a few years back when it was popular, which is when I wrote this (hence the different writing style). Long time to keep something without posting, huh?

Draco's White Flag

Chapter 2 of 2

Draco feels that Hermione, an Auror who arrested his father, has betrayed him while she holds on to the hope that he'll forgive her one day.

Disclaimer: Same as the first chapter

Yep, still a songfic. :)

Draco's White Flag

I know you think that I shouldn't still love you,

I'll tell you that.

But if I didn't say it, well I'd still have felt it

where's the sense in that?

The day he'd left Hermione, who'd begged him to stay with her, was one of the hardest days in his life. He hated her, yet he still loved her. Not a day ever passed that he wouldn't think of her. Hear her voice in his mind. Almost feel her presence. When he would run into her after that, she would never try to get him back. She would speak as if they'd only just met, and she wouldn't rebuff any horrible thing that he'd told her. He just assumed she had gotten through her guilt of making him fall in love with her while the entire time she had been using him to convict his father. He knew he could never trust her again, so he'd done what he thought was best. Left her.

I promise I'm not trying to make your life harder

Or return to where we were

When he'd left her, he'd sat in the room on the bed that they'd shared together and cried. He'd never changed anything about that room. He simply took another room and instructed his house-elves to stay out of that one. The only time they were allowed in was to fill the vase near the bed with fresh gardenias: Hermione's favorite scent. As long as he was alive, their room would remain untouched. He had so much to deal with: her deception being one, his father's unforgiving actions being another, and then starting a new life on his own.

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Sometimes when he hadn't been able to sleep, he'd ventured to their room. The moment he'd walked in, memories had flooded through him. The scent of gardenias immediately assaulted his nostrils. He had ended up more times than not holding the lone piece of clothing that she had left behind and cry, which digusted him. It had been her favorite nightgown that she'd worn the last night they were together. Why had she found the need to lie? Why couldn't she have been his... truly? He'd finally thought things were going his way. Then he'd awoken and had it all gone in an instant.

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and destruction to come back again

And I caused but nothing but trouble

I understand if you can't talk to me again

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then I'm sure that that makes sense

There would be no going back for them this time. He couldn't live with someone he didn't trust. Whom else had she bedded to get what she wanted? How far would she go for her job? He would always wonder and couldn't live that way. He wanted someone who would put him first. Someone who would be there for him every morning when he woke up. Only be with him. He'd not share his wife with her work. Never again.

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He'd met Oliver Wood's younger sister not long after and allowed her to work in one of his offices. She reminded him of Hermione--so much that when she started flirting with him, he encouraged it. It was almost like having Hermione there with him again. Jennifer had fallen for him easily. Who wouldn't? He had everything a man could offer a woman. He had everything but Hermione anyway. But since he couldn't have her, he'd have the next best thing.

And when we meet

Which I'm sure we will

All that was then

Will be there still

I'll let it pass

And hold my tongue

And you will think

That I've moved on....

SIX MONTHS LATER

When he'd seen her in his building that first time, he'd almost done a double take. She'd been there with Harry of course. Saint Potter. The savior of the wizarding world. They'd likely been on some assignment. He had long believed that they were a secret item, though she'd always denied it. Since he had broken things off with her, Harry, who had been nice to him before, treated him coolly. Draco figured that Harry had gotten the revenge on his father that he'd wanted and saw no reason to keep up the pleasantries.

Draco had said hateful things to her and looked at her with disgust. He hated himself for still wanting her after so much time had passed. He'd noticed that his words hurt her even though she would say nothing. And that had made him feel good. He wanted her to hurt. Wanted his words to cut into her.

He'd seen how Harry had clenched his fists tightly behind her, but he hadn't cared. It was his building after all. If they wanted to be in it, then they would do well not to provoke him. After that meeting, he took to drinking in the evenings. Her eyes haunted him. Only the strongest of firewhisky would help him. Eventually he decided it was time to try to rid himself of his memories. He decided to try to make new ones with Jennifer. It was easier to commit to someone after he learned that Harry had moved into

Hermione's place. She had moved on then. As would he.

Though his new girlfriend would stay over sometimes, he would still sneak off to visit the room he'd once shared with Hermione. He had clippings of her from papers and old pictures placed on the dresser next to the bed. Her nightgown was still there, laid out on the bed as if waiting for her to put it on. Fresh gardenias in the vase emitted her scent. How could he get over her when he couldn't let go of this room?

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Jennifer had once tried to go into the room to see what was so sacred about it. A blabbing house-elf had let it slip that no one was allowed in his secret room. He simply told her that it held some things from his past... from when his father had tried to have him killed. She'd accepted it, and she had never questioned him about the room again.

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SIX MONTHS LATER... AGAIN

He accepted an invitation to Ron Weasley's wedding reluctantly. He knew she would be there. The only reason he went, honestly, was to flaunt his fiancée in front of her. He would be marrying Jennifer and couldn't wait to see her face when she found out. She'd probably laugh and tell him it was about time he'd gotten over her. Instead, by the time he saw her, he was drunk, and he made his way to her, pulling Jennifer along. Harry was in a corner with Ron and his bride, so he knew that his time had come to approach Hermione finally. He threw it in her face that he was going to be married. And Jennifer unknowingly had put the icing on the cake for him. He saw Hermione flinch. Then his heart was ripped apart as he saw her tears and heard what she had to say.

She as much as told his future wife that she really loved him. Had always loved him. He watched her leave the reception right after, head down, not a word to anyone. Once she'd had her say to Jennifer, he noticed that his fiancée had changed towards him. She had stared after Hermione as well and then looked at him oddly. He told her that he needed to leave right away, and they went back to his home.

When he came out of the shower, he searched for Jennifer and couldn't find her. His heart dropped for the second time that night when he saw the door open to his Hermione room. "So, you've finally made your way in here, have you?" he drawled.

There were tears in her eyes as she looked around. "Draco, this is a shrine to Hermione. You never told me that you and she were an item. Why?" she demanded strongly.

"Because she betrayed me. Dated me to get to my father. I was an assignment. I didn't feel she was worth mentioning." He hoped that his explanation was good enough.

"But... you come to this room often. You come here even after we've made love. You still love her. Not me at all." She let a few tears spill over, but moved away when he tried to touch her.

"Just to remind myself that you can't trust anyone... even the ones who claim to love you."

"She was right then. *That* is your one fault. I've never been as close to your heart as her memory has been. You couldn't wait to throw me in her face tonight. You, Draco, are an idiot. The woman I saw tonight is in love with you. It's *you* who betrayed her." She walked past him and left him standing dumbly in the center of Hermione's room.

He knew she was leaving him. He didn't feel all that sad about it though. A picture of Hermione caught his eye. She was smiling and waving at him. He walked over and threw the picture against the wall in anger. Upon realizing what he'd done, he immediately ran to the picture and held it close to him.

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ONE WEEK LATER

Draco had finally gathered the courage to go to her. He'd made sure that Jennifer was taken care of and let her go. He'd cleaned up and got rid of the liquor that had been ruling his world most days. Then he'd made himself ready to talk to Hermione. If what she had told Jennifer was true, then maybe they did have a chance. He would just have to accept her job and learn to trust her. He needed to live again.

He stood outside the door to her flat for a long time, thinking of the right words. What if Harry was there? What would he say to him? He'd just demand to speak to her and hope that she would hear him out unlike his denying her a chance to speak her part to him. Draco nearly turned away at that thought, but he then had an odd feeling. It was like she needed him. He banged on the door. No reply. He had to use a hex to unlock the door. He walked in and saw to his astonishment numerous pictures of him about her living room. She was there sleeping on her couch holding one close to her.

Tears came to him. All this time, he'd been so stupid. She really had loved him. And even though Harry stayed there with her, there couldn't be anything between them if she had a shrine for Draco—just as he had for her. He noticed an odd beaker on her table still emitting black puffs of smoke. It smelled of hemlock. That could only mean one thing. She had made a potion to kill herself.

He went to her in three long strides. "Hermione?" He panicked. She was so still. "Hermione, no..." He shook her gently. When she didn't respond, he shook her roughly. A letter with his name on it fell to the floor. "Oh, my God. What have I done? Please wake up, Hermione. I'm sorry. I love you." He pulled her limp body into his arms. He sobbed like a mad man. He kissed her pale cheeks. They were still warm. Maybe there was a chance for her yet.

She was still breathing, although lightly. He could see that she was fading fast. He summoned all his strength and made a decision. He hexed her with a spell to make her body regurgitate. He lifted her sideways so that the black potion would flow easily out of her mouth and not strangle her. When he was sure that there was nothing left in her stomach, he did the countercurse to stop the spell. She was still limp. He wiped her mouth with a towel he had summoned. "Come back to me, please."

She didn't respond to him. He went to her table and brought the beaker filled with her poison to the small table near her. He would drink it as soon as he read the last letter she had written to him. He set the potion down and saw another letter. This one was addressed to Harry. He knew he shouldn't do it, but he had to read what she'd written

to the man.

He opened the letter and held a breath. There would be no lies in something written to her beloved Harry. Maybe he would finally learn everything.

Dearest Harry,

I am sorry to have done this to you. I know you won't understand. You came here this morning risking your assignment feeling that something was wrong. Well, I've lied to you. Something was wrong. Life was wrong. If I can't be with him, then I want no part of it anymore. Please don't blame him. I understand why he never believed in me. I'll rest better knowing that you won't harm him. Please don't hurt him, Harry. This was all my doing. If I had been honest, then maybe things would be different. Give him the letter for me.

Also, talk to Ron. He won't understand why I've done this. Tell him I love him and wish him well. Harry, I love you. Thank you for looking after me all this time. You can now go on with your life without having to worry about me or trying to take care of me. I've been such a burden to you. Between assignments and dealing with me, you've had no time to find someone of your own. You are my best friend. My rock. I just think this is best for all of us. Tell anyone who cares that I am sorry, and please look after Draco.

Love,

Hermione

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Draco couldn't breathe. It had all been true. Everything she'd ever said. He'd just cast her aside and left her in misery. He had been living in misery. For nothing. He was so overwhelmed with grief that he didn't think he could manage to read her letter to him. But how could he leave this world without knowing what she had to say? He had to give her a chance to tell her side. Something he should have done a year earlier. It was even dated a year earlier. She had never sent it to him.

Draco,

I can't tell you how much I've missed you. And it's only been a week since you've walked away from me. I know that one day you will find it in your heart to forgive me though, and you will come back to me. Time heals all wounds. I won't pressure you. I'll never come to you. Just please know that I love you still and always will.

I have loved you since before we graduated school. It was that time you saved me from that awful Death Eater who had come to kill Harry. I realized then that you were so much more than you let on.

We became such good friends after that. And then we made love. I never felt so loved before. I have never and will never be with anyone else in that way. I hope you believe that. You should know that, you were my first after all.

When Harry told me that he'd found out what your father had planned, I requested the assignment. I thought that I had the best chance of anyone to expose him. I never thought that by saving you, I would lose you. I was sworn to secrecy and couldn't tell you about my mission. I only wish now that I had. Things might be different. Please stay well.

Love Always,

Hermione

Draco cried so hard he thought his heart would explode. Blindly, he reached for the potion and prepared to take a drink. He knew he should leave something for Harry to explain why he was here, but he could wait no longer to join her. Harry was smart. He would figure it out. Jennifer would help him piece together all that had happened in the last week. At least Hermione would be avenged, and Harry could rest easy.

The potion glided down his throat easily. He smiled. She had given it a strawberry taste so that it wasn't nasty. He placed the beaker on the table and looked at her. He kissed her softly on the lips and placed a hand over hers.

Her eyes fluttered open. She seemed disoriented. "Dra-Draco?"

He thought he'd died and gone to heaven. She was alive. His spell had worked. *Oh, no!* he thought. He quickly pulled out his wand and shouted a spell to make him throw up. Immediately, his body retched and out came the black liquid. Strange how it burned on its way back up. When he did nothing but heave, he weakly chanted the countercurse to stop the spell. He wiped his mouth with his sleeve.

She was very weak and had placed a hand on his shoulder. She tried to sit up, but she couldn't. "What happened? Am I dead?"

"No. I came for you. I read the letters. I tried to save you and thought you died. So, I drank some too. I wanted to be with you than without." He couldn't believe his good fortune.

She looked horrified. "I didn't want you to feel guilty. I'm sorry."

"I feel guilty, yes, but I love you. I had come to finally hear your side. Then I found this..." He felt his eyes begin to droop. "I think I'm going to fall asleep."

She smiled. "Yes, I must have messed up somewhat. I must have not put enough hemlock and too much sleeping draught." She patted the sofa. "I am sleepy as well. Come with me." It took all of his energy to move over to her and enfold her in his arms. Sleep over took them both.

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AN: If you felt sad about losing Hermione in the first one, I hope this will ease you. I know it makes me feel better. Hehehe

The reason I pulled this story out of the SW archives is because I noticed that Lutrica (Taes Toys) had a birthday recently. She's a big fan of DM/HG stories.

So, this one's for you, doll. Hope you enjoy. :)

Oh, and why yes, I am a fan of "Romeo and Juliet." How could you tell? Hahaha. I wish they'd have lived though. Darn tragedies...