

Truth Will Out

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Draco has something important to tell Hermione. How will she react?

One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Draco Malfoy paced back and forth in Malfoy Manor with a nervous expression upon his face. How was she going to react to what he had to tell her? Would she even want to see him? He didn't have to do this, not really. Only one other person knew of the truth that he carried in his heart.

He thought back to the day when he had shared his deepest, darkest secret with his godfather and mentor.

"So, that is the truth, is it, Draco?" Severus' black eyes used Legilimency on Draco and knew that he was saying what he felt.

"You know that it is," Draco replied with a sigh, looking at Snape. "But what can I do about it? She's a Muggleborn and I am a Pureblood. My parents would never allow it."

"If you truly care about her, Draco, you need to do something about it. Do it now, before it's too late." His godfather had gotten a faraway look on his face when he said that, and Draco had wondered exactly what had happened in Snape's life.

That talk had been during Draco's sixth year at Hogwarts, and Draco had promised himself that if he lived through the war that he would do it.

A knock came at the door, and Draco looked up as the house-elf answered it.

"Come in, Miss Granger. Master Malfoy is waiting for you." The house-elf lead Hermione into the foyer, and Hermione's golden brown eyes looked at him curiously.

"Let's go into my study, Hermione. We can have some privacy there." Turning to the house-elf, he said, "Bring some elf-made wine to my study."

Once the two of them had gone to his study, he turned to her.

"I'm sure you are wondering why I wanted to talk to you, Hermione," Draco said, inviting her to sit down.

"I am," Hermione replied, taking the proffered seat. "Especially since you spent most of our Hogwarts days looking down on me and avoiding me, except for the times when you were calling me names."

Sitting down next to her, Draco looked deep into her eyes. "I made myself a promise that I would tell you something if I lived through the war. Hermione, the truth is that I fancy you, and I have for a long time."

Hermione thought for a moment. "So you fancy me, yet you called me Mudblood and did everything you possibly could to make my life miserable? Did you think that I would forget everything that you did just because you told me that you fancied me? You are a fool, Draco Malfoy!" she said, standing up and leaving the study.

Draco awoke with a start, his body drenched in sweat. Looking over at his beautiful wife, he leaned over and gave her a kiss, gently pushing back the unruly chestnut locks from her face.

It had only been a dream.