

# Angel

by Stefdarlin

Draco has an angel who believes in him above all things.

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Chapter 1 of 1

Draco has an angel who believes in him above all things.

"Dark and light is angel sight: the battle brave, and souls are saved.

Demons flee when we're set free, and angels there attend."

- **Dennis Carlson Ragsdale**

Gray. Even in the pale light of the early morning sun, the pocked, granite walls were a colorless, grimy gray, blending into the mist. Creeping silently, Draco Malfoy descended the stone steps leading to Knockturn Alley. His face was worn, and dark circles plagued his red-rimmed eyes as his gaze fell on the calligraphic sign over his destination, *Borgin and Burkes*.

Shoulders slumping, Draco ran a hand over his face and sat down. This early, no one was about; no chance he would be seen by prying eyes. No chance for someone to see the plight that was now his life. The hell he had entered the day his father had failed to retrieve the prophecy, leaving him the man of the house, the one in charge of keeping his mother safe... the one who needed to take the Dark Mark in his father's place. Dropping his head into his hands, he sobbed. *What will father think when I fail?* Grimacing, he thought of his proud father reduced to chattel, the Dark Lord's seizure of the Malfoy estate, and clenched his hands into fists. Quickly casting *Imperturbable*, he lifted his head and screamed.

A shower of bright, sparkling light descended upon him from above. Raising his arms, Draco shielded his face from the dancing lights, and twisted into a ball. Panting heavily, he cowered, but rose slowly when no pain assaulted him. Blinking liberally, he gasped when a vision of Hermione in white came into focus and smiled at him.

"You're not real!" he shouted menacingly.

"You don't think so? Really, Draco, you should really give yourself more credit than that," she affirmed. "I won't always be a figment of your sleep-deprived body. All you have to do is come to me." Leaning forward, she stretched out her arms in invitation. "Together we can save your father... save your soul."

"It's impossible! Go away! No one can help me!" he yelled, stomping forward and waving his arms. In a flash, he found himself alone on the stairs once more, hot tears coursing his cheeks as the Hermione of his dreams evaporated into thin air.

"Not even my angel," he whispered, rising and descending into the mist, the tinkle of bells punctuating his disappearance.

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**A/N:** Thanks to WriterMerrin for the prompt: Draco, Knockturn Alley, early morning. And thank you to Lady Karelia for her quick beta for us on Saturday nights.