

# They Will Be Loved

by Southern\_Witch\_69

Draco watches as Hermione is mistreated by Harry, and he makes his move to help her. This is story #1 of a 3 part series.

## Hermione Will Be Loved

Chapter 1 of 3

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**Disclaimer:** All characters created by J.K. Rowling. I own nothing here except the plot. No money is being made here as this is for entertainment purposes only. Happy reading!

**Type:** This is a song fic. The song is "She will be loved" by Maroon 5.

**A/N:** A big thanks to my beta, Charmed Nay.

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Draco watched Hermione kiss Harry's cheek before getting up to make her way toward the exit of the Great Hall. His eyes remained on Harry who watched her leave, almost excitedly. Draco knew what he would see next. Sure enough, moments later, Harry slowly left as well. He didn't venture toward the library where Draco knew Hermione had gone. Instead, Potter made his way toward the lone set of corridors that led to the dungeons. How many times now had Draco followed each of them? He knew that their relationship was a sham, yet they continued it. He chose to follow Harry this night. He needed to see it again for himself. He needed to see his enemy doing his dirty deed once more. It would give him the courage he needed to approach Hermione.

*Beauty queen of only eighteen*

*She had some trouble with herself*

*He was always there to help her*

*She always belonged to someone else*

Hermione and Harry had been dating since their sixth year. Draco had seen them together in public, and he'd seen them alone when nobody else was watching. In public, there was a grand display of affection, many smiles, and a seemingly perfect relationship. In private, he saw what Harry had become, the hurt, and the things he did to Hermione. Too much pressure must have driven Harry over the edge. That had to be the reason. It was the only explanation for what was going on.

Potter and Hermione would be together sexually, and Draco would be there to watch. It wasn't for a cheap thrill though. Well, maybe the first time was, but what he saw made his skin crawl. After that, he kept an eye out just to be sure. Harry was almost always rough...always taking, but never giving. Then after he would change back to his hero persona as if he hadn't nearly strangled his girlfriend. As if he hadn't hit her. As if what they did was normal. Draco hated that Hermione would get up as if nothing happened, and affectionately love the tosser as if what they did was perfectly natural.

Draco had found out Potter's nasty little secret. He knew a little of what was wrong with Harry. He was in love with another. One who was forbidden. One that only Hermione knew about. Why did Hermione accept this? Was it that she stayed by him so that nobody would know what Harry was really up to? Why did she not just end things? Potter could keep his dirty secret, and someone could love her. Only her. Not parade around privately with another.

*I drove for miles and miles*

*And wound up at your door*

*I've had you so many times but somehow*

*I want more*

Draco followed Harry silently, and he waited around the corner as Harry knocked on Snape's personal chamber door. He heard the door creak open. He dared a glance. Snape was looking at Harry softly. It was the softest that Draco had seen his Head of House look at anyone. Potter placed a hand to Snape's cheek. Snape took it, placed a kiss on it, and pulled him inside. The door closed. So, Harry was once again where he wanted to be.

What of Hermione? Draco knew where he would find her. She'd be in her little secluded corner of the library, far out of the reach of Madame Pince's ever wondering eyes. He always wound up there watching her from behind a few stacks of books. He saw her as she was alone with nobody watching. Sometimes she worked quietly. Sometimes she would cry. Sometimes she was happy. Sometimes she would pull up her robes to check on some bruise or other that Harry had given her during their coupling.

He was drawn to her, always wanting to see her. When he found her in tears, he would come out from his hiding spot to say something really nasty to her. This would give her back the old spark he'd been drawn to in the first place. She'd yell or throw something at him, but he would only retreat without retaliation. Then he would watch her some more. These encounters seemed to help her. He never had the courage to truly speak with her, but that was about to change. Harry was having his fun. Why couldn't she?

*I don't mind spending everyday*

*Out on your corner in the pouring rain*

*Look for the girl with the broken smile*

*Ask her if she wants to stay awhile*

*And she will be loved*

*She will be loved*

Tonight he found her sitting about looking sadly at something. She was tracing her fingers along some picture. A longing expression passed over her face. She seemed so broken. Her smile was haunted. Draco knew he had to talk to her. He had to draw her out of this. What hateful thing could he say to bring her out of her sadness? He placed a smirk on his face before stepping out. "What've you got there, Mudblood?"

"You," she whispered. He looked to the picture now laying flat on the table's surface. It was a picture of him that someone had taken last spring! "What took you so long? You usually start to spy on me only a few minutes after I come."

"You know when I am here? How?" It was unbelievable. He made sure to be very silent. On those occasions that he did come out, she would seem genuinely surprised to find him there.

"Yes. Why do you come, Draco?" she asked, still sounding broken, yet curious at the same time.

"Because I want to make sure you are all right I suppose," he admitted softly, which was very uncharacteristic of him. It was time to come clear *Now or Never*. He moved closer to her. "Just don't like seeing you down is all."

"Followed Harry first tonight, did you?" she asked. A knowing expression passed over her face when he didn't answer. "Well, sit down. You might as well watch me up close before I break down. Then you can pick a fight with me and be off as usual."

"I don't want to fight with you tonight," he whispered. Boldly he reached out to place a hand on her shoulder. She looked at his hand for a long time before daring a glance into his eyes.

"What do you want tonight, Draco?" she asked unflinchingly. He saw something different in her eyes.

For the first time, he felt as though he could speak openly. "You."

*Tap on my window knock on my door*

*I want to make you feel beautiful*

*I know I tend to get so insecure*

*It doesn't matter anymore*

She stood up quickly, pulling him to her for a tight hug. He tensed only for a moment. She felt so soft and vulnerable under his arms. He wanted her to know that things didn't have to be the way they were with Harry. She deserved more. She deserved to be given to as much as taken from. He felt a bit more confident knowing that she was willing to hold him.

He tipped her face up to look into her eyes. "I want to make love to you. The right way." He smiled at her as he'd never smiled at anyone, and she visibly melted. It was she that kissed him first. He breathed her in, and tried hard to memorize every part of her. She had that gardenia scented shampoo smell about her hair, and it was surprisingly soft even though it looked so unruly. She tasted of the strawberries he'd seen her eating at the evening meal. Her soft lips were unsure. Her skin was silky and trembling. He'd never wanted anything more before. Not that he was in love or anything, but for the first time, he wanted to express himself as if he could love someone. Show her sex didn't have to be rough. Show her that she could feel the same feelings that her lover felt.

"I want you to make love to me, but I'll never leave Harry," she said firmly. He saw the yearning in her eyes. She needed his touch. He was the one that was needed. His hands-not filthy, two-timing Harry's rough hands. He nodded before claiming her lips in another soft kiss.

"I'll never ask you to," he said when he pulled away. He began to make love to her right there on the library floor for the first time. He had warded the section so that anyone who passed by would see a table full of books and move on. He had also whispered a soundproofing spell to enable them to freely express themselves without being heard.

He relished in the fact that he made her orgasm twice. He kissed away all the bruises and marks left by Harry's roughness. He left no place untouched or unloved. He'd

never been so gentle with any of his lovers, but he had to be this way with her. Draco had to feel something tender. He had to let her feel something tender. He needed to let her know that there was a different way to be loved. He would love her in his own way. Privately. Love was something denied to him. His father had trained him to be uncaring and unruffled. She, however, undid him. She was the only one who could ever see this side of him.

When he finally had his orgasm an hour later, they kissed, and held each other for what felt like an eternity. They helped each other dress silently. He watched as she put his picture neatly in a small book. He kissed her hand, and he reached into the inside of his robe into his secret pocket. He pulled out a small picture of her. It was taken of her last year at the end of exams. That swotty photographer, Colin, had never known he nicked it. She smiled when she saw what he had. It wasn't her sad, broken smile, but it was a genuine one. He prided himself that only he could put that expression on her face.

*It's not always rainbows and butterflies*

*It's compromise that moves us along*

*My heart is full and my door's always open*

*You can come anytime you want*

A couple of months later, Draco was following Harry down to the dungeons again. If Harry didn't be more careful, someone with a watchful eye would know what he was up to. No, Draco doubted that. Harry and Snape always fought and bickered publicly. Everyone thought they were mortal enemies. Only Draco knew the truth. And, Hermione, of course. Ron didn't even know. Ron was in his own world, and though they were still best friends, he had his own things that he did now. Always assuming that these times that each disappeared were when his two mates would sneak off to be together sexually. Not once did he ever realize that Harry was seeing Snape, and Hermione was in the library alone keeping up a pointless charade. Draco never knew why she went through with it. He could only imagine that she loved Harry in some way to sacrifice her own chance of happiness, so that he could go about frolicking with his very male lover.

But, now she had Draco. He was there for her every chance he could be. Sometimes it was hard to see them pretend to be so loving in public. Holding hands. Kissing. It was even harder when he would watch them have sex. He wanted to jump out, and beat Harry senseless for being so rough with the only thing in the world that mattered. Hermione. He'd do what Harry couldn't. He would love her the right way.

Even though deep down, he knew he was no better. He could never go public with her as his girl. His parents would never accept her, and they would turn him out. Even though his father had been reformed, and now no longer followed the dictations of Voldemort, he still felt that anyone not of Pureblood was beneath them. He planned to have Draco marry one of his allies' daughters. Someone with untainted blood.

No matter. He would always have Hermione, and nobody could stop him from always being there when she would need him. Something suddenly occurred to him. He didn't hear Harry's knock on Snape's door. Was he so deep in thought it may be that he missed it? He peeked around the corner, but Harry wasn't even there. Maybe he had just gone straight in this time. Draco shrugged before beginning to make his way to the library. To Hermione. Unexpectedly, Harry materialized in front of him. He had been under an invisibility cloak.

"Why are you following me again, Draco?" he asked with narrowed eyes.

"Just making sure you'd be here for a while," Draco said defiantly.

"You know where I come then, do you? Why haven't you blabbed to the school then?" Harry was looking at him suspiciously.

"Not for you, Potty, or even for Snape there. My silence is for Hermione," Draco bit back maliciously.

Harry looked shocked. "She told you about this?"

Draco shook his head. "No, I figured it out on my own last year. I've been following you both. Something didn't seem right between the two of you. You are so different in public and in private."

"Does she know that you know about this?" Harry asked, eyes gleaming with anger. Draco didn't like it. He didn't want Hermione to suffer for his meddling.

"She and I never talk about you and Snape. Only other things," Draco told him reluctantly.

"Didn't realize you were so close to my woman, Draco. Tell me. How long have you been so close?" He didn't like Harry's tone.

Draco would not let Harry get the better of him. He could best him at everything, but not this time. Not where Hermione was concerned. It would never happen. "Like I said, I've been watching the both of you a long time now. Only during the past couple of months did I realize that she had found out that I was following her. I've been her mate since." He saw Harry's eyes narrow, and then saw a knowing smirk pass on his face. "And, Harry?" Draco went on. "I've seen you with her as well. I know all the horrible things that you do to her. Snape teach you to be rough, did he?"

Harry looked like he was going to strike Draco, but he remained calm. "Severus and I are none of your business, Draco. Don't ever go down that street again."

Draco smiled triumphantly. "Then, I'd think that Hermione and I are not your business either. Keep up your little charade as long as you would like, but never...ever...hurt her because of this. She is the victim."

Harry seemed to be lost in thought for a moment before speaking with a deadly voice. "So, you want me to stand by, look the other way, and let you shag my woman?"

"She stands by while you shag Snape, doesn't she?" Draco countered. Harry blanched. Draco decided to play all his cards to be sure Hermione would not suffer. "If you hurt her or take anything out on her because of this, I will tell everyone what I know...right before I kill you." He would be sure to follow through with his threat.

"Do you love her?" Harry asked in a shocked voice.

"Yes," Draco answered evenly.

"Then go on. Give her what I can't, but know this. I will never leave her. We have a pact. It's how it has to be, Draco." Harry put his cloak back on and disappeared.

Draco knew he was still there though. "I never planned on taking her from you, Harry. She told me she'd never leave you. I just can't be without her either." He stalked off toward the library. He wouldn't tell Hermione about this just yet.

*I don't mind spending everyday*

*Out on your corner in the pouring rain*

*Look for the girl with the broken smile*

*Ask her if she wants to stay awhile*

*And she will be loved*

*She will be loved*

The next night, after the evening meal, it was apparent something was wrong. Draco watched as Harry whispered in her ear. She cringed, and her eyes met Draco's. She looked as though she had been betrayed. What the hell had Potter told her? He guessed that she knew now that they had argued. He watched as the idiot Weasley talked to her, made goofy faces, and tried to make her laugh. Laugh she did, but it was fake laughter. Smile she did, but it was a broken smile. In horror, he watched as Harry stood, pulling her up with him. He led her out of the Great Hall by the arm. She never looked at Draco, but Harry looked with a smug smirk plastered on his face. Draco raised a cup up, and whispered, "Cheers."

He knew where they were going. The Astronomy tower was their personal spot. It was time for them to couple again. Draco had to follow them. He didn't want Harry to be too rough with her. He might take out his frustrations on her. He still might be angry about their indiscretion. Draco noticed that Snape had not been to the evening meal, and he vaguely wondered if that was why Harry chose this night to be with her. He quickly walked to the grounds. Behind a stone gargoyle near the rear entrance, he uncovered a school broom that he had hidden there. He kicked off to fly up into the dark, night sky to where he knew they were.

Harry was kissing her roughly. In fact, he looked almost like he was biting her. She cried out in the normal painful cry that Draco associated with their coupling. She didn't try to hold Harry, caress him gently, or pull him close as she did with Draco. It was always the same for them. Harry would push her around a bit, lift her robes up, and have his way with her. He'd never try to make it easy on her. Every once and a while, if he got too rough, she would claw at him only to be half choked or grabbed painfully. It made Draco sick, but he had to watch. He had to be sure she was all right. He had to be there to fix her.

*I know where you hide*

*Alone in your car*

*Know all of the things that make you who you are*

*I know that goodbye means nothing at all*

*Comes back and begs me to catch her every time she falls*

"You can come out, you git," Harry called after he put his trousers back on. Draco didn't have to be told twice. He landed three feet to Harry's left. He hated Harry Potter, had hated him all their years in school. Now the hate was even more intense for what he made Hermione endure. His glance left Harry's scarred face and found to Hermione's. She was sitting up, trying to straighten her robes. He heard her whisper a cleaning charm on herself, and it undid him.

In an instant, he was next to Harry, and punched him as hard as he could in the face. Harry stumbled back a bit, but he didn't utter a sound. He did look at Draco in a shocked manner though. To Draco's dismay, Hermione jumped up to run to Harry. "Are you all right?" Harry nodded like a wounded child. She turned to Draco. "I don't like you seeing us like this."

Draco pushed Harry down and stood over him. He wanted to bash his head in. Hermione's face had been bruised this time. It looked like a damn bite mark. "No, Draco, leave him. It's just how he deals with the pressure is all." He breathed heavily for a minute letting his anger fade. He didn't want to look into Hermione's eyes right away because she would see all his hate for Harry there. Draco didn't want to hurt her anymore than she had been hurt already.

"He should save that for Snape and not hurt you," he said finally, still looking at Harry. Why didn't Harry try to fight him? He would have welcomed a chance to do a Muggle duel with Harry. To use fists instead of wands. To let him see how it felt to be on the receiving end for a change.

"It's how we are," she said softly. He looked at her then, seeing the tears in her eyes. He pulled her into a soft embrace. He had to hold her, to love her, to kiss her tears away. He knelt down, bringing her to a sitting position. Not giving Harry another glance, he touched her battered cheek. He kissed it softly, whispering a repairing charm. Her skin healed over smoothly. He traced his finger along the place the bite mark had been.

*Tap on my window knock on my door*

*I want to make you feel beautiful*

He switched positions to gather her to him. He remained silent while she sobbed into his robes. He felt her tears, all of them, seeping into his outer robe. He said soothing, loving words, and smoothed back her hair to kiss her head every now and again. "I love you," he told her. He had never said that to her before. Her sobbing subsided, and she looked into his eyes.

The smile she gave him made his heart ache. "I love you," she told him. He kissed her then. It was a long, passionate kiss. He would not try to make love to her this night. He would just hold her until she was healed inside. He chanced a glance at Harry who was still sitting on the ground where Draco had pushed him. Something was different. He was looking at his hands as if they were monsters. Draco saw tears falling from his eyes, and knew that Potter finally realized that what he did to Hermione so often was horrible. He was probably seeing how lovers should be for the first time by watching them. Draco secretly hoped that Harry would live guilt ridden for all his days. He hated Harry. Always would.

*I don't mind spending everyday*

*Out on your corner in the pouring rain*

*Look for the girl with the broken smile*

*Ask her if she wants to stay awhile*

*And she will be loved*

*And she will be loved*

Time had passed, and they were finally leaving Hogwarts for good. He'd never wavered from Hermione's side through the year. He held her when she needed it. Made love to her when she wanted it. He'd given a piece of himself to her that he'd never given to anyone, and that piece would always be for her only. Nobody would ever touch him there again.

Harry had stopped being so rough with her. Actually, he barely touched her at all after that night. He seemed to spend more time down in the dungeons. She still remained the dutiful girlfriend in public eye. Draco always watched them. His entire year had been all about her. He hated that it had to end now. Who would hold her? Who would be there for her? He wouldn't be around anymore. He would be at his own home with his own family, possibly be getting married one day. Who would make sure Harry didn't kill her accidentally? Who would be around to keep an eye on him, and make sure he didn't go back to his rough ways?

*And she will be loved*

*And she will be loved*

He remembered that she was applying to work in the Department of Mysteries for the Ministry of Magic. He had talked to his father, and he too would try to apply there if she did. The Malfoy name was still influential despite all the rubbish his father had done. They were immensely rich after all. He would be sure that they were still connected somehow. That much he knew, but it hurt him that he could not be there for her like he had been the past year.

*Please don't try so hard to say goodbye*

*Please don't try so hard to say goodbye*

"I will miss you," she said softly. "I'll always love you." She was running her fingers through his hair. "Please be happy, Draco. Remember me fondly."

He pulled her fingers to his lips. "I'll always belong to you, Hermione. No matter where I am, whom I am with, or what I am doing. Please don't let him hurt you. Leave if you must. People break up. Go separate ways. Do what you have to do if he goes back to how he'd been."

"He's defeated Voldemort now, Draco. His pressure is gone. I'll be all right," she whispered. He could see that she didn't actually believe her words. A tear made its way down his cheek. She kissed it away and smiled. "That's the first time I've been able to kiss your tears away."

"You always kissed them away. Just because they weren't visible didn't mean that they weren't there." He would never be rid of her face in his thoughts, her smell in his nostrils, or the remembering of the way it felt to hold her.

*Yeah*

*I don't mind spending everyday*

*Out on your corner in the pouring rain*

She kissed him fully unaware that both Harry and his father were watching them. He kissed her back as if he'd never see her again. "Goodbye, my love," she said.

"I'll always be watching. I'll come to you," he said breathlessly. She nodded. She then noticed that Harry was waiting silently with her trunk. She squeezed Draco's hand one last time before making her way to Harry. They walked off toward the Hogwarts Express to make their journey to London.

"Son?" his father asked. "What was that about? You and that Muggleborn witch have something between you?" His father looked disgusted with him, yet curious at the same time.

"I love her," he stated rebelliously.

"You can never be with her." His father sneered. "And, isn't that Potter she's holding hands with now?"

"Yes, and I know that my duties do not include her. Yes, she is his girlfriend, but she belongs to me," Draco said, daring his father to speak out against Hermione again.

His father said nothing about it though. "Ready to apparate home then?"

Draco nodded, but his eyes traveled once more to the girl who had gotten inside of his soul. She too was looking back at him. They smiled softly at each other, willing the other to feel their presence. When she boarded the train, Draco looked down dejectedly. His world had just fallen apart. He'd lost her. There would be more than just a few corridors between them now. His father's hand on his shoulder surprised him.

"Let her go, son." Lucius wasn't sneering or even smirking. He had a concerned fatherly look on his face. It was the first time in years that Draco had seen that look. That alone gave him the courage to nod and apparate back to his home to his life without Hermione nearby.

*Try so hard to say goodbye*

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A/N: A little darker side of Harry and a lighter side of Draco here. The next chapter will be the prequel story showing why Harry acts the way he does. The final chapter in the trilogy will show how they end up. The song I used for this seemed to go along with the story. He was always there to help even though she always belonged to someone else. Hope you enjoyed it. Please give me a little review!

## Harry Will Be Loved

*Chapter 2 of 3*

This is the prequel to *Hermione Will Be Loved*. It just shows why Harry is so dark, and it shows how Hermione starts thinking of Draco in a new light.

**Disclaimer:** All characters pertaining to Harry Potter were created by J.K. Rowling. I own nothing here except the plot. No money is being made here as this is for entertainment purposes only. Happy reading!

**Type:** This is a song fic. The song is "She will be Loved" by Maroon 5. I have changed the words around a bit to make as if it is being sung about a male instead of a female. No offense meant to the awesome group!

**Thanks to my beta, Charmed Nay**

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*Handsome prince of only seventeen*

*He had some trouble with himself*

*She was always there to help him*

*He always belonged to someone else*

Harry and Hermione made their way to the library. Along the way, they met up with Draco. "Oi! Look it's Hogwarts' newest love birds!" he sneered at them. Hermione just

shook her head. He always seemed to pop up especially since she and Harry started dating.

"Get lost, Malfoy," Harry said. "Just because you don't have a girl doesn't mean the rest of us can't have one." Hermione pulled Harry forward not wanting him to get into yet another round with the arrogant git. She had been in love with Harry for the longest time. He had never approached her because he thought that she and Ron had something going on. When Ron told them two weeks ago that he and Luna were seeing each other, they were both relieved. They could share their feelings openly, and not worry about their best mate. Harry had been so nervous and timid the first time he kissed her. She smiled remembering the moment.

"Well, love, here we are!" Harry said brightly. They had made their way to the back of the library to their private table. At that moment, Professor Snape walked up to them. He seemed strange.

"Potter, we have to talk," he said roughly, casting Hermione a glance full of loathing.

"Whatever you have to say, it can be said in front of her," Harry said bluntly. He hated Snape. Had hated him for ages. Snape never failed to give any of them a hard time. He was their worst professor.

"Very well, Potter. I have been forced to take a potion. It was the Dark Lord's idea of punishment. He knows that I loathe you." Snape paused to give them a hateful look. "It will supposedly make me fall in love with you as soon as you drink the same concoction. Have you drunk anything unfamiliar to you?"

Harry was laughing. "Get serious. You mean to say that if I drink some bloody potion, you will love me?"

"Stop laughing, you insolent little brat. I want this no more than I want to die although that thought wouldn't be half bad compared to this." Snape smirked. "Just don't drink anything strange in the next 24 hours, Potter, or we will be doomed."

"Hang on," Harry said. "We?"

"That's right. If you drink it, it will have the same effect on you. Voldemort says that since I failed to bring you to him on Hallow's Eve that I am cursed with the job of keeping you occupied. He will have someone slip you the potion, and when he is ready to destroy you, he thinks you will meekly follow me to him." Snape spat the words in disgust. "As you were."

Hermione and Harry broke into laughter as soon as he was out of earshot. "Goodness!" Hermione said sarcastically. "I would hate to lose you to a man. Snape at that!" She wiped tears of laughter from her eyes.

"Never. I'll always be with you, Hermione. Promise that no matter what you'll never leave me." Harry had spoken so seriously that she stopped grinning.

"Harry, I'll never leave you. I love you," she said softly. He kissed her so tenderly she had to open her eyes to make sure his lips were there.

"I love you, too," he said thickly, eating a chocolate frog. He swallowed. "This tastes strange." He popped the rest of it into his mouth.

"Where is my portion?" She pouted playfully. "I love them!"

"Sorry," he said sheepishly. "Some little first year from Hufflepuff was being roughed up by Goyle earlier. I told that git to sod off, and the little kid gave this to me in thanks."

Hermione became instantly worried. "Harry, it tasted strange you say? I mean, what if it was laced with that bloody potion."

Harry laughed. "Of course it wasn't." His grin faded. "Hermione..."

"What is it?" She became worried, seeing his dark expression. She was surprised when he shouted a cloaking spell and a soundproof spell. No one would be able to see or hear them. He must have something important to say.

"I have this urge...to see Snape. Oh my God!" Harry was panicking. He grabbed her shoulders roughly. "Make it stop, Mione. Make me not want him."

"Harry...I don't know what to say. Maybe we should talk to him." She gasped as he kissed her roughly. His fingers digging into her arms. "Stop, Harry."

"Sorry. The feeling passed. Maybe it just comes and goes then. It's like when I kissed you, I saw you not him." He began pacing.

She rubbed her arms where he'd been holding her. "Maybe we should go talk to Professor Snape, Harry." He nodded, doing the counter curse for the charms.

*I drove for miles and miles*

*And wound up at your door*

*I've had you so many times but somehow*

*I want more*

Harry and Hermione silently made their way to Snape's personal chamber door. Before they could even knock, the door opened, and Snape pulled Harry in roughly. Hermione walked in behind them in shock. The door slammed shut of its own accord. "What are you doing to him?" She heard herself yell at Snape. Snape had a handful of Harry's hair, and was jerking him back and forth in anger. Harry placed a hand to Snape's cheek when he stopped to look at Hermione. Snape took Harry's hand to kiss it.

Hermione couldn't believe what she was witnessing. Snape was pulling Harry's face to his for a kiss. "No!" she yelled. "You two hate each other. There has to be a counter potion." She ran in between them. "Please...make a potion, Professor."

"Ten points from Gryffindor for standing between my lover and me!" Snape roared.

"Did you just hear what you said? Your lover. It's Harry! You hate Harry." She was trying to make him see sense.

"How dare you?" Snape bellowed. "I love Harry!" Then she saw him pull at his hair wildly as if trying to fight off an inner demon. "Potter! Why did you drink it?"

"I drank nothing!" Harry retorted angrily. Then he added softly. "I ate a chocolate frog laced with it, love." In horror, Harry slapped a hand over his mouth. He'd just called Snape his love! Hermione felt dizzy. Her boyfriend had been cursed to love their most hated professor. Where did that leave her?

"A candy then? How sneaky!" He stepped back from Harry as if he was a disease. "I will be working on an antidote, Harry."

"Professor? Why is it that when I am close to Hermione the feelings seem diminished?" He looked at her softly then narrowed his eyes at her. "When I kissed her earlier, I was like a mad man trying to rid myself of your face, and it worked until we came here."

"I can only imagine it is because you love her," Snape said thoughtfully. "I, though, have no other interests. It will be rather hard for me. We have to keep up an act. This cannot get out. I will be ruined here at Hogwarts. You will be ruined in the public's eye. We need to have their support when you finally take on the Dark Lord."

Hermione spoke immediately. "I will do what I must to help you, Harry. I know this isn't what you really want deep down, and he's right. No matter what goes on between the two of you, this can't get out. He can make the antidote, and we'll never look back." Harry nodded, but he looked to Snape to see if he agreed.

"Miss Granger," Snape began. "Until this potion is created...he and I will have...er...needs. Can you handle that?" He raised an eyebrow.

She looked from Snape to Harry. Harry seemed to want what Snape wanted. She couldn't let him down. She loved him. This was not his fault. It was that dirty, rotten Voldemort's fault. "I'll never leave him. We'll find a way to get through this. It won't last forever."

"I'll never leave you either, Mione. No matter what." Harry's eyes misted over. "I love you...and him. Strange, really." She watched as he moved to Snape for a tight embrace. It hurt her more than she could express. Snape hugged him back just as intensely.

"Harry?" she asked, trying to break the spell. He looked at her, eyes full of grief. He knew he was hurting her, but he couldn't withstand the desire. She nodded. "I'll go on then."

"Good bye." Snape said acridly with a smirk, trying to hurry her out. She walked out feeling rejected, disappointed, and like she'd just lost the best thing that ever happened to her...forever.

*I don't mind spending everyday*

*Out on your corner in the pouring rain*

*Look for the boy with the broken smile*

*Ask him if he wants to stay awhile*

*And he will be loved*

*He will be loved*

Hermione sat out in the corridor down the hall from Snape's door for nearly two hours waiting for Harry. Draco happened to walk by. "What are you doing down here, Mudblood? You waiting for a real man to make a woman out of you?" The look on his face told her that he would be all too happy to show her the way to womanhood.

"Not at all, git. Just trying to think about things," she said a little too nicely. She noted how his expression changed. If he wouldn't have been Malfoy, she would have thought he was concerned.

"Potter give you the heave ho, then?" His eyes were narrowed.

"Of course not," she said sharply. "Things are just...oh, sod off!" She realized she was about to confide to him that she was unhappy with Harry. He of all people would not need to find that out. It would be all over school.

"Suit yourself." He grinned mischievously. "Offer still stands you know. Come on down anytime you want a real man." He stalked off before she could think of a reply.

She was about to get up when Harry finally rounded the corner. His lip was bleeding and his robes were torn. She gasped. "Oh, Harry! What has happened to you?"

He was shaking while wiping the blood from his mouth, and he looked as if he was about to cry. "Not here. Astronomy Tower." He pulled her along with him toward the winding stairway that would lead them to the roof. He was walking so fast he was nearly dragging her along. She thought she saw a black cloak slip into a dark corridor at the bottom of the stairs, but when they passed by, she saw nothing.

*tap on my window knock on my door*

*I want to make you feel beautiful*

*I know I tend to get so insecure*

*It doesn't matter anymore*

"Harry, what did he do to you?" she asked in horror. He was unlike she'd ever seen him.

"I love him. I hate him. I hate myself for loving him. I hate myself for hurting you. I love you. I'm a mess, Hermione." Harry broke down and cried. "How can I have done this? Only death could have kept me away tonight."

She pulled him down to a sitting position with her. "SShhh..." she soothed. "I'll do anything I can for you, Harry. What would help you?"

His watery green eyes met hers. She saw his eyes close, and when they opened, they were glazed over.

"Your arms and your body can quench my desire for him. You could make me forget what I have done." He sounded as if he would have her whether she agreed or not. She'd never imagined her first time to be like this, but she loved him. If he wanted to bed her here on the top of the Astronomy Tower, then so be it.

"All right, Harry." It was all he needed to hear. He pushed her back roughly and kissed her mouth. He'd never been so rough with her. Instead of soft nibbles, there were rough bites. It was as if only through violence could he forget. He quickly pushed her on her back and was over her in an instant. He reached under her robes, pushed her skirt aside, and ripped her panties down to her knees.

"Wait, Harry," she said in panic. He was being too rough. Her head was being pushed into the hard wall. Hermione was most uncomfortable. He didn't acknowledge her words. He just set about his task of lowering his trousers just enough to expose his middle section. "Harry...not like this..." she pleaded.

His eyes bore into hers. "You keep quiet." It was not his voice at all. "I have to concentrate on your face to get rid of his. Don't break it."

He roughly pushed himself inside of her, and she screamed. Not only had he taken her virginity, but he'd also taken her dignity. She sobbed, trying to look at anything but him. She felt so terrible. He didn't even care that she was uncomfortable. Far above them, she heard something streak by. Probably a threstal. "Stop crying," he hissed. This only made her sob harder. What had become of her Harry? She felt a hand close over her mouth to stifle her cries. Finally she heard him cry out, and he fell almost lifelessly on top of her. She struggled to push him aside, and was able to slide away from him. She curled up in a ball and cried, rocking herself back and forth. What had she let him do to her?

"Oh, my god. Hermione..." Harry touched her shoulder. She cringed. He pulled her to him anyway, and he forced her to look into his eyes. "I love you. I don't know what took over me." He wiped her eyes with his fingers. She saw that his fingers were bruised. Had Snape been just as rough with him?

He stood up quickly and said, "I can't live like this. I hurt you. I hurt him. He hurt me. I'm sorry." He walked to the tower's railing and began to climb over. He was going to fall to his death!

"Harry, no!" she screamed, running to him. She pulled him back to her chest. He was standing one inch from his death. "Snape will find the antidote. I can handle this. Please don't leave me." She helped him climb back over.

"What have I done to deserve you?" he asked quietly.

She kissed his nose. "You lived." He smiled.

"I feel at ease right now. I don't feel like going to him. You might just be my antidote, Mione." He shuddered. "You drive him from me."

She gave him her most brilliant, fake smile. "I'll never leave you, Harry. We can beat this."

*It's not always rainbows and butterflies*

*It's compromise that moves us along*

*My heart is full and my door's always open*

*You can come anytime you want*

A couple of months passed, and Snape had still not found the antidote. Hermione wondered if he was really trying very hard. Things had not changed for her or Harry. Around everyone else, they were the same super couple, but when they were alone, things would be very different. He would do what he had to do to her to make him forget about Snape, and she would let him. She would never admit it to him, but she hated the nights when he would pull her up to the Astronomy Tower. She would just concentrate on something else while he did what he had to do. Sometimes he would get really rough, and she learned to fight back a bit to bring him to his senses. After they would always cuddle until Harry seemed himself again.

She would always go straight to the prefects' bathroom, to think, and to wash away her aches. He left many bruises on her. She didn't know if he realized exactly what he did to her, but she had seen some of his bruises as well. Snape was probably rough with him to punish him for loving him. It was a twisted relationship they had. Ron never noticed that anything was wrong. He just figured that they were off to have a shag. To her knowledge, Harry had not been with Snape again completely. When he got the urge to go to Snape, he'd find her instead to relieve his lust. She could only imagine what Snape was having to do to keep from attacking Harry the moment he'd see him.

She loved Harry...truly she did. She had promised to never leave him no matter what. She would endure this. Hopefully one day soon, they could go back to the way things were. She didn't know though if things would ever be the same. He'd been so soft before Voldemort did this to him. They'd never had the chance to make love like normal couples. It almost always felt like rape even though she was consenting to it. She was left feeling used, battered, and dirty.

"Mione," Harry said. She tensed up. Surely he wouldn't want to go back to the tower again so soon? "I have been given detention by Filch. He is making me serve it tonight...with Snape." Harry waited for her reply. When she had none, he went on. "You know, he and I alone..."

"Do it, Harry. It's what your heart craves anyway," she said bitterly. He looked wounded. She didn't care though. "I won't ever be him. Maybe you should start shagging him regularly. It would spare me this." She lifted her sleeve to show him the horrible bite he'd left on her the night before.

"I'm sorry. I love you." It was all he said before he walked away. He was headed down to Snape's office. She watched him until he disappeared. She felt relieved, disappointed, and broken. Before she turned to go her own way, she saw Draco walk out of the shadows. He looked to her for a moment, and then took Harry's path. She wondered if he was following them. He seemed to be everywhere. But, no, his dorms were that way. She ran as quickly as she could to the library. It was the only place she could go to and think...alone.

*I don't mind spending everyday*

*Out on your corner in the pouring rain*

*Look for the boy with the broken smile*

*Ask him if he wants to stay awhile*

*And he will be loved*

*He will be loved*

Snape opened his door to find Harry standing there. He had been yearning for him to come here. He had to practically beg Filch to let him serve his detention with him this night. That Granger was always joined at his hip, and he could never have many private words with him. Apart from a few heated snogs and rough embraces, they'd not been together since that first night. He smirked at Harry. "You're early, Potter."

"I couldn't stay away any longer," Harry replied.

Why try to fight this? Snape asked himself. Potter was willing. So was he. They were grown men and could make their own decisions *Poor, Ms. Granger*. He knew she had the rough end of the deal. True to her word, she had stood by Harry though. That was her Gryffindor bravery, he knew. He would have Harry this night. All night. He pushed her sad face out of his mind.

"I've had no luck with an antidote as of yet," he said softly.

Harry smiled. "Good." And, it was Potter who kissed him. Snape lifted him easily, shutting the door behind them.

Harry left Snape's office near dawn the next morning. He thought guiltily of Hermione. She'd understand though. She always did. What was wrong with him and Snape having a little shag now and then? It's not like it was another woman he was drawn to. He loved her though. Hated what he was doing to her, but he could not deny this. Had he wanted this all along? *Of course not!* An angry voice said in his mind. Snape had told him over and over that he loved him. Harry had felt safe and happy. It was the only time he'd not been looking over his shoulder, waiting for someone to attack him. He knew Snape would never let that happen. Voldemort had made a big mistake when he did this to them. Hermione always told him that she loved him as well. He had the best of both worlds.

*I know where you hide*

*Alone in your car*

*Know all of the things that make you who you are*

*I know that goodbye means nothing at all*

*Comes back and begs me to catch him every time he falls*

Hermione was sitting in the library at her table crying quietly when Malfoy pulled up a chair. "Tsk tsk, Mudblood. Fail an exam, did you?" She didn't reply. She just stared at him. "No, that must not be it. Oh, I know. Potter, who you thought to be the man of your dreams, doesn't quite measure up to say...me." He grabbed her arm to pull her up, and she whimpered. He jumped back. "Easy. I didn't try to hurt you on purpose."

She looked at him angrily. He was invading her space again. Why did he always have to show up when she was at her worst? She hated it. It was like he had some device that told him when she was at her worst. "Can't you just leave me in peace for once? I promise we can fight tomorrow. Just not right now. I haven't the energy."



He was pulling up the sleeve to her robe. "What the fuck is this?" He was gawking at her large, purple and yellow bruise.

"I fell off a broom," she said quickly.

"You don't fly," he pressed. How the hell did he know that? Was he always spying?

"I know I don't. It's why I was trying. See what happens to me? I should have known better. Now get the fuck out of here!" she screeched.

She saw a triumphant look in his eyes as he smirked. "Make me." She picked up a heavy book, and she lugged it at him with all of her might. He caught it in his hands. "Poor, Mudblood. Can't even hit someone four feet away." She reached for the chair, and he scampered away. She laughed loudly. If someone would pass at that moment, they'd think she was mad. She made her way back to Gryffindor Tower in better spirits than she had been. At least the git is good for something.

*Tap on my window knock on my door*

*I want to make you feel beautiful*

"Hermione, what will I do this summer? I will go mad on Privet drive! I can't believe that we haven't found a damn antidote yet." Harry was ranting. Inwardly she was a bit relieved to have a break, but he would never hear her speak those words.

"I love you," she told him. He kissed her then. "You'll be ok, Harry. Molly will invite you over, I'm sure, and me as well. You can have me sooner than you think." She kissed his cheek. The Hogwarts Express was pulling into London to release the students for the summer. She waved eagerly to her parents. She'd never been happier to see them. She'd use her time away to heal herself completely, and to research possible antidotes. There had to be a way to break this.

*I don't mind spending everyday*

*Out on your corner in the pouring rain*

*Look for the boy with the broken smile*

*Ask him if he wants to stay awhile*

*And he will be loved*

*And he will be loved*

A few weeks had passed. She'd received yet another letter from Harry. Hedwig waited patiently for her reply. She wrote to him that she would come the next day. His letters were always the same-short and demanding. **I miss you. I need you. Come to me.** She was ready for him again. The break that they'd had was glorious, but she did miss him as well. This was her Harry after all. She had found that their hex would be broken when Voldemort was killed. There wasn't much hope otherwise unless Snape had come up with something.

As for her, she had taken up a strange hobby. She'd started fantasizing about Draco Malfoy. She had a dream about him the first night home. It was a bit erotic. She'd bet that he didn't know that most times only his ugly words made her feel like herself. She was able to release pent up emotions by having a row with him. It kind of made her think of him as her own private evil, little hero. She grinned wickedly. She had nicked a picture of him and kept it in her diary. The picture would mostly smirk at her, but she didn't care.

Harry was waiting for her beside the kitchen fire when she got to the Weasley house. Before she could greet anyone, he pulled her to him for a long kiss. The kiss was so tender she nearly melted. "I've missed you, Mione," he said. The twins started to make fun of them, and she looked around sheepishly. Everyone seemed embarrassed to have witnessed such a kiss. Everyone except Ron of course. He was just grinning broadly.

"Bout time you got here. Prat wont shut up about you," Ron said thickly. He was, of course, eating something. They all took the time to catch up and have dinner before it was time for bed.

She saw that Harry looked like he would explode if he didn't have her. He was probably actually only wanting her badly because she was simply the next best thing to Snape, but she didn't mind. Anything for Harry. She loved him, didn't she? But, it was no longer his green eyes she would see shining at her when she closed her eyes. It was a vision of cold, blue-gray eyes. Draco's. She told Ginny she'd be up in a bit after she did some reading. Ginny just smiled knowingly. Harry went up with Ron and his parents, but he was back in his invisibility cloak minutes later.

He led her outside far from the house, and he released all his pent up energy on her. She felt the familiar aches coming back slowly as he worked hard to relieve himself. She wondered how it would be with Draco. As cold as he was, she'd bet he wasn't as rough as this. In fact, he was always bragging how he was a real man after all. He talked a good game though. Surely he wasn't interested in her in that way. He just enjoyed taunting her. "Love you," Harry said gruffly, cleaning himself with a charm.

"Love you," she echoed, sipping from the vial she carried in her inner robe pocket. It was a pregnancy potion. She would be sure to take care where Harry obviously wouldn't.

*And he will be loved*

*And he will be loved*

Many months had passed. Harry had found out that Hermione and Draco had been seeing each other. It bothered him only a little. He had Severus after all. She deserved to have something on the side as well. Even if it was Malfoy. But, at least if Malfoy had Hermione, his secret would be safe. Nobody would ever know. Both he and Snape knew that the spell would be broken when Voldemort died.

On the night that Harry finally bested the Dark Lord, he went back to Hogwarts with Snape. They shared a brandy in the professor's office to celebrate. "To the destruction of the Dark Lord," Snape saluted.

"Cheers," Harry said. He downed his drink. It burned his throat going all the way down. The spell had been lifted. He knew that much. The throbbing ache for Snape was gone, and he was able to stand next to him without attacking him. All that he had felt for Hermione before came rushing back to him. Unfortunately, he seemed to have developed true feelings for Snape, and he needed to know if Snape felt the same. "Are you glad?"

"Yes. You've rid the world of he worst man that ever walked on it," Snape replied evenly, as if guarding his words.

"I mean, are you glad about us?" Harry asked bluntly.

Snape's calculating eyes burned into his. He downed another drink before answering. "Do you know that while I was under the influence I told you I loved every chance I got?" Harry nodded. "Well, I know the curse has been lifted now. I don't have the urge to tell you that."

It wasn't exactly what he had wanted to hear. Apparently, Snape was above such a thing as crushes. A year earlier, Harry would have been mortified to know he'd have a male lover...and like it. Now he was quite sad to be putting his life at Hogwarts behind him. He'd not be seeing Severus quite as much. Harry poured himself another drink not replying to what Snape had said.

"Aren't...aren't you glad, Harry?" Snape asked awkwardly.

"Oh, I'm glad he's dead, yes. Am I glad that I am leaving Hogwarts? Not really, no. It's the only place I truly feel at home. Am I glad to be rid of you finally? Definitely..." He saw Snape lean forward in anticipation. "Not. I am afraid that I love you anyway. Curse or no."

He saw that Snape had wanted him to say that. He reached over for his hand. "Harry, I know. I feel it too, but Hermione has been waiting all this time for you. She deserves her chance. You need to try to make it work with her first." Snape sighed. "And, if that doesn't work, the world be damned. You come back here to me."

*Please don't try so hard to say goodbye*

*Please don't try so hard to say goodbye*

Harry watched the heartfelt good-bye between Draco and Hermione. It tugged at his heart. All that he'd done to her this past year was terrible, but Severus was right. She'd never wavered from his side. She'd taken another lover, but she deserved it. Draco had been able to give her what he couldn't. Undivided attention. Gentleness. He dared a glance back to Hogwarts. Snape was out on the grounds near the gate. He could just make out his form next to Dumbledore's. Harry would go on, live with Hermione, and play Quidditch for England for as long as they'd have him. He'd try to make things work with her. Try to make up all that he'd done to hurt her.

But, in his heart he knew Hogwarts was where he'd always feel at home. Knew he'd miss Snape. Just as Hermione would miss Draco. She'd confided to him that Draco had made it clear that he could never be with her openly, and she would never ask him to. She knew her place was with Harry. She was going to try as best as she could to make things right between them again. Harry watched them sadly, and he noticed that he wasn't alone. Lucius Malfoy was there as well. He had a shocked expression on his face. Then Harry saw him do something he'd never thought possible. He wiped a tear from his eye. Something about the scene had touched him.

He held out a hand as Hermione made her way to him. "Love you," he said. She smiled. Her smiles were genuine now. Ever since he'd learned to be gentler with her, she seemed happier. He'd try harder. If Malfoy could do it, so could he. She took his hand, and they made their way to the train.

*Yeah*

*I don't mind spending everyday*

*Out on your corner in the pouring rain*

Harry put her trunk next to his in their compartment. Ron and Luna stumbled in to sit across from them. Hermione was curled at his side with tears in her eyes. Harry had tears in his eyes as well. They were both leaving something important behind. A part of their hearts.

"Good God!" Ron roared. "Haven't you had enough with the books already, Mione! And, you, Harry! Unbelievable. You can come visit Hagrid and Dumbledore any time you want to!"

One day soon, he'd have to tell Ron everything about the past year. He knew that his friend would not like it, but he was loyal. He'd never turn Harry out. Somehow Harry thought he'd feel better telling him. Maybe Ron could help make sense of things.

When they settled into their newly refurbished house at Number 12 Grimmauld Place, an owl came to deliver a note to Harry. It was from Snape. All it said was that he hoped everything was going well, and he also hoped that Harry would remember what he'd told him. Snape's door would always be open if Harry found that he had no place else to go. That comforted him. He hadn't signed the note, but Harry would know the writing any place.

*Try so hard to say goodbye*

That first night back was quite awkward for both him and Hermione. They tried to get things going, but both seemed to be fumbling about aimlessly. He had to suppress the urge to be rough with her. He'd not hurt her again. Purposely.

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**A/N:** I have the sequel ready as well. It's called Draco Will Be Loved. It shows how things end for them all. I know this had more Harry than Draco in it, but I thought it was important to post as it showed how Hermione became attached to Draco.

## Draco Will Be Loved

*Chapter 3 of 3*

A few years after leaving Hogwarts, Draco & Hermione's paths cross again thanks to some unlikely help.

**Disclaimer:** All characters pertaining to Harry Potter were created by J.K. Rowling. I own nothing here except the plot. No money is being made here as this is for entertainment purposes only. Happy reading!

**Type:** This is a song fic. The song is "She will be Loved" by Maroon 5. I have changed the words around a bit to make as if it is being sung about a male instead of a female. No offense meant to the awesome group!

**Thanks to my beta, Charmed Nay**

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*Handsome prince of only twenty-one*

*He had some trouble with himself*

*She was always there to help him*

*Yet she belonged to someone else*

Draco stood over his desk in his private study. Lucius Malfoy was looking at him through narrowed eyes. "She's perfectly fine, Draco. A good match. Her family will put forth a very large dowry, and she's not bad to look at." Draco hated when his father would barge into his wing of the house and try to cram some girl down his throat.

"You know, Father. When I am ready to settle down, I will. As far as her dowry, I don't really need it, now do I?" he drawled the question lazily.

"You just compare them all to *that* girl. You think I don't know why you turn down every offer that comes our way! But, I know, boy. Money is money. A marriage contract with another powerful family adds to your own." Lucius sighed. They had been over this nearly every day for three years.

Draco grinned. "Nobody compares to her. But, that's not it. I just want to actually feel something for the woman I marry. This one reminds me of a post. Skinny as one and talks about as much." He laughed sadly. He hadn't seen Hermione for 13 months. The last time he saw her she was a few months pregnant with Potter's child. They owled constantly since then. She gave him updates. He responded with much of the same. His feelings hadn't changed for her. But, he hated Harry even more now. Life was unfair. He knew deep down he'd never want anyone because they would never be her. When she told him her happy news, she seemed so excited that he couldn't ruin it for her by voicing his true feelings. He hated the fact that she would give *Potter* an heir. He didn't deserve it.

He knew that Harry still saw Snape. And, though she tried to deny it, he knew that Harry was still rough with her. He saw the bruises after all. Maybe since she was to become a mother Harry would leave her alone. He secretly wished that the child would be his, but she would have told him. Wouldn't she? He'd hired someone to follow her and send pictures. She never knew it of course, but he knew every place she visited, every person she talked with, and every week gave him an updated picture. His father had found out, and he thought he'd never hear the end of it. Draco didn't care. What he did with his heart was his own concern.

"Stop sitting there grinning like an idiot, son! I'm having a serious discussion!" Lucius barked angrily. "You have to choose soon."

"Is that a threat, Father?" Draco countered.

"It very well may be one. You think long and hard about this marriage possibility. And, if you find a better one, I'll be willing to consider it." His father sneered. "Get that witch out of your head before it's too late."

"Why do you hate her so much? Is it so bad to have dirty blood anyway? I mean, your old mate, Voldemort, was a Halfblood!" Draco said heatedly. "You just don't understand how she touched me."

"Don't I?" his father said coldly. "I was in love too once. Before your mother and I were married of course. She was a Halfblood. My father would have none of it. I, much like you, nearly stood by and wasted away watching her marry another. I won't have you doing the same."

"Then why couldn't you have allowed it? If you knew how it felt, why couldn't you have let me know that it would be all right?" Draco was angry now. He saw that on some occasions his father got a far away look, but he never knew why. "I could have tried harder to have her here with me!"

"She's with Potter! The quicker you accept that, the better we'll all be!" Lucius put his hand on Draco's shoulder. "Son, I had the good sense to listen to my father. I would ask that you do the same. Your detective says she has a little baby now. With Potter. It's too late. Accept it."

Draco nodded. Yes, he'd have to accept it. Potter had of course thwarted any chance for them now. Though he loved Hermione, it pained him that any child she had was not his. He should have exposed Potter and Snape when he had the chance. Harry was the Seeker for England's Quidditch team, and he was still a hero. Nobody would likely care what shags he'd had back in school. And, besides, he was married to the most beautiful witch in the country. Had a child. They'd never believe it.

"I'll be off to London tomorrow. I'll try to contact someone that may be acceptable, Father," Draco said, once again using the tone of the dutiful son.

"Excellent. I have to go and floo someone." He hugged Draco awkwardly and left the room. Draco shook his head. His father had really been trying to change. It was just some things that he wouldn't budge on. He wondered who it had been that his father once loved. How could his father have let her get away if he truly loved her? *Well, look at yourself.* Right. He'd let Hermione get away as well.

He'd made love to her only a dozen times in the past three years, but he would often watch her house when he was in town. He had his detective on her tail as well. He knew all that she did. Since she'd had her child though, she had not ventured outside of her home with Potter at all. He hoped that she wasn't sick. The only pictures he'd been able to see were taken of her near a window or on her patio. He would have to owl her while he was in London. He'd give her time. Now it was time for her to see him again. If she was willing.

*I drove for miles and miles*

*And wound up at your door*

*I've had you so many times but somehow*

*I want more*

Harry and Hermione were sitting on the floor watching little Devin wiggle and babble. He was nearly six months old. "Mione, we have to talk," Harry said softly.

"Just leave it, Harry. There's nothing to say, is there?" she countered. Three long years, and things still had not changed. Only now they had little Devin to consider.

"I just need you to understand where I'm coming from. I look at Devin, and I love him. I look at you, and I love you. But..." Harry paused, searching for the right words.

"Yes, yes," she said sarcastically. "Something just isn't right." She didn't bother to hide her feelings any longer. She was trying everything to make things work. It just wasn't happening. "Harry, why don't you just go then?"

He eyed her warily. "Because you've given up your dreams for me, I think I can do the same." He smiled sadly. She wanted to hug his grief away and hold him closely, but she didn't. Why did she keep trying?

"Harry, you were my dream. Voldemort took that away from us the moment he gave you that damn potion! Now, it's Severus Snape you think of." She shook her head. "Just go to him. I'll be fine!"

"But, the baby, Mione! What would people say?" He looked at her oddly. "Draco never married yet. Never even dated anyone. Don't you think?"

"No!" She cut him off. "I won't ask him for anything. He has his own life. When I told him that I was pregnant, he was glad for me. He wished me well." She looked at Devin. So much like his father. Features exactly the same. He looked nothing like her. She sighed and smiled. "Just accept Dumbledore's invitation to teach at Hogwarts, Harry. We'll stay here. I don't think anyone would think it odd if we didn't go."

Harry jumped up. "If I don't leave now, I think I'll lose my temper." He stormed out of the front of the house and left her to her thoughts. She wondered where Draco was and what he was doing.

Draco saw Harry leave the flat and walk down to the mailbox. He smirked and shook his head when Harry kicked the mailbox. Then suddenly, Crack! Harry Disappeared. He let his eagle owl go then. It flew directly to an upstairs window and tapped with his beak. He held his breath as she opened the window and hugged the owl to her. He watched her take the letter and open it slowly. He had asked if he could drop by since he was in town. She quickly replied to the letter and sent his owl back to him. Good thing she didn't continue to watch the owl for it flew straight to his hiding place.

Her reply was not what he wanted. She told him that she was extremely busy and would try to get to the Leaky Cauldron later to visit with him. She asked him not to stop by as Harry was home. Draco darkened. Why was she telling lies? He knew for a fact that Harry wasn't there. Did she not want him to see her in daylight for some reason? Had Harry been at it again? She probably needed time to repair herself, as he knew Harry left angry. Damn, he hated Harry.

*I don't mind spending everyday*

*Out on your corner in the pouring rain*

*Look for the boy with the broken smile*

*Ask him if he wants to stay awhile*

*And he will be loved*

*And he will be loved*

Lucius was waiting for Harry Potter to step outside of the gift shop. He'd seen him walk in. It was time that he had a talk with this boy. He had to ease his mind after all. He saw the untidy hair come through the door and knew it was his moment. "Oi, there, Potter. Might I have a word?"

He saw Harry look at him suspiciously. "What do you want?"

"Just a private word amongst old friends is all," Lucius said in a business-like tone. Old friends, they were not.

"Go on then," Harry said, clearly not wanting to talk to him at all.

"It's about Draco...and your wife." Lucius raised an eyebrow. That got his attention.

"All right. Over here," Harry said, leading the way to the alley. "What's wrong?" he asked worriedly when they stopped.

Lucius was taken aback. "Nothing is really wrong of course. I just know that my son tends to see her at times. I also know that you know." Lucius was trying to gauge Potter's reaction. Surprisingly there was nothing. No jealous rage. No righteous anger. Nothing. "Well, it is time for Draco to settle down and start a family of his own. But, he won't let go of her memory. I wonder what you could do to help me?"

Harry smirked at Lucius. "I'll do no such thing. You just leave them be, Malfoy."

"Good Lord, man. Don't you care what your wife does? Do you want them to always be tied together?" Lucius sneered. "Where is your dignity? I know that my son is hard to resist, but maybe it's time you show your wife what a real man is. You need to DEMAND that they stop all communications!"

"They will always be tied together, Lucius. You don't know the half of it. Whatever Hermione decides to do is up to her." Harry sneered this time. "It's a shame you never took the time to get to know her. She is amazing. Your lot would have done well to have someone like her in it!"

"Something isn't right here. What is it that you are not telling me?" Lucius asked. There was something that he didn't know. He could see it in his eyes.

"All right. I'll tell you what it is then. I know you'll never breathe a word to anyone, so my secret is safe." Harry grinned wickedly. "Ever wondered what my son's legal name is, Lucius?"

"No." Lucius shook his head. "I couldn't care less. We are here to talk about my son. Not yours."

"Don't want to hear about your son's son then?" Harry spat suddenly. He enjoyed the look of shock on old Malfoy's face. He recognized the look of denial. "That's right. My boy's name is Devin James Malfoy. Not Potter. Looks just like his dad."

"How can this be? Draco would have told me!" Lucius shook his head! "It's a lie! She would have come to get some money from us. A right little gold-digger no doubt-" He didn't have the chance to finish. Harry had him slammed against the wall.

"Never speak that way about my wife. She wants no part of the Malfoy fortune. Has one of her own as well as mine should she need it." Harry released him. "She never told Draco, Lucius."

"Why not?"

"Because she didn't want him to go against you. She didn't want to ruin his life with her burden," Harry said angrily. "I told her to tell him. She won't hear of it."

Lucius still shook his head. "But, you...you are raising another man's child as your own? Ridiculous! Someone would have known."

"Some do know, Lucius. But, they'd never tell," Harry said softly, running his hands through his hair. "I shouldn't have told you. I just wanted to set you straight where she is concerned. Be glad she's not one of those chits that you are used to. She'd have half your gold already!"

Lucius nodded. "If what you say is true, I would like to arrange to see my grandson. I have to see with my own eyes before I tell Draco."

Hedwig approached Harry and landed on his shoulder. He took the little note she carried and opened it. He looked to Lucius. "It's her. Says she needs to see Draco tonight here in town. Wants me to come home to baby-sit. You can stop by in an hour. But, it will not be your place to tell him. It has to be hers."

"I'll be there," Lucius said before stalking off.

Harry felt good and guilty. Why did he really tell Lucius? Deep down, he wondered: If Hermione

were happy with the one she loved, would it leave him free to return to Hogwarts? Was it an excuse for his own happiness? No! That wasn't exactly the reason. He did want her happiness. He hated seeing her sad. He hated seeing her look at their son and seeing Draco. Every time she held Devin it was like a slap in the face. She needed a chance to be with Draco and be a real family. His heart was with her, but it was also with Severus. Maybe they could all be happy one day.

*Tap on my window knock on my door*

*I want to make you feel beautiful*

*I know I tend to get so insecure*

*It doesn't matter anymore*

Hermione knocked on the door once, and it swung open. Draco stood before her wearing his normal dark robes tinged with green. His face was unreadable. It had been so long since she'd been with him. She didn't know if things had changed or if they were still the same. "Hello," she said softly.

"Hello," he replied evenly. The moment his eyes softened she went to him. Draco wrapped his arms around her tightly. "I've missed you."

"I've missed you, too," she whispered. "I can't believe we've gone so long."

She didn't see the tears in his eyes as he kissed her head. She felt so good in his arms, and she looked good. She'd lost her baby weight and was once again the Hermione he remembered. Draco liked the new curves her body had taken though. "Mione, why couldn't I come over today?"

"I just don't like visitors at home," she said immediately. "And, Harry is home." Draco couldn't tell her he knew she was lying because then she would know that he had been watching. He kept silent until she spoke again. "The baby...he's not good with outsiders." He felt her body tense. Another lie.

He figured the real reason. She just didn't want him to have to see Potter's child. She must have known deep down that it would have hurt him deeply, but the boy was still her son as well. As much as he hated Harry, he could accept it...for her. It wasn't the little one's fault after all, was it? "Hermione, I think you just don't want me to see your baby."

She pulled away quickly. "No...not at all. It's not... It's just that..." Draco silenced her with a kiss and pulled her to his bed. They made love as if the world were about to end the first time. The second time, he made sure it lasted. He had gone without her far too long. He needed this before he chose a wife. He needed her.

*It's not always rainbows and butterflies*

*It's compromise that moves us along*

*My heart is full and my door's always open*

*You can come anytime you want*

Harry answered the door not long after Hermione had left. He knew who it was. Lucius Malfoy had come to see if he was a liar or not. He knew he was betraying Hermione's trust, but he had to do this for her. She would live her life longing for Draco and him longing for her, but neither would make the move. How would he feel if he had a son and never knew him? He'd missed out on too much without his own parents to let that happen to Devin. And, though he loved Devin as his own, he knew in his heart that it would never be what Draco could feel for him.

"Where is the child?" Lucius asked. He dreaded seeing the baby. He'd thought about what Potter had told him. It had to be true. Why would someone claim that their son was not their son? He followed Harry down a hall to a living area. Not bad. He thought, looking at the surroundings. To his surprise, he saw a large picture of Draco on the mantle right next to one of Potter and Hermione. He would never allow such a thing to go on in his home! Another man's picture indeed. Then he saw something odd. A picture of Severus Snape was there also. Of course there were other pictures about the room. Some of the dreaded Weasleys. Dumbledore. Other friends and family.

"Go on then," Harry urged. Lucius looked in the direction he was pointing. He saw a large crib near the couch and walked to it. His breath caught in his throat.

A small child maybe six months old lay sleeping peacefully. His hair was a mass of platinum blonde, his little chin was pointed just as Draco's was, and his colorings were definitely those of a Malfoy. He looked at Harry. "How could you raise another man's child?"

"I love Hermione. I treat Devin as a son. It's just the way things are, but they can change, Lucius. I think you are the key." Harry was half pleading with him. At that moment, the boy was stirring in his crib. Lucius looked to him.

He was taken back in time to when Draco was just as little. Blue-gray eyes met his own, and a hint of a smile played at his little lips. This was a Malfoy true enough. The Malfoy heir was tainted with dirty blood, but looking at his little face, Lucius knew it was time to end such idiotic beliefs. Malfoy legacy be damned. This was his blood as well! "Hello, little Devin," Lucius drawled. His gaze turned to Harry. "May I?" Harry nodded.

Hours later, Hermione came home in tears. Harry was standing by the window. The lights were dim. "What's wrong?" he asked without turning around.

"He's getting married, Harry," she wailed. "I know it's what he must do. I know it, but I love him so much."

Harry turned and opened his arms to her. "Come here, Mione." She went to him and held him close. He let her cry until she was only soundlessly shuddering. "We have a visitor. I think you might like to speak to him."

She looked into his eyes, alarmed. "Who is it? They did not see Devin, did they?" Harry nodded in the direction of the couch. She turned then to see Lucius Malfoy sitting there. "Oh my God!" Hermione ran to the crib. Devin was sound asleep. "Wh-?"

"Mione, don't be mad," Harry said softly. "He had a right to know."

"Harry, no! How could you do this to me? To Devin?" Fresh tears overtook her. "He's getting married, Harry! He doesn't need this. Not now."

Lucius walked to her. "Hermione."

God! He reminded her so much of Draco. He was staring at her with compassion and something else she couldn't read. "Please, Mr. Malfoy. Don't tell Draco. He'll never forgive me." She gasped when Draco's father pulled her close to him.

"I am afraid that it's me he will never forgive. He loves you, and I wouldn't let him come to you guilt free. I used his family name against him." He wiped her tear streaked face. "I once gave up someone that I loved as well for the family name. When I still think of her, I often wonder what would have been. Make no mistakes, I do not regret abiding by my father's wishes, but I fear that not allowing Draco to choose will be an error on my part."

"No. He told me he is to be married." Hermione shook her head. "I won't let you tell him. I know all about your feelings towards me and my kind. We'll be fine. Harry is taking care of us. Always will." She spoke the truth. Harry would never leave her, but was it fair to make Harry give up what he wanted just to save her?

"It's not Harry's job, Hermione," Lucius said evenly. Once again reminding her of Draco. "I've spent the last few hours with my grandson. I've not felt so relaxed in years. Maybe this is a second chance for me as well. Time to do the right thing."

"I won't ruin Draco's life!" Hermione yelled.

Harry pulled her to him and shook her. He gritted his teeth. "Can you not see that it will be Devin's life that you ruin?" He calmed himself and released his grip on her. Guilt overtook him as he saw her rub her arms. Why did he hurt her so often? She deserved more. "Hermione, I fear that you are ruining your life as well. I can never give you in my lifetime what Draco gives you in a few hours."

"I can't have him resenting me, Harry. He'll end up hating me for making him go against his father's wishes," Hermione said softly.

She flinched when Harry grabbed her arm again. "Listen to yourself. Haven't you heard Lucius? He will support a relationship with Draco. He wants it. Wants his grandson to be raised right. Not like this. Not in our broken home!"

"Does he know?" she asked bluntly.

"Know what?" Lucius asked. There was more that they hadn't told him after all. He'd thought so.

"I am in love with someone else," Harry said bluntly. "Not that it should matter to you."

So that was it. Potter was not happy either, but some sort of chivalry wouldn't let Hermione be alone with a baby. "Will you support a divorce then, Potter?" Lucius asked. He had to be sure before making his next suggestion.

"There is no real marriage, Malfoy. We lied," Harry said. "Faked it all this time. Figured it was for the best."

"Harry, I am curious. Who has caught the heart of the world's hero?" Lucius was being honest. Hermione was not hard to look at no matter what blood ran in her veins. It was obvious that some strong sense of loyalty kept Harry at her side, yet he yearned to be elsewhere.

"Severus Snape," Harry said, his tone defiant.

"What? There is no way that can be true!" Lucius said. He couldn't believe it. He'd known Snape for years. He'd been with him when he bedded women! He did not like men! But, all the while, Lucius' eyes moved to the picture at the mantle. Harry said nothing. Hermione stood there with a blank expression on her face. It was true! "Does he...return these feelings?"

Harry still didn't answer. It was Hermione who spoke. "Yes. He does, but because of me, Harry won't go to him." Lucius watched her look over to Harry. She loved Potter. That he could see, but it was not the look of complete love.

"Gather some things for you and Devin. You will be coming back to Malfoy Manor with me. I think it's time that Draco met his son." There would be no denying his wishes. He and Potter had talked about it already. He would let her go if she chose to. "Potter, you can...you can go visit Hogwarts then."

Harry looked at Hermione. She was so sad. She looked lost. "Hermione, I will not object unless you do, but don't you think Draco needs to know the truth? His father as much as said that he'd chose you above any other woman."

"But, he has chosen someone, Harry. He will be telling her shortly. It will be too late." She looked so wounded.

"Can't you stop him?" Harry asked Lucius. Lucius nodded and Disapparated. He was back in only a few minutes.

"He was still at his room in town. I told him to get home, that we had an emergency." Lucius looked to Hermione. "Get your things, girl." He was pleased that she made no protests. They could be at the Manor within the hour. He'd pay the Knight Bus extra to speed them there right away.

*I don't mind spending everyday*

*Out on your corner in the pouring rain*

*Look for the boy with the broken smile*

*Ask him if he wants to stay awhile*

*And he will be loved*

*He will be loved*

"Mother, why hasn't father told you what's going on? What can be so important? I was finally doing my duty, and he told me to hold off at all costs! I told him that he'd better not have set me up with that wench!" Draco was pacing angrily in front of the fireplace in their living area.

"Oh, son, really. It must have something to do with business for me not to know. You know I don't interfere with that! Have a seat. He'll be here shortly," Narcissa Malfoy replied in a bored tone.

Lucius Apparated suddenly. "Sorry to have kept you waiting," he told them briskly, walking to his bar to pour himself a drink. "Narcissa, you may stay.

It's a family concern." He downed a drink and poured another before speaking.

"Well? What is it?" Draco demanded. "I was finally going through with your wishes. Tell me you have NOT found a WIFE for me!" He narrowed his eyes. "I will choose my own wife, thanks."

"Son, I know you don't want me to choose for you, but I think you will find that I've made a good decision. I must insist you marry someone of my choice." Lucius smirked. He saw the outrage on Draco's face.

"You will do no such thing. I gave up the woman I loved for you! You will let me choose who I will!" Draco said angrily. Lucius had never seen his son so bitter.

"I've brought her here to meet your mother as they've never had the chance to meet properly." He contained his amusement well and used a tone that said he would not be denied.

"Oh, how quaint," Narcissa said suddenly. "It will be nice to have another woman of station to consort with. These serving wenches are just not up to my standards." Lucius could have slapped the arrogant look off of her face. He had taken a liking to Hermione. She was not out for money or station like most women were. She truly loved his son and had given him a most precious gift.

"Now, now, Narcissa. I'm not sure you and she will get along all that well." Lucius was secretly pleased by her shocked look. "You will do well to remember that she is to be Draco's wife."

"How can you two stand there like that and not give a fuck how I feel?" Draco couldn't believe this. His father had gone behind his back anyway and brought some bitch here. He'd have none of it. "I won't do it, Father." His mother blinked wildly as if he'd slapped her.

"Oh, I think you will," Lucius said in a voice that told him he would make him follow his wishes.

Draco sat in a chair feeling like he was about ten years old again. He'd hate his wife. He knew it. She would pay for his father's meddling. He'd not hurt her, but he'd never allow himself to feel anything for her. In horror, he watched his father walked to the door. "Have you been listening?" he asked the person standing there. "Come in."

He did a double take as Hermione walked in timidly. She looked so small and unsure of herself. "What are you playing at?" he asked his father wildly. "Have you transfigured someone to be my MIONE?" He knew his father would never condone a relationship with a Mudblood. What was he about?

"No. It's her. I've decided to rethink things. It's in our best advantage to allow an alliance with her," Lucius said.

Draco was lost for words. He saw that she had been crying. Had her father went and snatched her from Potter? Made her leave her baby? "Father, no! She's Harry's wife. She has a child to think of!" As much as he wanted her, he would not make things harder for her.

"Yes, she does have a child to think about, doesn't she?" Lucius said mysteriously.

Narcissa started laughing loudly. "Oh, Lucius, you jest. You'd not let that into our family! Potter's poor Mudblood wife and all!"

To Draco's surprise, his father reached his mother before he did. "You'll not speak of Hermione that way. Mind your attitude, woman. Her blood matters not to me

anymore."

"Oh, the jig is up! You can't be serious. You've forbidden Draco to-

"Hold your tongue!" Lucius spat. "Hermione, talk to him."

He watched her draw a deep breath. "Draco, I've lied to you. Harry and I are not really married. We faked our ceremony." She wouldn't meet his gaze.

"No, I was there. I saw with my own eyes!" Draco couldn't believe it.

"You were there? How?" she asked. "I would have felt you."

"No. I was in the back. Polyjuice potion enabled me to go freely. I saw you two marry," he said, not believing it.

"It was fake. Dumbledore went along with it." She willed him to believe her. She hated to see that expression on his face. He seemed angry.

"But, why lie to me, Hermione? I've always been honest with you. About everything." Draco ran a hand through his hair. "Why did you pretend to be married?"

"Because of Devin," she whispered.

"What? Well, why not really marry then? That's a good enough reason in my book. Having a son and all!" Draco couldn't believe this. "Why would Saint Potter not want to do right by his child?"

Hermione didn't speak. What was wrong with her? His father came to her rescue by standing at her side, holding her shoulders in a caring way. "Don't yell at her, son, and don't say things like that about Harry."

"Why do you care so much for her now, Father? And, why on earth would you care about Harry?" Draco couldn't stop himself from yelling. This made no sense.

"Because Potter has been noble in all of this. He's the one who told me. He made me see her for what she is! She's not like other women, Draco. She's truly a-

"No shit! What do you think I've been saying all these years? What did Potter do or say to make you realize it when nothing I said budged you?" Draco couldn't wait to hear this. His mouth gaped open when his father spoke gently to Hermione.

"May I, Hermione?" She only nodded in reply to him. He watched his father walk out of the room. In moments, he heard the swishing of robes and looked up. His father was holding a baby in his arms. He'd never seen Lucius look at anyone like that. Draco took in the scene and was still confused. Had he found out how Harry was then? Did he feel sorry for her and the baby? "Draco, let me introduce you to Devin James Malfoy."

Narcissa fainted. Nobody tried to help her. Draco watched as his father turned the baby to face him. He saw his own eyes looking back at him. The same eyes he saw when he looked at his father. "Mal-Malfoy?" he asked dumbly. "He's my baby? Mine and Mione's?" Lucius nodded. Hermione cried silently waiting to hear what Draco would have to say.

He walked to his son and took him from his father. Devin put his hands on Draco's face and appeared to be studying him. He gurgled happily, and Draco felt his heart melt. His son! Not Harry's! Devin was like a smaller version of himself. There was no mistaking it. He kissed his little chubby cheek and held him to him. "My son!" he said proudly. "A Malfoy, father!" His father nodded and went to Narcissa. He pulled her up from her dumb state and guided her out of the room.

Draco looked to Hermione. He took the few steps to her and saw her flinch as if he'd hit her. "Hermione, I'd never hit you. Come to me." She tentively stepped to him. He had to pull her into an embrace. His family. "Why, Mione?" he asked, voice hoarse, trying to keep from crying.

"I didn't want to burden you or ruin things for you and your father," she whispered. "I thought I was making the right decision. I would not have told you still, Draco, had Harry not brought your father over."

Harry! Why would Harry do this? Had they had one fight too many? "Why did he do that, Mione?"

"He thought you had a right to know. Thought maybe we could work things out. For Devin."

Draco nodded. He held her and his son close to him to keep them from disappearing. He was sure he'd wake up and find himself alone. His father had been so sure about him finding someone else. Apparently, seeing his own blood had changed his views. No matter what all was mixed in with it, Malfoy blood flowed through Devin's veins. That was most likely what had changed Lucius' mind. Draco thanked God.

*I know where you hide*

*Alone in your car*

*Know all of the things that make you who you are*

*I know that goodbye means nothing at all*

*Comes back and begs me to catch him every time he falls*

Harry had stopped in to talk to Dumbledore. He told him all that had happened with Lucius and Hermione. It seemed to him as if the wise wizard knew already. With twinkling eyes, he told him he was glad that Harry would accept the position of flying instructor that Madame Hooch would be vacating. Harry made his way down the corridors. No matter how often he came, it always felt like he was at home when he came to Hogwarts. He made his way slowly down the corridors along the dungeons.

He had to knock three times before Snape answered the door. Harry was hiding under his invisibility cloak. Snape sneered while looking down the corridor. "If I find out who has knocked on my door and roused me out of bed, I will show no mercy!" he yelled hatefully to anyone who might be listening. Harry let him slam the door before knocking again.

Severus threw the door open with his wand drawn. He was about to take off down the hall when Harry let a giggle slip. Snape stopped on the spot and turned. "Wh-Who's there?" He looked around wildly. Harry saw recognition dawn on his face. "Accio Invisibility Cloak!" Snape bellowed. Harry's cloak flew to Snape's outstretched hand.

How long had it been since he'd seen him? Since before Devin was born, it was. They stared at each other questioningly. "Harry? What brings you here? Felt like playing jokes on an old man, did you?" Snape raised an eyebrow.

"I thought you might want to congratulate me on my new position here at Hogwarts, Severus," Harry said, watching his lover's face soften.

"The three of you will be moving here then?" he asked hopefully.

"Sorry, no," Harry said. He enjoyed toying with Snape.

"Well, where will you stay?"

"I alone will be moving to Hogwarts," Harry said promptly, unable to hold out the news any longer.

"What's happened?" Snape asked suspiciously.

"Hermione's gone home to Draco where her heart belongs," Harry replied evenly.

"What of yours, Harry? Where will that leave you?" he asked cautiously.

"Right here with you, Severus." Harry touched his hand. "If you still want me to be, that is."

Snape nodded. He felt so happy at that moment. He thought this would never happen. They would have to be careful of course. Neither would want rumors to fly around at the school, but this could work.

*Tap on my window knock on my door*

*I want to make you feel beautiful*

"Ready, dear?" Molly Weasley asked Hermione brightly. She beamed at Hermione with a motherly pride that warmed her soul. Ginny was playing with Devin.

"I think so," Hermione said nervously. "I just hope no nasty reporters are here! They've been hounding us for weeks!"

"Well, they think that you jilted Harry the hero." Ginny giggled. "Imagine how shocked they were when that Stan from the Knight's Bus told people that Lucius Malfoy had taken you and a Malfoy child from Harry's home!"

Molly made a face at Ginny to make her be quiet. "Oh, they will live. And, I for one hope that they are here. Maybe they will shut up about how hurt Harry must be once and for all when they see him giving you away today!"

"You're right, of course. Then Harry will give them the promised interview. Things will be all right. Hopefully, I'll stop getting all those hate owls!" Hermione grinned yet sadly. "I wish my mum and dad could have been here today." Her parents had been killed in a boating accident before Devin was born. They'd never set eyes on their grandson. That hurt her more than anything, but she knew they were seeing her on her true wedding day somehow. At least they died thinking that she was the happiest woman alive with a baby for Harry on the way. They didn't have to endure any of this nonsense with the press.

"Let's go," Harry said, poking his head in the door. "You look beautiful, Mione."

"Thanks."

As she and Harry made their way down the aisle to Draco, many flashbulbs went off. She recognized some reporters from *The Daily Prophet* there. Hungrily waiting for the scoop no doubt. She saw all of her friends in attendance. Her eyes met Draco's, and she felt herself blush. He was standing there waiting patiently for her. He looked so much in love and so proud. So much had changed for them all. Draco had his father standing up for him. Dumbledore was presiding over the wizarding marriage ceremony. He smiled warmly at her as she made her way to them. When Harry let go of her arm and placed Draco's on hers, frenzied reporters and friends alike took hundreds of photographs. A few didn't even wait for the marriage to proceed. They ran out to owl someone or to go post the pictures.

*I don't mind spending everyday*

*Out on your corner in the pouring rain*

*Look for the boy with the broken smile*

*Ask him if he wants to stay awhile*

*And he will be loved*

*And he will be loved*

"I love you," Hermione whispered sleepily. They'd been married for three years, and she still felt as content as she had the first day. Things had been perfect for them. She and Narcissa had come to terms. Lucius doted on both her and Devin all the time. She still hadn't started working again. She was in no rush. She relished the thought of being with her family while she could.

"You complete me, you know. I love you more each day." Draco kissed her stomach gently. "I love you too, daughter." He said to her swollen belly. She was expecting their second child now and was assured that it was a girl.

"Draco, I don't know why I waited so long to come to you. We'd have all been happy sooner," she whispered.

"I told you to stop fretting over that. We're together now. It's all that matters, isn't it? And, look how happy Harry is as well. It worked out," Draco said softly.

Harry and Draco had become good friends. That old animosity had faded once he realized what Harry had done to keep their son and her happy. Good thing they did, she thought. Harry was Devin's godfather. Sweet Harry. He had not been more like his old self than when he had gone back to Hogwarts. England was outraged to lose their best player, but they accepted it eventually. In fact, they now prided themselves because one of the best seekers of all times now taught flying at their very own Wizarding school. The hate owls eventually stopped. There were still those staunch Harry supporters who more often than not told her she was crazy to choose a Malfoy over him, but she didn't let that bother her any longer. Her goal in life was to love Draco and her family.

*And he will be loved*

*And he will be loved*

Draco heard the sharp cry of a new born baby and drew his eyes away from his wife's exhausted face. His daughter was just as beautiful as his son. She had taken on more of her mother's features. Honey colored hair with her nose. His complexion of course, and the Malfoy eyes. He took his daughter and held her closely while the nurse tidied up Hermione. "Look what we've made, love. Another perfect little Granger and Malfoy concoction!"

His wife's eyes lit up as she took the tiny bundle in her arms for the first time. "Hello, Hayley Jane Malfoy. Welcome to this world," Hermione said softly. Draco motioned for his mother to bring Devin in.

"My sister?" he asked curiously. Draco nodded and picked him up so that he'd have a closer look. Harry walked up behind them with Snape in tow.

"Congratulations, you two," he said warmly. Draco reached over to shake his hand. Snape merely nodded.

"Thanks for coming," Hermione said. She smiled lazily at them.

"She's beautiful, Mione," Harry said softly, Draco wondered if Harry ever regretted letting her go. He wondered if Harry hated that he'd not have children, but then Hermione surprised Draco.



"Will you be godfather to Hayley as well?" Draco didn't say a word. They had not talked about this. Not that he minded. He hadn't really thought about it.

"Mione," Harry began. "Devin is more than enough. I love him as if he's my own. You don't have to feel obligated. In fact, I wouldn't be offended if you'd ask someone else." The last sentence was said in a whisper. Draco looked to where Harry had gestured. Ron Weasley walked in with his wife, Luna. He saw Hermione nod once.

"Oi!" Ron called in greeting. "Good job!" He beamed at Hermione brightly. "You too, Malfoy," he added.

"Draco?" Hermione caught his attention. He nodded. Though he and Ron had never been on fair terms, they'd come to a quiet truce.

"So, Weasley," Draco drawled. "Care to be godfather to little Hayley there?" He almost laughed as Ron's mouth dropped open. Weasley seemed so happy about it, that Draco almost felt good. Almost. He wouldn't have his daughter wearing any of those dreadful Weasley sweaters though.

"I'd be honored." Ron said importantly.

*Please don't try so hard to say goodbye*

*Please don't try so hard to say goodbye*

"Well, Mione. You ready for this?" Draco asked softly.

"No!" she replied sharply, but she gathered Devin into her arms for a final hug and kiss.

"Mom!" Devin said looking around to be sure nobody had seen. "I'll be fine. Uncle Harry said he will take good care of me. Show me all of Hogwarts' secrets!" Draco smiled at his son's mischievous grin.

"I just bet he will," she scoffed. He knew deep down that she was glad that Harry would be there for their son. Harry had been a rock for them. Always baby sitting when needed. Always showing support. So much time had passed that Draco wondered if he'd ever been without Hermione.

*Yeah*

*I don't mind spending everyday*

*Out on your corner in the pouring rain*

"I love you," he told her softly.

"I know you think I'm silly. It's just that, both of our children will be going to Hogwarts now. What will we do?" she asked in despair.

"Well, if it makes you happy, you could take that position as Potions professor at Hogwarts now that Snape made Defense Against the Dark Arts. We'll be near the children that way." Draco knew that would make her happy.

"Would you really do that for me?" she asked unbelievably. He kissed her cheek.

"Anything for your happiness," he said firmly.

*Try so hard to say goodbye*

Hermione watched Hayley board the train for Hogwarts while holding Draco's hand. "Bye, Mum! Bye, Dad!" their daughter called. Hermione sighed contently.

"Ready?" Draco asked. Hermione giggled.

"Yes, I guess we should beat the students there shouldn't we?" She had never looked more beautiful to Draco. Draco had never been happier. He let his father watch over the business affairs while he ventured off to do something completely on his own. He had been the one to accept the positions as the new Potions professor of Hogwarts. Hermione had signed on to be an apprentice to Madame Pince and would take over whenever the old bat retired.

"Time to go home then." Draco pulled out the portkey Dumbledore had given them. "Get ready to touch it in twenty seconds." She nodded and kissed him on the lips softly.

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**A/N:** A little bit of a happy ending to a sad story. Hope you enjoyed!