

Bad Blood

by HBAR

Antipathy comes at a price.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Hermione's hand trembled as she rang the bell. The door was answered by a house-elf.

"May I speak with Mr. Malfoy, please?"

Zinger nodded, took Hermione's hand, and without warning, Apparated to Draco's bedroom.

Hermione gasped when she saw his frail form looking extremely pale, even by his standards. He was wheezing with every exhalation.

"I'm sorry, I meant Luci—" Her words were cut off by the crack of Apparition.

She sat gingerly on the side of Draco's bed and stroked his cheek with the back of her hand. His skin was on fire. "I know that we were never friends. Still aren't, really, but war changes people, and one can't help but look past petty differences in the aftermath. No matter what happened, I don't believe Voldemort would have ever had your true allegiance."

She Conjured a cool washcloth and laid it across his forehead. "I've been researching your condition, and I believe I've finally found a cure. I suspect that were you conscious, you'd scoff at me helping you and say that you don't wish to be indebted to me. Well, you're not, but if you'd feel better pretending that I created this potion just to show off, that's fine." She smoothed down his hair. "Just drink it and get better, okay?"

Hermione turned toward the door at the sound of footsteps.

"What, may I ask, do you think you are doing?" Lucius spoke softly but glared daggers at his son's visitor.

"I'm glad you're here. I was j—"

"This *is* my home, after all. I'll ask one more time, why are you here?"

"Mr. Malfoy, your son is dying. He was hit by a curse in the Battle of Hogwarts."

"Are you implying that I'm incapable of caring for my own son, or that I'm ignorant to the situation because I didn't participate in the battle?"

"Neither! I ... can we not make this any more difficult than it has to be?"

He didn't respond.

"I've created a cure, and the last step is for you, your wife, and myself to prick our fingers, rub them together to mix our blood, then paint it on your son's lips just before he drinks the potion."

"If you think I will sully my blood by mixing it with that filth that runs through your veins ..."

"It's ancient magic," she insisted.

"What do you know of ancient magic? You're just a child."

Hermione glanced at the bed, then back at Lucius. "So is Draco," she whispered.

"Get out," he said.

"But he—"

"Out!"

Narcissa entered as Hermione stormed out.

"Lucius, did she have good news? Is there a cure?"

"No." He put his arms around her. "She's discovered there is no practicable cure, so she came by to gloat."

His mother's sobbing drowned out Draco's last breath.

A/N: My beta is awesome and she is mine, all mine. Bwahaha (cue dramatic music).

Prompt: Inability to let go of a grudge costs one family dearly.