

Summer Rain

by Savva

Peculiar things can happen during summer rains. Dramione drabbles.

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Chapter 1 of 2

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Summer Rain

It's six o'clock, and his workday is finally over. He stands up at the last stroke of the clock and tidies his desk with deliberate movements: he doesn't want to reveal how much he loathes his job, though he suspects it is no secret to anybody. When every item has been placed on its designated spot, he fastens his grey pinstriped jacket and heads toward the door. There isn't any sense in saying 'Good-bye', because no one ever answers, but he says it anyway. He hopes that his incessant politeness irritates the hell out of his coworkers. That thought amuses him; those halfwits deserve to be annoyed. It's his little payback for almost two years of being ignored.

The shadow of a smirk is still on his lips when he steps outside. Surprisingly, it's raining, even though the afternoon sun is still shining brightly through a cluster of white clouds. He hesitates on the granite stairs, watching the heavy drops bombarding the pavement. Judging by the number of puddles, it has been raining for quite some time. Fuck! He has just realised that he hasn't brought an umbrella.

Drawing a sigh, he wonders whether he should cast a shielding charm. Then he remembers that there are still three days until the end of the month, and he's still on the limited magic program. He doesn't want to violate his parole. Ire clasps his throat, but he calms himself. It'll be over soon, after all. Two more months are nothing by comparison with what he's been through already.

He unbuttons his jacket, carefully folds it over his arm, and steps onto the pavement. The streets aren't very crowded, and he makes his way easily. Soon, his white shirt and his shoes are drenched, but he doesn't mind because the rain is warm and the sensation is oddly soothing. Childishly, he sticks out his tongue and catches one of the raindrops. The sweet taste pleases him, and he does it again and again, paying no attention to where he's going.

Eventually, the inevitable happens—he collides with someone, who falls with a splash and a muffled yelp. He looks down, his apology already on the tip of his tongue, and freezes. It's her—the witch he knows so well, too well. *Brilliant*, he thinks. He's managed to land the war heroine in the deepest puddle in the alley. Simply fantastic! For

Merlin's sake, can't he catch a fucking break for once?

She sits on the pavement, amid the running water, and stares at him with wide-open eyes. He notices that she's barefoot, and her white feet look unusually small against the black stone. Muttering an apology, he extends a hand towards her, but she just keeps staring at him, without moving a muscle. She doesn't trust him, of course. Why on earth should she trust a former Death Eater on parole? He should be thankful that she hasn't called for the Aurors. To be fair, though, he doubts that she will set the Aurors on him. She's one of the people who are nice to him. No, that's not right. Who does he think he's kidding? She's the only one who tolerates his presence and treats him with courtesy, the only one who actually talks to him.

His thoughts interrupted by a splash, and he's suddenly much wetter than before. She seems to have gone bonkers and splashed him with water from the puddle. His eyes bulge with surprise as he gazes at her smiling face.

"What the hell, Granger?" he hears himself saying, and cringes. He doesn't want to sound rude—it just somehow always happens when she's around. But she looks unruffled by his words. Instead of answering, she laughs and splashes him again.

Bonkers, absolutely bonkers! Or drunk!" Stop it, Granger!" he says. "Here, take my hand. I haven't got all day."

At last, still giggling, she comes to her senses, says, "All right, Malfoy!" and takes his hand. He pulls her upward, but something goes very wrong: he loses his footing and ends up in the same puddle, on top of her. By now, she's laughing hysterically. He ought to feel annoyed, but she's so close to him, too close for him to be anything but super-aware of her. Her curls tickle his nose, her wet dress clings to her, just like his shirt to him, and there is barely anything between their bodies. She feels so warm and soft beneath him—it's maddening, really. Then her laughter suddenly stops, and he notices that she's staring at him again, though with something different glowing in her eyes.

Alarmed by his reaction, he scrambles to his feet with a grunt, tugging her along. After a few awkward acrobatics, both of them are upright, though they are still standing in the puddle, in the middle of the deserted alley. For a while, they gaze at each other in silence.

"I think your shoes are goners, Malfoy," she says abruptly. "Take them off: it's nice and warm."

"You are mad! It's wet and dirty. And you've ruined my suit!" he says, but he takes his shoes off, though it's against his better judgement. As it happens, though, she's right—his shoes are goners, and the stone under his feet really is nice and warm. Why is she always right?

"Walk with me, Malfoy," she says and takes his hand.

"I'd better go home," he says, but he follows her. They walk for hours, and he doesn't notice when his hand snakes itself around her waist. But he notices when her lips press themselves against his, and he kisses her back, sensing a slight taste of wine on her tongue. *Drunk and bonkers*, he thinks, but he doesn't stop. He wants everything she's offering, whether she's drunk and bonkers or not.

Her madness seems to be contagious, and soon she makes him go berserk as well. He Apparates them to the Manor, parole status be damned. It's all her fault anyway, and perhaps the rain's, as well. His eyes register the silhouette of his mother in a dim corner of the living room, and he knows that there will be talk in the morning. He doesn't care.

The morning sun wakes him, and he finds her still asleep in his bed. Quietly sneaking from under the covers, he grabs his trousers and makes it to the corridor. The breakfast room is bright, and his mother is already there, her morning cup of tea in her hand. "How long is Miss Granger going to stay?" she says, spreading marmalade on her toast.

"Forever, I hope," he says. He picks up a few slices of toast and hurries back to his bedroom. The sound of a stifled gasp and the crash of breaking china reach his ears. *Mum's just broken her favourite cup*, he thinks. *Pity*.

Assassination

Chapter 2 of 2

Some words are just too long and difficult to remember.

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Assassination

He comes to abruptly, with a pulsing in his temples and a feeling of severe discomfort. He opens his eyes and realises that he is lying on the floor, and it's infernally hard and cold. His vision is bleary, which should come as no surprise, given the amount of alcohol he has consumed in the last forty-eight hours or so. Wait a moment: has he really been at it so long? He hoists himself up on his elbows and looks around. Judging by the number of bottles around him, and the fact that the sun has rolled down almost behind the horizon, he has indeed.

He tries to check the time, but the clock on the wall is annoyingly unsteady: those damned golden digits keep jumping up and down. "Whatever," he says and sits up with a grunt. An almost empty bottle of Firewhisky draws his attention, and he reaches for it, noticing the dried blood on his knuckles. With a muttered "Fuck," he opens the bottle, and swallows the last of the amber liquid in one gulp, anticipating the usual burning in his throat. It never comes.

"Useless," he says and hurls the bottle into the opposite corner of the room. The crash brings a foolish, drunken smile to his face as he stares at the scattered pieces of dark brown glass. He wants to chuckle, but a strange vibration in his chest makes him hiccup. He hiccups again, and yet again. Gradually, the vibration becomes much

stronger, and not only in his chest. Everything around him begins to shake. At first, he doesn't understand what is happening. After a moment, though, he realises that his wards are being removed. "Here come the bloody Aurors," he says and scans the floor for his wand.

Too late. His door is thrown open with a bang. He focuses his eyes on the doorway, expecting to see the full Auror squad. He had punched the ever-so-fucking-important Potter, after all. Surprisingly, though, there is only one silhouette on the threshold. What a disappointment.

"What the hell are you doing, Malfoy? Could you please explain it to me?" The voice is familiar. Correction: very familiar. And very furious.

All those decibels are giving him an unbearable headache, and he groans. "Merlin." He'd take the Auror squad over one angry Hermione Granger any day.

Stamping inside, she looks down at him and shouts, "Are you completely out of your mind? What are you doing here?"

He shrugs. "I should have thought it was obvious. I've been drinking. And unfortunately, I'm still too sane for my liking. The real question however is: what are *you* doing here?"

"Your mum called me. She's worried about you," she says, rather more softly.

"My mother called you?" he says and frowns in disbelief. "I think you need to come up with something better. This doesn't sound at all plausible. Why on earth would my mother call *you*, of all people?"

"That you'll have to ask her. She said that she couldn't get through your wards."

"Rubbish. But whatever," he says with a sigh and focuses his groggy eyes on her. "I must say I'm surprised to see you here. Your bloody friend, along with that super-duper Auror of yours, made it quite clear that you don't want anything to do with me. I'm not good enough for you, or something along those lines. So I suggest you leave now and let me continue my little drink-fest in solitude, as I intended. Which, by the way, was quite clearly indicated by the wards on that bloody door!" He points an unsteady finger at it. "Leave, Granger. Let me be."

He waves his hand dismissively, turns away, and fishes another bottle of Firewhisky from under the bed. He is about to uncork it when he hears the word "No", and the bottle vanishes from his hands.

"Oh, for broomstick's sake, don't go on a bloody rescue mission! I told you to leave. I do not need your help!" he says and glares at her.

"Yes, you do, you stubborn idiot!" she growls, and with one swish of her wand, all the bottles, empty and full alike, disappear. Another swish, and the windows fly open. "You stink!" she says, wrinkling her nose.

"Malfoys never stink!" he retorts, but feels that all the fight in him has gone. The rush of fresh air makes his eyes water. He groans and covers them with his hands.

"Here, drink this," sounds in his ear. Uncovering his eyes, he finds that she has sat down next to him on the floor, and that she is uncorking a small blue vial.

"I know what you're doing!" he mumbles as a sudden thought bolts through his foggy brain. "It's ... what's the word ..." He looks for the right word, but his mind doesn't want to cooperate. The word is right there—he can feel it. "That's it! Assassination!" he shouts and looks at her triumphantly. She arches an eyebrow, and he's pretty sure that she learned that particular expression from him. "No, wait, wait, wait," he says, "that doesn't sound right." He mumbles the words aloud, "Assassassination, ensignation, extermination, inseveration, insemination, insurrection! Damn it, what *is* that bloody word!"

"Intervention, you dolt!" She smiles at him. "Though I must agree that assassination and extermination sound rather appealing at the moment. And, perhaps, insurrection at a later date. Now drink!" She brings the vial to his lips.

Obediently, he opens his mouth, probably because he isn't ready to be assassinated or exterminated just yet. The potion immediately soothes his throat, and a few moments later, his headache has gone. His vision slowly returns to normal, and he gazes into her eyes.

"Why are you here?" he asks, once again. "Potter said—"

She interrupts him by pressing her hand to his mouth. "Harry and Kingsley were wrong. They shouldn't have said anything of the kind. They had no right to decide or interfere."

He covers her hand with his and presses a soft kiss on her warm palm. "I punched Potter," he confesses.

"So did I," she says and smiles.

His eyes widen. "You did? That's my girl," he murmurs. A second later he frowns. "I'm still on parole. They can send me back to Azkaban."

"No." She shakes her head as her fingers find their way into his hair. "They can't, and they won't. Your parole ended a week ago, and you were provoked. Harry won't do anything—he promised."

He looks at her silently, then says, "Granger, I ...". The words stick in his throat. But she kisses him on the lips and says, "I know. I love you too. Come on. Your mum is waiting." She tugs him to his feet, and he manages to steal a few more kisses before they leave the room.

They walk down the hall, hand in hand. His mother is resting in the armchair with her eyes closed. Soft music is playing in the background.

"Mother," he says.

She opens her eyes. "Draco, darling," she says, with a slight smile, "you're just in time for dinner. Miss Granger will be joining us, I presume?"

He curls his arm around Hermione's waist. "Yes, Mother, she will."

"Marvellous." She focuses her attention on Hermione. "Do you like Brahms, dear?" she says. "I find him very soothing."