

# Taking a Stand

*by Southern\_Witch\_69*

Draco tries to steal a kiss and ends up losing his heart. This is a poem that I wrote last week on Potter Place when we were having some fun.

## One-shot Story

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Draco tries to steal a kiss and ends up losing his heart. This is a poem that I wrote last week on Potter Place when we were having some fun.

**Disclaimer:** I'm playing round with the characters JKR created again. I'll return them unscathed when I'm done.

*Thanks go to CocoaChristy for looking this over for me.*

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Draco couldn't help but to notice the change in Granger.

Much time had passed since he'd wanted to strangle her.

She'd blossomed into quite a lovely young witch.

In fact, the lust he felt for her had become quite an itch.

If his father found out, though, he'd be filled with anger.

For Hermione was—to him—nothing more than a Mudblood.

Yes, he felt she was filthy, dirty, and as worthless as crud.

Draco knew that his desire would have to remain a secret,

or else he'd have something else at home to regret.

Eventually, his parents would force marriage to a pureblood.

However, he just had to know how her lips tasted

and that his many fantasies had not been wasted.

Perhaps that's how he could rid himself of her.

Just once, he needed a small kiss to occur.

Only then would his desires be sated.  
Draco easily pulled her down a darkened corridor.  
He smirked when he saw her shock and horror.  
“What’s wrong, you filthy little bitch?” he dared to say.  
“Why, Malfoy, are you hurting me this way?”  
“I’ll do what I want, and you’ll never tell an Auror.”  
With a flick of his wand, he had her bound against the wall.  
If he let her loose, she might find a way to forestall.  
Ever so slowly, he moved to press his lips against her own.  
He didn’t expect her to bite him soundly, causing him to groan.  
Her expression, he noted, was filled with complete appall.  
He realized that taking her mouth by force wasn’t the same,  
so he stepped back and released her rigid frame.  
“Get out of here, Granger, and leave me be.”  
A pause, then, “Draco, do you fancy me?”  
He nodded solemnly. “But I can never give you my name.”  
Uncertainly, she reached up to touch his somber face,  
bringing her lips to his with perfect, practiced grace.  
He was surprised but didn’t deny himself the pleasure.  
It would be only for a brief moment, but one he’d treasure.  
Thumping wildly, his icy heart melted and began to race.  
“I know that together we can never be,” said Hermione,  
“but I hope this kiss and moment will set you free.”  
In that instant, Draco knew his freedom would never come.  
Where he hadn’t had hope before, she’d given him some.  
“If I were able,” he asked, “would you accept me?”  
She nodded and backed away from him then.  
“Just come to my home, Draco, and tell me when.”  
His mind and body was filled with surprise,  
but he could see the sincerity in her eyes.  
Never did he know her heart he could win.  
That was when everything suddenly changed.  
A talk with his father would have to be arranged.  
Why couldn’t his family welcome the world’s brightest witch?  
She had some Ministry clout, and her parents were rich.  
He hoped his father wouldn’t think him deranged.  
He left Hogwarts behind with a new mission in life.  
One day, Hermione Granger would be his wife.  
It would take some time to get his father to agree,  
but he’d make the man gain reason and see  
that marrying lesser blood would soon be rife.  
He sent an owl to her asking her to please wait  
and that he’d soon let her know of his father’s state.  
He was reassured that she would give him some time,  
as he still had to prove that her blood wasn’t grime.  
He would do what he must—at any rate.  
A threat to his parents eventually brought them to his side

and agreeing to accept Hermione as his bride.  
Draco went to her home to meet her father and her mother.  
He was pleased to see that Hermione had not found another.  
As he took her hand, he was filled with pride.  
Things had changed since the Dark Lord's demise.  
Taking Hermione as his own was something very wise.  
The only problem was that she didn't want to marry right away,  
needing to know him better and putting off the wedding day.  
He didn't mind waiting if she would be his prize.  
And it wasn't just his family that held a certain bit of prejudice.  
The Weasleys' animosity wasn't very hard to miss.  
While Potter didn't exactly like him or approve,  
he kept quiet and allowed her to make her own move.  
They all became friendlier after a night out on the piss.  
He was glad when Hermione finally set a wedding date.  
Soon she would become his lifelong mate.  
To be together, both had some things that needed to change,  
but it wasn't very hard to fix those things and rearrange.  
No, spending his life with her was the workings of Fate.

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**Southern's Notes:** This was originally written for some Potter\_Place fun, but after compiling everything together, it didn't seem to fit in (different pairing). So, I've added it here just like this. I didn't practice any particular beat or anything, but I did swipe the Limerick lines rhyme scheme. Hope you enjoyed my silliness!

**Christy's Notes:** What a great poem! I am not much for DM/HG, but Southern had me pulling for them here!