She Would Not Deny Him

by fyiagcg

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Hermione?s response.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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***A/N'*s at bottom.*

Standard Disclaimer applies, the characters are not mine, nor is any of J. K. Rowling's universe. Only the f-ed up situation they find themselves in.

Thanks to wickederinperson for beta-ing this on such short notice. Any mistakes you find, she probably told me to fix them and I ignored her.

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Hermione blinked rapidly and looked at the fair-haired man before her. His eyes were a cold, piercing grey. Her lover held her tightly by her upper arms; she knew she would find hand-shaped bruises there later. She twisted and tried to pull herself free, but his vice-like grip only grew stronger.

She looked down and could see her arms growing white beneath his hold. His fingers dug in deeply and she cried out in pain.

"Let go of me!" she screamed, tears starting to form. "You bastard! Let go of me!"

In his anger, he released her arms. Instead of turning to flee, she began to berate him further.

She had not finished saying "Fuck you" when his hand flew up and hit her face. She could feel his ring make contact with her cheekbone and, in her stupor, imagined an indentation of the Malfoy family crest there in the morning.

It hurt, like with his back-handing he had broken the entire left side of her face. It felt as though her jaw had been shattered into a thousand pieces and her ear rang.

In her pain and shock, her knees buckled and she sank to the floor, tears overwhelming her. She shook silently, only a few sobbing gasps filling the emptiness of the grand hallway of Malfoy Manor.

Draco stood over her, in a daze, looking straight ahead and shaking with fury. After a particularly loud sob from the floor, he snapped to attention and sank to his knees before her.

Almost as though both had forgotten that it had been him who had struck her, he reached to her and pulled her into a tight embrace. She limply allowed him to gather her up and brought her head to rest on his bare chest.

She did not fight him, but instead cried into his skin as he rocked her. He stroked her hair and lay light kisses on the top of her head, murmuring to her. He shh'ed her and told her he was sorry, he loved her, and everything was going to be ok, and in that moment, she believed him.

Her crying slowed and eventually stopped and his arms relaxed around her. After she had calmed enough, she reached her hand up to wipe at her tears. It brushed against his chest and she laid her hand, palm flat, to feel his heartbeat. For a moment it soothed her, but then it seemed like she suddenly remembered everything, why she was on the floor, crying.

Her other palm joined the first and she pushed against his chest. His arms strained to hold her to him but she had caught him off guard and she succeeded in breaking away. She skidded across the polished floor and then slowly, shakily got to her feet.

He rose as well and reached out to her.

She took a step back, evading his touch.

"Don't... You... Touch Me," she snarled. Still, he took another step towards her. "Don't!... Don't you come near me. Stay the fuck away from me." Her voice was low and fierce. He stopped advancing and she continued to step backward, away from him.

"If you ever hit me again... If you ever *touch* me again, I'll kill you."

He didn't argue, and she hoped that he understood just how true her statement was.

Her fear and pain had turned to anger and her eyes burned in hatred.

"I said this was over," she told him, "and I meant it. You don't get a say in it, Draco. You can't stop me from leaving you. I'm out of here. I'm gone. I don't want to be with you."

For a moment it looked like he would accept it and let her go, but the Malfoy blood running through his veins would not allow him to be so easily dismissed. He did, however, change tactics. His rage had felt almost natural, but he had never meant to hurt his Hermione. He loved her and could not lose her.

"Hermione," he began soothingly, "just talk to me. We can work this out."

"Maybe we could have, Draco," Hermione admitted with a sigh. "But not now. Not after you..." she couldn't even say the words, '.*hit me*.' "I won't stay with a man who would raise his hand to me."

"I didn't mean to! I was angry and I wasn't thinking." He took a step toward her and she did not automatically retreat. "You know I'd never cause you pain," he took another step toward her. "Not unless you wanted me to." His eyes sparkled with sexual delight and he took another step toward her. "I love you, Hermione. More than anything." With one more step he was able to reach up and gently cup her cheek, trying not to wince at the bruise already forming there. "I would never-"

She pushed his hand away.

"That's the thing, Draco. You can't say you would never hurt me. Because you *just did*. I made you angry and you hit me. Hard. Who's to say you won't do it again?"

"But I wouldn't-"

This time it was her blow that silenced him. It was an open-handed slap that echoed through the hall. It stunned him for a moment and she retreated again.

"It doesn't matter. I don't believe you. I can't trust you." She turned to go, striding toward the large front door. She did not realize her mistake in turning her back on a wizard until it was too late, and she heard him call, "*Obliviate*!"

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Hermione blinked rapidly and looked at the fair-haired man before her. Her lover held her arms tightly, but not so tight as to leave bruises, and for some reason she was grateful for that. Still, she tried to twist and pull free, but he pulled her to him in a forceful, one sided hug. He held her carefully, as though she were some fragile but valuable object that he didn't want to break.

"Draco," she began, trying to push away, "Draco, it's over. You have to understand. You, me, this whole thing... I'm ending it."

"Please, no," he murmured into her hair. "Stay. Stay and we'll talk about it. You can't just end it and go."

She pushed away from him enough to look into his stormy grey eyes. Her heart broke more with his desperation, but when she spoke it was with a resigned, determined tone befitting a know-it-all.

"Yes, I can. And I just did." In his dismay, his grip loosened enough for her to back out of his embrace. "I said this was over and I meant it. You don't get a say in it, Draco. You can't stop me from leaving you. I don't want to be with you."

His eyes sparkled in annoyance, as they did whenever she gave him a familiar lecture that he was sick of hearing.

"You can't say that," he said, like a petulant child. "You can't. You have to talk to me. You said-" She didn't know what he stopped himself from saying, but her agile mind picked up on it the moment it took for him to finish another way. "You said you love me. This isn't how love ends. I deserve an explanation. I haven't-" he stopped and seemed to correct himself again, "I would never hurt you. Not ever."

"Draco, you don't have to strike me to cause me pain," she said, tears forming. "It just... it's not working out." She took a few steps backward, not wanting to turn her back to him for some reason. "I have to go." Her hand reached behind her and opened the large, oak front door. "Goodbye, Draco," she said, closing the door and turning to walk down the front steps, wiping tears from her eyes.

She had not reached the bottom stair when she heard it: a loud slamming as both front doors flew open and almost broke off their hinges, causing her to spin around.

Draco's wand was pointed at her and he moved forward almost without walking; it was as though he hovered above the ground, and his steps were sending him forward, toward her.

Her foot found grass and she looked over her shoulder at the Malfoy Grounds. The Apparition barrier stretched just beyond the large steel gates. She turned and ran toward them, strangely frightened of the man behind her who had proposed not ten minutes before.

She knew she wouldn't reach them, despite her frantic sprinting, but was too afraid of what the man behind her, the one who claimed to love her, would do to her when he reached her.

She heard him shout but did not understand what he had said until the large metal gates slammed shut. The golden inlaid M's on each gate came to life, and two gold snakes slithered across the gates and wound in the center, locking her in more effectively than any Muggle chain and padlock.

It was this thought that reminded her she was still a witch, and she grasped her wand tightly. She aimed it at the fierce, sturdy gates and tried to think of the most powerful charm she could try. Her magic was, under normal circumstances, as formidable as Draco's, but in Malfoy Manor and its surrounding grounds, any Malfoy's magic was much stronger.

She realized, ironically, that if she had accepted his proposal, that alone would make her more powerful, here. Married to him she would have wielded more power, though never as much as someone with Malfoy blood.

She was not completely surprised when her wand flew from her hand and, presumably since she did not look behind her, into Draco's.

She was afraid of him. She didn't know why. He had never hurt her. The only pain he'd ever caused had been the kind mixed with pleasure. Pain she begged him for, pain that had turned her on and played part in some of the most intense orgasms of her life.

Still, she fled from that man who had made her feel so good.

It felt like her life was on the line, that perhaps he would not let her live without him.

Tears were streaming down her face and her lungs were burning with her effort to get away.

She had faced the Dark Lord Voldemort, helped defeat the most evil and feared wizard know to the world. She, herself, had killed Lucius Malfoy after enduring hours of torture, rape, and repeated Crucio. These men had never loved her, yet she somehow feared Draco right now more than any other man she had faced.

She reached the gate and collapsed against it, panting and sobbing.

Her mind questioned itself for a moment; did she really believe that Draco would hurt her?

She had no past transgressions to hold against him, but still something inside her knew that yes, he would. It made no sense, but her instinct had always guided her in the right direction.

Her cheek stung as she laid it against the cool metal of the gate.

It took only a few seconds for her to control her breathing and her tear ducts. She gathered up all of her vaunted Gryffindor courage and turned to face her lover-cum-attacker.

"You don't just stop loving someone, Hermione."

"Draco, I I don't know what to say. Just give me back my wand and we can talk-" but he didn't seem to hear her. His eyes turned cold as he walked toward her.

"Perhaps you never did. Is that it, Hermione? Did you lie to me? Why? Why did you say you loved me if you didn't?"

He did not acknowledge her response of "Draco, I did mean it. I did love you." She stepped away from the gate, towards him. He was so angry he barely noticed.

"What were you hoping to gain from lying about loving me? Was it for your twisted amusement? Was it revenge? You said you'd forgiven me. Then again, you were lying to me the whole time, about everything, I suppose?" It was a question, but she knew better than to try to deny it. "Was it for money? I would have given you anything. All you had to do was love me." He sank to his knees, staring at the grass, despair softening his aristocratic features.

She moved forward to comfort him and was halfway to her knees when he whipped his wand into her face. She jumped and stumbled back, falling on her arse. He stood and, wand pointed between her eyes, he towered over her.

"Draco," she pleaded, afraid of the almost insane look in his eyes. "I never lied to you. That's why I'm leaving-" Her eyes widened when sparks flew from his wand, though he never uttered a spell. "I've always been honest with you. I did mean it when I said I loved you. I just... I don't love you enough, I don't think. When... If I got married, it has to be someone I... I can't live without. I can't explain it. I just know... I know that you're not that man." His hand shook and his knuckles were turning white around his wand. "I don't mean to hurt you, but if I stayed... You wouldn't want me to be with you, knowing that I don't love you-"

"Don't say that!" he yelled, gesturing with the hand holding his wand, and the grass, an inch from her left hand, singed and fell to ash. She tried pushing herself to the other side, but as he yelled more, patch after patch of grass was burnt, all around her. "You don't just stop loving someone, it doesn't work that way. Either you love me or you don't."

"Draco, there's more to it than that-"

He cut her off with another gesture of his arm. With the enraged wave he sent another accidental spell, this time hitting her and burning a hole through her jeans, right near her knee. He seemed to have forgotten the wand was there, as he waved his hand frantically, he didn't seem to notice the damage he had started to do.

"No there's not!" He punctuated each word with a wave or thrust of his hand, burning two holes in Hermione's blouse and another in her jeans. "Just say it, Hermione," he said, burning her clothes and, with one of his misfires, a bit of her bushy hair. "Do you love me or not?"

The more she tried to tell him that there wasn't an answer, the more erratic his accidental burning hexes became, until Hermione's clothes had multiple holes and her skin was taking the blows. She ended her attempts to reason and tried to move away, but he just screamed and gestured more.

"Just say it! Do you love me? Yes or no?"

"Yes!" the accidental burning hexes stopped abruptly. "Yes, in a way, I love you." His arm started to lower. "But I don't want-"

This time she heard him shout the spell, and knew that he was completely aware of what he was doing.

She flew backwards, hitting the closed gate, hard.

She felt herself slide up the metal bars until she hovered several feet from the ground.

"No! No buts!" he brought her forward and slammed her back against the gate. "You love me." She slammed into the gate again and felt something in her break. "I love you." The next time she slammed into the gate her head hit a corner edge. "That's all that matters." She didn't fully hear much else that he said, as she was thrown back repeatedly, her head swimming and aching. Draco didn't stop his declarations of love until she was as limp as a ragdoll and blood stained the Malfoy gate.

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Draco Malfoy woke as his wife of three years thrashed and screamed beside him. He collected her to him and held her close, whispering soothing nothings and rubbing her back.

He told her how much he loved her and how lucky he was to have her. Mentally, he made a note to brew her some Dreamless Sleep.

It was not an incredibly hard potion to brew. It would be just another cauldron to watch over during the couple hours he spent every week brewing her 'medicine.'

He did not particularly like spending so much time brewing, but Severus Snape's assistance had only extended so far as recipes and directions to the right Knockturn and Diagon Alley shops. It was worth it, he knew; he hadn't liked the glazed look in her eyes when he used the Imperius Curse, and he had known she would fight it eventually. The more generalized and easy-to-brew potions had killed her spirit. He loved her, in part, for her attitude, her intelligence, the general life she was so filled with. Her shining personality had been dimmed. He had watched his parents, growing up, and never wanted a woman like his mother. Lucius had kept his wife closely in check; she had been meek and pliable when he was near, she did as she was told and cowered in submission. He never wanted to turn Hermione into that.

Eventually, Draco had found the right cocktail. Hermione loved him completely, had happily married him, and never expressed a desire to leave him. Their fights were never serious, and the make-up sex was incredible. He would, eventually, suggest the possibility of them having a child. He would produce an heir with his beautiful wife, they would have the perfect family.

For that, he would gladly spend a few hours locked in his lab each week.

He cuddled her closer as her shaking subsided, and eventually they drifted off to sleep.

He would have her in the morning, he knew he only needed to request it; she would not deny him.

His Hermione loved him, and he loved her, forever.

Author's Notes:

Ok, well this is my first attempt at something not romance/humor. I know it's not extremely dark, but for me this is pretty darn extreme. PLEASE review for me, as I would really appreciate feedback. Positive or Negative is fine, just be honest. Flames, however, will be ignored (after I cry).