

Nothing To Live For

by Southern_Witch_69

Draco feels that he has nothing to live for after the war is over.

one shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: All characters pertaining to Harry Potter were created by J.K. Rowling. I own nothing here except the plot. Happy reading!

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

Draco stood at the back of the Muggle cemetery. A tall, balding man was holding his short, thin wife up near the coffin. Their sorrow was apparent. Behind them of course, there was Harry. He was flanked on either side by Neville and Seamus. Mrs. Weasley was behind them holding Ginny's hand solemnly. The scene was sad. Someone was playing a haunting tune on bagpipes. The casket was still open. He had to see her once more...before he joined her.

He approached the casket slowly. Finnigan stepped forward uneasily, but Harry pulled him back.

"Mr. and Mrs. Granger?" Draco asked softly. They nodded vaguely. "I am Draco Malfoy. We've never met, but I've heard a lot about you." He paused, and pulled out a small envelope from his pocket. "I was told to give this to you if anything happened to her. You see I'm in love with your daughter. We've been dating privately for the last eight months. We planned to announce it to everyone after the war was over. I just thought you ought to know."

He saw Mrs. Granger tracing over Hermione's feminine writing on the envelope. She hugged him to her suddenly as if he was the last link to her daughter left on earth. Even Mr. Granger lost his composure, and he hugged Draco desperately. He hugged them back, and allowed tears to glide down his cheeks. They were the last of many that he would shed for Hermione.

Draco looked to Harry, and held out a hand. Harry took it firmly. Hermione had died saving Draco. That was just after Ron had died for her. She had jumped in front of a curse meant for Draco, and fell with him to the ground. Harry came up immediately, and killed the last of the Death Eaters. One of them happened to be his father, Lucius. It was Lucius' wand that sent the curses that killed both Ron and Hermione. Draco burned his body for spite, but it did not satisfy him. He needed her in his life. Death would have been welcomed had he known how empty he'd feel without her.

"Harry, you are everything I would have wanted to become. A true hero. A man of honor. She was all I had. All I lived for." Before Harry could reply, Draco turned away, and went to the casket. There she was. Flashes of her smile, her body, her scent, her warm arms, and her beautiful brown eyes drifted through his thoughts. This was not the woman he loved. It was only an echo of her as she had been. Her lifeless skin was whitened by death. Her lips were paler than he'd ever known them to be. Her light curly hair was brushed down around her shoulders. He lightly moved a lock back from her face. He bent to kiss her lips. "I love you, Hermione."

Without another glance at anyone, he swiftly pulled his wand from his crisp, Muggle tuxedo, and pointed it at himself. He heard Harry scream, "No!" Too late. He felt the brush of the hero's fingers at his back just as he whispered, "*Avada Kedavra!*"

The last thoughts that went through his mind were of Hermione. He'd see her soon he knew. It was the second time he saw her face lit in that horrible, green, killing curse glow. Yet, she still looked beautiful. His eyes closed.

Draco felt odd. He felt almost weightless. In fact, he was drifting. He looked below him at the scene taking place. He saw his body draped half over Hermione's coffin. Harry was clutching at him madly, repeating an anguished no over and over. Hermione's mum had fainted. Ginny was trying to calm Harry. What was happening? Then he heard the sweetest voice call to him.

"Draco, love?"

He turned. She was near him, watching the scene below as well. "My love! I've found you," he said softly, drifting closer to her.

"I love you, but I hate that you had to do this to be with me. You had your whole life before you. I would have waited."

"Nobody there gave a damn about me. Both parents dead. Half the people I know dead. The love of my life gone. If I only had you, it would have been enough, but without you, I had nothing to live for." He pulled her hand to his lips. She felt eerily soft, but real enough to touch.

"You're wrong, Draco. There was another who loved you as I did. Look again...more closely. I had hoped you two would take care of each other."

Draco looked down. Harry was holding his body, rocking him back and forth. "You mean to say...that...Harry...?"

"That's right. He confessed it to my body after they took it from the church a bit ago. I was touched. I thought you'd be drawn to him as well since he was so close to me. I had no idea what you were thinking. You hadn't spoken since I died. I've been with you almost the entire time," she said softly.

He gave one last look to poor Harry, but then took her hand firmly. "It's done now. I've no regrets. We are together."

She smiled. "Yes...join us now."

He looked past her for the first time, and he saw that they were not alone. All who had fallen in the war were there: Ron, Dumbledore, Snape, Hagrid, all the other Weasleys, half of his year at Hogwarts... everyone. Everyone who was on the good side that is to say.

"Come along, Draco. Time for your next journey," Dumbledore said wisely. Draco noticed that even in death his eyes twinkled impishly.

"I'm ready," Draco stated. Hermione guided him forward, and the scene below them vanished as he felt as if he was being portkeyed someplace.

A/N: Sad isn't it? The story came over me one night when I was listening to a haunting song by Evanescence called Hello. Check it out if you get time. You'll see how it made me feel so melancholy.