

To Be Worthy

by *Southern_Witch_69*

Needing help, Ginny writes to Draco to make a deal. But is his price too much to pay, and how will it affect her relationship with Harry?

One-shot Story

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I'm snatching some of JKR's characters for a bit of fun! No Galleons are being made. Shame, that.

Thanks go to amsev for the quick beta.

"Oi, Ginny, that bloody owl is back...landed right on top of my head while I was eating, he did," Ron fumed. "Who's been sending you letters?"

"That's none of your business," she retorted, brushing past him to get in the kitchen and retrieve her awaited letter from the bird.

Her name was finely scrawled on the top of the creamy envelope, causing her stomach to tremble with anticipation. What would be his reply? Would he accept her proposition?

Noticing that Ron was watching her intently, she nodded her thanks to the owl and quickly fled back up the stairs where she locked herself in her room to read in privacy.

Ginevra,

Meet me at the Leaky Cauldron tomorrow evening. Room sixty-nine. Tell no one.

"Oh, shit," she said breathlessly, fingers trembling. "He's agreed."

It was what she wanted...well, not this exactly. No, this was just a means to an end. One night with him would secure her future. Her cheeks burned as her mother's face, twisted with disgust and disappointment, flitted through her mind.

I'm not a scarlet woman or a whore. This is just the only way that I can afford the healing courses I need to secure a position at St. Mungo's.

She couldn't let Harry pay for it, though he wanted to. He'd done so much for her family already since her father's death. The twins had been helping out as well, so she didn't want to put more of a burden on them either. And there was no way she'd accept Percy's offer to work at the Ministry with him...his price was too high: leaving the family, ending things with Harry.

"I can do this on my own." The lump in her throat was hard to swallow. She and Harry had found their way back to each other just before he'd defeated Voldemort, but their relationship wasn't stable, as both were quite busy at times. He was still going through his Auror training, and she'd been gone to finish her final years at Hogwarts.

However, it was an unspoken agreement that once things got on track again, they would marry and settle down...together.

But how could she prove that she could bring something to the marriage and be the partner he deserved if she had to let him pay for everything? Her pride wouldn't allow it. She didn't want to be Ginny Weasley, Potter's poor wife, whom he'd felt obligated to marry. No, she wanted to be Ginny Weasley, St. Mungo's Healer, who Potter chose as his equal to marry.

But how can you do this to Harry? It's cheating on him. You know he hasn't been having sex with anyone but you.

Frowning slightly, she pushed those thoughts away determinedly. Malfoy had been making lewd comments to her for a long time. He'd seen her the month before and was so pissed that he'd said many things she was sure he didn't mean...like how he couldn't get her out of his mind, how lovely she was, how he'd give anything to have just one night with her.

Those words had touched her of course. Who wouldn't be flattered? But she knew the truth beneath it all. He only wanted her because she was Harry's. To have sex with her would be winning something against Harry finally.

And here she was allowing it to happen.

But Harry would never know. Draco's victory would be a private one. It was a stipulation of hers...a Wizard's Oath would be needed to ensure it. *Harry, I'm so sorry...* she thought sadly as she gazed over at the picture on her bedside.

The door opened before she had a chance to knock on it. When she saw the smug expression on his face, she nearly turned and fled. The only thing that made her lower her eyes and brush past him was the fact that she needed his help. Without his financial backing, she wouldn't be able to complete her education in healing and make her family proud... to make herself worthy of Harry.

"Do you have your wand?" she asked shakily.

"Of course," he said, closing the door with a click and striding towards her, taking a wand from his pocket as he did so.

"Swear on it that you will tell no one of this."

"That's unnecessary."

"I don't trust you. Do it."

"Protecting Potter, are you?"

"And myself," she admitted with a curt nod.

"Very well." He lifted his wand. "I swear by Wizard's Oath on my wand that I will not speak of our arrangement to anyone."

She nodded and gazed over at the bed. Swallowing thickly, she said, "I guess we should get this over with."

"Over with?" He chuckled and moved closer. "The agreement was one night with me. Those were *your* words as well as my own."

"But I thought... What I meant was..."

Draco reached out to trace her cheek with one pale hand, causing her to flinch and step back. "Having second thoughts?"

"No," she said firmly, lifting her chin slightly.

"I will touch you," he said softly, stepping closer and bringing his hand up again to touch her heated face. He lowered his head slowly, and she closed her eyes, not wanting to see the lips that were about to press against hers, not wanting to see that it was Draco and not Harry.

However, instead of grazing her lips, she felt them against her earlobe, sending a shiver through her body and goosebumps to rise on her arms.

"I've wanted you for a long time," he whispered, his hot breath tickling her skin.

Her legs began to tremble slightly, and it felt as though dozens of butterflies had taken flight in her stomach. "Please, Malfoy, just... don't."

"Don't what?" he asked softly, moving back just enough to look into her eyes. "Don't make you want me? Don't show you how good I can make you feel?" His lips moved closer to hers, lowering, inching forward, grazing them... pressing against them and seeking reciprocation.

Opening her mouth to reply was a mistake. He took advantage of it, kissing her more forcefully and using his tongue to explore her mouth. When her response wasn't what he'd wanted, he pulled back, one hand tangled in her fiery hair, and said, "Don't think. Just feel. Let me enjoy this."

After she gave him a slight nod, his lips met hers again, but this time she tentatively returned his passionate kiss...enough so that he moaned in approval. Pushing all thoughts of betraying Harry from her mind wasn't as hard as she'd thought it would be. Somewhere deep inside of her, she knew who was making love to her, but she tried to lie to herself and pretend that it was Harry. Denial was a grand thing. Draco smoothly went to work on her body, making her sigh, tense up, and enjoy his touch. It was as if he knew exactly what she liked and how to arouse her.

It felt as though eons had passed by the time he finally pushed into her, making himself part of her. And she was past ready for it. While she hadn't explored his body with the same fervor he'd had for hers, she couldn't deny that he pleased her physically or that she wanted him inside of her.

"Merlin, so hot," he whispered appreciatively before beginning a steady rhythm of deep strokes.

Every touch and caress heightened her senses. "Oh..." Wanting to chase the small feeling of bliss she felt building within, she began to move and grind against him madly. "Yes, yes," she moaned. In the moment the orgasm found her, she called out, "Ah, God, Harry!"

It was only after he'd climaxed and stopped moving that she realized what she'd said. Her eyes snapped open, brown meeting gray.

"After all that, you can still think of *Potter*?" he asked incredulously.

"I... Yes. I love him."

"If you love him, you wouldn't be here, doing this. You want me. Why else would you have come?"

"You know why."

He snorted and rolled over to lie on his back. "Yes, money so you can start your training." His voice was bitter. "Do you think he cares about that? He'd have given you the money if you'd asked for it!"

"What do you care?" she asked angrily, tears flowing down her cheeks. "Not every family is like yours, Malfoy! We've never really had much, and Harry... Harry deserves someone better than me... better than what I come from. I just want to..."

"The Weasleys are a much better lot than the bloody Malfoys will ever be!" Draco yelled suddenly, jumping up from the bed and pacing angrily, not caring about his nakedness.

"What? I don't understand," she said uncertainly, pulling the sheet up to her chest to cover her body as she sat up.

"I love you," he said heatedly. "I don't care that your family hasn't any money. You all welcomed me so easily into your lives. Though I don't have my parents or Sirius, I always thought, deep down, about how lucky I was to have Molly and Arthur, who took me in and treated me as one of their own." He stopped and gazed at her darkly, blond hair covering one of his eyes slightly. "I don't care if you have a job or money! I just want a family... with you."

"I don't understand, Malfoy. What are you talking about? You're acting as though..." She paused, frowning. He was acting as if he were Harry. Had he gone mental? She'd heard that he'd suffered a blow to the head, but she didn't realize how badly his mind had been altered. "You don't love me, and you're definitely not Harry. Stop trying to fuck with my head!"

She jumped up and began searching for the clothing he'd easily removed from her.

"Oh, no you don't! All night. That was the deal."

"NO! I don't care about your sodding Galleons! I'm leaving!"

"I wasn't going to say anything," he said softly.

The tone of his voice made her pause and turn to him, jumper clutched against her chest.

"I was going to let you come here, do what you wanted, give you the money, and let you leave without knowing." His eyes were shining. "But when you said my name, I knew I couldn't. You were doing this... for me. Putting yourself through this, pretending another man was me... because you thought you weren't good enough for me."

"H-Harry?" she asked uncertainly. It was Draco's voice and face, but his mannerisms and expressions belonged to Harry.

He nodded. "Yeah."

"But how did you... Oh, God." She swayed slightly as realization hit her. Harry had Polyjuiced himself as Draco. He knew...knew that she'd meant to betray him, had betrayed him. "Please, let me explain," she began tearfully.

"You don't have to. I already know why."

Somehow she made it to the bed and collapsed onto it, hands covering her face as she cried in misery. She'd only been trying to do the right thing, but now her rash decision was going to cost her everything she was trying to protect. When she felt his arms pull her into an embrace and heard soothing words whispered into her ear, she cried even more. Maybe she didn't deserve Harry at all...never had. He could have any witch in the world, and she doubted they'd betray him the way she had.

"So sorry, Harry," she mumbled, trying to wipe her eyes.

"Shhh... Don't cry."

"I di-didn't think..."

"You're all I've wanted for a long time, and I don't care if you haven't a single Sickle when we marry. I don't care if you have a job. I just want to spend my life for you, want to take care of you. I love you."

"Still? Even after I've done this?" She waved a hand towards the bed.

"More so, I think."

Fiercely, she returned his hug and rocked slightly with him until all of her sobs had quieted and until she felt his body shifting and changing. Only then did she pull back and gaze into the green eyes she loved so much.

"I'm sorry, Harry. I hope you know that I'll never do anything like this again. I don't know what I was thinking. I can't believe I went through with it."

"Something you'd said a while back reminded me of things Ron used to say, and I couldn't get it out of my mind. I'd never known you to be ashamed of your family or to think less of yourself than others."

"Well, at first when I went to Hogwarts, I wished that I was from another family. It's hard being poor and never having anything new."

"But that's all changed and has been changed for a long time."

"I know, but when we were at that Auror gathering, I was in the loo and overheard some women commenting about us, and they weren't all that impressed that you'd settled for a *Weasley* when you could have anyone. They said you'd just stayed with me because you felt you owed my family." She shrugged. "I know in my heart that's not true, but it's been eating away at me. It's the only reason I contacted Draco."

"About that... I didn't mean to pry in your mail, but I saw his name on that envelope before you gave it to Errol." His cheeks reddened. "I slipped out, caught up to him on my broom, and Stunned him, reading your letter." A sigh escaped. "I was hurt, and it was hard to not say anything, but I had to see what would happen. It's why I agreed to your terms."

"But how did you get him to go along with this?"

"Oh, he doesn't know. I just Summoned a bit of his hair from his robes when I saw him after that, purchased the potion, and the rest is history."

"Does anyone else know?"

"No."

"Harry..."

"Shhh. I believe I paid for this room for the entire night. Let's not waste time. Make love with me, Gin."

"I don't deserve you," she said softly.

"Now don't start that up again," he said with a small smirk. "Don't want to have to go round Polyjuicing myself. The git's potion tastes terrible, and his knob is too small to do what I want to with you. I'd much rather have you with my own body, thanks."

Their laughter faded when his lips found hers.

Southern's Notes: This was something I started before Deathly Hallows came out, and I'd planned on having a different ending, but when I opened it up this morning, I couldn't help changing my original plans. I'm much happier with this. Hope you enjoyed.