

Forever Yours

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Will Ginny be able to cope with the pressures of being a prefect? How will she cope with her traumatic past in the war? Will she find love in comfort in an unexpected person?

The Secret

Chapter 1 of 4

Will Ginny be able to cope with the pressures of being a prefect? How will she cope with her traumatic past in the war?
Will she find love in comfort in an unexpected person?

Author's Note:

This is my first ever fan-fic. I have worked really hard on it, and so far it is only halfway done (I have the beginning and the end done!). Anyways, I hope you enjoy it. Please leave me comments. I take constructive criticism very well. I also love to hear words of encouragement or suggestions on where you want this story to go! Thanks!

The warnings are for later chapters. Also, I do not own the Harry Potter characters. They belong to J.K. Rowling. But you already know that. I just wanted to add that in.

Lots of love!

Chapter One

The Secret

The Hogwarts Express was beginning to speed off. Ginny Weasley jumped through the doors just in time. She rolled her eyes at Ron, who was gasping and clutching a stitch in his side.

"I--cannot--believe--the train--was already--leaving!--We were--at least--five minutes--early!" he managed to say.

"We were not five minutes early, Ron! We were five minutes LATE!" Ginny exclaimed. "It's my first day as a prefect, and now, thanks to you, I am late for my first meeting!" She shoved him aside as she ran past him, trying to ignore that innocent, confused look on his face.

Ginny cared about her brother, but his dimwittedness was really beginning to get to her. He always seemed the most ignorant when there was something important going on. And she had wanted this year to start out perfect. She was bound and determined that the war over the previous summer was not going to get her down, no matter what happened in it to her.

Her body tensed up at the unwanted flashback of the previous summer. The sight of bodies falling on all sides of her as curses were thrown in every direction, the icy-cold dread she experienced as she felt someone grab her and take her into the woods, the sounds of herself screaming and begging him to let her go, the sound of him

whispering in her ear, "I am going to make you pay for what your family has done, blood traitor."

"Are you okay? Ginny? Ginny, speak to me! Say something!" Ginny opened her eyes to the familiar sound.

"Hermione? Is that you? What happened?" she asked wearily.

"You passed out," Hermione answered. "Gin, are you okay? You are as pale as a ghost. Are you going to be able to make it okay on the train? Should I get someone?" Her voice was slightly high-pitched from worry.

"No, no, I'm okay. I promise. I just... I guess I must be stressed out from... from being a prefect... I am really nervous." Ginny struggled to find the words for her lie. Her mind was still swimming. She was becoming aware of the fact that she was lying on the floor in the hallway of the train. Her face began to grow red.

"You don't have to lie to me, Gin. I am not going to judge you. Were you thinking about... you know what?" Hermione always seemed to know what she was thinking. She sometimes wondered if Hermione was secretly studying Legilimency.

"I will tell you later," Ginny said. She did not want the whole world to know what had happened to her. She already received unwanted attention from being a Weasley, and if this was added onto her popularity resume, she was sure she would become a complete freak. She tried to repress the added thought, "like Harry."

Ginny loved Harry dearly. But she could not handle the thought of going out with him, knowing all of the attention he received, which would surely shine on her. Life was tough for a girl whose main goal in life was to just fit in and blend into the crowd.

"Okay, if you are sure you are all right. Come on. The prefects' meeting is about to begin," Hermione said while helping Ginny up and guiding her along the way.

Ginny walked into the compartment and looked around. She immediately noticed the smug, pointed face of Draco Malfoy. His eyes caught hers, and she tried to look away, but it was too late.

"Like what you see, Weasley?" he said with a smirk.

"Eat dragon dung, Malfoy." Ginny retorted. After the summer, Ginny could not stand to think about anyone associated with *him*. She still could not believe Malfoy was allowed to be a prefect. Maybe Dumbledore was losing his mind in his old age.

"Everyone settle down, please, and take your seats," Professor McGonagall said. "Thank you. The meeting has officially begun. First off, I would like to welcome our newest prefects! May you hold true to the powers granted to you. Now, I am going to explain the responsibilities of the prefects. First off, you are to patrol the train every fifteen minutes. You will take turns doing so using this schedule." She waved her wand in the air and caught a roll of parchment that fell out of thin air. She passed it around, allowing everyone to take a look at it.

Ginny's heart fell when she saw she had patrol duties with none other than Malfoy. *Oh, I cannot believe this! Well, at least it is just on the train,* she thought to herself a moment too soon.

"Please note the person you are on duty with now is the person you shall be paired with for the entire term," Professor McGonagall said in a matter-of-fact tone.

Ugh! You have got to be kidding me! Malfoy for an entire term! There is no way I can handle this! Malfoy looked at the schedule as it was passed to him, and Ginny saw the corners of his mouth barely twist into a smirk.

Look at him sitting there! I bet he is sitting there wondering how he is going to make this year a living hell for me! What was McGonagall playing at, pairing me up with him? I cannot believe this is actually happening to me! Could this day get any worse?

Across the compartment, Draco Malfoy was barely able to suppress his grin. *Oh, Weasley, this is going to be a FUN year for me and you!*

Well, that's it for the first chapter! I would put more, but it is getting late, so I guess you will have to wait until the next chapter to find out what happens! Please leave comments. Remember, this is my first fan-fic, so I am still pretty new at this. Thanks for reading!

Duties With Draco

Chapter 2 of 4

Will Ginny be able to cope with the pressures of being a prefect? How will she cope with her traumatic past in the war?
Will she find love in comfort in an unexpected person?

Author's Note:

This chapter was actually just thrown in for fun. I love reading about Draco teasing other people, so now I am taking advantage of the fact that he is one of the main characters and I am getting a chance to write about it instead of just reading it!

Chapter Two

Duties with Draco

Ginny and Hermione found the compartment Harry, Ron, and Neville were sitting in and opened the door to join them. Hermione was grinning from ear to ear. She had been paired with Drew Draike, a sixth-year Ravenclaw whom Hermione had really liked since her and Ron broke up last year.

Ginny, however, had never felt more miserable. She had been looking forward to being a prefect since she got her letter. She was even spared the humiliation her twin

brothers usually caused for the newest prefect of the Weasley family because of the previous summer's events. But she could not handle thinking about that anymore. It already haunted her every thought. And now, she had duties with Malfoy!

"What's up with you, Ginny?" Harry asked. "You look really upset."

"Ginny got paired up with Malfoy for the rest of the year." Hermione interjected.

"What, are you serious? Why Malfoy? Are you kidding me? After what happened this summer, they went and paired you up with Malfoy? Dumbledore knows what happened, and he went and paired you with that creep's son?" Ron went ballistic. He was pacing around and hollering. By the time he saw Ginny trying to silently get him to shut up, it was too late.

"What happened last summer?" Neville asked. "Was it the war? Did something happen to you, Ginny?"

"Don't worry about it, Neville. It's nothing," Ginny answered, glaring at Ron.

After she was released from St. Mungo's last summer, there was a meeting set up with Ginny, her family, and Dumbledore to talk about if she would go back to school. To Mrs. Weasley's dismay, Ginny informed everyone she was fine and wanted to go back. However, she made everyone swear they would not let the school know what happened to her.

She knew her mother wanted to keep her home so she could keep an eye on her, but Ginny did not know if she could handle not going back. She wanted to have something in her life to look forward to. Plus she knew people would question her absence, and she had a feeling her secret would leak out somehow.

The compartment was quiet except for the occasional huffs from Ron until Ginny's time came for prefect duty.

"All right, you all, I'm off!" she said. "Wish me luck."

"Good luck, Ginny. I may come out there and hang out with you for a little while." Hermione told her.

"Okay," Ginny replied. "Thanks."

And with that, she was out the door and gone.

Ginny was patrolling the corridors for quite some time before Malfoy showed up.

"Well, look who finally decided to grace us with his presence!" Ginny said sarcastically.

"Look, Weasley, let's get something straight. We--," Malfoy began, but Ginny cut him off.

"No, Malfoy. Let ME get something straight with YOU! If I have to be stuck with you for the entire term, then you will at least give me enough respect to show up for your shift on time!" she exclaimed angrily.

Malfoy was taken aback by Ginny's interruption, but inwardly smiled nevertheless. Her face turned red when she was angry, he noticed, and her voice becomes low and felt like ice. He was surprised he had never noticed before how cute she was when she got like that. It was almost like...

"Whoa, hold it! Stop right there, Draco Malfoy!" he told himself. "You did not just have that thought with a blood-traitor! And yet, I can't deny the fact that she is very attractive. A nice shape, perfect tits... No! Stop it! You cannot get feelings for a Weasley! It is out of the question!"

"Malfoy, are you going to listen to anything I say or are you just going to stare at my chest all day?" Ginny said, snapping him back to reality.

"I can't help it!" Malfoy said, trying to redeem himself and save his reputation. "It's not everyday you see ones that are that grotesque! I didn't even know anyone's chest could be so lopsided and ugly!" He realized a second too late how lame he sounded, which caused Ginny to be very suspicious.

"Stay away from me, Malfoy," she said coldly and walked away.

"Dear God, Malfoy, could you be any more stupid!" Draco was muttering to himself as he watched Ginny purposely avoiding him for the rest of their shift. "So much for ever getting a chance with her!" he watched her as she talked with Hermione, who had showed up to keep her company.

"But I don't want a chance with her!" he argued to himself. "Why would I want to screw a blood-traitor Weasley? But, then again, she is a pure-blood. So if I ever did feel the desire, which I don't, she is fair game."

"So he actually was staring at your chest?" Hermione asked in disbelief.

"Yeah, it's crazy, I know. But he was." Ginny answered. "And you know how Malfoy is, he always seems to have a retort ready for anyone, but this time it was different. It was almost as if he acted like I caught him doing something wrong. He acted really guilty. God, I don't need this stuff this year! What the hell was Dumbledore thinking?"

"I have been wondering that same question since I found out, Gin. But you know Dumbledore. He is a genius. I am sure he knew what he was doing, even if we can't see the reason right now. Come on, it's getting dark. The train is probably getting close to Hogwarts, and neither of us is even in our uniforms. Your shift is over; let's head back." And with that, they were off.

Author's Note:

So that is it for chapter two! Thank you so much for those who have reviewed and left advice! Please keep them coming! I love hearing from you! And yes, I know right now that all of the characters are acting somewhat cliché but there is a reason for that. There is a lot of predictable actions from the characters in the first few chapters, but this is because as the story is going on, it is going to get more and more unexpected but it will be done gradually so I had to start with the predictable in the beginning. But I am giving too much away now. Anyways, the next chapter is coming soon! Thank you for reading! Please review!

The Disturbance

Chapter 3 of 4

Will Ginny be able to cope with the pressures of being a prefect? How will she cope with her traumatic past in the war?
Will she find love in comfort in an unexpected person?

Author's Note:

This is actually a combination of some of my favorite stories and fan-fictions as well as my own creativity. I put a lot more time and thought into this chapter than the others, so I hope you enjoy it! Please read and review!

Chapter Three

The Disturbance

Ginny was patrolling the halls at Hogwarts. It was late at night, and she was alone. Draco had failed to show up for his shift for the second time this week. She made a mental note to herself to report Draco to Dumbledore as soon as she got the chance.

Ginny had been back at Hogwarts for a week now. Out of this week, Malfoy had been on time, if he showed up at all, to only one prefect duty. He usually had a lame excuse as to why he did not show up on time. Ginny had heard everything from the halfway believable, "I was sick", to the completely outrageous, "I was helping a second year who tripped on the vanishing step". Of course, there was those couple of times when Malfoy had no excuse or explanation on where he was.

Probably out screwing some girl or another, Ginny thought to herself. She still had not gotten over what happened on the train. She had come to the conclusion from that experience that Malfoy was nothing more than a sleazy pervert, and she felt that description fit him perfectly.

Ginny walked around the deserted corridor, coming up with no less than twenty other names for Malfoy when she decided she needed to get out of the castle. She needed some time to clear her head. Plus she only had twenty minutes until the end of her shift, and the chances of something happening in that time that would require her there was below zero.

The soft wind blew in Draco's hair as he walked along the quiet grounds. He was walking along the edge of the Forbidden Forest, listening to the sounds of rare and exotic animals that lurked inside. He felt more relaxed than he had in a long time. He did not think life could get any better than this until...

"Hey you, over there! What are you doing out this late? Who are you?" an oddly familiar voice called out to him.

What in the world, who is that? Is that... no it can't be. She is supposed to be on duty still, but it sounded a lot like Weasley Draco thought to himself. A cloud moved away from the moon, allowing light to shine on the angry figure now stalking toward Draco. *Oh, you have got to be kidding me! It is Weasley! Ugh, what the hell does that blood traitor want now?*

"Malfoy?" Ginny asked with shock and, wait, was that *fear* in her voice? Draco considered Ginny for a moment, wondering why she would be so afraid until she continued.

"What the hell are you doing out here, Malfoy? Why weren't you at prefect duty tonight?" Ginny asked angrily. Any previous trace of fear was now gone in her voice.

"While we are interrogating people here, I have a question for you," Draco said, trying to change the subject. "Why are you still not at duty? Your shift is not over yet."

The truth was, Draco had been avoiding prefect duty since the incident on the train. He would go just enough times to keep McGonagall off his back, but no more than that. He could not stop thinking about what had gone on between him and Ginny in the corridors. At first, he brushed his feelings off as a moment of insanity. But they kept getting stronger every time he saw her, especially when she was angry. It confused him more than anything else. He was Draco Malfoy, for goodness sake. She was a blood traitor! And a Malfoy did not fall in love with a blood traitor.

Malfoy snapped out of his thoughts to realize Ginny had been ranting and raving at him the entire time. How long had it been? Five minutes? An hour? He didn't know.

Why am I sitting here listening to this? She isn't a bloody professor Draco began to walk away, cutting Ginny off in midsentence.

"Malfoy! Where are you going? I'm not done talking to you!" Ginny called after him, but to no avail. Draco kept walking. She ran after him, eventually catching up to him at the front doors of the castle.

"What the hell do you think you are doing, just walking off like that? Do you---," Ginny stopped dead in her tracks when she realized what was waiting for them at the front door.

"Follow me," Professor McGonagall said. Ginny was shocked. She did not have her usual stern voice. She almost worried about something *What has happened?* Ginny wondered as she followed McGonagall down the corridor. She soon realized she was being led straight to the spot she was on duty at earlier that night.

When the three of them got there, they were met by Dumbledore and the Minister of Magic, as well as several aurors.

"Well now," McGonagall began, her voice back to its normal strict tone. "I'll have you know that while the two of you were out on a little rendezvous, someone was busy breaking into the castle! Lucky for you, they did not get far, thanks to the high-security the headmaster placed on the school a few years ago. But the two of you should be ashamed of yourselves! Fifty points will be taken from each of your houses! And you should count your lucky stars tonight that the headmaster has not decided to bestow more harsh punishments on you! If it was my choice, your rights as prefects would be taken away from you in an instant!"

"But, alas, it is not up to you, Professor McGonagall," Dumbledore interjected, having been listening to the conversation the entire time. He raised his hand for silence when McGonagall tried to say something. "Mr. Malfoy, you are excused to your dormitory. Ms. Weasley, if you would come with me."

Ginny followed the headmaster to his office where he had her sit down in one of his squishy armchairs. She felt her face grow red in shame. How could she be so stupid and leave her shift? This was Hogwarts; something was bound to happen!

"Ginevra, I hope that my light punishment has not given you the false idea that this is not a very serious matter." Dumbledore began. Ginny tried to say something, but he stopped her.

"Please, let me continue," he said. "As I was saying, this is a very serious matter, indeed. I would have hoped after what happened last summer that you would be more cautious this year. Don't take Voldemort's (Ginny winced at the name) fall for granted. There are still people out there that want to continue his plans of making an all pureblood wizarding world.

"Death Eaters are still out there. They see you, and they see someone who caused the fall of two of the strongest Death Eaters there ever were: Lucius Malfoy and Bellatrix Lestrange. I know you don't like to talk about this, but it must be said. You have *got* to be more careful! I hope you can understand that because of this, we are tightening security on the school and on you."

Ginny, who had been staring at her feet the entire time, looked up when he said this. Add more security on her? Does this mean everyone is going to know what happened? What was she going to do? All of her hard work of making sure no one knew, and now this was happening!

"With that being said, I bid you goodnight Ms. Weasley," Dumbledore said, excusing her from his office.

Author's Note: YAY! This chapter is finally done! It took me much longer to write this than I expected, and it has a lot more information that I was planning to give at first, but overall, I am pretty happy with the way it turned out. Thank you for reading and please, please, please review!

The Dream

Chapter 4 of 4

Will Ginny be able to cope with the pressures of being a prefect? How will she cope with her traumatic past in the war?
Will she find love in comfort in an unexpected person?

Author's Note:

Please note there is a lot of violence, abuse, bondage, implied rape, and deaths of unknown characters in this chapter. If you are easily offended by this, please do not read on! You have been warned!

Chapter Four

The Dream

It was almost pitch black in the forest clearing. If it were not for the flashes of light from wands, Ginny would not be able to see anything. She was running as fast as she could to get away from the battle. Her heart was pounding in her chest as she tried to work out what was going on around her. They were just having a party for all of the workers of the Ministry of Magic and their families, and everything went dark. The next thing she knew, the air was filled with popping sounds from Death Eaters Apparating all around her. She swore there must have been hundreds of them, more than anyone could have ever guessed to be Death Eaters.

Ginny was running so fast, she did not know where she was going. She tripped and looked down and saw the outline of a body on the ground. She did not even have time to stop and see who it was when she felt a strong hand cover her mouth.

"Where do you think you're going, girlie?" an icy voice whispered in her ear. She was trying to pull the hand over her mouth, but he was too strong, and soon another hand grabbed her wrists and held them down. Ginny tried to scream, but her voice was muffled into his hand and lost in the sounds of the battle. He dragged her into the woods and found a secluded area. She could still hear the screaming of everyone in the battle, though they were sounded much more distant now.

The man released his hand from over her mouth and immediately she began begging him, "Please let me go! Don't kill me! Please, just let me go--" she was stopped midsentence as a fist met her jaw and she was knocked to the floor.

"You will not speak unless you are spoken to, girl!" the man growled at her. "You better learn your place fast!"

Ginny made no other noise. She tried desperately not to cry; she did not want this man to see her weakness. She began watching him, wondering what her fate was going to be.

The man seemed to be distracted and was looking around the forest, as if he was expecting someone. Before Ginny had the chance to wonder any longer on who he was waiting for, she heard someone moving in the trees directly across from her.

"Did you get the girl?" she heard a woman ask. "Where is she?"

The man pointed over at Ginny, but did not say anything.

"Perfect," the woman said. "The Dark Lord will be very pleased with you. She is very important to his plans."

"So you do know his plans then," the man said. "Tell me then, what are they?"

"If the Dark Lord does not see fit that you know, it is not my place to tell you," she replied.

Ginny was so confused. What were they talking about? What plans did she fit into? Fear overwhelmed her, and she finally felt tears sneaking out of her eyes and down her pale, bruised face. Neither Death Eater seemed to notice, however. They seemed caught up in an argument that had grown between them.

"The Dark Lord does not want you to know, Lucius. Do not question him."

Lucius, Lucius Malfoy? Panic hit Ginny when she realized who was on the other side of the mask. Surely, if she was in the hands of Lucius Malfoy, she was not going to come out of this alive! Ginny was glad she was sitting on the forest ground; otherwise, she might have passed out from fear.

"It does not matter anyways," Lucius said. "I have got the girl like he requested. He is going to be pleased, yes, very pleased." He seemed to be talking more to himself than to the lady.

"I'm going back to help the others. The Order is putting up a great fight. Several Apparated just seconds after we arrived. I think they were tipped off on us coming today."

"Go ahead, Bella. I can handle the girl from here," Lucius said, and with that, she ran into the forest to the sounds of the distant war still raging on.

"YOU!" Lucius barked at Ginny. "Get over here!"

When she hesitated, he pointed his wand at her with a silent spell that forced her to come flying in his direction and land hard on the floor at his feet.

"You will come to me when I call you!" he spat at her.

By this time, Ginny's eyes were swelling with tears. She could feel a bruise starting to form where she had landed. She could see the tips of his steel-toes boots under his robes. Unable to stop herself, she followed his robes all the way up to his masked face. She could just see his cold, gray eyes through the holes. They were full of hatred, looking down on her.

Ginny was so scared; she did not know what to do. What would happen if she never made it away alive? She would never see her family again. What about her friends at school? What about Harry?

Any further thoughts were interrupted when Lucius grabbed her robes and pulled her to her feet with a force so strong, she could not have stopped it if she would have tried.

"Well now, we have exactly four hours until we leave. A lot can happen in that time," Lucius growled in her ear. "Whether or not you live or die is none of my concern. It is simply up to you. If you cooperate, you *may* live. If you don't cooperate, you *will* die. I should say the rules are simple enough to understand, even for a blood traitor like you. Wouldn't you agree?"

Ginny was too scared to speak. His words were still floating in her head, trying to register *You may live...* A slap across her face brought her back to reality.

"Answer me when I ask you a question!" Lucius demanded. "Do you agree?"

"Y-y-yes," Ginny barely managed to say.

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, sir," she corrected herself.

He leaned towards her and whispered into her ear, "I am going to make you pay for what your family has done, blood traitor."

Realization of what was about to happen hit Ginny hard. She began to panic. Lucius, who always thought ahead of time, was expecting this reaction and grabbed her hands just in time to prevent her from attacking him or trying to get away.

"It would be very wise for you to control yourself, Miss Weasley," he said. "After all, we have a long, busy time ahead of us together. I would like it to be as simple as possible. But don't forget this; I have no problem cursing you right here and right now. I would actually enjoy it. Don't give me a reason to do so."

With that, he dragged her to two nearby trees that were considerably close to each other. He conjured ropes with his wands that magically bound Ginny's arms and legs to the trees, leaving her spread-eagle. He walked close to her, so close she could feel his breath on her shoulder. With a wave of his wand, her clothes were in a pile on the forest ground. All she could do was stand there, completely defenseless, unable to move while he attacked her. She felt him ripping her inside, taking away her innocence, with just one quick movement.

Ginny woke up in a cold sweat. This had not been the first time she had experienced that dream, but it still affected her as if she had never felt it before.

Okay, there it is. The long-awaited chapter. I have rewritten this so many times, it is ridiculous. I wanted it to be perfect, and every time I wrote it, I either did not give enough information or I gave too much. Thank you for being so patient. An extra thank you must be given to the people who have left me comments! Please keep them coming! I enjoy hearing from you!