Bad Day

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You belong to me

Bad day

Disclaimer: Not mine. Just the idea is mine.

A/N: Written in a mood of loneliness because my personal angel once more left…

Draco was – and that was the understatement of the year – shocked to the core when he met the young man who used to hate him with such intensity. Ronald Weasley, youngest male son of the poorest, but at the same time richest (if you counted the number of children they had) pure blood family Malfoy knew of. A young man who hated him with a passion that was topped by nothing since their first meeting, on their very first day at Hogwarts.
But now? The Readhead was only a shallow parody of himself. And that was not only portrayed by his look: the red hair, having grown well below his neck line, were cut short, in a style common for a Muggle Army. Ron was pale, like Snape on one of his worst days; he looked like he had aged a couple of years in the last three months.
"Fuck off, Malfoy." Was his only reaction to the blonde entering his 'shelter'. "Well, well… if Mommy dearest knew about your language… she might send you one of those nice Howlers…" It was out of Draco's mouth before he could stop himself. "Well, if that's so, I wonder why I didn't receive one yet … oh, my, I completely forgot! My family aren't speaking to me! Oh, and come to think of it – so are my so-called friends!" sneered Ron bitterly. He hated to admit it to anyone – and especially to Malfoy of all people – but he was very much alone. And as much as he desired this, now, that it became reality, he wanted to kill himself. "So… you gonna tell me, why that is?" Draco slumped down on the old couch standing in the room. It was the only piece of furniture, apart from a very unstable-looking table and chair. "Like you'd care…" was all Ron snorted in response. Draco rolled his eyes, but looked at the former Gryffindor. "No, I don't. Actually, I couldn't care less. But someone sent me here. Someone, who is interested in how you are doing. All on your own… Merlin! I never thought I would say that of a Weasley… normally, you only appear in hordes… for the winter sale." Draco awaited a punch. Or at least some smartass retort. But nothing came. And Draco looked into blue eyes, filled with tears.

Some hours later, Ron found himself freshly showered and in clean Robes. He still couldn't grasp it, if he was honest. He broke down in front of Malfoy. Draco Malfoy of all people! But then the miracle had happened. Instead of judging him – or insulting

him – Draco had gathered him in his arms, and held him until his tears subsided. Ron had screamed at him, that Draco knew absolutely nothing about how he felt; which was true. Draco knew nothing about how it was, if your elder brothers had achieved everything you could possibly achieve at all. They had been Head Boy, Quiddich legend, funny geniuses … everything Ron could achieve, had been done by one of them already. He would always be second best. Always. There was only one thing, that he was the first to do… and when he told his family, he was banned. He was thrown out of the Burrow, never to return again. He had hid from the world for three months. Until Draco had found him.

And now … he was all cried out, was clean and … standing in front of the door of the one who had sent Draco Malfoy. He shivered at the thought of knocking. He could not do it… he would just turn around and leave. But just when he turned, the door opened and in a whirl of black he was wrapped in a firm embrace. And once more, tears began to fall. "You're back…" was whispered hoarsely, while long, thin fingers traced his features, stroked his head. He only nodded, afraid, that his voice might betray him.

Ron was led into the living room. He looked into black eyes, saw them sparkling with joy at his return. "I was so worried … why didn't you come here?" the older man asked. Ron looked at him, as if seeing him for the first time. And he was, … in a way. At first, he only saw Severus Snape, the tough Potions Master who had made his time at Hogwarts a living hell. But when the War began, in their seventh year… something changed. They began an affair, something to keep them alive. To make them feel alive. But something changed… suddenly it wasn't only about feeling alive anymore… somehow, it changed.. and Ron felt, like he could not survive without the other man. But when he told Severus, the Potions Master freaked. Told him, that he didn't feel anything but sexual attraction for him. That he was nothing but a toy for him. That was the day Ron left. He went back to his family, to feel save and loved. But then he discovered something.

"Sev…? I … need to tell you something." Ron spoke up. Severus looked at him. He knew, what Ron was going to tell him. Molly Weasley had made sure he knew. She had shown up and demanded an answer from him, how he could do this to her son. This had made him think about all of it… and he came to a decision.

"I'm never letting you go again." He said, interrupting Ron.

The Redhead looked at him. "But… I'm…" – "Pregnant with my child. I know. Your mother made sure I knew. What do you think why I sent Draco looking for you?" He pulled Ron into a tight embrace once more. "No matter what, you belong to me."

Ron just sighed. It wouldn't be easy… but he knew, if he just had his man by his side, everything would work out. Somehow.