

[A/N]: So this came to me as I was brainstorming over some old sayings. And wouldn't ya know it inspiration struck when I read that saying.

## *Like A Moth To A Flame*

I knew from the beginning it could only lead to our destruction. When we started on this path three years ago, neither of us would have thought that we would be fighting to the death with the greatest evil of our time, together.

I never meant to love him. I just sort of looked at him and then never looked away. I noticed things I had never noticed before. Like how his eyes were a deep emerald that drew you in and held you prisoner until you had no sense of self anymore. His hair was like black silk, and you longed to run your fingers through it for hours. But I think that what made me fall for him was his sense of compassion and empathy. After all I had done to him, all I had destroyed, he still forgave me and held me as I wept for the father I had lost, long before his actual death.

Truthfully I had fallen for him in our fourth year after I nearly had a panic attack after I heard about the first task of that blasted Tri-Wizard Tournament. I knew then that I actually did care whether he lived or died. Although I didn't understand my own feelings until much later. While he was facing that dragon all I could do was hope and pray he wouldn't get hurt and he'd live so I could torment him another day, if only to prove to myself that I wasn't worried for him and on a deep subconscious level to prove he was still there.

The Yule Ball was torture. I was stuck with Pansy all through the evening. She'd even tried to get me to sleep with her. All I wanted; though, was to be able to watch admire *him* from afar. I was angry at the thought of him being with some girl when I knew he couldn't have been serious about her. He may not have noticed but he was so much more relaxed around other boys and his eyes had a tendency to wander up and down a boys frame if he'd found them attractive. I've never seen him look at me in that way though.

The second task nearly drove me batty. I had never been so terrified as I was when he was in that lake for so long. I couldn't deny, even if only to myself, that I was jealous that the Weasel was his most precious thing. I shouldn't have been surprised though. They'd been though a lot together and their recent estrangement only cemented the fact that they'd be friends forever. I never thought of the other champions and their precious ones. Though I had heard about Granger being Krum's.

The time flew by as the third task approached. Nobody knew what the champions would have to do to win. I was unbearable to be around during the wait between tasks. I was stressed to the point of snapping at everyone who looked at me during those weeks. When the final task ended I was so relieved that he was alive. I longed to hold him through his pain as he grieved for the Diggory boy. The funeral was tortuous for me as I watched him withdraw into himself even more. But what could I do? There was so much animosity between us. After the funeral and the leaving feast all I could think about was what I imagined he endured in that graveyard.

Fifth year was awful considering that awful toad-like woman was trying to control everyone. He had detention almost every day and when he got out I could see he was in a lot of pain. I overheard his friends talking about his detentions and the blood quill. I was outraged and dismayed. I was trying to think of a way to get rid of her. I had heard that Umbridge was trying to cover the return of Voldemort up by torturing students into submission. He wasn't going to take that and he fought tooth and nail against her. At the end of the year my father was thrown in Azkaban. Part of me was relieved to be free of his expectations. I never wanted to follow Voldemort. I didn't want to grovel and beg like an animal. The other part of me was angry that he was put in a dangerous situation again and lost someone he cared about. This time his godfather. The only link to his family he had.

Unfortunately my father escaped prison yet again by buying his way out through the corrupt ministry. He had me marked that summer no matter how much I didn't want it. Voldemort gave me a task to make up for my father's failure to complete my sixth year. I had to kill Dumbledore. He never expected me to do it. He expected me to fail. Snape did it in the end. I just couldn't do it. I deflected to the side of the light and helped bring down key players in Voldemort's ranks. My father was killed for my deflection. He sent my father's head to me in a box by owl. I broke down sobbing when I saw his head. He had been a good father before Voldemort came back. He'd been a loving, caring father. As I broke down Harry held me and let me cry on his shoulder. I spent a lot of time with him after that. Eventually we kissed and we started dating. Those were happier times for us.

Now it's the Final Battle and we are fighting for our lives. Harry snuck off to defeat him while we deal with his followers. All of a sudden someone comes out of the forest. It's Hagrid and he's being followed by Death Eaters and Voldemort himself. Harry is dead. McGonagall screamed and it started a chain of screams and sobs. Neville stands up to Voldemort. Voldemort starts talking and Neville defies him again. All of a sudden Hagrid screams "Harry's gone!" and the battle is on again. Harry comes out from under his cloak and they duel. Everyone is standing around watching the final battle between the two foes. Harry and Voldemort's spells collide and there is an explosion. Voldemort is dead and Harry is still alive. I run to him and jump in his arms. He kisses me and says, "I told you I wouldn't leave you, Draco."