

Roman Revolution

Von viv-heart

Kapitel 4: 450/449 BC

15th May 450 BC, City of Rome, Age 20

Hermione listened with horror to Riddle's speech. He had been re-elected as the head of the Decemviri and was just introducing his new program.

"I can't believe this," she whispered to Draco, who squeezed her hand, hoping that nobody would notice the small gesture in the crowd. His father had dropped all complaints about meeting up with Hermione the moment he finally gave in and married Astoria half a year ago. She was nice enough and didn't love him either, allowing them to make a secret arrangement about sleeping together only until the birth of an heir. She would have to stay faithful to him only until that point and could do whatever she pleased afterwards and he could meet up with Hermione whenever he wanted.

"I can," he muttered. "I have to admit though, that this is even worse than I imagined. They are all going to have full power at all times? Without the Tribunes there to stop them? This is insane! Are they even allowed to do that? The last ones didn't!"

It didn't take long for everyone else to understand how insane the situation truly was, as the Decemviri acted without mercy and hurt people arbitrarily just to show off their dominance. Neither the Patricians nor the Plebeians were safe at first, even though it didn't take long and all the violence and disdain turned against the Plebeians all alone.

"My parents have left Rome," Hermione told an exhausted Draco one day. "Justinian is confident we can stay here without fearing any consequences, but my father is too well known. I am surprised that they haven't come for me yet."

"I'll protect you," Draco said, taking her hand into his. "And as long as you don't speak up too much they won't pay you any attention. You might be special, but you don't hold any power and they haven't fallen low enough yet to turn on women."

"You won't be able to protect me if they decide it is my turn," Hermione pulled her hand away. "You have a wife and soon a child to think of!"

Draco ran a hand over his face. "You know that I don't care much for my wife. I will try and be a good father to my son, but this is only a marriage of convenience for Astoria and me. We don't love each other. I love you."

Hermione nodded weakly and leaned her head against his shoulder. "I am sorry. I am just scared. And angry. This isn't right," she whispered and Draco kissed her hair.

"I'll try to get elected next time," he said.

"If there is a next time," she responded bitterly and Draco pulled her even closer.

OOo

Hermione pushed open the door to the small house she and Draco used for their meetings. "There are two new tables!" she announced but stopped when she saw Draco. His eyes were red and he looked even paler than usual.

"Astoria died during childbirth," he said, his voice breaking and Hermione rushed to sit next to him. She put her arm around him and he leaned against her.

"I have a son now, Scorpius," he continued weakly. "But no wife. I don't feel like a father. I..."

Hermione kissed his face, rubbing soothing circles on his back, not sure what to say. She had lost a child previously, quite a common occurrence in their time, and they hadn't tried since. Justinian didn't seem too interested in her or women in general and she was fine with that, but it left her at a loss of words.

"What did you want to tell me?" Draco asked after a while.

"There are two new tables," Hermione said gently.

"What do they say?"

"Patricians and Plebeians are forbidden from getting married and things like that," Hermione sighed and Draco let out a low bitter laugh.

Ooo

"I can't believe you are doing that," Hermione shouted at Draco, who averted his gaze.

"I don't have a choice," he replied. "I have a son to think of as you've said yourself."

"But you don't have to murder and steal-"

"I don't!" he cut in, glaring at her. "I only do what I have to and you know it. So stop."

"Justinian was attacked recently," Hermione said flatly and Draco ran a hand through his hair.

"How bad was it?"

"They beat him up, but he is alive and they didn't touch his property. Yet."

Draco stood up and walked over to Hermione, pulling her to himself. "It will be over soon," he whispered and kissed her forehead. "We all will be safe."

"They haven't announced the elections yet," Hermione looked up at him and Draco's shoulders slumped.

"They will, soon," he replied but neither of them really believed it.

As the 15th May rolled around again, their worst fears were confirmed as the Decemviri stayed in power and no new Magistrates were elected.

To make everything worse, Rome's neighbours started attacking the city and its surroundings and war ensured. Draco, as a young man from a Patrician family was forced to go to war, earning himself the name Draco – dragon, for how fierce and smart he was in battle, defeating his enemies with wit and strength combined. Unfortunately it didn't change much about the outcome of the war and the Sabine managed to occupy land around Rome.

People fled and the news didn't bring much joy to the city. On top of that, Tusculum was attacked by Aequians and the Decemviri didn't see any other solution than to ask the Senate for help.

"Is your father going to go?" Hermione asked the evening after the announcement, snuggling into Draco's chest. They were at his house, in his bed, little Scorpius sleeping in a nearby crib, enjoying the afternoon. After everything they stopped caring about how obvious it was what they were doing and met at Draco's house. It was more comfortable and Hermione came to love Scorpius as if he were her own. Justinian didn't care at all, being occupied with one of Draco's foreign friends, a Carthaginian man called Blaise.

"He has left the city with all the others some months ago as you know," Draco said. "I

seriously doubt that anyone will turn up. I feel like I am the last Patrician left in the whole damn city," he rolled over and started kissing Hermione's neck playfully, eager to distract her.

"The Decemviri are still here too," she said and moaned when Draco bit her neck. "You can't distract me every time I want to talk about serious issues!" she protested weakly but Draco grinned at her as if he was accepting the challenge and Hermione tried to glare at him, but gave up soon enough.

Draco had been right, though, and the Senators didn't come. But the Decemviri didn't accept that easily though and forced the Senators to attend the next day. While they obeyed, fearing for their life and property, they didn't cooperate just yet.

They argued with the Decemviri for hours, but to no avail. Everything stayed the same and it was decided that there would be war.

When Hermione arrived at Draco's house that evening, she was surprised to find his parents there as well.

Draco and his father were arguing in hushed voices while Draco's mother had Scorpius in her arms and threw in remarks once in a while.

"You must be Hermione," she said coldly, looking Hermione up and down with interest.

Hermione nodded and shot Draco a helpless look.

"I am sorry I didn't warn you. I wasn't expecting them."

"I can leave," Hermione rushed out.

"Stay," Lucius cut in before Draco could say anything and Hermione nodded numbly. She took Scorpius from Narcissa's arms and sat down as well.

"The senate believes that it is better to let the Decemviri finish the laws and let them step down voluntarily. They don't want the plebs to start an uproar again," Lucius picked up the conversation from before as if Hermione hadn't just interrupted them.

"And what do you believe, father?" Draco sneered.

"I am with them," Lucius replied, ignoring his son's tone. "As are you."

"As is anyone who doesn't want to get killed," Narcissa said calmly and reached for her goblet. "You should really watch your mouth, Draco."

"I can't believe you can accept this so easily," Draco crossed his arms. "After all you've taught me--"

"I taught you to take care of yourself and your family," Lucius glared at him. "That's what I am doing and that's what you should do. You have a child and a mistress to take care of. I understand your wish to not marry again in this political situation. You can never know who will fall the next day and drag you down with them."

"I am not his mistress!" Hermione protested and Lucius rose an eyebrow.

"Than what are you?" he asked coldly. "You are a married woman in a relationship with another man. Even if you had no husband, you still couldn't marry. I always assumed you were a smart and educated woman, allowing Draco to meet with you because of it, but it seems I was wrong."

"Draco is not married and therefore I am not a mistress," Hermione replied in an equally cold tone and Narcissa laughed.

"Doesn't change the fact that you two can't get married under any circumstances. Get used to that idea," Lucius looked at Draco, who was biting his lip.

"What if we get rid of that law?" he asked and Lucius pinched the back of his nose.

"You would have to get rid of the Decemviri first and I don't see that happening anytime soon." With that Lucius stood up and made to leave, followed closely by Narcissa.

