

Roman Revolution

Von viv-heart

Kapitel 5: 449 BC

449 BC, City of Rome, Age 21

"You are not going anywhere, Hermione!" Draco yelled, trying to hold on her and stop her from leaving, but Hermione struggled with all her power.

"I need to!" she protested. "I have to help!"

"Help?" Draco couldn't believe his ears. "What exactly do you think you can do? You'll do nothing but get yourself killed. For Jupiter's sake, let the men take care of it for once!"

With a feisty kick, Hermione finally managed to make his fingers slip from around her waist and ran out of the house and to the forum where she knew the farce of trial was held over poor Virginia Penelope, Draco following her as soon as he caught his breath. They arrived just as the mock trial began, where Draco's uncle Rabastan was pretending to decide if the girl was indeed a slave who was stolen as a baby and given to her father like one of his clients said on his orders.

Hermione pushed forward to where the girl stood and several other women joined her.

Draco cursed under his breath, out of his mind with worry that she was drawing too much attention to herself and that his crazy uncle might hurt her and looked around what he could do.

"Does she have any male relatives besides her father?" Draco asked a man standing next to him, he didn't recognize.

The stranger looked put out at being talked to by a Malfoy, especially as any Patricians weren't exactly well-liked at that time, before explaining that her grandfather was still alive and she had a fiancée.

When Draco asked if somebody had already gotten them, the stranger shrugged and Draco groaned in frustration.

He was about to ask another man when a guy he vaguely recognized as a former Tribune and who somebody standing behind him called Penelope's fiancée arrived at the place and started arguing with Rabastan.

After a long time, Rabastan finally gave in and allowed the girl to go home, saying that they would continue the next day – with or without the father.

Draco didn't wait for more and made his way to the woman's fiancée, Hermione appearing at his side out of nowhere, taking his hand.

"I need you to stay with Scorpius today," he whispered, determination clear in his eyes.

"You are going to get the father." It wasn't a question but Draco nodded anyway and

Hermione squeezed his hand.

"You know that I am one of the best riders in Rome," he whispered and it sounded like he was trying to justify his decision to himself.

But Draco knew why he was really doing it – for himself, Hermione and Scorpius. And maybe his parents who would be able to live freely with the dictatorship gone.

They approached the tribune, who looked with disdain at Draco until he saw Hermione's hand in his.

"What is this?" he asked.

"Exactly what it looks like," Hermione said, looking him straight into the eyes. "We want to help."

The tribune looked between their entwined hands and her face before he nodded. "How?"

"I want to go and get the father," Draco explained. "You won't find many faster on a horse than me."

Having heard about Draco's military accomplishments and skill, the tribune nodded. "I am going with you. I don't trust you on your own, but it will be safer for me than going alone. Especially, if this," he looked pointedly at their hands again, "is serious."

Draco smiled a crooked smile. "I'll bring her home and get my horse. We will meet up at your house?"

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Hermione walked next to Penelope, constantly looking around for Draco and Penelope's family in the hope that they would manage to come back in time and nothing happened to them.

They reached the Forum without any sight of them and Hermione looked at Penelope with worry.

The women flocked around the woman, who was looking paler and paler with every minute.

"What will happen if they aren't on time?" she asked weakly.

"They will be on time," Hermione said just as Rabastan appeared surrounded by armed men.

"Even though I am not sure that it matters anymore," she added as an afterthought before stepping forward, determination written all over her face.

"What do you think you are doing?" she asked. "You should know that weapons aren't allowed within the city."

Rabastan scoffed at her, but saw himself forced to answer as the people who had gathered started to shout, demanding an explanation as well.

"There have been illegal gatherings all night long," he sneered. "As a Decemviri it is my right and duty to protect the people of Rome and therefore to arm myself in such a time of danger."

Hermione was about to reply when she saw Draco's distinctive pale hair in the crowd and smirked.

"They are here," she said and walked over to where they would emerge from the mass, which was backing away to her horror.

As soon as Draco reached her, he pulled her behind himself without a word of greeting as Penelope's father Virginius walked forward.

"Let me talk to my daughter and her nurse," he demanded and Rabastan, who was sure he had won as the mass has gone silent nodded.

Everyone watched Virginius whisper something to Penelope and suddenly she cried out and there was blood everywhere and shouting.

Virginius was holding a butcher knife covered in his daughter's blood in his hand and was shouting the loudest of all.

Draco pulled Hermione to himself instinctively, holding onto her with all he had as she was struggling to get away and to Penelope and to help her, but this time he succeeded and soon she was just a shaking mass in his arms.

"Why? Why is it necessary? Why is there so much hatred?" she sobbed and Draco pulled her with him in the direction of his home.

"There will be another riot," he said to her and Hermione straightened up in his arms.

"Then we should join," she growled, determination written all over her face.

"Not now," he hissed. "You have to calm down first. The senators are already stopping him and I believe they are going back to the military camp where Virginius had been stationed to get troops. We can join when they come back. But now, I want you and Scorpius safe and sound at home."

Hermione wanted to protest but she could see that he was determined and for once gave in. "But we will join later."

And they did. As soon as they heard the news of the people taking the Aventine, Hermione urged Draco to move and get there as well.

They arrived just as the people were telling the former consuls who had been sent by the senate summoned by the Decemviri that they wanted to talk to only two senators.

"Him!" somebody shouted, pointing at Draco. "And Venturius!"

"I am not a senator," Draco protested but was dragged forwards and away from Hermione and towards the consuls.

Hermione followed, looking around carefully.

A lot of people had gathered, some armed and some not and were talking and watching, anger evident on all of them. It seemed that Virginia's death had been the last straw.

When she finally joined the talking men, it had been agreed that Draco and Ron's father Venturius would lead the negotiations together with ten tribunes of the military, chosen by the people.

Soon enough they were joined by the troops led by Penelope's fiancée, who Draco had finally learned was called Illicius with another ten men chosen as tribunes. From those twenty men two were chosen to lead.

After long debates, the people received their tribunes back and the right to come together while the Decemviri were forced to step back and the political life returned to normal.