

Roman Revolution

Von viv-heart

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Prolog:

When Aeneas left the burning Troy behind, not even the gods expected to see his descendants built a city that would overshadow the fallen one, and conquer those, who had destroyed it so long ago.

But that's not what this story is about. This is not a story about great conquests and greater bloodshed.

To the contrary. This is a story about great politics and greater love. This is a story of a revolution. This is a story about the people of Rome finding themselves.

When Romulus founded Rome 753 BC, he became the first king. Another 6 kings followed until the last one was chased away 510 BC by the angry Romans led by Brutus, whose wife, Lucretia, took her life after she had been violated in her own home.

Free of their former rulers, the Romans swore to never again allow a king to reign over them and founded the Roman Republic.

And yet, not all were equal. Calling on the will of gods, the patricians rose above the plebeians and took many rights for themselves. Not only did they seize the political and religious power, but they proclaimed, that they were the only ones who could enter a marriage as anything else would displease the deities. But the plebeians didn't accept that easily. They stood up for their rights and demanded equality.

Join Sempronia Hermione and Lucius Cornelius Malfoy Draco on their journey as they change the eternal City of Rome forever.

Kapitel 1: 462 BC

Mid-Summer 462 BC, the City of Rome, Age 8

"Father? Father? What's going on?" a young girl pulled at her father's arm as shouts echoed through Rome's streets suddenly. "Why are they shouting?" Her brown hair shone in the morning sun as they hurried through the crowded Forum. People emerged from the alleys, making it almost impossible to walk in the opposite direction of the steady stream of bodies.

Her father glanced down at her and pulled her closer. "I don't know. But we need to get home, Hermione." He took her hand and led her through the mass of shouting men.

The merchants around the Forum were packing up quickly, trying their best to save their goods from the rioting masses as Hermione was dragged by her father in the direction of their home.

They turned into a side-street and almost ran into the men standing there.

"Let us pass!" A tall man with platinum hair shouted at the group that closed him and his companions in.

"Get to the Forum, Malfoy!" somebody shouted back.

Hermione stopped in tracks at the scene, and refused to move from the spot, even though her father tried to drag her away.

"What's going on?" she asked again, sounding almost angry.

"A riot. They want to force the Patricians to accept our demands. That man is Senator Lucius Cornelius Malfoy. They are trying to force him to get back to the Forum to discuss a resolution. Now come!" Hermione's father tried to pull her with him.

"No!" she refused to move. "We have to do something! Look, there is a boy with them! He looks scared! They'll hurt him if we don't do anything!"

And indeed, behind the older Malfoy, there was a boy around Hermione's age. His platinum hair suggested, that he was the senator's son.

"They won't hurt him!" her father said in exasperation.

"Then why are you so keen on getting away? Why did you lie? You said that you didn't know what was going on!" Hermione asked, before she yanked her hand out of his grasp, and marched over to the group.

"Can't you solve this like civilized men instead of yelling at each other? What kind of example are you setting?" she asked as soon as she stopped in front of them. They all turned to look at her in surprise.

"What the-?" one started to say, but stopped when Hermione's father appeared behind his daughter.

"Gracchus?" Another man asked in surprise. "Is that your daughter?"

Hermione's father nodded and grasped her arm. "She is right, you know. If you want to fight at least let the boy go home. Children shouldn't be involved in politics."

"And yet, your *daughter* just got involved," the older Malfoy sneered.

"She was trying to help *you*," Gracchus retorted, staring him down.

"We don't need any help from *plebs*," this time, it was the boy, who spoke up, the sneer on his face identical with his father's.

At that, Hermione stuck out her chin, took her father's hand and led him away, her

head held high, even though tears were gathering in her eyes. The men all stared after them, but the boy averted his gaze.

"Hermione," her father started after they turned around another corner. "I-"

"Why do they look down on us?" Hermione sobbed. "I don't understand. We are the same as they are."

"Because they want to. We *are* the same. And we are going to force them to finally acknowledge that," Gracchus said. "Today we are making the first big step."

oOo

A young boy was following his father and his companions through the streets of Rome when the uproar started.

"Stay behind me, Draco!" his father said, before the boy could as much as open his mouth. "Don't leave his side, Dobby!" he ordered the slave, who was accompanying them. "Don't let anybody near him!"

"Calm down, Malfoy!" a companion put a hand on the father's arm.

"Calm down, Severus? *Really?*" Lucius sneered. "It's not the time to calm down. Last time there was an uproar like this, they established those ridiculous Tribunes! Only Apollo knows, what they want now! And they'll use any means necessary to accomplish it!"

"Your father's stories scared you for sure," Severus commented drily as they hurried through the crowd.

Lucius glanced back at him. "They didn't *scare* me. No, they showed me the truth. They are not better than animals, Severus. They don't have fathers and mate like rabbits! Tell me what exactly separates them from animals?"

He had barely finished the sentence, when a group of men cut him away from the alley he was heading to.

Lucius stopped in his tracks and his son moved to stand beside him. He put a hand on Draco's shoulder.

"Who do you think you are?" Lucius barked. "Get out of my way!"

"Forget it," one of the men replied. "You are coming with us!"

"We are not! Let us through!" Lucius shot back, staring the group down, his hand clutching Draco's shoulder. He knew, that he had to get him away. Fast.

One of the men snorted. "Make us. But oh wait, you can't! You are powerless without your goons."

"Let us pass!" Lucius shouted. The streets were getting fuller and fuller and if they didn't manage to move soon, they would have to deal with a much larger group.

"Get to the Forum, Malfoy!" the men blocking his path were getting angry and Lucius pushed his son behind himself.

"When this is over you are going to pay!" he threatened.

The men were about to move and drag them to the Forum, when a little girl with curly brown hair appeared out of nowhere.

"Can't you solve this like civilized men instead of yelling at each other? What kind of example are you setting?" she asked, and they all turned to look at her in surprise.

"What the-?" one started to say, but stopped, when what seemed to be the girl's father appeared behind her.

"Gracchus?" Another man asked. "Is that your daughter?"

The man nodded and grasped her arm. "She is right, you know. If you want to fight at least let the boy go home. Children shouldn't be involved in politics."

"And yet your *daughter* just got involved," Lucius sneered, even though he secretly agreed. He sure as hell wanted to get his boy away.

"She was trying to help *you*," Gracchus retorted, staring him down.

"We don't need any help from *plebs*," Draco said and Lucius glanced at his son, barely managing to hide his surprise. He hadn't expected him to speak up.

At that, the girl stuck out her chin, took her father's hand and led him away, her head held high. The men all stared after them, but Draco averted his gaze. He had seen the tears in her eyes and wasn't sure how to feel about it. Instinctively he felt bad for hurting a girl, but on the other hand he had done nothing wrong.

As soon as the girl and her father left, the men, who had been surrounding them, lashed out and seized the adult men. One of them put a hand on Draco's shoulder and led him to stand in front of his father and his companions.

"You are coming with us. Don't worry, nothing will happen to the boy, but we need you to behave," the man said to Malfoy and pushed Draco down the street, leading to the Forum.

They were led through the masses and to the center of the place, where a group of men already stood, waiting for them and the others, who were brought there. Draco recognized some of them as his father's friends and family.

"Father?" Draco looked up at his father, but only got an almost invisible shake of the head instead of a response. The questions were killing him, but Draco knew, that if his father told him to not ask, he had his reasons to.

"What is he doing here?" somebody said, and Draco turned to see his uncle Rodolphus step next to his father, his eyes on him.

"I didn't manage to get him away," Lucius whispered back. "They caught us just before Avery's."

Rodolphus nodded and shifted his attention to a man who walked to stand in front of them and the other Patricians and Draco turned back around to listen.

"We are here to present our demands," he spoke calmly and loud shouts echoed from behind him in support.

"Who exactly are you and what claim do you have?" A man, whom Draco recognized to be Rodolphus' brother Rabastan, stepped forward on their site. He was the current Consul together with Tiberius Nautius Nott, the father of one of Draco's friends.

"I am Gaius Cassius, a Tribune of the Plebs. I was chosen to be the voice of the people and to present you our demands. Now listen as it is your duty to serve Rome and its citizens."

Draco glanced at his father and Rodolphus to see their reactions, but their faces were set in stone. They were waiting for the demands and Draco looked back to the tribune as to not miss his next words.

"We, the people of Rome, demand that the law is fixed from now on, written in stone, as to not be changed. There have been complaints and incidents where you, mighty Senators, called on oral tradition and hurt us, even though we were in the right. We can't stand it any longer and will take action if we have to," Cassius finished and a soft murmur went through the crowd.

"What will happen, if we chose to ignore your demands?" Rabastan asked and Draco looked up when Lucius put a hand on his shoulder.

His face was unreadable, his eyes set firmly on the Tribune and Draco shifted uncomfortably. He understood how grave the situation was. The people of Rome had chased away their rulers despite the will of gods before and they might do it again.

"We will leave Rome again," Cassius stated and Lucius' hand tightened on Draco's shoulder.

Draco didn't have to look back to understand that the men around him were

distressed. The Plebeians have left Rome before, refusing to work, and forced the Senate to accept the Tribunes. His father had discussed and complained about it with his friends on several occasions and Draco knew, that they wouldn't let it happen again.

"We will think about it and discuss it," Rabastan spoke again, shouting over the cheering masses of Plebeians.

"Sure as hell we will," Rodolphus hissed.

"We will," Lucius said. "It's nothing compared to what else they could ask for. We need to keep them calm." He finally looked down at Draco and pushed his back slightly into the direction of their house. "Let's go. I don't want to spend more time here than I have to."

Draco nodded and started walking, making sure that he stayed close to his father and family. His head was swirling with thoughts, the picture of the crying girl and the angry faces all around them leaving him no rest.

Little did he know, that it was only the beginning.

Kapitel 2: 454 BC

454 BC, City of Rome, Age 16

Hermione rushed through the corridor, excitement bubbling through her veins. She couldn't wait to talk to her friends and share the news with them.

She stopped in her tracks at the unexpected sight in front of her when she reached the atrium, not sure what to do.

Ron and Harry were standing there, their arms crossed over their chests, staring down a third young man, who was staring back at them.

"Hermione," Harry called out to her, relief evident in his voice. "I am glad you came."

"It would have been surprising, if I hadn't," Hermione replied, her eyes shifting between the three young men.

"Oh, right," Harry continued, when he saw her look. "This is—"

"We've met before," Draco cut him off, his eyes firm on Hermione. "No introduction necessary."

"You have?" Ron asked in disbelief, speaking for the first time since Hermione's arrival, as he had been too preoccupied with staring daggers into Draco.

"We have," Hermione replied coolly. She remembered the encounter with clarity, even though eight years have passed since then. She also remembered trying to catch a glance at the boy, and later young man, whenever she caught sight of the distinctive hair colour of his out of the corner of her eye. It didn't happen often and she wasn't wiser than before.

"What is going on?" she asked, breaking the silence as the three young men had returned to watching each other.

"I am sure you heard," Draco muttered.

"If you are talking about the embassy being send out to Athens to study their written laws, I have. But that doesn't explain your presence here."

"His father is part of the embassy together with mine and Sirius," Ron grunted. "Like that could work."

"They are talking in the garden," Harry rushed to inform her, and Hermione nodded.

The whole ordeal made quite some sense, even though she had to agree with Ron, that choosing those three men wasn't the smartest move. It was common knowledge that Ron's father, Appius Veturius, and Lucius Cornelius Malfoy were political rivals and even more, had a personal feud with each other.

Lucius Iunius Brutus, called Sirius, Harry's former tutor, was considered the black sheep of the family, and was on quite bad terms with Lucius Malfoy, who had married his cousin Iunia Narcissa, as well.

On top of that, Sirius and Veturius weren't the best of friends either, as Veturius' wife and Ron's mother Papiria Molly stood in constant conflict with him.

"Who chose the embassy?" Hermione continued her questioning. "And when? The news about an embassy being send out have barely spread and nobody mentioned who the members were!"

"The Senate," Harry replied. "They have voted as soon as they agreed on it, but had decided to keep it quiet, to give them time to prepare themselves before they have to speak to the people."

Draco snorted and Hermione turned to look at him.

"Do you have something to say?" she asked.

"I just can't believe how naive you are. Albus might pretend to be a pebebian-lover all he wants, but anybody with a little brains can notice that he is manipulating all of us. Do you really think, this quite unexpected constellation is supposed to get anything done?"

"Shut up, Malfoy!" Ron barked, and Harry caught his arm to prevent him from doing anything stupid like attacking Draco.

"What are you getting at?" Hermione asked Draco sharply, ignoring Ron. Decimus Postumius Albus, was one of the most respected members of the senate and an all-beloved man and head of the most respected school in Rome. It was quite unusual to hear any sort of critique or bad words about him. But then, she frequented in his closest circles.

"Do you really think, that he of all people would want the laws to get written in stone? He teaches rhetoric and law, and his students are among the best in Rome, but they bend the law more often than not. Getting everything written down, would make that a lot harder."

"Seriously? Are you even listening to yourself?" Harry asked, disgust evident on his face. "How about you question the filthy lies your family feeds you?"

Draco inhaled sharply through his nose and closed his eyes in an attempt to control his rage.

"You don't know what you are talking about," he hissed. "You will see, what will come of this."

"Shut up, you-" Ron growled, just as the three older men walked in to the atrium.

"What's going on?" Sirius asked, looking between them.

"Nothing," Harry replied quickly, and while nobody seemed convinced, no further questions were asked.

"Let's go," Lucius said to Draco, who nodded in response.

He followed his father, but stopped at the door and turned to Hermione.

"If you are really any smarter than they are," he motioned to Harry and Ron, "you'll think about what I've said."

oOo

Draco was walking back home from a visit to his aunt, when he felt somebody catch his arm. Without thinking, he spun around and pressed the person to the nearest wall with his body, his left arm on their neck.

The person yelped and Draco looked down on the supposed attacker and let go immediately, stepping back a few steps to give them place.

"You shouldn't jump people like that. You are lucky it's forbidden to carry weapons in the city," he sneered.

Hermione flushed, rubbing her throat. "I called your name several times, but you didn't react!"

Draco grunted, rolling his eyes. "What do you want?"

"To talk to you, obviously," Hermione crossed her arms over her chest. "After all, I was supposed to think about something."

Draco sighed. "Well? What's your mind-numbing conclusion?"

"Stop being a dick!" Hermione hissed.

"I've been a dick to you since I've first met you, so get used to it or let it be," Draco drawled. "After all, it's been you who has initiated every single conversation."

Hermione glared at him. "Are you saying that your last comment the other day wasn't supposed to make me talk to you?"

"Exactly. I am not interested in what you have to say."

"Then why are you still here, you prick?"

Draco grimaced. "Fine. I am curious," he hissed. "And now talk."

"You are wrong about Albus having orchestrated the whole thing. It doesn't make sense. While I admit that he has quite a few unusual and controversial methods, he would welcome the law being written down as it will be easier to teach. Besides, he will retire from active law soon. But more interesting is that all three members of the embassy have been his pupils at some point – that means they follow his teachings and will only write down what is useful for them as I am sure your father at least wants to continue his career. He wants to try for consul again soon, right?"

Draco nodded.

"Well," Hermione continued. "If they write down the laws in a way useful to Albus it will be only good for him and his school. And the fact that they are all parts of different political wings only helps cover this up. What I don't understand though, is why he chose your father. After all, he might try to sabotage the whole thing."

Draco pinched the back of his nose. "Actually, my father has been a supporter of writing the laws down from the beginning. Meaning, he was the perfect choice for Albus if you are right. Jupiter, he is playing right into his cards."

"Wait, what?" Hermione blinked. "Are you sure?"

"Yes," Draco hissed. "So what?"

"We were both wrong," Hermione clasped her hands over her mouth. "This makes so much more sense!"

"Excuse me?" Draco rose an eyebrow. "What are you talking about?"

"This has nothing to do with Albus!" Hermione explained. "Maybe he initiated it, but it is weird that he got all of his candidates in!"

"Hermione!" Draco hissed. "Talk straight for Jupiter's sake."

"Your father's friends are behind this mess! I thought it was weird to send Sirius of all people, but they probably chose the people most hated by your father to go with him to change his mind!" she rushed out and Draco gaped at her.

"That's crazy, woman!"

"Just think about it," Hermione said. "Sirius never tried for a political career and is only known for his lifestyle! Why would anybody choose him?"

"He paid his way in?" Draco suggested.

"He could go to Greece any time he wants to. He does often enough!" Hermione protested. "Just consider it, Draco."

"No, you are crazy," Draco shook his head vehemently. "And I am leaving. This is ridiculous," he turned on his heel, leaving a fuming Hermione behind.

"What an asshole!" she muttered under her breath and started walking home.

OOo

"What do you want?" Hermione asked sharply when she saw Draco approach her.

He opened his mouth to say something, but closed it again and stopped for a moment. "Nothing," he said finally, returning Hermione's glare.

"Then what are you doing here?" she crossed her arms over her chest.

"None of your business," Draco replied and Hermione turned to walk away, but Draco caught her arm.

"Doesn't look like none of my business," she said, looking pointedly at his hand touching her bare skin.

Draco let go immediately. "Obviously, I wanted to talk to you," he hissed.

"What about? Our last encounter made it look like we had nothing to talk about ever

again.”

“You might be right,” Draco muttered, his face showing clearly how much he hated saying those words to her.

Hermione rose her eyebrows. “That’s... unexpected,” she said flatly. “What changed your mind?”

“I heard something I wasn’t supposed to,” Draco admitted. “And now hush. I am not telling you more.”

Hermione tilted her head, studying him for a long moment. “You are quite a weird one. I have to admit, that you don’t make sense.”

Draco crossed his arms and grunted. “You are one to say. You are the weird one. A woman who studies like a man...”

“Wait. You know about that?” Hermione asked in confusion.

“Did you think I said those things out of the blue?” Draco sneered.

“But how?”

“You are famous, you stupid bint! The smartest of her generation, a man in a woman’s body, all that. I’ve heard quite a few senators cursing you and chastising their sons for not being able to match you,” Draco explained with disdain.

“You say that like you are a match for me,” Hermione said and Draco snorted.

“I am,” he said. “As if I couldn’t stand up to a plebeian, and a girl on top of that! Stop kidding yourself!”

Hermione’s eyes narrowed. “Give me a place and a date. I will be there to show you who truly is better,” she hissed. “You’ll pay for looking down on me!”

“You need a date and place? Why not now?” Draco stepped closer, building himself up to his full height, staring her down in an attempt to intimidate her, but Hermione didn’t even flinch.

“Go ahead,” she said. “Try me, and I will try you. Let’s set this once for all.”

“Fine, let’s start with the Iliad,” Draco hissed and Hermione smiled sweetly at him, looking up through her long lashes as she started reciting the beginning of the epic. They dared each other with different tasks, neither of them bulking for several hours. Only when the sun started to set, Hermione broke out from her daze.

“I should go home,” she said suddenly.

“Are you admitting defeat?” Draco grinned at her and she rolled her eyes.

“As if. Just giving you a break. You need to go home and think of some harder questions, Malfoy.”

“Same time same place next week?” he asked instead of dignifying her jab with a response.

“Yes,” she replied sharply, but there was a smile on her face and Draco grinned back.

“Good,” he said. “And now go. I don’t want to deal with any accusations concerning your virginity.”

Hermione rolled her eyes. “You really are an ass.”

Kapitel 3: 452 BC

Early 452 BC, City of Rome, Age 18

"This is stupid!" Hermione complained to Draco who rolled his eyes.

"You are just fine with it, because your people are the ones with all the power! Isn't your uncle part of the commission? And of course your father!" she continued and Draco sighed.

"Would you shut up?" he asked and she glared at him.

"Rabastan is not my uncle. His brother is," Draco said and stood up, ignoring the part about his father who had been chosen as one of the Decemviri because he had been part of the embassy. "You should really stay away from politics." He was looking at the Tiber, his back turned to Hermione, pretending to watch the ships and fishermen. "Women shouldn't get involved, especially those like you."

Hermione stared at his back in horror, deemed speechless, for several seconds. "Excuse me?" she jumped up from where she had been sitting and marched over to him. "What did you just say?"

"I said you should stay away from politics," Draco repeated, his back still turned to her so she couldn't see his face.

Hermione grabbed his arm and tried to turn him around to face her but he strained his muscles and she wasn't able to do anything.

"What's going on?" she demanded. They had been meeting for two years on a more or less regular basis to discuss everything from art to science to politics and military and had become friends over that span of time and Draco hadn't said anything hurtful or hateful since the first few weeks to her.

"Nothing," Draco barked. "Leave me alone!"

Hermione crossed her arms over her chest and stomped her foot but didn't leave. "Talk to me, Draco! Something is clearly wrong!"

"Nothing is wrong!" Draco replied with annoyance. "You are just getting on my nerves! You have been complaining constantly since the Decemviri have taken over! It's none of your business and yet you act as if it was!"

"You wouldn't say something like that to a Matrona," Hermione said.

"But you aren't one!" Draco shouted at her and she stuck out her chin in defiance.

"So this is how it is. And I thought you have grown up," she muttered and turned on her heel, leaving him to stare at the Tiber alone.

Ooo

It took Draco two months to talk to Hermione again. He grabbed her arm as she passed him, making a point of ignoring him completely.

"Can we talk?" he asked, adding a soft "please" when he saw her furious glare.

"What do you want?" she asked, crossing her arms over her chest.

"Somewhere more private?" he suggested lamely and Hermione snorted.

"What happened to being afraid of being accused that you took my virginity?"

Draco's cheeks flushed slightly and he looked away. "You are married," he mumbled so quietly she barely heard him.

"What does that have to do with anything?" Hermione asked in irritation.

"Could we just talk somewhere more private?" Draco pleaded and started heading off in the direction of a nearby alley. Hermione followed after a second of hesitation.

"What do you want?" she had barely caught up with him when he turned around and pressed her against the wall, kissing her.

When he let go, Hermione raised her hand and slapped him so hard his head snapped around. "What do you think you are doing?" she shouted at him, not caring if anybody heard her.

"Something I should have done long ago," Draco replied, rubbing his sore cheek. "And let's be honest here, something you have wanted for a long time now too."

Hermione turned around and started walking away. "Don't talk to me ever again," she said without looking at him, but once again, Draco caught her arm.

"Look, I am sorry. Really sorry," he said, sounding desperate now. "I shouldn't have done that and I should not have said those things. I am an idiot and... It's just too much."

Hermione looked at him, not sure what to do. "Then why did you do it?" she asked finally.

Draco sank down to sit on the street and Hermione scrunched her nose, but didn't say anything, waiting for his explanation instead. If Lucius Cornelius Malfoy Draco didn't care about sitting on the dirty street something was very, very wrong.

"Since my father came back he is pushing me into getting married," he said. Lucius Malfoy the older had been away on embassy business for almost two years and had only returned a short time before the fight between Draco and Hermione.

"So what?" she asked. "Most of those our age are married. I am."

"A couple of things," Draco sighed and looked up at her. "First of all, he told me to stop spending time with you. You are supposed to be bad company for somebody who aspires to have a political career and strives to be consul one day. Rumours and bad blood and all that. That's why I said those things last time. I tried to do what he asked me to. But I failed. I missed you, Hermione. I really, really missed you. He introduced me to this girl I am supposed to marry, Fabia Astoria, and she is pretty and smart and nice, but she isn't you."

Hermione frowned. "What are you getting at?" she asked sceptically, fearing where this was going.

"I think I am in love with you," Draco said weakly and ran a hand over his face, looking away.

Hermione stood there speechless for several seconds, trying to process what he had just said.

"What do you expect from me now?" she sank down on the street next to him.

"I don't know," he shrugged. "You are married. You have more than thousand reasons to hate me. don't even know how you stuck along for so long. I have never treated you the way you deserve. And of course, I can't marry you even if you wanted me," he laughed bitterly.

"For how long is this going on?" Hermione put her arms around her knees and lied her head on them, watching him from under her lashes.

"Started shortly after we started our challenges. You have impressed me when we were kids and then you grew into this strong, smart and pretty woman and well... I should have seen it coming," Draco explained, trying to sound bored but failing spectacularly.

Hermione blushed. "You think I am pretty?"

"Is that the only thing you are surprised about?" he raised an eyebrow.

"I know that I am strong and smart! But there aren't many people calling me pretty," Hermione looked away and Draco put a hand on her back carefully, scared that she

would pull away.

"Is that because of your darker skin?" he asked.

"You mean my Greek descendant? Of course. And my big teeth and my bushy hair. Not even Justinus thinks I am pretty and I am married to him," Hermione sighed. "But at least that means I have some time until I am expected to pop out babies. If it was possible and I had married Ron, I would be carrying my second child by now at least."

"What about me?" Draco winked at her, and she could see how much it bothered him that she spoke about Ron that way when he continued. "Would you have really married him if you had the chance to marry a patrician?"

"You want an answer," Hermione straightened up and Draco pulled his hand away.

"Of course," he said, but continued hastily when he saw the look on her face. "But take your time. I can't ask you for anything."

"I need to think," Hermione stood up. "I'll see you later," she said and turned to leave, Draco watching her disappear around the corner before he stood up himself.

Ooo

Hermione found Draco during the public revelation of the 10 tables containing the suggestions for the laws and their public discussion.

He was accompanying his father and his friends, but excused himself under false pretences when his eyes met hers. She ditched her husband too and followed Draco into another side-street.

"Fancy seeing you here," he drawled and she had the sudden urge to smack him again.

"You knew exactly that I would be here," she said and he smirked at her.

"Of course. But what do you think? They did a good job, didn't they?"

"Sure," she agreed unhappily. "I still can't believe Riddle changed his political course this much and actually tried to cooperate with the people."

"He is not an idiot," Draco said. "He knows that a successful politician can only survive with the support of the people. He still thinks that you are below him, though. But that doesn't matter as long as his politics are fine."

Hermione grimaced, but had to admit that he was right. Riddle didn't become consul by spreading hate but by manipulating and paying his way up, together with good tactics and changes of policy in crucial moments.

"But that's not all you wanted to talk to me about, I assume," Draco interrupted her thoughts and Hermione ran a hand through her hair.

"You are right. Let me ask a question first. What do you want from me? What do you expect?"

Draco bit his lip, contemplating the answer. "I don't expect anything. I am not going to violate another man's wife. And everything else depends from your answer."

"Another man's wife? Is that how you see me?" Hermione crossed her arms over her chest, glaring at him.

"For Jupiter's sake, no!" Draco exclaimed. "I told you what I think about you and who you are to me! I am just very familiar with the story of Lucretia!"

Hermione had to smile at how flushed he was. "I think I like you too, even though you are an egoistic ass. But you are an ass to everyone, so I don't take it personally."

Draco scooped her up in his arms before she even finished speaking, kissing her again and Hermione kissed him back this time.

"If we want to keep this up, we should choose more private places from now on," she said after they broke apart, glancing over her shoulder.

"Don't care," Draco muttered, pressing his lips against hers again, but she put a hand in front of his mouth.

"Draco," she glared at him. "I am still married. It won't do any good if we are seen together like this."

He rolled his eyes but let go. "Somewhere more private might be better anyway," he agreed with a sly smile and Hermione groaned.

"I still can't believe you were so scared of being accused of taking my virginity two years ago."

"You are going to hold that over my head forever, aren't you?" he grinned at her. "By the way, did your husband already do that or do I get the honour?"

"We should go back," Hermione muttered quickly, her cheeks aflame.

Draco followed her, a respectable distance away as they made their way to where she saw Ron and Harry stand together with Ron's sister and Harry's wife Ginny.

"Two more tables with laws?" Hermione stopped and looked at Draco after she caught the words for the umpteenth time in passing. "They are demanding two more even before the first ten are approved?"

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.

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?”

ooo

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.

Kapitel 6: 445 BC

445 BC – City of Rome, Age 25

Draco smirked to himself and leaned over to Hermione.

“See, I told you it would work,” he whispered and she glared at him.

“Shut up. I am trying to enjoy the moment,” she said and turned back to listen to the news that were announced.

“With the Lex Cannuleia it is now allowed for Plebeians and Patricians to marry,” the announcer repeated once again, making sure everyone heard and Hermione nodded along yet another time.

“Can we go now?” Draco whined, wanting to go home. “I am sure he didn’t get it wrong three times.”

“Fine,” Hermione rolled her eyes.

“Is that all I am going to get for my troubles? After all, I managed to get you separated from your ex-husband and got a law that was part of the 12 tables removed. It’s quite a feat, isn’t it?” he teased.

“You know, paying a tribune to suggest a law isn’t that much work and I have found the way to get rid of Justinian,” Hermione replied.

“Oh come on, let me feel good about myself,” Draco said and leaned over to kiss her cheek, but Hermione ducked away, laughing.

“You already feel pretty good about yourself,” she said and Draco had to suppress a smile.

“You know I would feel way better if my future wife let me kiss her, now that I am officially allowed to do so in public.”

“Your future wife? How can you be so sure?” Hermione danced away from him and Draco groaned.

“You want me to ask you properly, don’t you?” he ran after her and Hermione laughed when he caught her around her waist and kissed her cheek.

“Will you marry me?” he whispered into her ear and Hermione nodded with a smile, before turning around in his arms and kissing him.

“How could I say no if you worked so hard to earn this?” she joked and Draco rolled his eyes.

“Come on,” he took her hand. “Scorpius is waiting for us.”