

That Gryffindor Girl

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[One Shot] Warrington warns Montague about the dangers of loving a certain Gryffindor Girl.

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That Gryffindor Girl

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Summary: [One Shot] Warrington warns Montague about the dangers of loving a certain Gryffindor girl.

David Lestat Montague was in his seventh year at Hogwarts within the Slytherin house. He was also seventeen years old, captain of his house's Quidditch team, and secretly crushing on the rival captain of the Gryffindor team, Angelina Johnson.

"You know it would never work," warned Caesar Warrington, Montague's cousin, as he laid comfortably in his bed flipping through one [[of]] his textbooks. Warrington was the only person Montague trusted completely and without question, so he usually found himself confiding in him a lot.

"Must you always look on the down side of things?" Montague asked as he too relaxed on his bed in the dungeons they called their dormitory.

Warrington shrugged as he set up, laid down his book, and looked to his companion. "I'm just being realistic. I mean, face it, what do you guys have in common?" Montague went to answer, but was cut off by his cousin before he began. "And attending Hogwarts and the both of you playing Quidditch, doesn't count by the way." He smiled as he watched Montague immediately close his mouth.

Montague thought for a moment before shaking his head and saying, "Well then, I would have to say nothing really."

"Exactly. You two would never have anything beyond the physical part of your relationship. So how you could find yourself in love with her is beyond me."

"Love?" Montague looked at him strangely. "Dear cousin, I never said anything about love."

"Really?" Warrington made a face. "Sorry, I just assumed, mostly because you can't seem to shut up about her."

"That's not true." He seemed embarrassed.

"David, please. With you it's always, Johnson this and Johnson that. If you're not careful the others are going to start suspecting something."

"Let them suspect. I don't care."

"Yes, you do, and that's the problem." Warrington's face became serious as he looked over at the door to make sure no one was coming. "You know very well we are both taking The Mark after graduating."

"Your point," Montague shook his head.

"Well, if it got around that you're infatuated with that Gryffindor girl, they may start to wonder where your loyalties lie."

"My loyalties are well intake, cousin," Montague defended.

Warrington threw his hands up as he shook his head from side to side. "Cousin, I didn't mean to offend. I know you are loyal. I'm just asking, if something did develop between you and Johnson, would you still be?" Montague only looked at him. "Because when it came time, would you be able to let her go? And if you could, when the time came to fight and she's standing on the other side, would you be able to strike her down after all you've shared?"

Warrington paused before continuing slowly. "And if the answer is no, then would you be ready to switch sides, to betray your family, friends, and everything you've ever known, for something that can't last? Because the people you once called your family and friends would be after you and her for as long as you both breathe." He then asked. "Tell me David, what would you do?"

Montague shook his head. "I don't know." He answered sadly, but honestly.

"And that, dear cousin, is the point. Because how could the Dark Lord trust you when you can't trust yourself?"

After a short moment Montague began to laugh. "Good thing this is all a hypothetical situation," he rose from his bed and pulled down his sheets and blankets before climbing back in, "because I don't know how I would ever decide."

"Yeah." Warrington said so softly that it went unheard by Montague.

"Mind turning off the light?" Montague asked.

"Sure, no problem." Warrington turned off the lights, but not before looking down at his pocket watch. "Good night, cousin."

"Where are you going?" Montague asked when he noticed Warrington heading towards the door.

"No where in particular. I just have a lot on my mind and thought I would take a walk before curfew." He explained to him.

"Let me guess, you're still stressing about your N.E.W.T.s?" Montague asked.

Warrington smiled at him. "You know me all too well, cousin."

"That I do." He smiled back at him before yawning.

"Go on to sleep. I try not to wake you when I get back."

"Alright then. Good night, Caesar." And Montague pulled the blanket over his head.

Warrington walked slowly through the corridors of the school until he stood outside the door of a classroom he knew was no longer in use. He walked inside and saw the silhouette of a familiar figure seating in one of the seats. "Hello, Angelina." He said softly.

"Hello, Caesar." She responded. "I got your owl, I'm guessing you've made your decision."

"Yeah." He nodded solemnly as he took a seat in front of her. He then gently took her hands in his and looked upon her face. He could tell she had been crying. Somehow he knew that she already knew his decision long before he came into the room. Warrington then took a deep breath before saying, "I don't think this is going to work."

The End