

My Kind of Love

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My Kind of Love

by [WeasleyObsession](#)

Summary

Arthur Weasley realizes how lucky he is to have Molly Prewett as his girlfriend after being attacked by Slytherins in his seventh year. Inspired by "My Kind of Love" by Emeli Sande. (Also located on FFN and Wattpad)

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

My Kind of Love

Even with impending war, the 1967 Hogwarts' school year had started off relatively uneventful. However, the older Slytherins had been quite vocal about their support for blood-purity and The Dark Lord.

One afternoon in late September, seventeen year old Arthur Weasley talked with some friends in the Transfiguration Courtyard. Usually his girlfriend, Molly Prewett, would be meeting him there before long, but he wasn't so sure about today since they had had an argument earlier that morning.

"Oi! Weasel!" he heard a voice holler from behind him, but he paid it no mind. Ever since his first year, that was the Slytherins' nickname for him.

"Muggle-loving Blood Traitor, we're talking to you!" another voice shouted. Arthur continued his conversation with his housemates.

"Are you deaf now too?" a third voice called.

Arthur kept ignoring them until a purple curse hit the ground a few inches from his foot. As he spun around, he quickly drew his wand. All of the other students who had been in the courtyard scattered. Now, Arthur found himself alone facing four Slytherins. An unfair duel ensued, but Arthur held his own until the leader of the Slytherin pack disarmed him.

Before he was able to get his wand off the ground, two of the four grabbed him and held his arms behind his back. There was no way of fighting them off now.

"You're scum, Weasley," the leader sneered as he walked over, the other crony at his shoulder. "You've had several chances to improve your family's reputation, but now it's too late." He punched Arthur in the side of his face before continuing. "The Weasleys may be part of the Sacred Twenty-Eight, but you're no better than a Mudblood."

He couldn't dodge the punches. He couldn't fight back. All of his friends had abandoned him out of fear. He was at the mercy of the Slytherins. Blood trickled down from his temple as they took turns beating him.

Finally, they let him fall to the ground. A sense of relief washed over him, thinking they had gotten bored and would leave him alone...But, no. They were just getting started. Two restrained him and one of them ripped the top of his robes open to reveal his chest while the leader pointed his wand at him. Arthur cried out in pain as "Blood Traitor" was cursed on his chest.

Then it stopped.

A shriek came from across the courtyard before a sudden wave of magic blasted the Slytherins several feet away. The last thing Arthur remembered was Molly's worried face coming into focus.

Arthur had to squint to let his eyes adjust as bright afternoon light shone across his bed. To the right, he could just make out a tangle of red curls in the next bed. It had to be Molly. But why would she be there? The argument they'd had was the biggest one yet. It nearly ended their relationship.

"She has refused to leave your side since you came in two days ago," the matron informed, bringing Arthur out of his reverie. "Well, she actually needed to be here the first night. She spent a lot of magic when she found you. Headmaster Dumbledore said it's extremely rare for a person to expel that much magic at once – and unintentionally. The most intellectual philosophers are still trying to figure out how it happens, but most of the time, it's an act of true love." Upon seeing his concerned expression, she added, "Miss Prewett is fine now; as are you."

As if sensing her boyfriend had woken, Molly's eyes fluttered open.

"You're a lucky young man, Mr. Weasley," the matron stated before bustling off.

Upon meeting Arthur's gaze, Molly was wide awake and came to sit beside him on his bed. Moving his hair out of his eyes, she began rambling, "I'm sorry about the argument. I didn't mean anything I said - You've had me so worried - There was no way in hell I was going to leave you here by yourself –"

"- Molly," Arthur interrupted, gently grabbing her hand. "Molly," he repeated when she didn't stop talking. What he was about to say would hurt him more than it would her. "Thank you, but this needs to end. By staying with me – or if we get married – you will be known as a Blood Traitor and there is no coming back from that."

With a sad smile, Molly squeezed his hand. "I don't care. Arthur, that doesn't matter to me. It's only a name."

"But, Molly, there are dozens of other guys out there that can give you a better life than I ever could," he protested. "For generations, there hasn't been a Weasley that hasn't lived in poverty – And with the war that's about to start, you won't be safe with me -"

Now it was her turn to interrupt. "Arthur, don't think like that. I know all about your family, and accept that. My heart beats only for you."

That was the moment Arthur Weasley realized he truly was the luckiest guy in the world.

End Notes

Thanks for reading! I hope y'all enjoyed this. Please leave a review and tell me what you thought.

Originally written for "The Underappreciated Song Challenge" on HPFC on fanfiction.net.

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