The Lion's Den

by Beloved_bird

Summary

From the moment their eyes met Draco knew he had to have him. He would have to convince his parents that the boy was worthy of a Malfoy.

Alternate Universe, inspired by My Boy universe.

This work is part of a series, it will be seven works so once this is technically "complete" the series may not be.

- Inspired by My Boy by Kuronekochan
Emerald eyes

For as long as Draco could remember he’d had a slight obsession with the-boy-who-lived, or as he now knew him Harry Potter. Draco had begged his father to get him books on the boy from the time he could read. He couldn’t believe the boy-who-lived was only a half-blood and told his parents as such, but they assured him that Lily Evans was muggle born.

Draco remembered the first time he’d seen Harry. He didn’t know who the boy was when he offered his hand at Madame Maulkin’s. The boy resembled nothing of the half-blood that he thought him to be. Harry Potter was spoiled, he was pampered, he thought he was better than everybody else and he was only a half-blood.

But from the first moment he saw that dark haired green eyed boy in Madame Malkin’s it was as if he was in love.

The boy was nearly Draco’s polar opposite. Draco had platinum blond hair that was neatly styled, the boy had onyx hair that sat on a mop on his head. Draco was tall for his age, and slightly muscled from quidditch, the boy was a good head smaller than him and extremely thin. Draco had hard grey eyes, and the boys were a soft emerald green. Draco was wearing the best of the best wizarding robes that were tailored to perfection, the boy was wearing oversized, he didn’t even know what but they were obviously at least three sizes too big.

When Draco finished his observations of the boy he found himself standing next to him. Even though he was balanced upright on a stool he was still taller than the boy. ‘This boy can’t be over nine’, he thought as he stuck his hand out to him. “Nice to meet you, I’m Malfoy. Draco Malfoy.”

The boy looked up as if startled that someone would talk to him and Draco’s breath almost left his chest as the boy’s eyes met his. His mouth was hanging open as he stared round eyed at Draco and Draco couldn’t help but chuckle as he shackily shook his hand. The boy’s hand was so warm and soft with slight calluses on it that Draco wondered if he played quidditch as well. Reluctantly Draco released his hand and flicked his hair back.

The boy managed to get a hold of himself, “Harry. Harry Potter.”

It was Draco’s turn to gape. “The Harry Potter?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about Mr. Malfoy”

“Draco, please. And Harry Potter, the-boy-who-lived? Is that you?”

“I don’t know anything about the-boy-who-lived but my name is Harry Potter.” A deep blush infused the boys cheeks and Draco noticed how the cherry red matched his lips

Draco realized that he hadn’t let go of the boy’s hand yet. Reluctantly he pulled his hand back, running his fingers through his hair. Draco couldn’t help the feeling of possessiveness that came over him. He wanted this boy.

Draco smiled his Malfoy smile, but was interrupted as Madame Malkin bustled back into the room. “Ah, Monsieur Malfoy, I didn’t know that you would be coming so early, your robe appointment isn’t for another half an hour. If I had known you would be here I would have had you fitted immediately.”

“That’s quite alright,” Draco stated, waving off the women’s apology. The woman let out a small
sigh of relief, clearly expecting more of a reprimand from a Malfoy. Luckily for her Draco was still enamored by the boy.

Madame Malkin couldn’t help but smile as she escaped the situation unscathed. Quickly she had her magical measuring tape getting Draco’s measurements as she turned her attention to Harry. “Your Hogwarts robes are ready, and can be picked up at the front counter.”

Draco’s head jerked to the left, taking in Harry’s face as he nodded his head, muttering out a small, “Yes, Madame Malkin.”

“You are going to Hogwarts?” Draco asked Harry in disbelief.

The boy had stepped off of the stool and at the sound of Draco’s voice he stopped his walk to the front counter. He turned his head back to face Draco as he nodded softly, “Yes, that’s why I came to Madame Malkin’s in the first place.”

“You are to go to Hogwarts this fall?” Draco asked again for clarification.

“Yes.”

“But you hardly look older than nine!”

Draco knew this couldn't possibly be The Harry Potter, he was way too small. But Harry Potter was the same age as Draco, so that couldn’t be a coincidence. Could it?

“Well I just turned eleven last week, so yes, I will be attending Hogwarts this fall. It was nice meeting you, Mr. Malfoy, Madame Malkin. However, I really must be going as I am already late.”

Before Draco could protest the boy’s absence he was gone

oOo

For the three weeks leading up to September 1st Draco couldn’t think about anything but Harry. Of course he read through his required Hogwarts text and through some extras that Mother and Father had acquired. However, during his free time, when he would usually go and play quidditch, his thoughts were focused one dark haired green eyed boy- his Harry.

Draco wanted to tell his Mother and Father about him, but he knew that wasn’t a good idea. He didn’t yet know if the boy was The Harry Potter, or a pureblood. His family was currently in negotiation for his marriage to the Parkinson chit. They would not allow Draco to bond with anyone less than a pureblood.

oOo

Draco had waited for more than two hours for Harry alongside the Hogwarts Express. If he wasn’t a Malfoy he would be frustrated, but a Malfoy is never frazzled.

‘Though the heard of redheads entering the platform doesn’t help in that department.’ He thought.

Draco sighed as he glanced down at his wristwatch, noting the time and the fact that the Hogwarts express would be leaving in less than 15 minutes. If Harry didn’t hurry up the train would leave and Draco wouldn't allow him to be stranded here on his own.

When Draco glanced up from his platinum watch, he saw Harry walking from the entrance of platform 9 ¾ with someone’s arm thrown over his shoulder. Draco couldn't help but growl at the
idiot redhead’s forward behavior with ‘his Harry’. Draco stalked forward, grabbing Harry’s wrist and snatched him from the redhead’s clutches.

“What are you doing?” Harry asked, clearly frazzled at Draco’s behavior. Draco was shocked as well because never had he shown sp much emotion in front of anyone, not at the Manor and definitely not in public.

“What are you doing with him?” Draco growled, nodding his head in the redhead’s direction. Harry turns his head to see who Draco’s talking about and when he sees the redhead a soft smile graces his lips. Draco shakes him a little to get his attention again, growling in possessiveness—only he should be able to make Harry smile like that.

Harry snatches his wrist away from him, rubbing it softly with his other hand. For a second Draco feels bad that he has hurt him for it is clear that a red handprint is blossoming on his pale wrist, however, that feeling is quickly squashed as Harry deserved it. He let someone else touch him, he was Draco’s.

“Those are the Weasleys,” Harry says softly as he runs his fingers through his messy locks. Draco’s fingers twitch as he gets the urge to do the same, to run his fingers through Harry’s soft silky hair. But he stops himself from doing anything else in this very public place.

“Come on, let’s go to my compartment. I’ve been waiting for you,” Draco says to Harry. Harry nods as if he is in a daze and Draco is sure he is enamored with him, even more so after meeting those wretched Weasleys.

Draco gives the Weasley boy a smirk of superiority as he takes Harry’s elbow, ushering him onto the train and to the Malfoy compartment. Lucky for him almost everyone is in a compartment so it doesn’t take too long to get him settled in.

As Draco sits next to Harry he smirks as he places his hand on Harry’s knee. He can see his face flush that cherry red that Draco loves so much as he leans in closer, rubbing his nose through his hair. Abruptly Harry stands up, taking a few steps away from Draco.

“What—what do you think that you are doing, Draco?” Harry says as he twitches nervously. Draco smirks up at him as he shrugs, crossing his legs in a very nonchalant manner.

“So, what house do you think you’ll get in, Harry?”

“House?” Harry asks in the most adorable confused manner possible.

“Yes, your house at Hogwarts, and please do sit down, you are making me feel like a bad host.”

“Oh…er, ok.” Harry mumbles as he sits across from Draco. Draco smirks as he leans forward in Harry’s direction. The boy flattens his back against the wall, leaning away from Draco. Draco chuckles darkly as he eyes the boy up and down.

“I shall be in Slytherin,” Draco says as he leans back against the wall. He can see Harry let out a relieved sigh as he leans away from him.

“Oooh, that’s what you’re talking about,” Harry says enthusiastically. “Ron says he’ll be in Gryffindor because all of his fam—”

“Oh, please do not mention that bloody weasel in my presence. Harry those wizards are blood traitors, you shouldn’t consort with them.”
“Blood traitors?” Harry says softly.

“Yes, you know, muggle lovers.”

“So, Harry Potter right? Tell me more about your parents.” Draco had to find out if his Harry was The Harry Potter.
“Well, my mom’s name was Lily Evans Potter and my Dad was James Potter. They died in a car accident when I was one.” Harry began.

‘A what accident?’ Draco thought.

“You do know those are the-boy-who-lived parent’s names?” Draco said.

“Who is the-boy-who-lived? And lived to do what?”

“The boy-who-lived is Harry Potter. He is the first and only person to ever have survived the Killing Curse. He destroyed you-know-who?” Draco asked with indignation.

“Oh Voldemort? He must be very powerful.”

“Don’t say that name.”

“Okay I won’t. Hagrid already told me not to but I promise I won’t say it again”

‘Harry had met the half-giant games-keeper? Moving on.’ Draco thought.

“I’ve read every book on him. I wanted to be his friend if he came to Hogwarts with me.”

“And if I turned out to be the-boy-who-lived?”

“Well then I’d already be his friend right?” Harry’s smile was beautiful. He nodded. “There is one way to check.”

“What?”

“Can I touch your hair?” Draco didn’t want to scare the boy any more than he already had. He nodded. Draco pushed his hair back and saw the lightning bolt scar. “Well that proves it, you’re the-boy-who-lived, but to me you’re just Harry, alright?”

“Yeah.”

“I think your parents were in Gryffindor. It would be a shame if you ended up in that house there’s a terrible rivalry between Slytherin and Gryffindor.”

“Can you tell me more about the houses?”

“Sure. Slytherin is known for ambition, cunning and resourcefulness and was founded by Salazar Slytherin. Gryffindor is known for bravery, daring, nerve, and chivalry and was founded by Godric Gryffindor. Ravenclaw is known for intelligence, knowledge, and wit and was founded by Rowena Ravenclaw. Hufflepuff is known for hard work, dedication, patience, loyalty, and fair play. And was founded by Helga Hufflepuff. I would never associate with a Hufflepuff”

Draco paused for a moment to see the boy’s reaction.

“Which house sounds the most like you?”

“Um…..”
“Don’t worry I won’t judge.”

“Well, honestly, Hufflepuff.”

“Harry, you cannot be a Hufflepuff. I’d take Gryffindor over Hufflepuff!” Draco huffed.

“You don’t get to choose your house Draco.”

“You better argue with that hat. You cannot end up in Hufflepuff Harry. Promise me.” Draco would not let The Harry Potter end up in Hufflepuff.

“Okay.”

“Promise”

“I promise I won’t get sorted into Hufflepuff.”

“Good. We’re approaching Hogwarts, better put on our robes.”

As the Hogwarts’ Express ground to a halt they boys made their way out of Draco’s compartment, heading in the direction of where Hagrid was. As the corridor of the train filled with Hogwarts’ students it’s hard for Draco to keep next to Harry so he smirks and grabs his hand to keep them together.

The Weasel tries to make his way over to them. Draco shudders at the thought of Harry being friends with him.

McGonagall greets them and gives them a speech about the sorting, Draco doesn’t pay attention as he already knows what’s going on, but Harry seems fascinated.

The first years walk into the hall and Harry seems awed by the ceiling. ‘It’s almost as though he’s never seen magic before, but The Harry Potter must have seen magic, I’ll have to ask him about it later.’ Draco thinks.

A few names are called before Draco’s. The hat doesn’t even reach his head before it calls out “Slytherin”

Harry is next. Draco holds his breath ‘Slytherin, Slytherin, Slytherin’ He chants in his mind.

The bloody hat seems to take forever before calling out “Gryffindor”

‘Damnit’ he thinks.

Draco wonders how the hell he’s going to keep Harry if he’d in Bloody Gryffindor. He knew that he said he was fine with whichever house, but honestly Gryffindor? But Harry probably had to argue to get out of Hufflepuff...Yes Gryffindor is better than Hufflepuff...by a small degree. But the Weasel was in that house, and a bunch of muggleborns. Draco groaned.

Just the thought of that wanker Weasley all near Harry makes Draco’s blood boil. When he had seen the redhead place his arm around Harry he had aimed a hex straight to his elbow. It took care of that situation rather quickly.

Slytherin is full of ambition though, so it might be better for Harry to be in that house. Yes Gryffindor would keep the attention away from him. A lot of Slytherins might have tried to stake claim, even knowing a Malfoy had already done so.
At least Draco had Crabbe and Goyle. Draco honestly didn’t think they were that bright, but he noticed that the two boys sometimes shared a look of knowing before letting their eyes go blank. He’d have to investigate, they were in Slytherin for a reason.

And then Draco remembered. Harry Potter’s father, though a blood traitor, was a very rich pureblood, though not as rich as the Malfoys. That means that Harry won’t be rooming with that riff raff muggle loving weasel, he’ll be rooming in the Potter suite.

Perhaps this whole situation isn’t as bad as it looks. Especially since that weasel git is so poor his family can’t even afford a suite.

After writing Father and Mother Draco decided he'd make a trip to the Potter suite. It might be passed curfew but with Uncle Sev as his head of house and with him being a Malfoy, he had nothing to worry about.
Claiming a Potter

Chapter Notes

Some of this is taken directly from My Boy, the necklace and Draco visiting the Potter suites

Briskly, Draco knocked on the door of Harry's suite, rapping his knuckles across the hard surface. After a few knocks the door is thrust open, Harry eying the late night intruder with an irritated look on his face. However, once he sees that it is Draco the look quickly morphs into one of confusion.

"Oh, Draco! What are you doing here so late? Isn't it past curfew?"

Ignoring Harry's questions Draco steps into the suite. Harry closes the door behind him as he makes himself comfortable on the suede sofa. "Nice pajamas you have on," Draco says, eying Harry's cotton pajamas, which had snakes on them.

Harry shrugs his shoulders as he settles across from Draco on a matching love seat. "I like snakes," Harry says in response to Draco's earlier comment.

Draco blinks at the simple statement, never expecting it to come from the mouth of a Gryffindor. He frowns slightly. "You like snakes?"

"Yes I can talk with them. I let one out of the zoo by accident once."

'Accidental magic?' Draco wonders

"Didn't know it was me at the time. Didn’t know I was a wizard until my last birthday.”

"Wait what? My Lion didn’t know he was a wizard until this year? How did he grow up then? Who did he grow up with? Muggles? That was a horrific thought, my Lion growing up with muggles!" Draco thinks to himself

"Draco," Harry says softly, waking Draco from his thoughts. "Why are you here?"

"I've wanted to give this to you for a while. Ever since we first met at Madame Malkin's and you told me you had just turned eleven."

Harry looks startled as Draco hands him a black velvet box. When he opens it his breath hitches and he stares wide eyed at the gift resting innocently inside. "Dr--Draco, what?"

"Shh," Draco says, silencing Harry's protests as he stands up from his seated position. He walks around the back of the love seat until he’s right behind Harry. He takes the platinum necklace from the box before fastening it around Harry’s neck. Softly Draco kisses Harry’s cheek as tears leak out of his eyes. "Happy birthday, Harry."

Harry snifflles for a few minutes, trying to stop his tears. Though Draco is slightly taken aback by the tears, they seem not to be tears of pain, though that doesn't stop him from wiping them away. Finally when Harry’s tears stop he turns himself around on the sofa, flinging his arms over Draco’s shoulders, hugging him close.
"Thank you, Draco. Thank you. I've never gotten a birthday gift before."

Draco frowns slightly at those softly whispered words but shrugs them off. "Harry," he says, getting the boy's attention. "This gift is a magical one. In order for it to be complete you need to freely give blood."

Harry draws back from Draco in confusion. "What?"

Silently Draco picks up the chain, raising it before Harry’s eyes. Dangling from the end of the chain is a dragon and a snake intertwined and there is also a ring with the Malfoy crest resting next to the dragon-snake pendant. The Dragon's eyes are diamonds and the snakes scales emeralds. "Just one drop, Harry. I know a spell you can use so it won't hurt. One drop on the pendant."

Harry nods though Draco can tell the boy is confused. Draco walks him through the quick process and when it is completed he lowers the chain back to Harry’s chest. "Keep the chain on at all times. Understand, Harry?"

Harry nods as he closes his fist around the ring and pendant.

"Keep it under your clothes, Harry. Your shirt and your school robes."

Again Harry nods and as if on cue he pulls the chain up, releasing it under his pajama top. Draco gets up to leave as it is now extremely late and he will need all his wits for the first day of Hogwarts. However, before he reaches the door Harry stops him.

"Draco, I...uh, I mean! Um, can you stay with me tonight? I've never been in a room this big before. And I'm kind of, well...scared."

Sharply Draco turns back around to look at Harry as he fidgets, head tilted slightly down, bright green eyes looking at him imploringly. Draco smiles at Harry, forcing it to remain a smile and not morph into the smirk that it wanted to be. Draco wants to reassure the boy, not scare him.

"Of course, Harry. I'll stay with you as many nights as you want me to."

Harry lets out a sigh of relief before leading Draco to his bedroom. "Um, there's only one bed but it's big and I'm not too large so you can sleep on one side and I'll stay on the other. I'm not a wild sleeper, I usually stay to one side, so..." Clearly Harry is nervous, as he rambles on and Draco smiles, a true smile this time at the undeniably adorable behavior.

"Shh, Harry, it's OK. If somehow you end up on my side of the bed in the morning I'm not going to be angry," Draco says as he glides towards the bed seductively. He sprawls himself across the bed. As he eyes Harry, his cheeks are flushed the usual cherry red.

"Are you going to stand there all night, or are you going to get settled in? We do have classes in the morning and one should be sufficiently rested."

At the sound of Draco’s voice Harry is once again reanimated as he quickly shuffles to the bed, climbing beneath the covers. He turns his back to Draco, curling himself into a small ball at the corner of the bed. Draco sighs as he gets under the covers, turning to face Harry's back. He waits a few minutes before speaking again.

"Harry?"

No answer.
Draco smirks as he snuggle into the boy's back, wrapping his arms around his torso. He can feel his chest rising and falling rhythmically as he unknowingly snuggles closer to Draco’s warmth. Draco drags him over to his side of the bed, being sure not to wake the boy. In the morning Draco’s sure he'll believe that he came over to his side sometime during the night.

oOo

In the morning when Draco awakens he feels slightly disoriented. He supposes it's because he’s so use to his bed at the Manor. As he accustoms himself to his surroundings he notices a slight pressure on his chest. Looking down he sees a head full of dark wild hair, the slight curve of Harry's button nose and red lips parted as slight puffs of air escape his lion’s sleeping form.

He smirks down at the boy before letting out a huge yawn. Unconsciously he stretches his body, shaking of the blanket of sleep as he grabs his wand from the bedside table, casting tempus.

‘Luckily the unfamiliar bed has caused me to wake up early.’ Draco thinks as he gets up to go to the bathroom. He gently shakes his lion awake.

"Harry.” He whispers.

Harry blinks at me groggily, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. "Wha--"

“I have to go down to my suites before breakfast. I’ll meet you in front of the Great Hall in an hour alright?”

“Okay.” Harry snuggles back under the covers and Draco smiles. He walks down to the dungeon to take a quick shower and get ready before heading down to the great hall to wait for his lion.

Harry looks like he’s just rolled out of bed. Although his hair is slightly wet, so he must have taken a shower.

“Hello Lion” Draco greets him.

Harry looks perplexed by the nickname. “Draco” He says and nods his head before shyly taking Draco’s hand.

“We’ll have breakfast at Slytherin-“ Draco starts

“No. I need to get to know my housemates.” Harry interrupts. Draco fumes.

“I’m already friends with a Slytherin Draco, I need to make friends in my own house as well.” He says softly for Draco’s ears only.

Draco nods and lets go of Harry’s hand before walking into the great hall and seating himself at the Slytherin table.

Snape comes around with their schedules

Malfoy, Draco
Slytherin, Year One
Class Schedule, First Semester
M/W
6:00-8:50 Breakfast
9:00-10:15 Charms, Classroom 108--Gryffindor
10:30-11:45 Transfiguration, Classroom 212--Ravenclaw
Lunch  
1:00-2:15--Herbology, Greenhouse C--Hufflepuff  
2:30-3:45--Divination, Astronomy Tower--Ravenclaw  
T/TH  
6:00-8:50 Breakfast  
9:00-10:15 Arithmetic, Classroom 113--Hufflepuff  
10:30-11:45 Flying, Quidditch Pitch--Gryffindor  
Lunch  
1:00-2:15 Potions, Classroom 006--Gryffindor  
2:30-3:45 Defense Against the Dark Arts, Classroom 302--Gryffindor  
F  
6:00-9:50 Breakfast  
10:00-11:45 Care of Magical Creatures, Hagrid's Hut--Ravenclaw  
Lunch  
1:00-2:15 History of Magic, Classroom 017--Hufflepuff  
2:30-3:45 Free Period

Draco proceeds to charms with his two bodyguards and sits on what seems to be the Slytherin half of the room.
After charms Draco had seen Harry whisked off by another Gryffindor.

After Transfiguration Draco makes his way to the Great Hall as he is eager to see his lion again. With his book bag slung over one shoulder he heads towards the Slytherin table, taking a seat between his two bodyguards. Crabbe and Goyle give a grunt to acknowledge his presence, never stopping their massive intake of food. Draco cringes slightly at their disgusting behavior.

Before he can even take a bite of his food the interrogation begins:

"So, Malfoy, I see you’ve decided to grace us with your presence." Draco raises his left eyebrow, eyeing the boy up and down until he clears his throat in discomfort. Draco smirks into his glass of butterbeer before taking a sip.

"Your observation skills astound me, Mr...?"

"Nott, Theodore Nott." Draco nods at him, placing his mug down on the table.

"Well, Mr. Nott, is there anything else you have observed about me? I'm sure it has taken all of your time and effort to come up with some form of conclusion and I wouldn't want that to go to waste." The boy’s face flushes in anger at the veiled insult to his intelligence.

"You have some answering to do to Slytherin house. Have you abandoned us for the Gryffindorks? Perhaps the golden boy has converted you with the mudbloods."

Draco lets out a burst of laughter, causing all of Slytherin house to focus on the confrontation between himself and Nott. "Are you really that stupid, Nott?"

Nott frowns at his tone, suddenly feeling out of his element as he realizes the whole of Slytherin house is watching the display. "What are you talking about, Malfoy?"

"Do I really need to spell it out for you?"

"You're just trying to get out of this discussion, but everyone knows you don't belong in Slytherin. So why don't you go over there and join the Gryffindorks."

The dark skinned boy sitting across from Draco begins to laugh. Nott smirks at Draco, clearly believing that the boy is laughing at him but Draco knows better. No one would ever laugh at a Malfoy.

"Wow, Nott. You really are that stupid." Nott's smirk quickly turns into a frown as the dark skinned boy's comment. Draco lets out a soft chuckle. The dark skinned boy joins him and he takes a bite from his sandwich. It's clear to everyone that this conversation is over. Evidently Nott isn't too smart.
"Shut up, Zabini, you don't know what you're talking about!"

"You're the one who doesn't belong in Slytherin, Nott, if you can't see a very Slytherin move. How much prestige do you think the Malfoy family will get if it forms an alliance with Potter? I just wish that I had thought of that first. Most of my family's influence is in Italy."

"So you're the son of Dante Zabini?" Zabini nods before reaching out his hand. He has a firm grip as the two boys shake hands and Draco can't help but notice the slight contrast of their skin colors.

"Yes, I'm Blaise Zabini, son of Dante and Isabella Zabini."

Draco returns the formal introductions with one of his own, though he already knows who Draco is. There is no one in Europe, or probably in the wider wizarding world that doesn't know of the Malfoys'.

"Nice to meet you Blaise Zabini, I'm Draco Malfoy, son of Lucius and Narcissa Malfoy. I've heard much about your father's ministry work in Italy." Blaise beams a smile at Draco, excited that a Malfoy, knows of his family, especially since they are Italian. "So, are you the first Zabini to ever attend Hogwarts?" Draco says, barely noticing Nott angrily stalk out of the Great Hall as the Slytherins either taunt him or ignore him completely, as he is.

"Yes, I'm very excited about attending Hogwarts. Even us Italians have heard of this school." Draco nods at his statement because everyone knows that Hogwarts is almost as famous and prestigious as the Malfoys.

"So do you have your own suite or are you staying in the dorms?"

"My father arranged a suite for me as there is no Zabini suite at Hogwarts."

"Ah. Perhaps after classes you and I can study together. I would love to see your suite and I'm sure you would love to meet Potter." Blaise nods his head in agreement and the boys begin eating their food again. Draco mostly ignores the conversation going on around him, choosing instead to chat with Zabini.

Draco ignores Harry’s protest of wanting to hang out with his Gryffindor "friends" as he drags him towards Zabini's suite. When they make it to Zabini's door Harry yanks his wrist out of Draco’s hand as he knocks on the door.

Harry is scowling at Draco but he doesn’t care.

"Ah, Mr. Malfoy, Mr. Potter, do come in," Blaise says as he opens his suite door and spots them on the threshold. Draco assumes he's surprised that he actually showed up, or it could be the fact that Harry Potter was with him.

Harry stalks in the room before Draco in an angry huff. When Draco enters the room Blaise closes the door before walking over to the small kitchenette that each suite holds. "Tea and crumpets, Mr. Malfoy and Mr. Potter?"

Draco lounges on the couch, bringing his feet up to the coffee table. "You can call us by our first name, Zabini."

Blaise nods as he fixes the tea. "Then you should call me by my first name as well...Draco," he replies, putting the crumpets in the toaster oven.
"Come sit down with me," Harry shoots Draco a glare before he stalks to the kitchenette.

"Do you need any help, um...?"

"Blaise Zabini, and what kind of host would I be if I put you to work?" Harry lets out a soft laugh before taking the crumpets out of the toaster oven. Draco frowns, only now realizing that his lion has never laughed in his presence. Draco is peeved that Harry’s not laughing because of him. Draco is up from the couch in an instant and standing between his lion and Zabini.

Zabini blinks as Draco arranges the cups on the tea tray. "Er, Draco um..."

"If he is going to help then why shouldn't I? Besides, I want to make sure you prepare the tea in the uh...English manner." Blaise shrugs as he sets the milk on the tea tray.

"So, Blaise," Harry begins, breaking the silence. "Where are you from, your accent isn't English."

"Well, my family is from Italy, though I've lived in Britain for a few years now. Though not long enough to drop my accent," Blaise says, letting out a laugh. "But you should hear my parents." He tells Harry conspiratorially. Harry joins Blaise in his laughter as he butters the crumpets.

Draco frowns again as he arranges the tea leaves and Harry puts the crumpets on a saucer dish before placing said dish on the tea tray. "Blaise, we'll let you continue with your preparations while Harry and I go over our class notes. After all, we did come here to study." Draco says to Blaise, but more so to Harry in order to stop his protests before they even start. Draco grabs his lion’s wrist again before leading them back to the couches. He kneels next to the coffee table, dragging Harry down with him as he takes out the homework.

"How where your classes today, Harry?" Harry's irritation at Draco finally ends as he begins to ramble on about Transfiguration. Apparently it's his favorite class of the day and because he has it with Hufflepuff, Gryffindor dominated in house points. Draco stares at Harry as he talks a mile a minute, mesmerized by the joy emanating from him. After a minute or two of Harry just talking and Draco just staring, his lion realizes that Draco has't said anything yet and he blushes profusely.

"Er, Draco, so what was your favorite class today?"

"Divination."

"Divination?" Harry says with indignation.

"Yes, Harry, Divination. All first years are required to take it."

"Yes, but, what I mean is: oh my God! How can you like Divination? That class is utter bollocks."

At that moment Blaise arrives with the tea and crumpets. He places the tray on the coffee table before settling down on the floor with the two other boys. "Well, Harry, Divination is an old art that most witches and wizards can't access. One can study divination for years and never achieve anything because if one does not have the innate talent, one can never learn the art."

Draco nods before continuing where Blaise left off in his explanation to Harry. "Students are required to take Divination because if one where to witness, let’s say a prophecy, or perhaps an omen, there are certain things that one needs to be aware of or the premonition will escape them. Usually prophecies are given in private, no one knows why, but it is the duty of every witch and wizard to report any such prophecies or omens to the Unforgivable Department at the Ministry. If one is not sufficiently learned in the subject, and neglects their duty, it is possible that they can be sent to Azkaban."
"Azkaban?" Harry asks.

"A wizarding prison." Draco supplies.

"Wow," Harry breaths, eyes wide and hands clenching his hidden chain through his school robes. "I didn't know that Divination was taken so seriously."

"All of your classes should be taken seriously, Harry." Draco says and Harry nods his head, eyes still wide.

"Well," Blaise says, breaking the silence after the end of Harry’s and Draco’s conversation. "Perhaps we should drink some tea before it gets cold."

Blaise then proceeds to pour each boy a cup. The boys drink their tea and eat the crumpets as they chat about classes, classmates, and professors. When all the tea has been drunk and nothing but crumbs is left of the crumpets, Blaise clears the tea tray away so that they can begin their study session.

"We should do our charms homework first since Slytherin and Gryffindor takes that class together. Then we can compare notes to see if we're on the same page in our other classes." Draco says.

"Well, in charms for homework we're supposed to read chapter one, section I and II. Then we're supposed to answer the questions at the end of the sections." Harry says, flipping to the first section in his charms book.

"How many are there all together?" Blaise asks, pulling out parchment while Draco lays out the self-inking quills.

"There's eight questions for both sections." Harry supplies

"Well let’s get to it," Draco adds. "We can read the sections silently then discuss the questions. Agreed?"

"Agreed," says Blaise.

"Agreed," Harry seconds.

Charms and Transfiguration are the more difficult subjects so after the boys finish their charms homework, which took about 40 minutes they proceeded to Transfiguration though the homework didn't take as long as the charms because all they had to do was write eight inches on the class discussion. After that they took another quick tea time then did our Herbolology which was recognizing plant groups based on plant characteristics, which took a little over 10 minutes because the boys broke up the assignment between the three of them. After Herbolology doing their Divination was a blast. All they had to do was write a list of traditional signs of omens. Once all of their homework was complete it was nearly 6:00pm with dinner starting in half an hour.

"Well, Blaise," Draco says rising from his seated position, stretching out his limbs. "Harry and I will see you in the Great Hall for dinner. Next time we can have the study session in my suite."

Blaise nods, leading his guests to the door. Clearly he understands the hidden meaning being invited to Draco’s suite. He has proven himself worthy of a friendship with a Malfoy that perhaps can lead to an alliance between the Malfoys and Zabinis. And of course there is always the chance that he may form some sort of friendship with Potter, and who wouldn't want to be friends with The Harry Potter? Not anyone living in the wizarding world. Not anyone in their right mind.
"Draco," Harry says, walking up behind Draco as he gets ready for tonight's dinner.

"Yes, Harry," Draco replies, quickly unbuttoning his shirt, discarding it to the bed.

"Draco, what are you doing!?!" Harry squeaks, turning away from the sight of Draco’s naked chest. Draco frowns slightly, he thinks he looks good.

"Harry, whatever is the matter?"

"You shouldn't get undressed with other people in the room."

Draco frowns again. "Harry, we're both boys. Everything you have, I have."

"Um...OK," the blush remains on Harry's face but he does turn back around.

"See," Draco says, walking towards Harry. Harry takes a slight step back but then steadies himself as Draco comes closer. When Draco is right in front of Harry he begins unbuttoning his shirt.

"Dr--Draco..."

"Shh," Draco says, pulling the shirt off of Harry's shoulders. He wraps his arm around Harry's waist, turning him towards the mirror hanging on the armoire door. "See Harry, we're the same."

"Looking good," Draco’s mirror self says, winking at him. Harry's mirror self giggles and Draco can't help but chuckle at how good they look together, especially with his chain dangling around his lion's neck, the diamonds and emeralds glinting in the room's light. Slowly Harry relaxes and soon the boys are laughing together.

"So," Draco says, putting on a deep green shirt that matches Harry’s eyes. Harry picks his discarded shirt up from the floor, buttoning it back into place. Draco opts to wear silver robes in order to honor his house, especially because of that earlier display at lunch. "Do you need to go change your clothes before dinner?"

Harry shakes his head in the negative. "No, these robes are fine. I mean, they're still clean."

Draco shakes his head at the logic of a Gryffindor. "I'll introduce you to Crabbe and Goyle at dinner tonight, though those two are so thick I don't think it'll make much of a difference. And I guess you can sit between me and Blaise because I don't want any of the Slytherins bothering you."

Harry stops midway in putting on his robes before looking Draco dead in the eyes. "Draco, I'm eating dinner with the Gryffindors."

"Again?"

"Draco, they are my housemates. And I spent all of my time today after classes with you and
Blaise. Besides, I'm not rooming in the Gryffindor dorms like most of my housemates are and...well, I thought that I could see you again tonight, I mean cause well, you did say that you would sleep with me for a while, I mean just 'till I get use to my room then you can sleep in yours...I mean I'm not saying that you can't sleep in mine ever again after I'm use to my rooms but, I mean, what I'm tryin--"

"Harry, it's OK," Draco says, stopping the boy mid-sentence. Draco can tell that if he pushes the boy then he'll only get hysterical. Draco has alliances to form, appearances to keep, and thus does not need to be late for dinner. "You can eat with the Gryffindors just let me introduce you to Crabbe and Goyle first, alright?" Draco thinks through this for a second, they could dominate the school if Harry made the Gryffindors loyal to him.

Harry nods and Draco smiles at him, taking his hand in order to lead him out of the room and to the great hall. When they enter the Great Hall together it falls silent due to the conformation the hottest rumor: Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy: friends!

Well, perhaps that's what it looks like with Draco and Harry holding hands as Draco leads him to the Slytherin table and introduces him to Crabbe and Goyle.

Harry squeezes Draco’s hand before releasing it as he says goodbye to him, Blaise, Crabbe, and Goyle. Draco makes sure to sit in a spot where he can watch Harry during the meal. Even from the distance between the Slytherin and Gryffindor table it is clear that Harry's housemates are giving him a mouthful about holding the company of a Slytherin, especially that weasel prat.

"Hello, Draco. I'm Pansy Parkinson. Daughter of--"

"Yes, Pansy I know who you are, you do not need to say formal introductions. We saw each other last summer at the Summer Gala."

'Dear lord our fathers are discussing a marriage contract. I hope I can talk to my father about changing negotiations over to Harry’s guardians. There is no way I am marrying this pig face when a gorgeous boy was available. But I have to act like I want this negotiation to go through.' Draco thinks.

Pansy blushes a pale pink as she settles beside Draco on the bench. Draco seems rather surprised that such a petite girl can push over Crabbe's huge form but somehow she manages to shove the boy enough to make room for herself beside him. Pansy has long black hair, with a slight wave. Her eyes are a dark blue, and she's probably around the same height as Harry, which for a girl was normal.

"Yes, it has been a while, Draco. Who knew you remembered when we last met?"

Draco turns his head to the left and glares at Pansy “A Malfoy always remembers important events." Pansy blush returns at the reprimand. "Well, Pansy, this is Crabbe and Goyle," Draco says. Both boys give the usual grunt and Draco shakes his head slightly as they participate in their favorite pastime--stuffing their face full of food.

"And that's Blaise Zabini."

"Hello, I'm Pansy Parkinson," she gives a soft laugh. "I suppose with you being friends with Draco that formal introductions are out of the question?"

Blaise nods. "Yes, that would be highly improper." Blaise says as he stands up from his seat, giving Pansy a short bow. Pansy’s blush spreads as Blaise takes her hand in his, raising it to his
lips to kiss the back of her knuckles. "Nice to meet you Miss Parkinson, you can call me Blaise."

"Ye--Yes! Nice to meet you Blaise, you don't have to call me Parkinson, Pansy will do. Where are you from? I don't recognize your accent."

"Italy."

"Oh, wow," Pansy gushes. Draco ignores her and Blaise's conversation to focus on his meal of turkey with mash potatoes, baked beans, and gravy. He can't keep his eyes off of Harry.

Harry seems to be talking an awful lot to the mudblood and the Weasel. He would have to change that.

"Pansy," Draco says, interrupting her and Blaise's conversation on Merlin knows what. "After dinner can you join me in my quarters for tea?"

"Oh, of course Draco!" Pansy squeals excitedly, face flushing that pale pink again. She eats her food with a little more speed though somehow she manages to talk just as fast as she was before. When she is done Draco stands up from the table, holding out his arm for her to take. She giggles and says goodbye to Blaise, who responds and nods goodbye to Draco.

As they walk the length of the Slytherin table to make it towards the exit Draco nods at Harry who is looking from Draco to Pansy and back again. Draco speeds up his pace.

When they arrive at Draco’s suite he escorts Pansy inside, taking her white robe from her and placing it on the robe rack. She smiles at him before he tells her to take a seat on the leather sofa. Quickly Draco makes his way to the kitchenette. "What kind of tea would you like, Pansy?"

"Earl Grey."

"Would you like a pumpkin scone as well?"

"Yes, Draco. That would be wonderful."

It takes Draco a little less than five minutes to have everything prepared. He places the tray on the coffee table and sits across from Pansy. She smiles at him as he pours her a cup, then she prepares her tea to her liking. Draco makes himself a cup as well but takes a bite out of his scone before sipping the hot liquid.

"So, Pansy, how are your classes going?"

"Excellent so far. Though it is only the first day, I do believe that charms might be my favorite subject!"

"That's great, Pansy."

"Yeah, I think I have a natural knack for it."

"Well, everyone is innately good at something."

Pansy nods her head as she sips more of her tea. "Though all of this small talk is fun, I would love to get to point as I wish to study early tomorrow morning."

Draco smiles at Pansy, glad that they are on the same page. He puts his cup down. "I have asked you to come here so that we can discuss our obligations to each other due to the negotiation currently under way for our marriage" Draco refrains from rolling his eyes.
This time Pansy nods as she finishes off her tea. Draco pours her another cup and she smiles at him, nibbling on her scone. "Both of our performance at Hogwarts will reflect on each other," Pansy states, adding milk and honey to her tea.

"True. Though not only will our grades reflect on one another but our behavior as well. You must do everything you can to maintain high marks and stay out of detention, Pansy."

"As do you."

"Of course," Draco says, finishing off his scone. "I am a Malfoy, after all."

"And I am a Parkinson. For every detention or low mark I receive I will do your homework for that day."

"As will I." Draco stands up from the sofa and Pansy does the same. He escorts her to the door, helping her back into her robes. "I'll walk you to your suite, Pansy."

Pansy nods and he takes her arm in his again, walking her the few corridors down to her own suite. When they make it outside her door Pansy turns to face him. "I am glad we are at an agreement, Pansy."

"As am I."

"Blaise, Harry, and I are having a study session tomorrow after classes in my suite. I would love for you to join."

Pansy smirks. "Yes, perhaps that is for the best. If we study together we won't have to worry about any surprise marks." Draco nods his head in consensus.

"Is it okay if I invite somebody, a Daphne Greengrass?"

Draco agrees.

Draco kisses the back of Pansy's hand as he bids her goodnight before heading back to his own suite. He quickly says the password before collecting the things he will need for tomorrow. He ticks them off in his head as he adds them and places them into his bookbag. He stalks to Harry's suite, walking with more speed as he imagines them snuggled together in his bed.

Draco arrives at Harry's suite sooner than he had anticipated. He gives the door three knocks then wait. Almost instantly the door is flung open.

"Oh, Draco!" Harry exclaims, looking startled and nervous at his appearance. "I didn't think you would come tonight."

"Why wouldn't I come tonight, Harry? I told you I would come as long as you wanted me to."

"Well, yes bu--"

"Harry, who is that at the door?" Draco's blood seems to freeze over as he hears the voice of, out of all people, the bloody weasel! He stalks into the room, shoving Harry to get in as he has not moved from the doorway.

"What is he doing here?" Draco asks Harry, pointing to the weasel.

"Uh...see I--"
"What am I doing here? What are you doing here? You Slytherin snake!"

"Ron, pleas--" Harry interjects, clearly overwhelmed by the situation.

"I refuse to be in the presence of a snake. If he doesn't leave then I'm leaving."

Draco leans against the wall, counting the seconds as he waits for the weasel to leave. The boy is clearly delusional if he believes that anyone would pick a Weasley over a Malfoy--not in a million years, not ever in this lifetime, not as long as magic exists.

Ron is still huffing and puffing in his muggle caveman manner while Harry fidgets in discomfort.

"Ron--" Harry begins, the regret obvious enough even for a dimwitted fool such as the weasel to hear.

"I see how it is! Even if you are Harry Potter, I don't want to be friends with anyone who's friends with bloody Slytherins!" And with that the redhead boy storms out of the room, slamming the door angrily behind himself. Harry falls to the floor and even from across the room Draco can see his lion shaking as tears leak out of his eyes. He walks over and kneel next to Harry, wrapping his arms around him. "It's OK, Harry. That Weasley boy was a prat. He only wanted to be friends with you because you’re Harry Potter."

"And what about you," Harry says, voice shaking a little. "Is that why you want to be my friend too? It seems that's the only reason why people want to be next to me, because of something I did as a bloody baby! Something that I don't even remember," Harry finishes bitterly.

"Harry," Draco says, pulling the boy up from the floor. He rubs his back in reassurance as he leads him to his bedroom. "Remember what I said on the train. To me you're just Harry."

Harry sniffs as Draco helps him into the bed. "I'm sorry, Draco. It's just, at dinner when I saw you leaving the hall with that girl I thought that, well…maybe that you didn't like me as much as I thought you did. I thought that you would rather be friends with her than with me."

"Harry, my Father and hers are currently negotiating a marriage contract between the two of us. I have to get along with her for that reason. But I don't have to get along with you, I want to though. It's not something I'm doing out of obligation like with Parkinson. I truly want you to be with me, to be my friend, not because of your name, but because of you. I want to get to know that boy I saw in Madam Malkin's, who I knew nothing about except for the fact that I wanted to get to be his friend."

Harry gives Draco a soft smile through his tears before Draco wipes them away. Draco smiles back at him before standing up from the bed. Harry grabs the sleeve of his arm. "I thought you were staying, Draco."

"I'm changing into my pajamas," Draco say in reassurance to the boy as he holds on to his sleeve with a death grip.

"Can we sleep like we were this morning? I feel safer like that than in the corner of my bed--all alone." Harry seems on the verge of tears again and Draco quickly agrees with the boy to stop another cry fest. He climbs into bed that night, thinking of plans to get the weasel.

_oOo_

Draco wakes up to a sound emanating from his wand. He lets Harry sleep in as he heads to his bathroom, preparing himself for his morning routine. He starts the shower as he strips off his
clothes.

First he uses the loo as the sound of the shower makes the urgency behind his full bladder even more urgent. After washing his hands he gets into the shower, standing beneath the warm water. He let the water rush over him as he organizes all the things he needs to do today. He smirks, pouring a handful of vanilla shampoo into his hand, rubbing it through his hair. After washing his hair he washes his body, then he lets the water rinse the soap scum off. Once that is complete it's time for him to brush his teeth and wash his face.

The mint toothpaste really wakes him up and he smiles as he shuts the water off, stepping out of the shower. He waves his wand to dry himself off then begin the process of styling his hair.

He makes his way back over to the bed. "Harry," Draco’s voice is barely higher than a whisper. "Harry, it's time to get up."

"Five more minutes..." Harry mumbles and Draco smirks as he reaches his hand towards the covers, and in one go, yanks them away from Harry's body. Instantly the boy's eyes clench tightly and his body curls around itself. Harry moans pitifully as his hands search the bed for the covers.

"Harry, come on."

Harry groans before sitting up in bed, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes. His usually wild hair looks like a bird's nest. Draco laughs at Harry and he frowns. "What," he says, looking at Draco with one eye open. "Is there something on my face?"

"I'm just admiring how beautiful you look in the morning." Harry glares at him before bolting from the bed and rushing off to the showing in a mad dash to get to the mirror. Draco laughs at the mumbling he hears from his lion in the bathroom, though with the door closed he can only hear the sound of Harry's voice, not what he's saying.

While Draco waits for Harry to finish up in the bathroom he looks over his class schedule and frowns at the stupidity of the headmaster for how their classes are setup. From the first class being in the school, to the second one on the Quidditch pitch, then back in the school to the basement, then all the way to the third floor.

It is at the end of that thought that Harry comes from the bathroom with only a towel wrapped around himself. Draco’s breath hitches as his pale, wet body glistens in the room's light. When Harry sees Draco looking at him he blushes cherry red and Draco notices that the blush doesn't stay dormant to his face. It travels down his neck and all the way to his chest. "Uh, I forgot to get my clothes." Harry stutters out before rushing over to his armoire, grabbing several items, and then rushing back to the bathroom. A few minutes later before Harry returns from the restroom, fully dressed and ready for breakfast.

"Harry," Draco says, stopping the boy as he fastens his school robe. "Is that how you style your hair?"

"What?" Harry says as he looks up from his robe, glancing at Draco. "Oh, this?" Asks Harry, reaching up a hand to run through his wild hair.

"Yes, Harry. The only hair that you have."

Harry frowns before scratching the back of his head and giving Draco a sheepish look. "Well, actually, I did style it like this. I mean I didn't want to style it like this. Ugh," Harry groans, pulling on the ends of his hair in frustration. "Look, Draco. What I'm trying to say is my hair is impossible
"Harry, you are a wizard. There is no head of hair that is stronger than your wand, stronger than spells and magic. Sit on that chair," Draco says to Harry, pointing to the one before a small vanity. "And watch. I'll have that hair of yours tamed in no time."

Harry gives Draco a skeptical look as he walks over to the chair. He sits down with a huff, muttering out a "Draco, this is useless." Draco ignores him before firing off a set of spells that he use when dealing with his hair. They don’t even make a dent.

When Draco realizes that Harry’s hair type is different than his it doesn't take more than a few minutes before Harry's hair is relatively tamed and he smirks at Harry in the mirror as he stares at himself in awe. "Wow," Harry breaths, touching his hair tentatively. "My hair's never sat down before. Usually it's all over the place but now it’s...well, tamed." Harry lets out a laugh of joy before turning in the chair to face Draco. "Just like you said, Draco."

Draco chuckled at Harry before kissing his cheek. "It's just a few spells Harry. I'll teach you how to perform them later but right now we should be heading for breakfast."

Harry nods before running over and retrieving his book bag while Draco puts on a silver and pale blue robe for breakfast. He’s halfway through fastening the buttons when Harry makes his way back over.

"Wow, Draco. That's a really nice robe, but um, it's not our school robe."

"Of course not, Harry. School robes are only meant for classes. Besides, black is not really my color so I shan't be seen in the school robes for any longer than necessary."

"Do all the students wear different robes besides their school robes during off school hours?"

"Well, I can't speak for all the houses especially not the Gryffindors, but most of the Slytherin students change their robes frequently throughout the day, depending on their class schedule. I'm pretty sure most of the Ravenclaws do as well."

"Oh," Whispers Harry, fiddling with a corner of his robe.

"Harry, what is it? Do you want to change your robes for breakfast?"

"Ah, well...I only purchased my school robes because they were the only ones on our school list."

Draco frowns slightly. "Are you planning to wear your school robes during the weekend as well?"

"What? People wear robes during the weekend? I was just going to wear my regular clothes, I mean, you know, the clothes under my school robes."

"Surely you weren't planning to wear your underclothes outside of your rooms?"

"Why? You don't want to be seen with me because my regular clothes aren't as nice as yours? Is that it, Draco?"

Draco’s eyebrows furrow at the angry words coming from his lion and he’s not exactly sure why Harry’s angry. "Harry," He says, making sure his voice is reassuring and calm. "That is the furthest thing from the truth. I only asked because it is highly improper for a witch or wizard to walk around without their robes unless they are in a private area, such as a friend's suite."
"Oh," Harry says, the anger drained from his voice. "Well, I guess I'll be wearing my school robes during the weekend because I don't have any other ones with me."

"Oh, Harry," Draco says, grabbing the boys hand before he lead him out of his suite and towards the direction of the Great Hall. "There's no need for that. You can order some robes through owl order. I'll get my catalog and we can make the order during lunch."

"How long does an owl order take?" Harry asks as we near our way towards the Great Hall.

"Your robes will arrive no later than tomorrow."

"Wow, they really make robes that fast?"

"No," Draco says as the doors of the Great Hall comes into view. "The Malfoy name works that fast."

"Oh."

Draco glances down at Harry as he open the doors to the Great Hall, slightly confused by the tone of his voice. However, before he can question him, all thought escapes his mind as he takes in the sight of the Great Hall out of the corner of my eye. Harry gasps.

I'm sure that what I am seeing is not some illusion invading only my mind.

"Draco, what is going on?" Harry asks, hand tightening within his. Draco squeezes his hand in reassurance as he tentatively leads them into the Great Hall. He stares around the Great Hall in confusion, not knowing what to do or say. Draco spots Blaise sitting with Pansy, Crabbe, and Goyle so he makes his way over to them, dragging Harry along. Draco sits down in a chair next to Pansy and slightly across from Blaise, bringing Harry down to sit on his right.

"Blaise, Pansy, what is going on?"

"We thought that maybe you'd know," Goyle says, taking a break from his food.

"Yeah, with you being a Malfoy and all," inserts Crabbe as refills his mug of pumpkin juice.

Draco quirks an eyebrow at them, neither affirming nor denying that he knows what's going on. Pansy sighs before turning her body towards Draco, her blue eyes meeting grey. "What Gregory and Vincent are trying to say is Blaise and I went to your suite this morning after seeing the situation in the Great Hall."

"Oh?" Draco asks, turning to look at Blaise though he steadfastly ignores his gaze and it's clear from the way his eyes are moving back and forth between himself and Harry that he probably knows where Draco was this morning and is desperately trying to stay clear of the potentially volatile situation between himself and his almost intended.

"Yes, Draco. We knocked and knocked but you never came to answer the door. We even used a few spells. Where were you this morning?"

"Did you check the library? Perhaps I was getting in some early morning studying."

Pansy begins to butter her toast though it's clear from his seat that the bread has already been sufficiently buttered. "Draco, Vincent and Gregory went to look for you while Blaise and I came back to the Great Hall just in case we missed you and you were here."
"Ah. Well, perhaps you missed me while yo-"

"Oh, Draco," Harry exclaims, giving him a slight poke with a fork. Draco turns to glare at him and he laughs at the look on his face before leaning around him to face Pansy. "Draco's just trying to have a little fun with you guys though I don't know why he chose this manner." Again Harry lets out a laugh before putting the fork down. "He was in my suite with me all morning."

"Oh," Pansy says, knife falling from her hand to clatter down to the table. She turns to face Draco once more, blue clashing with grey. "You must have left your suite pretty early if you were gone when Blaise and I arrived, knocking on your door." Draco shrugs and the blue of Pansy eyes seems to increase in intensity. "Yes," she continues. "You must have left early if you were in Harry's rooms so long. One can only imagine what the two of you were doing."

"Pansy, what are you insinuating?" Draco hisses out, completely aware of the fact that the conversation is happening in the Great Hall in front of hundreds of Hogwarts students.

The atmosphere around the table is tense as Pansy and Draco stare at each other. Draco holds her gaze and after a while her eyes drop. Draco sighs as Crabbe and Goyle begin speaking about how good breakfast is to break up the tense silence. Blaise fiddles with the food on his plate and Harry looks back and forth between Draco and Pansy.

"Er, Pansy?" Harry begins. Draco glares at him trying to tell him to shut up with his eyes but obviously the message escapes him. "It's not what you think. I mean… I'm not sure what you think Draco and I were doing. But, um, what I'm trying to say is he wasn't in my room because he wanted to, he was in my room because I asked him. It's just at home my rooms are a lot…smaller and I've never stayed somewhere by myself so I was a little...afraid. So I asked Draco if he could stay in my suite for a few days an-"

"Wait, he was in your suite yesterday as well?" Harry nods.

"Pansy," Draco says, taking her hand in his. Her gaze turns from Harry to look at him. "I am only doing what any good friend would do for another. I wouldn't think anything of it if you did the same, helping Greengrass get accustomed to Hogwarts."

Pansy frowns at Draco before taking her hand from his, flipping a lock of black hair behind her ear. "Oh, is that true, Draco? Well I guess you won't have a problem with me getting Blaise accustomed to Hogwarts. After all, his family is from Italy and he is decidedly at a disadvantage to other Hogwarts students who families have attended Hogwarts for multiple generations."

Draco frowns at Pansy and she smirks at him. Harry stares at the both of them in confusion and Blaise is definitely looking uncomfortable. Crabbe and Goyle try to ignore the whole unseemly situation by focusing on their food.

"Miss Parkinson," Blaise begins rapidly, trying to dispel the situation that is quickly getting him in the middle of a pre-martial spat. "That is highly unnecessary."

"Ladies and Gentlemen!" Dumbledore begins, getting all of the student’s attention in the hall. "Though most of you have already noticed the situation in the Great Hall I would like to give a short speech on the new arrangements so as not to take up too much of your breakfast." Instantly the conversation stops as we all pay attention to Dumbledore. The man gets their full attention, if only because they have no idea what is going on, and no one wants the uncomfortable discussion between Pansy and Draco to continue.

"Yesterday, during lunch I noticed the most extraordinary thing," continues Dumbledore. "It is
most fascinating, in fact, because it is something that hasn't been spotted at Hogwarts in many years. At the beginning of Hogwarts, before Salazar's untimely death, the four houses of Hogwarts only separated for sleeping arrangements. During the rest of the day's activities, such as classes and times in the Great Hall, the four houses where together.

"Since beginning my career as Headmaster I have always hoped to once again see our four houses together again, and yesterday I saw two boys from two different houses getting along together—being friends. And it wasn't just any two house, it was the two houses with the most notorious feud in all of Hogwarts-Slytherin and Gryffindor.

"It is my hope that these new seating arrangements, which if any of you Ravenclaws were counting is fifty round tables with the capacity to seat twelve, can bring our school together once again as it was in the founders' time. Not only will this be implemented during times of dining, but during our class times as well. I have asked each of your Professors to make sure that at each desk there is a student from each house in order to promote inter house friendships.”

"For too long has Hogwarts been divided, and it is from this day forward that these ancient walls will once again see the unity of Hogwarts, the friendship and trust that rest between all houses-Gryffindor, Ravenclaw, Hufflepuff, and Slytherin.”

"To a new future," Dumbledore finishes his speech with a toast and the staff raise their glasses as well. The Hufflepuffs and Ravenclaws eagerly raise their glasses as well, though less than half of the Gryffindors comply, and even less of the Slytherins. Indeed, Draco only holds up his glass because he is sitting next to his lion who is smiling at him eagerly as he holds up his glass. At the raise of Draco’s glass everyone at the table raises theirs as well.

"To friendship," Harry says, clanking his glass against Draco's. Draco nods his head in compliance. The other four Slytherins follow suit, clanking their glasses together. The sound of glasses clinking softly can be heard around the Great Hall and Harry's smile is so contagious that Draco finds himself repeating Harry’s toast.
All throughout Arithmomancy Draco can't stop thinking about his next lesson. He smirks when the bell rings and he briskly makes his way towards the quidditch pitch with Pansy, Crabbe, Goyle, and Zabini trailing closely behind him.

When Draco makes it to the pitch it is to see a long row of brooms laid out and he quickly picks the least damaged one of the bunch. His little entourage follows suit, each picking a broom close to him, and when the Gryffindors arrive he calls Harry over. Harry smiles and rushes over, throwing his arms around his shoulders and Draco hugs him back, not caring who sees. He laughs at the expression on the Weasley's face who is standing a ways off. He scowls at Draco before stomping over to an unaccompanied broom. Draco laughs again and Harry draws back.

"Missed me?" Draco asks him as he straddles the broom next to him.

Harry nods his head vigorously. "The Gryffindor's are kind of...scary. They wouldn't leave me alone, I could barely breathe!"

Draco nods his head in agreement.

"Oh, Draco," Pansy says, getting his attention. "I would like to introduce you to Daphne Greengrass. I've invited her to our study session tonight."

Draco bows over Greengrass' hand, softly kissing the back of her knuckles. Greengrass is tanned, with blue eyes and straight blonde hair, she would be pretty, if Draco were into that sort of thing. He smiles at Greengrass as she settles over a broom next to Pansy.

Soon the Professor arrives and she begins instructing us on how to mount their brooms though Draco tunes her out as he already know everything there is about broom riding. Eventually after taking too long in her explanation, at least in Draco’s opinion she instructs us to say "up" in order to call a broom oneshands.

"Up," Draco says lazily and smirks when his broom raises instantly. Harry’s broom is also in his hand.

The voice of Madame Hooch raises as she shouts at Thomas to lower his broom and dismount immediately. Apparently the Thomas isn't too smart because he rises higher in the air before falling off of his broom and longing on the ground with a sickening crunch.

Madame Hooch runs over to the boy before telling Thomas it’s a broken wrist. Quickly she rushes him off to the infirmary before stating that if any of them even glide on our broom they will be expelled from Hogwarts faster than they can say "quidditch." When Madame Hooch is out of sight Draco smirks before walking over to the Weasel.

"That was a hard fall I hope your friend is OK, Weasley." Draco says in his most sincere voice.
"Why you, Death Eater scum! You probably cursed his broom so that he would fall of it. You're nothing but an evil Slytherin snake!"

Draco takes a calculated step back and lets his face show hurt shock. "Weasley, I did nothing to anyone's broom. I can test his broom for you now to prove to you that it is unhexed. After all, I am extremely good on a broom and it is expected that I will be the youngest Seeker in Hogwarts history."

The weasels face turns a deep shade of puce and he lets out some form of caveman muggle scream before hurling himself at Draco and punching him straight in the face. Draco raises his head slightly and smirks at Weasley on the ground, shading his face with his hair so that only he can see.

Weasley face turns an even darker shade of puce but before he can punch Draco again Harry runs up between them, shielding Draco’s fallen body with his arms.

"Move out of my way, Potter," Weasley growls out impatiently, fists clenched.

Harry shakes his head back and forth furiously and the weasel growls before pulling out his wand and hexing Harry!

The class is in an uproar as they watch Weasley not only attack an unarmed student, but the boy-who-lived no less. Harry staggers back from the hex and ends up sprawled on top of Draco’s kneeled body. The weasels anger seems to increase as Draco and Harry touch.

The Weasel is huffing and puffing and about to make another move. Draco raises up from the ground and brandishes his wand. "Draco," Harry says softly, clenching the end of Draco’s robe in distress. "My chain. It's gone. It must have fallen off somewhere, I can't find it!"

Draco looks down at Harry and sure enough, the curse the weasel fired off was some form of hex that ripped the top of Harry's robe, exposing his pale chest to the light which was unmistakably absent of the gift he had bestowed upon him. Quickly, Draco looks around for Harry's chain, wanting to find the missing jewelry quickly but not wanting to use any magic in case Madame Hooch back sooner than expected.

"There it is, Draco!" Harry exclaims, pointing a few feet off but before he can get the chain from the ground the idiot weasel picks it up first, dangling it from his index finger.

"Well, well, well...what have we here? I knew that Potter was a traitor but who knew that he was Malfoy's little slut. Well, Potter, how does it feel? Turning tricks for Malfoy trinkets? You're more of a whore than I thought, or maybe you’re just a thief—with a known heirloom dangling from your chain!"

"Weasley, give Harry back that chain right now and I won't tell Madame Hooch about this little incident."

The Weasel smirks at Draco before quickly mounting his broom. "No, I don't think so," the weasel says and somehow this time he manages to get his broom in the air. "If you want this chain so much, why don't you come and get it."

Draco turns around towards the direction of his broom but Harry grabs his robes in his hands again. "No, Draco, you heard what Madame Hooch said. I don't want you to get expelled!"

"Aww, what's wrong Malfoy? Can't ride a broom? Or perhaps that whore of yours has you on a tight leech."
"Actually, Weasley, I can ride a broom rather well. However, unfortunately for you Madame Hooch is about to arrive ergo there is no nee..."

"Mr. Weasley!" Madame Hooch screeches. The weasels face quickly turns from an angry puce to a sickly white. Draco pulls out his wand and whispers "accio heirloom" and a few seconds before Harry's chain is firmly rested in his grasp.

"Class dismissed!" Madame Hooch says angrily as she storms to the Headmaster's office with the weasel following dejectedly, though that doesn't stop him from throwing Draco a glare over his shoulder.

Draco sighs before taking Harry's hand and leading him after Madame Hooch's retreating figure. "What are you doing?" Harry asks as they quickly leave the quidditch pitch.

"I'm taking us to the Headmaster's office." Draco says simply before increasing their pace as Madame Hooch rounds a corner. "Because the Headmaster will need to know what Weasley did to you."

"Oh," Harry says softly. Draco frowns at the tone of his voice and stops walking. When Harry realizes that Draco's not walking he stops as well, turning to face him. "Draco, what is it?" Harry asks, clearly confused.

Draco draws Harry closer. He stares intently into his bright emerald eyes, spotting fear as well as shock. 'The fight with Weasley must have been the first time Harry was hexed.' He thinks

"Harry, it's going to be OK..."

Harry shakes his head back and forth furiously. "It's not going to be OK. Ron's a bully, like Dudley, just like Dudley..."

Draco places both of his hands on Harry's shoulder, bringing a quick end to Harry's ramblings. "Harry. After the Headmaster sees what Weasley did to you."

"No!" Harry yells, taking a step back. Harry wraps his arms around himself. "It's hopeless. He's not going to believe me. No one ever does. We shouldn't even go! It's useless, completely useless..."

"Harry, I will do everything within my power to make sure that Weasley gets punished for the way he treated you."

"But--"

"Harry," Draco says loudly as he walks forward, folding his arms around him again. "Do you trust me?"

"Yes," Harry says, no hint of hesitation in his voice. Draco smiles down at him before giving him a soft kiss above his brow. Draco pulls Harry's chain out of his robe pocket. "Oh," Harry exclaims in shocked surprise.

"That fool Weasley dropped it when he was on the broom." Harry nods his head and smiles as he fastens the chain once again around his neck.

"Come on. We shouldn't dally too long. I'm sure Weasley has already filled the Headmaster's ears with an excessive amount of lies. We better hurry."

Harry nods and Draco take his hand again quickly leading them to the Headmaster's office.
When Harry and Draco arrive at the Headmaster's office the stone gargoyle jumps out of the way. Quickly they ascend the moving stairs and once they enter the Headmaster's office it is to an angry looking Weasley and Madame Hooch.

"Ah, I'm glad you boys could make it. I had just sent an owl off to find you two, but as you are here now..."

"He's the one who should be in trouble, he's the thief!" Weasley interrupts the Headmaster angrily.

The Headmaster frowns at the weasel's tirade before raising his hand and silencing him. He then turns his attention once again to Harry and Draco.

"Mr. Malfoy, Mr. Weasley seems to think that Mr. Potter has an item not of his own in his possession. Specifically that of a Malfoy heirloom."

"Headmaster, everything Harry has on his person belongs to him and this so-called heirloom that Mr. Weasley is referring to is nothing more than a gift I bought Harry for his birthday. After all, that is what friends do..."

"Yes, perfectly true! However, just to be clear I would like to take a look at the ring that Mr. Weasley is referring to. As the Headmaster, it is my duty to insure the safety of Hogwarts' students."

Harry looks at Draco and he nods his head slightly, giving Harry permission to show the Headmaster the chain that Harry knows is meant only for their eyes. Harry slowly walks up to the Headmaster's desk before stopping a mere inch from the dark wood. Harry reaches up his hands to remove the chain from around his neck. "Here, let me," Draco says rushing up behind Harry. Harry turns his head slightly back in order to smile as Draco unclasps his chain. When Draco places Harry's chain on the Headmaster's desk for Dumbledore to examine he can barely keep his smirk inside.

The headmaster frowns as he examines the ring. The Headmaster forces the frown off his face as he gives Harry back his necklace. Thankfully the blood Harry used made sure that the ring was only recognizable to the Malfoy's and Harry.

"Well," the Headmaster says after a short silence. "Though Mr. Potter's ring is not the heirloom that Mr. Weasley believed it to be, I am curious to the fact that it looks exactly like the ring which Mr. Weasley believed it to be."

"Well, Headmaster, perhaps the design of the ring was a little selfish on my part but as the Malfoy heir I will one day inherit the ring of which we speak and...well, I am an only child after all but I have always longed for a little brother and when I met Harry I thought it would be wonderful if even though we are not brother's in blood, Harry could be the brother of my heart thus I had a ring designed to look exactly like that of my birthright so that Harry and I can be brother's in everything but blood."

"Well," the Headmaster begins again, summoning two chairs for Draco and Harry to sit in... "Now that that is out of the way lets focus on the altercation between you three. Harry, what exactly happened?"

Harry places his cup on the white and gold saucer before recounting the events to the Headmaster.

The Headmaster listens attentively to Harry as he then goes on to explain about Weasley finding his chain and climbing on a broom, taking it with him in the air. When Harry gets to this part of the
narrative Madame Hooch begins to speak. "And this is where I arrived on the quidditch pitch, and
Mr. Weasley was indeed in the air unauthorized by myself though he did not have in his possession
Mr. Potter's chain; I'm assuming Mr. Weasley dropped it."

"Well," the Headmaster begins again. "As no one was hurt during this incident and Harry is back in
possession of his property, I'll give Mr. Weasley two nights of detenti--"

"Headmaster, you cannot be serious!" Draco says hotly though he quickly reigns in his emotions.

He takes a deep breath but is interrupted by Lucius coming in, Draco continues "Headmaster,"
more calmly now. "Not only did Mr. Weasley attack me unprovoked, he hexed Harry, slandered
both Harry's and my family's name, took in his possession property not of his own and disobeyed a
direct order from Madame Hooch who told her class not to mount any brooms because, as the
witnesses said, the perpetrator would be expelled faster than they can say 'quidditch.'"

The lemon drop the Headmaster has poised at his lips falls to the top of his desk, hitting the hard
wood once, twice, before rolling over to land on the floor. The weasel, whose face was turning a
more horrid red than his atrocious hair due to the fact that the Headmaster silenced him magically
he can't speak and clearly it's driving him mad, turns a stark white as he eyes the figure which has
just entered the Headmaster's office.

"Ah, Mr. Malfoy," Madame Hooch gushes. "Has the board of education already received word of
an incident involving Harry Potter?"

"No," Lucius says, cane clanking softly on the ground as he elegantly glides forward. "I received a
magical pulse when my son was attacked by a...Weasley."

"Of course, of course," Madame Hooch continues as she summons a chair for Lucius which is
parallel to Draco’s. "Most wizarding families have family spells on their children, especially an
heir, to alert them if said child comes in harm’s way. It is only natural that a most prestigious house
such as that of a Malfoy would have a set of spells firmly in place."

"Quite true, Rolanda," Lucius says as he settles himself into the plush chair.

"Now," Lucius says, pouring himself a cup. "I've heard of the incident from numerous eye
witnesses and based on what my son has told you Mr. Weasley's transgressions deserve more than
just two nights of detention."

"Yes," the Headmaster begins rapidly, coming out of his shocked stupor. "I understand completely
Mr. Malfoy. However-"

"No, Headmaster, I don't think you understand at all. Mr. Weasley attacked the heir to the Malfoy
family and that of the Potters. He slandered both my family's name and Mr. Potter's. Are you even
aware that Mr. Weasley called Mr. Potter a whore? No, Headmaster I don't think you understand at
all."

"Lucius..."

"Enough," Lucius says, standing up from his chair. "I have informed the board of education about
what has transpired today and the board decided that if you failed to sufficiently punish the culprit
the board would take it up itself to do so. Based on what I heard coming in here, I, Lucius Malfoy,
will speak on the behalf of the head of the board: Mr. Weasley, from this day forward, you are
expelled from Hogwarts until next year when you can once again attend the school as a first year."

"Mr. Malfoy, this punishment is extremely harsh!"
"But not uncommon. Especially when dealing with heirs. My son and Mr. Potter are heirs. Mr. Weasley is not. Come, Draco, I wish to say goodbye to you properly before I depart."

Draco nods his head goodbye to the Headmaster, getting great pleasure from the distress present on his face. He whispers goodbye to Harry, assuring Harry that he will meet him for lunch in the Great Hall. Draco then exits the Headmaster's office, quickly locating his father due to the soft click of his cane.

When he rounds the corner he easily spot his father in a shaded alcove.

"Father."

"Draco, your Mother sends her regards."

Draco nods his head at the standard greeting.

"How are your classes progressing thus far?"

"Very well, Father. I am undoubtedly top in all of my classes, except Herbology, Harry is quite good at that as well as the Longbottom boy."

"As expected." Lucius says, his silver headed cane rested firmly into his gloved hand. "Though I am pleased of your transition to Hogwarts that is not why I asked to speak with you."

"Of course."

"What is the nature of your relationship with the Potter boy?"

"Honestly Father I actually needed to talk to you about that." Lucius raises an eyebrow. "After hearing from Potter I believe he may be a pure blood, and I was wondering if you could look into that and possibly try to negotiate a marriage contract with his guardians if he is a pureblood." Draco didn't feel the need to divulge the fact that he had been looking into this since he met the boy in the summer.

"He’d have to be a bearer as well Draco, he’d have to provide you with an heir."

"Uncle Severus can test him. Please father. Imagine a contact with a Pureblood Potter."

"What family do you suspect his mother is from?"

"Ollivander had a brother. His brother Atticus, wife Maria, and their newborn child were lost in a storm. However, I believe that their daughter was left home with the nanny. I can’t prove it, as the house burned down around the same time, killing everyone inside. But I believe Lily Evans is actually Carina Ollivander. Which would make Harry the heir to the Potter and Ollivander fortunes."

"If that’s correct son, and Potter is a bearer a contact with them would be much more beneficial than one to a Parkinson. I’ll look into it. But you must keep up pretenses with Pansy."

"Of course Father."

"Expect an owl post from me, Draco," Lucius calls over his shoulder. Draco nods his head in agreement though it is clear his Father cannot see.
Draco had yet to hear from his father about Harry’s bloodline and it was nearing the end of October. Samhain was a very important holiday in the Wizarding world and there was going to be a large feast that night.

The first years were allowed to go to Hogsmeade this one weekend due to the holiday, with extensive supervision.

Harry had taken off with Neville, who was a good friend of his from Gryffindor. He had taken to the boy, which annoyed Draco. But Neville honestly wasn’t a threat.

Draco had been at Honeydukes buying a present for Pansy, he had an awful time of finding something she would like.

Harry and Longbottom were at the plant nursery that Draco was at in order to get roses for Pansy. Longbottom was gushing to Harry about this plant and that plant and whatever the hell it is Herbology freaks talk about.

Vince and Greg had followed the two there, one of them was interested in Neville. Draco quickly made the flower purchase, wanting to leave the plant infested nursery, and hopefully the talkative Longbottom behind.

With flowers in hand the small group quickly makes it to the Fortescue’s, where Draco spots Pansy. He hides the flowers behind his back and quickly walks up to the trio that is Pansy, Blaise, and Daphne.

“Mind if we join you?” Draco asks.

“Of course.” Pansy says, Vince and Greg pull a nearby table closer to the group so that they can all sit together.

“I got you something” Draco says. He brings the roses from behind his back. “Your favorite color I believe.”

“Oh, Draco! I do so love pink!” Pansy says and gets up to hug Draco. Pansy ends the hug and Draco hands her the bag he got from Honeydukes. When Pansy opens the silver bag and removes the golden tissue paper she sees that the Honeyduke's bag contains Delafee and gasps in pleased surprise.

"Holy Merlin, how'd you know Delafee is my favorite chocolate?"

Draco shrugs his shoulders in nonchalance. "Lucky guess."

Pansy smile seems to light up the room and tears appear in her eyes. “Thank you Draco! You really needn’t have gone to so much trouble for me.”
“Oh but we’re currently in negotiations, it’s my duty.” Draco says as he kisses the girls knuckles. She smiles and then goes back to eating her ice cream.

Pansy resumes her chat with Daphne and Blaise which seemed to be about the History of Magic exam coming up. Draco finally looked away from the dark haired girl and thought ‘Where is Harry?’

Pansy and the others finish their ice cream. Draco hadn’t even ordered any. They get up to leave and Draco still can’t find the figure of Harry. Or that of Longbottom. Draco growls, stalking out of the store to the distant cries of his name being called. In record time he makes it back to Hogwarts, only now noticing that Greg and Vince are a few paces behind him. When he makes it to Harry's suite he bangs on the door furiously. "Harry, Harry..." Draco calls, but there's no answer.

Enraged he turns around, positively fuming.

"Harry's probably at that greenhouse," Vince says.

"When we were at the nursery Longbottom bought a few plants that needed almost immediate attention," says Greg, elaborating.

"Ah, that's as good a guess as any," Draco says, sharply turning on his heel as he makes his way towards the school exit. Once outside again he quickly makes his way towards Greenhouse C, the one that Harry and that Longbottom boy are using. When he enters the greenhouse Longbottom is looking rather nervous at Harry who is on his hands and knees, stabbing the dirt furiously.

"Harry," Draco calls out, getting Harry's attention. When Harry sees Draco his dirt streaked face turns upwards into a smile before he suddenly scowls at him, turning back to his furious battle with the dirt.

Draco furrows his brows in confusion. Vince and Greg make their way forward, each taking ahold of Longbottom before ushering him out of the greenhouse quickly.

"Harry, what happened? After I gave Pansy those flowers you just left. I-"

"So!" Harry yells, throwing down one of his gardening tools. "You don't need me! Just go and be with Pansy!"

Draco stalks forward, pulling Harry out of the dirt, holding his shaking form by the shoulders. "Harry, there is no one I want to be with more than you."

Harry shakes his head from side to side. "I saw how happy Pansy was when you gave her the flowers. Vince and Greg seem to know your needs so well, always there to help you with one thing or another. And Blaise! He's so different-interesting and unique. I just...I-I know that eventually you're going to leave. You're not going to want to be my friend anymore."

There are tears in Harry's eyes. Draco pulls him into a hug. "Harry, none of that matters, the only person I'm interested in is you. I will be your friend for as long as you want me to."

Harry shakes his head again. When Draco rips Harry's robes open he gasps in shock. Quickly he pulls out his chain, dangling the pendent in front of Harry's eyes.

"Did I give this to Pansy? Vince or Greg? Or even Blaise?"

Harry bites his bottom lip, looking down at the ground. "No, but-"
"Exactly, Harry. I gave this to you. You were my friend first, Harry. There's no one I care for more than you, no one's whose friendship is more important to me than yours."

"But Pansy-"

"Pansy is nothing more to me than a contract. Believe me Harry, I’m working on changing that.”
Draco takes in a deep breath, letting out a huge sigh as he takes a few steps back from Harry. Harry frowns at his sudden movement.

"What?" Harry asks, moving closer to him. He takes one of Draco's hands in his. "How?"

"Harry I-" Draco brings his head closer to Harry's. Harry's eye brows draw together in confusion. Draco sighs. "Harry, I’ve spoken with my father. We’re looking into your mother’s bloodlines. Please don’t get your hopes up though. There are a lot of variables and if they don’t work out the contact with Pansy will be signed."

“But we’r-“

Draco stop all of Harry's protests by placing his lips upon his. Harry gasps in shocked surprise and Draco places his tongue into his mouth. Harry is very innocent but with a little bit of coaxing he meets Draco’s tongue with his. Their kiss is sloppy and inexperienced, and they bump heads a few times and when Harry bites Draco’s bottom lip he pulls back.

Harry's face is flushed and he licks his lips in awe, gazing at Draco with wide eyes. Draco kisses his lips again before pulling back almost instantly. "Now do you believe me, Harry?"

Harry nods his head, still clearly shocked from their first kiss. "See, I would never do this with Greg or Vince."

"Or Blaise," Harry says, letting out a small laugh. Draco smiles at him, taking his hand in his as he leads them out of the greenhouse. ‘or Pansy’ hangs in both of their thoughts but neither voices it because it could happen one day.

oOo

Samhain arrived quickly and Draco was in a great mood. Not because of Samhain but because of Harry. Ever since their kiss a few days ago it was as if he was in some dream world, or like if he was playing quidditch but instead of riding a broom he was floating.

Draco put on a nice black robe with a silver undershirt and went to join the other students at the feast. At what was deemed ‘their table’ he found Vince, Greg, Blaise, Pansy and Daphne.

“Hello.” He greeted them as he went to kiss Pansy’s knuckles.

Draco looks around the hall to see if Harry is there yet. He likely wasn’t since he wasn’t at their table yet.

Then he heard a sharp gasp from Vincent and looked up. Neville and Harry were walking in. He had to admit Neville looked good, he was wearing dark grey robes with a blue undershirt that brought out his eyes. The boy was grossly overwieght, but the same could be said about Vincent and Gregory. Vincent had taken to the boy earlier in the year. But then Draco focused in on Harry and saw that his lion was looking amazing. He wore navy robes with a gold undershirt that made his eyes stand out, Draco was staring but he didn’t really care.

Draco and Vince stood up as the Griffendors approached. Draco took Harry’s arm as he led him to
the table and sat the boy down next to him. “You look scrumptious.” He whispered so that only Harry could hear him. Harry blushed a beautiful red.

The nine friends made small talk as they explained the importance of Samhain to Harry, who was soaking up the information. He was eager to learn.

Draco decides that it’s about time that he gets some alone time with his lion so he gets up with some excuse to the rest of the group. Pansy frowns slightly but doesn’t object.

When he leads them out of the Great Hall he can hear a few other couples giggling in shaded alcoves but Draco ignores them, trying to find a dark private one where Harry and he won’t be interrupted. Finally he finds a good enough spot behind an old suit of armor and he leads Harry to the hidden bench behind him, sitting down on the cold marble before he drags him down to his lap. Harry wraps his arms around Draco’s neck, placing his head above his collar bone and Draco can feel the warmth emanating from his skin.

"Can we do what we did last time?" Harry asks softly.

"Do what?"

Harry flush increases in color and he bites his bottom lip. Draco reaches out a hand, removing his lip from the clutches of his teeth, before he lowers his head, meeting his lips. Harry gasps and presses his lips hard against Draco’s. He can taste the slight tang of his blood where his teeth pierced his lip.

Their kiss doesn't last very long as the need for air becomes too great. They both pull back, gasping in deep gulps of air as they wait for their heart beats to slow.

"That was nice," Harry says, and in the dim light Draco can see a pink tongue dart out to lick at his lips. "We shouldn't do this a lot though, we might get in trouble."

Draco chuckles at Harry before taking his chin in his hand, giving his lips a peck of reassurance before he stands up from the bench, bringing Harry with him. "As long as we kiss in private there is nothing to worry about."

Harry nods his head and Draco takes his hand, leading them back to the Great Hall. "Have you kissed Pansy in private?" Harry asks, in what he perhaps believes to be a calm voice.

"No, have you kissed Longbottom?" Harry mouth drops open in shock.

"Of course not, Draco! I didn't even know that two boys could kiss until I kissed you. Besides, Neville is just my friend. I only want to kiss you," Harry finishes shyly.

Draco grins at Harry, drawing him closer to me. "And there is no one I want to kiss but you."

Harry returns the grin and they enter the Great Hall, hand in hand, each of them in blissful oblivion until it is shattered by a stuttering voice. "T-roll! Troll in the dungeons!"

The students who can hear the Professor gasp as a loud outcry begins across the hall. Draco glares in disgust at the Professor as he passes out in fright.

"Silence!" the Headmaster yells as he stands up from the head table. Though the murmuring doesn't stop completely it does lower a significant amount. "Prefects, please escort all of your housemates to their common room, no matter if they have suites or not. A troll can be a dangerous thing, this is not the time for students to be separated."
As students begin crying out in distress, the teachers quickly make their way up to the Head table, circling around Dumbledore's tall form. Harry tightens his hold on Draco’s arm as the Prefects attempt to bring order to all the students. "Draco," Harry begins distressingly.

"Shh. There is no way I'm going to the dungeons if the troll is in the dungeons. How idiotic can Dumbledore be?"

"I want to stay with you," Harry says.

"Of course."

"Where is Pansy?"

"What?" Blaise asks, he’s with Greg and Vincent.

"When you two left Pansy took Daphne with her to go and look for you!" Greg says.

,"Why are we just standing here? We need to go and find her!" Blaise yells.

"Let's go," Draco says, quickly leading the five boys out of the Great Hall. They sneak through the doors behind a large group of students as they try to organize the younger students into lines. They jog down the corridors, keeping a close lookout for Pansy and Daphne.

"Oh," Harry says, "Did you hear that?"

Immediately they all stop their movements as they strain their ears to listen to the noise that Harry has just heard.

"It sounds like someone's crying," Vincent says.

Greg points down a dark corridor. "I think it coming from down there."

"What are we waiting for? Let's go!" Blaise yells as he leads the group down the corridor. As they walk further and further down the hallway the sound of someone crying gets louder and louder. They all mutter out a 'lumos' in order to light the dark passage, each of them eyeing the doors for any room that the noise might be coming from.

"Ah," Draco says as his wand lights up the words 'Lady's Lavatory.' "The noise is probably coming from in here."

Blaise nods his head and raises up his hand, silently counting down 3-2-1 with his fingers. When he does get to one they swiftly enter the bathroom.

"Oh Draco," Pansy squeals out, throwing her arms around his shoulders. "I knew you would come looking for me! Didn't I say that, Daphne?"

Daphne shrugs in disinterest as she pets the hair of a brown bushy-haired girl. The girl seems vaguely familiar and when she lifts up her tear streaked face the memory of the train ride to Hogwarts awakens. It’s the mudblood.

"Come on," Draco says to Daphne. "We have to go."

Daphne stands up, trying to bring the girl with her but she refuses to leave her spot on the floor.

"No! I'm not leaving. I don't want to go..."
“Hermione” Harry starts. “There’s a troll in the dungeons.”

“What?”

The girl sniffs a few more times and Pansy hands her a white embroidered handkerchief.

“Thanks,” the girl mumbles out as she wipes her tears from her face. When she finally stands up Draco lets out a sigh of relief.

“Oh, my god,” Hermione whispers out in shock, clutching her neck and taking a step back, pressing her back flush against the tile wall. Draco frowns, turning around to see what it is Hermione is looking at.

“Bloody Hell, it's the troll!” Blaise yells out as they all scramble to the far end of the lavatory.

"Grrr?" the monstrosity growls out.

When the troll lifts up its arm, about to swing its huge club down Harry brandishes his want "Wingardium Leviosa," swish and flick. The huge club floats in the air and the troll looks at in dumbly as it floats over his head. Everyone is surprised at this, Harry seemed to have trouble with the charm in class.

Gravity causes the club to fall down like a ton of bricks on the troll's head and the huge horrid thing staggers to the bathroom floor. Everyone jumps as the troll's fallen form has knocked over almost all the bathroom stalls, as well as a few of the sinks. There is water flying everywhere and in seconds they are all soaked and wet.

"What is going on here?" Instantly they all focus their attention to the bathroom door. "Holy Merlin! Who did this?" Standing in the doorway is Professor McGonagall, looking as stern as ever. "Who used unsupervised magic? Well, which one of took down the troll?"

“Me” Harry steps forward with a flinch.

‘Guess Gryffindor was the right house after all.’ Draco thinks.

“Mr. Potter?” McGonagall says.

“He just saved all our lives” Hermione pipes up. “Harry and the others came to see if I was alright when they heard all the noise.”

"You took down the troll?" Professor McGonagall asks in clear disbelief. "I don't believe you."

Harry pulls out his wand and demonstrates to McGonagall what he did. "I let it fall on his head," he says for clarification. McGonagall just huffs again before leaving the room.

"McGonagall tells me that it was Mr. Potter who took down the troll." Severus says and Harry nods his head.

Severus awards each Slytherin with ten points for courage, begrudgingly awarding Harry ten as well, then docking Hermione fifty for idiocrasy.

Draco holds out his arm to Pansy and she takes it in her own. He leads them out of the bathroom then mutter a drying spell so that they won't have to walk with wet clothes on. When they make it Pansy's suite he bows goodbye to her and she curtsies at him. Draco lets out a sharp whistle and in a little less than ten seconds his large eagle owl flies from the perch were he ordered him to wait.
In his clutches he is holding a large bouquet of the same pink roses that Pansy seemed to like so much from our Hogsmeade trip.

Pansy smiles at Draco as he gives her the flowers and she reaches her arms over his shoulder, hugging him tightly before giving him a kiss on the cheek. "Thanks for the wonderful night, Draco. I enjoyed myself immensely and the roses are absolutely beautiful."

"I am pleased" He softly kisses her pale knuckles.

"Goodnight, Pansy."

"Goodnight, Draco," she calls after him, her soft voice barely reaching his ears as he quickly walks down the corridor.
Meeting the Parents

Chapter Notes

Again, loved the lake scene from My Boy with the squid, so if you want to see the very similar original go over there. The big start of the deviation from My Boy’s plot.

Ever since the troll incident it is as Harry can’t get Granger of his back. She seems to worship the ground he walks on. Plus, she wonders why he never answers in class. He obviously knows how to perform the spells he’s been taught. She’d taken to walking with him and Neville from class to class which annoyed Draco to no end.

Daphne even invited her to the study sessions that the others had. Draco refused to hold any more study sessions in his suite now that a mudblood was involved, even if she was smart. Daphne also seemed to like the girl, her family was slightly more lenient with bloodlines but Draco didn’t think that the Greengrasses were that open. Currently the group was sitting in Daphne’s room. The group now consisted of Gregory, Vincent, Daphne, Pansy, Blaise, Harry, Longbottom and Granger.

Draco sighs as his quill absently jots down notes from his transfiguration book. Another weary sigh and he closes his book. The sound echoes loudly in the quiet room, were the only noises are breathing and the scratching of quills.

"I agree with Draco," Pansy says, closing her book sharply. "I need a break from all this stuff, most of it is a waste of time. Half of this book I learned when I was eight! The fact that I have to take notes on it and answer idiotic questions is just...ugh!"

Draco chuckles next to Pansy before leaning back on the couch.

"I closed my book because I was done, Pansy."

Pansy face flushes. "As did I."

No one seems convinced at this admission.

Harry stands up from his seated position across from Draco, raising his arms in the air as he lets out a large yawn. He too closes his book. "I'm going to go take a walk around the lake before dinner," Harry says as he quickly puts his books into his bottomless book bag.

"Oh," Pansy breaths. "What a lovely idea. I will accompany you."

"Pansy," Draco says following Harry's lead, putting his books into his bag. "Remember our first talk? I would hate for you to get low marks because of some homework you never finished."

Pansy lets out a huff before opening her book again. "Come on, Harry." Draco says, taking his hand. "I'll walk with you."

Harry beams a smile, before he says goodbye to Longbottom, Vince, Greg, Granger, Daphne, Pansy, and Blaise. Draco nods his head to the group before he exits the suite with Harry.

Quickly they walk to Draco’s suite were they leave their book bags and Draco puts on his dragon
hide boots for the walk. As it is pretty late in the year he puts on a thick pale grey over robe with unicorn hair trimming the hood, the sleeves, and the bottom seam.

"Wow, Draco! You look very...pretty."

Draco scoffs at Harry for saying 'pretty' before he pulls out another over robe. This one is emerald green and it looks like it's made of flowing water. However, the robe is actually made of dragon scales, and the inside of it is lined with Sphinx fur. A very expensive robe because of all the scales it took to make the thing as well as the rarity of the Sphinx which was used to line the robe, a white Sphinx.

When Draco places the robe around Harry's shoulders he gasp in shock. "Draco, wha-"

"It is winter, Harry. I wouldn't want you to catch a cold for not being properly dressed for your around the lake trek." Harry nods and Draco can see him reverently touching the inside of the robe. As the robe was tailored to Draco’s measurements the sleeves are way too long. The bottom of the robe almost touch the ground. Harry looks so small, like a child playing dress up in his parent's robes.

"Well, we should get going if you want to make it all the way around the lake before dinner."

Harry nods in agreement and Draco takes his hand as he leads him out of his suite and to the entrance of Hogwarts. As they walk down the halls they pass a few students. When they make it to the entrance, and exit the castle. It is nearly deserted outside due to the cold weather, with only a few students huddled together by the entrance. It appears as if they are going inside and Draco smiles at the prospect of being alone with Harry.

Harry squeezes his hand tighter and moves closer to him as the farther they get away from Hogwarts castle, the harder it seems the wind blows. When they finally make it to the lake edge it is cold enough that when they breathe they can see their breath. However, with their over robes on, the cold is only a pale shadow of discomfort. Draco mutters out two warming spells for Harry and himself.

"Let’s walk that way." Harry says, pointing to the left. "I hear that's where the giant squid likes to swim. Wouldn't it be amazing to see it?" Harry beams at the prospect of seeing the fabled squid. They end up walking for a while, perhaps twenty to thirty minutes before Harry spots movement in the water.

"Oh my god! Draco did you see that!" Draco smiles indulgently at Harry as he runs closer to the lake edge. His vivid green eyes stare intently at the lake but now that he is focused on the water it seems as if the movement that had drew his attention completely disappeared. Harry shoulders sag when he doesn't spot the squid.

"Wingardium Leviosa," Draco mutters with the appropriate swish and flick. He aims the enchanted pebble towards the lake, using his wand movements to maneuver the small pebble across the surface. Harry stares at Draco in confusion as he skids the rock across the water. "Just watch the lake," Harry nods his head and his eyes turn from Draco to the lake. Draco moves the pebble across the lake for a few minutes as he watches puffs of air leave Harry's mouth.

After a few more minutes Harry turns his eyes back towards Draco. "Draco, wha-"

"Look!"

Immediately Harry turns his eyes back towards the lake and he gasps as a yellowish orange
tentacle rises up from the lake, in pursuit of the pebble.

"Draco, Draco..." Harry breaths as he jumps up and down in delight. Draco continues to evade the squid with the enchanted pebble, however, he is unprepared for the giant squid to raise its head angrily out of the lake. He drops the pebble as the squid glares at him, completely in shock at the large yellow and black eyes. When the pebble falls the squid wraps one of its tentacles around the small rock before descending back into the lake. When there is nothing left but the rippling water as evidence of the squid's existence, Harry once more turns to him.

"Wow, Draco! Did you see its head!? That thing was huge!"

Draco pockets his wand before taking Harry's warm hand, leading him further around the lake. When they past a small hill Draco descends the grassy nob and once they are on the other side it is as if the wind seems to stop. The soft sound of the lake splashing in front of them is the only sound heard and Draco mutters out a drying spell on the grass just to be sure that he won't get wet as he sits at the bottom of the soft hill. He pulls Harry down with him and he snuggles into his side as they both stare absently at the lake.

"It's nice being out here, Draco...with you." Harry blushes as the words leave his lips and Draco grins at him, pulling him closer until he's almost sitting in his lap.

"I feel the same way, Harry."

Harry smiles at him. Draco raises his hand to Harry's shadowed head due to the over robe's hood. Harry leans into his touch and he lowers his head until their lips meet. Their kiss is brief because Harry pulls away almost immediately. "Draco, what if someone sees? I don't want you to get in trouble!"

"Don't worry, Harry. The grounds are deserted, besides, it's not as if anyone can see us, we're sitting behind this hill."

"Oh," Harry breaths out. This time their kiss is longer and much more pleasurable. Draco presses his lips hard against Harry and Harry moans as he wraps his arms around his shoulders, pulling Draco flush against his body. The movement has the both of them tumbling until Harry is on his back, Draco’s body slightly above his as he continues to kiss Harry's lips. Harry gasps in pleasure as he darts out his tongue.

Harry's face is flushed and his lips are a bright red and slightly swollen. Harry is taking in gasps of breath as his eyes flutter and his black hair cascades in a dark halo around his head as his position has made his hood fall off. When Draco lowers his head again, instead of kissing Harry's lips, he lowers his head down further, taking in a deep breath of Harry's scent as his nose is assaulted by coconuts. He moans before licking a trail up Harry's pale neck. Harry gasps again and Draco can feel his legs wrap around his waist as he licks his pale flesh.

"Draco."

Quickly Draco jerks his head up as he raises his torso off of Harry's, looking from left to right for the owner of the voice. Draco can see a dark figure at the top of the hill. He groans before sitting up, pulling Harry off of the grass. Harry's face is bright red and he clenches his fingers nervously. "Don't worry, Severus is my Godfather. He won't tell."

"Oh," Harry's voice is barely more than a breath as Draco pulls his hood back over his head. When they make it to the top of the hill Draco nods in greeting to Severus as Harry whispers out a soft "Hello, Professor." Severus gives us a curt nod before Draco takes Harry's hand in his, leading
them back the way they came, back towards Hogwarts. Walking back seems to take no time at all though when they enter Hogwarts the halls are practically deserted.

"I'll see you in the Great Hall," Draco says to Harry, letting go of his hand. Harry looks from Draco to Severus, before giving a wary nod. As Harry quickly walks to the Great Hall he only glances back once at their still figures. When Harry rounds a corner Draco sighs before turning to Severus. "I suppose you would like to speak with me in your quarters."

Severus nods his head before leading the way. "Have a seat, Draco." Stiffly Draco sits down on the dark sofa, which is quite uncomfortable.

"Draco, have you heard from your father?" Draco shakes his head no. "Did you get the blood?" He hands Severus the vial that he had collected last night.

"Here, read the owl post."

Severus hands Draco a piece of parchment. The wax seal has already been broken. "You opened my mai-"

"Draco!"

Draco sighs before unfolding the pale parchment.

_Dearest Heir,

I have looked into the matter you informed me of and have found some disturbing information. Your mother and I will come to tell you in person Hogsmead weekend. Please bring Mr. Potter with you as this pertains to him as well.

_L.M._

_Head of Malfoy House_

"He's coming with mother?" Draco says.

“Yes. You’d better prepare the Potter boy.” Draco nods.

_oOo_

That weekend their small group made their way to Hogsmead, which was allowed again due to it almost being the holidays and the Headmaster thought that they would need time to buy presents for family.

"I think you should get this one, Draco. It's the color of Pansy's eyes." Draco leans over Harry's shoulder to look at the piece of jewelry he's pointing to. "I'm not sure what it is though, but it's pretty."

Draco smirks at Harry as he rubs the back of his head sheepishly. "I didn't know you were paying so much attention to Pansy."

Harry flushes red before letting out an irritated huff. "That's only because she's your intended. Besides, Pansy isn't that bad...she's nice. I like her, but..."

Draco sighs, running his fingers through his hair.

"What color are my eyes?" Draco asks. Draco’s hands twitch as their robes brush each other.
"They're blue."

Draco frowns at Harry as he continues to eye the jewelry case. "My eyes aren't blu--"

"Your eyes are grey, sometimes they seem silver, but when the light hits your eyes they turn blue. When you smile your eyes are always blue."

Harry turns to face Draco. His emerald green eyes burn as they meet Draco’s. Unintentionally Draco takes a step backwards from his intense gaze.

"Draco," Harry breathes out, taking a step forward until him and Draco are almost flush, robes brushing against each other's again. Harry reaches up his hand to lightly touch Draco’s face. Harry smiles his usual innocent smile. Draco chuckles nervously as he removes Harry's hand from his face, though he doesn’t release his warm hand as he walks them back up to the counter.

"I would like to buy the wand case," Draco says to the store clerk when he turns his attention back to Harry and himself. The store clerk grins as he has undoubtedly recognized Draco.

"Which ring would you like to go with it, Mister Malfoy? We have diamonds, sapphires, emeralds..."

"I would like the one that most closely resembles the wand case. Perhaps the diamond and sapphire."

The store clerk nods before quickly wrapping the wand case and the matching ring in a black velvet box. When they exit the store Draco begins to make his way to the hogshead to meet his parents "So, what exactly is that thing you just bought for Pansy?"

Draco places the velvet box on the table once Harry and him sit down and open it in front of his eyes. Draco smirks at him, "Well, this thing right here is a ring--"

"I know what a ring is!" Draco laughs at Harry and he pulls the wand case out of the box. "This is what I was talking about. What is this?"

"Ah. It's a wand case."

Harry frowns in confusion. "What?"

Draco pulls out his wand before putting the slender piece of jewel encrusted glass over the ebony handle. The glass re-sizes itself to fit on his handle and due to magic it is nearly invisible, if only for a slight sparkle. However, the diamonds and sapphires gleam in the dull light and they appear to be encrusted in his wand handle.

"Wow, that's pretty! Pansy's really going to like that."

"Indeed."

"So, is the wand handle just for decoration or does it do something?"

"Well, the wand case is there for decoration, of course. They can be very expensive and thus are usually used in order to show ones wealth, however, they do have a more practical purpose. The ring which comes with the wand case is used to call the wand to its owner. Very important as not everyone in the wizarding world can cast a wandless ‘accio.’ Imagine if you lost your wand in a duel? If you can't call it back to you then you are undoubtedly at a disadvantage."
Draco and Harry had made their way to the Hogshead, and Draco could see his mother.

"Hello dear." Narcissa says as they walk into the private room.

"Mother." Narcissa smiles her cold Malfoy smile and her blue eyes are like shards of ice as she stares at Harry and Draco. Draco tightens his hold on Harry’s hand.

"You must be Mister Potter," Narcissa says smoothly, voice ringing like bells. Harry beams a smile at her before awkwardly giving her a short bow.

"Wow, this place is nice," Harry says softly.

"Hello, son."

Narcissa releases Draco’s arm, walking to Lucius’ side. She replaces his arm with Lucius’ before they both lean towards each other, giving each other a soft peck on the lips. Harry blushes a fiery red. When Narcissa turns her attention back to the boys she is smiling brightly though Lucius’ face remains stoic.

"Well boys," Narcissa says. She points to a small table beside the fireplace. "Have a seat. I'll prepare you both a cup. We have some important things to discuss over lunch."

Harry looks at Draco confused.

“Mr. Potter. Have your guardians ever shown you your parents will?”

“No Mr. Malfoy."

“Well, there will be a trial that I wish for you to attend over the holidays with us then.”

“A trial?”

“Yes. It seems as though your legal guardian was put into Azkaban without a trial.”

“But the Dursleys are my legal guardians.”

“They weren’t supposed to be.”

Lucius doesn’t share anymore and the group make small talk. Lucius discusses his first investment, a property in Hogsmeade. Before long, it’s time for the boys to return to school.
The day before Lucius comes to pick the boys up for the trial Draco has a surprise for Harry. He picked him up from his suite and they’d been walking for about fifteen minutes.

"Draco..."

"Shh, Harry. We're almost there."

Draco can hear Harry sneezing a few more times behind him. They make their way through a spider web filled tunnel.

"Draco, are we almost there?"

"Yes, Harry. Can't you see the light? It's right up ahead."

"Isn't that your lumos?"

Draco smirks to himself as the light at the end of the tunnel gets brighter and brighter. When he finally makes it to the tunnels exit he taps his wand against the door so that the wards will recognize his magic. Almost immediately the door swings open and light floods the dark tunnel. Harry lets out a large sigh.

"Draco, what kind of surprise is this?" Harry asks incredulously as he looks around the room.

"Don't you like it, Harry?"

Harry frowns before he nervously bites his bottom lip. "Um, er..."

Draco laughs as Harry tries to find the words to describe the room without hurting his feeling. "Don't worry, Harry. I know this place is horrible now, but we're going to clean it up."

"We are?" Harry asks, tilting his head to the side as he eyes the room again. Draco nods his head to him before taking his hand, leading him on a tour of the dust filled house. First they make teir way from the basement which is level with the tunnel. The bottom floor is open, an L shale with a kitchen, living, master bedroom and bathroom. They barely glance at the upstairs whichs holds another bath and three bedrooms. Though the master suite is as bare and dreary looking as all of the downstairs, Draco had taken the time to set up a small table for two where Harry's favorite meal was currently being served at: chicken fettuccine alfredo.

The small table is covered in a white silk table cloth and the patio doors are open letting the musty space receive much needed air. The table is decorated with two large red candles and one bright red lily.

Roses are for Pansy, but lilies, those, those were for his lion.
Harry takes all of this in as he turns to Draco before throwing his arms around his shoulders, holding him tight as he whispers thank you over and over into the blonde’s hair. When Harry finally draws back his eyes are clouded over with unshed tears though he does have an embarrassed blush infusing his cheeks. Draco smiles down at him, kissing his petal soft lips before taking his hand, leading him to his seat.

He pulls the chair out for Harry and he sits down delicately as if one rash move will make all of this disappear. Then takes his seat across from his, pouring each of them a glass full of sparkling pumpkin juice. "So what do you think about this place, Harry?"

Harry takes a sip of his drink before he looks around the room again. He then turns his eyes back to Draco. "I’m not sure exactly what all of this means."

"Harry, I bought this place. For us."

Harry stares at Draco wide-eyed before blinking. He blinks again. "What?"

Draco brings his hand to his lips, kissing the back of his knuckles as he studies his lions’ flushed face from under his pale lashes. Abruptly he releases his hand before standing up from the table, walking over to the window. He looks out at Hogsmeade village, watching the hustle and bustle of the small town absently before Harry comes to stand on his left. He places his hand in Draco’s, giving it a soft squeeze and he turns away from the scene of Hogsmeade to face Harry.

"You remember when my parents met us in Hogsmeade?" Harry nods his head in remembrance. "Perhaps you will recall when my Father spoke of his earliest investment. I have decided to follow suit and thus purchased the Shrieking Shack."

"Shrieking Shack?" Harry asks in confusion.

Draco moves his hand in a broad stroke which is meant to include not only the master but the whole house in all its entirety. "It seems as if at Hogwarts there is always a distraction taking us away from each other. I wished for a place where you and I can be alone and just enjoy each other. This house was the closest place for sell, not only that it, but, based on our means of traveling here, the secret tunnel is highly valuable. Very convenient as first years aren't allowed off of Hogwarts without adult supervision."

Harry nods his head in understanding before he turns to take in the room. "So, what you're saying is all of this is yours?"

"No, Harry. All of this is ours."

Harry opens his mouth as if to protest but Draco silences him by releasing the magical bubble from around the food, which was not only keeping it warm, but keeping in all of the delicious aroma. Instantly Harry mouth waters and Draco smirks at him before taking the cloth off of the bread sticks. Harry picks one up hungrily and Draco laughs as he hurriedly eats a bite.

"You don't want any olive oil with that?" he asks Harry as he pour some extra virgin into a small saucer. He then adds a small amount of vinegar and some pepper. Harry smiles in gratitude before he dips his bread stick in. Draco follows suit, nibbling on the corner of his own before he places it on his plate. He then wave his wand so that both Harry's and his plates are filled with the cream covered pasta.

They are both silent for a few minutes as they sample the delicious meal that Draco had sent for from Hogshead. After a few more minutes of silence Harry places his fork down. "Draco, your
father is coming to get us tomorrow."

Draco places his fork down as well. "I know."

Harry lets out a sigh before lowering his head, sniffing the blood red lily before meeting Draco’s eyes with his own. "I..." Harry clears his throat. "I’m nervous Draco, and I’ll miss you while you’re away."

Draco’s voice comes out strangled. "I will miss you too, Harry."

Instantly Harry head snaps up at the foreign tone invading his usually suave voice. Harry hand tightens around Draco’s in a death grip. "What is it, Draco?"

Draco lets out a strained smile before taking a sip of his drink. "It is nothing, Harry."

"I don't believe you."

Draco places the drink back down on the table before looking into Harry's deep green eyes. "I am only thinking about the time in which we will be apart. Two weeks! It is...unsettling."

Harry's tense form relaxes and he breaths out a sigh of relief. "I was thinking the exact same thing. All my life, I've never had a friend. And now that I have you, I...I don't want to lose you." Harry says the last part on a soft whisper.

"You will never lose me Harry. I will never leave you. You are mine, my lion." Harry nods his head as tears silently fall from his eyes. "Well, we should head back to Hogwarts before anyone notices us missing."

"I have blood wards around the house so no one will be getting in, through either muggle or magical means. Here, give me your hand."

Harry raises an eyebrow in question though he does give Draco his hand immediately. Draco pulls out a silver dagger and he can feel Harry's arm tense but he doesn't draw back. Draco smiles at him, completely ecstatic at the level of trust he has placed in him. "Reus per cruor, penetro per veneficus," Draco says softly in Latin before he quickly pierces Harry's finger, letting a few drops of his blood land on the floor of the house. A pale blue light emits from the ground before slowly disappearing as well as the few drops of Harry's blood.

"What was that for?" Harry asks as Draco whispers a spell to heal his index finger.

"That was a blood spell so that you can enter here whenever you feel like it. You will no longer need my presence to guide you."

Harry nodds his head in understanding. Draco orders him to his hands and knees again he groans displeasure. Draco laughs softly before following after him. "I should be the one groaning, you are shorter than me which thus means you have more room to move."

All of a sudden there is a large dust cloud in Draco’s face and he sneezes at the heavy substance. Harry speeds up his crawl and Draco can hear him giggling ahead. Draco smirks before pulling out his wand, whispering a stinging hex which he aims right on Harry’s rump. Though the tunnel is too
dark to see he does hear a slight commotion up ahead though that is quickly drowned out by Harry's voice. "Oww, Draco!"

"You deserved it."

Harry is absolutely silent and Draco feels his body shudder involuntarily. He frowns in confusion. "Harry, I was just joking with you. You know that, right Harry? I would never do anything to hurt you."

Harry gives a strained smile before he turns his head back in order to face Draco. He bumps his nose against Draco’s and their eyes are inches away from each other. Green melts into grey. "I know."

Draco lets out a sigh of relief before Harry turns forward again, hands and knees moving to lead us back to Hogwarts.

oOo

The next day Draco’s father and mother came to get them from the Headmaster’s office.

“Draco, Mr. Potter” Lucius greets them.

“Father.”

“Don’t be nervous Mr. Potter, everything will be sorted today.” Harry nods.

“Thank you Mr. Malfoy.” Lucius tips his head before instructing us where to floo. They floo to the ministry and Lucius and Narcissa lead the way to a dark room full of Wizards. They sit down and Draco notices that the Headmaster, Uncle Sev, and Hagrid are also in attendance.

Suddenly a couple of guards led a scraggly man into the room, Draco recognizes the man as Sirius Black.

The Minister, Fudge is sitting in a tall chair and he calls order.

“Today we are going over a case that did not have a trial when it was supposed to. Let the date of December 15th be noted. The trial of Sirius Black for the betrayal of James and Lily Potter to Voldemort. How do you plead Mr. Black?”

“Not Guilty.”

“We bring forward the pensive memories from that night of Headmaster Dumbledore and Mr. Black.”

The pensive from Sirius showed him hear the news of James and Lily Potter then hopping onto his flying motobike to find his godson. He argues with Hagrid who tells him that he is to take Harry on Dumbledore’s orders. Sirius hangs his head in submission before telling Hagrid he’s going after “That traitor Wormtail.”

Before the next pensive memory is played someone came up and whispered in Minister Fudge’s ear. “It seems as though the memory from Dumbledore has been altered and therefore is inadmissible in court. Mr. Dumbledore do you know anything about this?”

“No Minister, maybe Voldemort altered them?”

Fudge nodded at this. “We’re going to administer Verisatum to you now Mr. Black.”
Black drank it without protest.

“Did you betray the Potters to Voldemort on the night of their murder?” Fudge asks.

“No.”

“Is it true you were the secret keeper for the Potter family?”

“No.”

“Do you know who was?”

“Peter Pedigrew.”

Silence ran through the audience.

“Is it true you are an unregistered anigmus?”

“Yes.”

“Have you seen the Potter’s will?”

“No.”

“Thank you Mr. Black. All those in favor of relinquishing the charges of the betrayal of the Potters from Mr. Black Raise your hands.” Four fifths of the hands in the Wizangamot raised.

“Mr. Black you are hereby relinquished of the charges of the Potters. But due to the fact you are an unregistered anigmus you will have to stay in Azkaban until June 7th. Now onto the matter of the Potter’s will. Mr. Potter, would you allow us to read it aloud.”

“Yes Minister Fudge,” Harry replies.

Fudge nods and starts to read

*The Last Will and testament of James and Lily Potter*

*To whom it may concern we leave all of our vaults save one to our son, Harry Potter. The one that is not left to him is to go to his guardian for his care. Below you will find a list of names in the order we wish to take care of Harry. You may think that this is an inordinate amount, however we know that if we fall it will be due to Voldemort and our friends may fall with us. Should the court find a guardian unable to care for Harry, please move onto the next person on the list.*

1. Sirius Black
2. Remus Lupin
3. Peter Pettigrew
4. Severus Snape (please have Severus place a drop of blood on the enclosed letter should he be chosen, it will explain everything)

Fudge stopped for a moment and had the letter brought over to Snape for him to read. He continued after the letter was delivered.

5. Alice and Frank Longbottom
6. Albus Dumbledore
7. Reubeus Hagrid
8. Petunia and Vernon Dursley (we hesitate to put these names down, we had hoped that Harry
would grow up in the Wizarding world but if this is our only option, they are family). We hereby make Albus Dumbledore the executor of our will.

Signed
James Potter
Lily Potter
Albus Dumbledore

“Albus, why would you ignore the Potter’s wishes.” Fudge asked.

“If I may present my own list Minister.” The minister nodded

Fudge read the new list allowed.

1. Sirius Black- Azkaban
2. Remus Lupin- Suspected Werewolf
3. Peter Pettigrew- Dead
4. Severus Snape- Suspected Death Eater
5. Alice and Frank Longbottom- Saint Mungos
6. Albus Dumbledore- Health is failing
7. Reubeus Hagrid- Suspected of opening the Chamber of Secrets
8. Petunia and Vernon Dursley

“Well. Mr. Black. You are named as Harry’s guardian so when he gets out of Hogwarts, he will join you at your family home.” Sirius’ smile was huge. Harry looked slightly scared by the man and Draco wondered why.

“Minster” Snape called out. “I would like for you to read this letter to the Wizangamot.”

The minister nodded and began to read the letter

Dear Severus

If you are reading this then I am dead. It must come as a surprise to you that James and I would name you as a guardian for our son. If you remember in fifth year I began looking into my bloodlines, but we had a falling out before I could share what I had learned with you.

Turns out I was adopted. While digging further I found evidence of my bloodlines leading back to two families. My father was Atticus Ollivander, my mother Maria Prince. We were cousins Severus. You can find the evidence of this at the Ministry. On the Ollivander line I am named as Carina Ollivander which is subsequently crossed out and renamed Lily Evans.

If Ollivander is as I remember him, he does not have an heir, and if I know you well, you don’t either. This would make my Harry the soul heir to the Prince, Potter, and Ollivander fortunes. I do hope I’m wrong about you Severus, you deserve love.

Love
Lily Potter

Draco looked to his Father. His mask was in place but he could see the hope in his eyes. ‘Maybe a marriage between Harry and myself wasn’t as farfetched as I had once thought.’

“Mr. Potter.” Fudge announced. “This makes you the sole heir to three family fortunes, making you the richest wizard in the wizarding world.” Lucius’ eyes gleamed. Harry just nodded.
“Correction Minister” Sirius spoke up. “Harry is sole heir to four family fortunes. When I take guardianship of him he will become the heir to the Black family fortune as well.”

Harry looked wide-eyed at his godfather. Draco took his hand. This must be overwhelming to his lion.

The Minister nodded. “I think we’re finished here. Mr. Black you will get Harry from the Station at the end of the school year.”

The guards escorted him out.

Lucius and Narcissa stood up. Harry and Draco followed them to the floo.

“Well Mr. Potter. We’re off to France. Be safe at the school.”

“Of course Mr. Malfoy.”

His lion gave Draco a quick hug before flooing back to the Headmaster’s office. He would have to keep an eye on Dumbledore when he gets back.
Harry arrived back at Hogwarts and was not happy that Draco would not be with him over the break. He was extraordinarily worried about going to live with Sirius over the summer, but no one could be as bad as the Dursleys right?

No one else was staying for winter break, other than the teachers. Everyone had a family to go home to it seemed.

That night, Harry went to bed, and as usual had trouble sleeping. He had told Draco that he no longer needed to spend the nights in his room, mostly due to the fact that Pansy made such a big deal out of it and he didn’t want to cause problems. That led him to wander the halls at night, he was lucky he hadn’t been caught by Filch yet.

That night though, Filch almost caught up to him, he was on the third floor which was restricted, and had to slip into an abandoned classroom. Unfortunately the classroom wasn’t really abandoned at all, there was a three headed dog in it. There was also music playing, Harry didn’t know what song but the dog seemed fast asleep. He would have to ask Hagrid what it was.

Filch and Mrs. Norris went by and Harry thought that he had pushed his luck enough for one night and went back to his suite. He couldn’t sleep though. What most people didn’t realize was that Harry was quite smart. However, unlike Hermione he hated attention from anyone so he refused to raise his hand in class. He had already read all of the books in the first year curriculum, then the second year, and now he was about three quarters of the way through the third year curriculum. He figured by the end of the year he would be done with sixth year curriculum and finish seventh year over the summer, getting into more advanced spells.

He was known as “The Boy Who Lived” and he wanted to earn a different title based on his skills. Draco didn’t know of this habit though, the only time they were able to spend together was when they slipped away from their group which was getting to be less and less.

Harry fell into a fitful rest at about three am and then woke up at eight and decided he should go down for breakfast.

Most of the professors were sitting at the head table, Quirrel was looking at him oddly as he was the only student there, and he was surprised when Professor Snape came to sit next to him.

“Mr. Potter” Snape said.

“Professor Snape.”

“I was wondering if you would like to help me brew some potions over break, seeing as you’re the only student here.”

“Yes, although I’m bollocks at it.”

“I’m sure you’re not as bad as you appear to be. Shall we meet in my classroom after lunch? That should give you some time to do your homework over break.”

Harry had already finished his homework but he had wanted to go to the shrieking shack to clean the place up as a surprise for Draco. “Sounds good Professor. Thank you.”

Snape nodded and continued to eat his meal at the round table with Harry.
Harry came back from the shrieking shack kind of sweaty and gross, but he figured that he was brewing potions after lunch and would likely need a shower after that anyway, so he headed straight to the great hall. This time McGonagall, Snape and Sprout were sitting at the round table that Harry had occupied at breakfast.

“Hello” He greeted them shyly.

“Mr. Potter.” Snape said. “I thought you were working on homework, you reek of dirt and sweat.”

“Give the boy a break Snape. It’s the first day of break.” McGonagall admonished.

“Yes, especially if he was planting something, although I didn’t see you in the greenhouse Mr. Potter.” Sprout added.

“Oh. Um. I was on the pitch, wanted to get in some flying practice.”

“What a Gryffindor thing to do. Go flying over studying.” Snape sneered.

“Don’t insult my house Snape. And the boy deserves some fun.”

“Well, he’s helping me with potions later, he might blow up a cauldron, and he could’ve at least finished his potions homework.”

“Actually, I’ve finished all of the holiday homework.” It seemed no one heard him as the three heads of houses continued to bicker. Then Flitwick came to sit with the odd group.

“Mr. Potter.” He greeted. “What are they arguing about now?”

“Well. They’re arguing about my holiday homework.”

“You still have almost two weeks to complete it, I don’t see why they’d be arguing about that. And I’m head of Ravenclaw.”

“Well, that’s the thing Professor Flitwick. They’re arguing over something that’s already been completed.”

“What do you mean my boy?”

“I’ve already completed my holiday homework.”

“Good for you!” He said then glanced at the other three professors at the table. “Did you hear that Professors?” Three heads turned towards Flitwick.

“What?” Snape sneered. Flitwick started to laugh.

“You’re arguing over something that’s already been completed.”

“Flitwick, do stop speaking in riddles.” McGonagall said.

“What Professor Flickwick means Professor McGonagall, is that I’ve already completed the Holiday homework.” Three heads stared at the small boy.

“What?” Sprout asked
“I completed my homework last week.” Harry said.

“Well you could’ve told us sooner, would’ve saved us a lot of trouble.” Snape sneered.

“I did.”

“What was that?” Snape asked.

“I said I did. I told you right after you mentioned the potions homework, but you weren’t paying attention.” Flitwick laughed again.

“Fifty points to Gryffindor for completing their homework before the holidays” Flitwick said.

“You can’t award points over break” Sprout admonished.

“I believe I just did.” Flitwick said.

“That’s not fair to the students who went home.” Sprout argued.

“Don’t worry about it Professor Sprout. I’m sure Professor Snape will take away those points by the end of the afternoon.” Harry said.

McGonagall laughed. Severus snorted.

“Right Mr. Potter. Time to brew” Severus said as he got up and made his way to the dungeons.

oOo

Twenty minutes later found Harry and Severus brewing silently.

“Can you tell me something about my mother Professor Snape?”

“You can call me Severus when other people aren’t around. What do you want to know?”

“Well, you were friends right? What was she like?”

“A lot like you actually. Pretty soft spoken but extremely smart. She picked up magic like it was nothing despite growing up with muggles.”

Harry smiled “Will you tell me more about her tomorrow?”

“Of course.” Severus said.

And true to Harry's word, Severus took away the fifty points he had collected at lunch when Harry dropped a vial of Dragons blood, therefore rendering it useless.

oOo

The next day, before Harry went off to clean up the shrieking shack he went to visit Hagrid.

“’Array” Hagrid greeted him. A dog came forward and jumped onto Harry knocking him to the ground.

“Hi Hagrid, who is this?”

“Oh that’s Fang. I don’t take him to classes because he tends to jump on things as you can see.” Hagrid said as he pulled the dog off of Harry. “So why’d you come visit me, not that you can’t just
drop in I enjoy the company.”

“Well. I was wandering around last night because I couldn’t sleep and I had to hide from Filch in a classroom.” Harry began. “There was a three headed dog in there sleeping soundly and there was music on, I was just wondering what it was.”

“Aarry, you’re not supposed to go in the third floor corridor.”

“I know, I just got kind of lost, and the staircases kept moving.”

“Well. Can’t hurt to tell you that’s Fluffy I guess. He falls asleep to music.”

“And what is he?”

“Just a three-headed dog.”

“Really?”

“Yep. Names easy enough to remember right?”

“Yeah I guess.”
Let thy intentions be known

When Draco exited the Hogwarts Express Harry was there waiting for him. Draco smiled in pure pleasure and Harry returned the look, running up to him to give him a tight hug of greeting. As they made their way back to Hogwarts Harry grabbed his hand. “So, how was your break?” Harry asks Draco as they make their way to his suite.

“It was utterly boring, I missed your presence” Harry smiles largely. “Did the Headmaster give you trouble? What did you do?”

“No. I spent most of my time with Severus, seems I’m not as terrible at potions as he believed. I’m much better when he’s not yelling at me. And he told me about my mother.”

The boys continued to walk amicably back to the school

“Draco,” Harry says softly once they are in front of Draco’s suite. Draco stops himself from saying the password in order to focus all of his attention on the green eyed black haired boy.

“Yes, Harry, what is it?”

Harry licked his lips nervously before looking at Draco beneath his dark lashes. “Draco, there is something I wish to show you. I—"

“Oh, Draco!” Draco let out a sharp gasp of surprise before he is smothered in dark black hair. Pansy is talking a mile a minute.

“Pansy, it is most difficult for me to understand your inane chatter.”

Pansy pulls back, flushing pink in embarrassment though she does seem to take the hint as her next words are coherent enough for me to understand. “Oh, Draco! I missed you so much! How was France? We were in Aspen, we should’ve met up, I hear negotiations are still continuing.”

“Pansy, my father is entertaining another spousal contract at the moment so you would do to step back.”

Pansy frowns slightly “What?”

“My father is waiting on the result of a test, and some legal matters before he starts negotiations with one Sirius Black for a marriage contract between myself and Harry.”

Her frown deepens “But…he’s a boy.”

“Great observational skills Pansy. If you’ll excuse us.”

Pansy lets out a huff of irritation and before she can say anything more Draco whispers the password to his room before pulling Harry into his suite, slamming the door in her face.

“Draco…?”

“Shh, Harry. My father intends to begin negotiations with Sirius after he gets out of Azkaban but let’s discuss that later, besides, didn’t you have to tell me something?”

“Oh,” Harry exclaims before slapping his forehead, “well, I can’t really tell you, I have to show you.”
“Oh?” Draco asks softly, dropping his luggage to the floor. He stalks over to Harry until they are but a mere millimeter apart. “Is this what you wanted to show me?” he asks Harry, wrapping one arm around his waist, the other hand in his hair. Harry mouth opens on a soft exhale of breath and a pale blush rises to his cheeks.

“Draco,” Harry breaths out, green eyes meeting grey. Draco smiles down at him, rubbing his hand softly up and down his back, drawing him impossibly closer.

“I’ve missed you, Harry.” Harry smiles before standing up on his tiptoes, planting a butterfly kiss to Draco’s lips. Almost immediately Draco deepen the kiss, bringing his tongue out to swipe against Harry’s lips. Tentatively Harry brings his tongue out to meet Draco’s and he smirks into the kiss, pulling Harry even closer.

Harry gasps at the sharp intrusion opening his mouth wider to accommodate the appendage. The deeply intense kiss goes on for a few more minutes before Harry breaks away as the need for air becomes too much.

Draco’s eyes are closed as he takes in deep breaths of air and he can feel Harry’s hand pressed against his chest. When he opens his eyes he meets Harry’s bright emerald ones. There is a soft smile gracing his mouth and Draco can see the tip of his tongue coming out to lick his lips.

“That was nice, Draco.” Draco raises an eyebrow at Harry and he just giggles. “Ok, so it was more than nice! But that’s not what I wanted to show you.” Harry lowers his hand down Draco’s chest to take his hand in his own. “Come on, Draco. We don’t have much time before the welcome back feast.”

Draco shrugs in indifference, letting Harry lead him out of his suite and to the exit of Hogwarts. As they walk down the halls they pass Vince and Greg but Draco waves them off.

Once they exit the school Harry casts furtive glances left and right before quickening the pace. Draco keeps up easily as his legs are much longer than Harry’s. They make their way to the womping willow, and Draco deduces that they’re headed towards the shrieking shack.

Draco looks down at Harry and he grins before yanking Draco down to the ground. Draco groans as he feels his robes getting dirty. Harry just laughs at his expense as they doge the lunges of the angry tree. When they are close enough to spot the small bump near the base of the tree Draco pulls out his wand, levitating a rock then flinging it at the spot. Immediately the trees still and Draco drags Harry up from the ground. Quickly Harry dusts him of.

“Come on,” Draco says to Harry once he’s finished. Harry nods his head before he once more leads Draco in the direction of the secret passage. As they get on are hands and knees, making out way through the dark tunnel Draco can’t help but tease Harry a little bit.

“So, Harry?” He’s on his hands and knees in front of me. Draco reminds himself that he needs to get some house elves to make the shrieking shack livable.

“Hmm?” Harry asks me as they continue their kneeled pace to the Shrieking Shack.

“Nice surprise.”

“What?” Harry asks in confusion.

“I was just saying what a nice surprise it is for you to take me to the Shrieking Shack. Though if it was only to be alone with me we could have just stayed in my suite, it’s as easy for me to ravish you there as it is for me to do it here.”
“Ravish?” Draco chuckles darkly before suggestively running his hand up Harry’s thigh. Harry yelps before screeching out, “Draco!”

“I missed touching you, Harry,” Draco says earnestly and Harry just sighs before they continue their trek through the dark tunnel.

“Just warn me next time before you do that. I thought you were a spider or something!” Draco laughs, the sound echoes slightly and before no time the light from the end of the tunnel is visible.

The light of the room floods the tunnel when Harry opens the trap door, but before Draco can exit as well, Harry makes him promise not to open his eyes until he says so. He closes his eyes obediently.

“You can open your eyes now, Draco,” Harry says. Draco opens his eyes, taking in the sunlit room. Draco is completely shocked by the change to the once barren and dusty place. The room is shining in its cleanliness and the hardwood floor is covered by a blue and beige rug. There are silky blue curtains on the windows and a vanity sitting between that face towards Hogwarts. There is a charming little seating arrangement in front of the fire place, complete with flanking bookshelves and a coffee table. However, the most beautiful thing in the room is the large king size bed made up in the corresponding blue and beige.

Once Draco takes in the whole room he turns to face Harry and he has a shy smile on his face. Dracos mouth opens and closes in a very undignified manner. Harry frowns, “Draco, what’s wrong? You don’t like it?”

Draco lets out a dazzeling smile. “No, Harry, I don’t like it.” Harry’s hand stiffens in Dracos. “I absolutely love it, Harry, it’s beautiful.”

Harry lets out a puff of air he was holding and returns Draco’s smile with his own. “I’m so glad you like it, Draco,” Harry gushes out before heading out of the room. “I did this room first, that’s why it’s the only one completed but I did some work in the other ones.”

As Harry leads Draco back through the rooms he takes in all of the changes he’s made. Most of the rooms are still empty though all of them have been scrubbed clean and even in the absence of furniture the rooms glisten and gleam in the beams of light. “To be perfectly honest,” Harry whispers to Draco as he leads him through the back door, “the reason why most of the rooms aren’t done is because I wanted to work on the garden. You’re not mad, are you?”

“Of course not, Harry,” All of the dead plants and weeds that had populated the place are absent. Most of the plants that Harry had decided to keep are tamed from their once wild appearance through possible trimming or some other such form of plant maintenance.

“Wow, Harry, you’ve been busy this Yule, haven’t you?”

Harry giggles before he sits down in the gazebo at the end of the trail they had followed. “I wanted to give you a special surprise.”

Draco sits down next Harry, “Which house elves did you get to do all the work?”

Harry frowns, “House elves?”

“Yes, Harry,” Draco says, his frown of confusion matching Harry’s own. “You didn’t possibly do all of this work by yourself, did you?”
“Well, yeah. It wasn’t too bad, I mean not anything that I’ve never done though it has been a while since I scrubbed down a whole house.” Harry giggles again. “It was kinda relaxing though, especially the garden.”

“Next time you should just get a house elf to do the work, Harry. I’m sure your family homes are littered with the creatures.”

“Er…ok.” Draco smiles down at Harry and they sit in the gazebo for some time, talking about school, random nonsense, and just enjoying the scenery. When the sun begins its journey towards the horizon they decide to head back to Hogwarts before they miss the welcome back feast and Merlin forbid, get a detention.

“Come on,” Draco says, leading Harry to the secret passageway. Almost as soon as they enter the dark tunnel on their hands and knees Draco lets out a short fit of sneezes. Harry giggles at him and Draco lets out a huff of irritation. “Yes, laugh at me, Harry. Though in essence I should be the one doing the laughing; all those lovely spells you used to clean this place up, I’m sure there was one fitting for the de-dusting of a tunnel.”

“Er…I didn’t, um…use any spells.”

Harry’s gasp of surprise, when he runs into Draco's backside, is drowned out by an exclamation of horrid shock. “What do you mean you didn’t use any magic?”

“Er, I um…did it all by hand.” When Harry’s statement is met with silence he hurriedly continues on, “Draco, it’s no big deal. I mean I have to clean up much worse at the Dursley’s, besides, I wanted to clean this place up, to give you a special Yule gift. You do like it, right?”

“Yes, Harry, of course I do. But—”

“Then that’s all that matters. We should get moving again if we want to make it back to Hogwarts in time.”

“Yes, I suppose you’re right,” They continue to trek back to Hogwarts.

Harry scrubbed down the Shrieking Shack with nothing more than a rag and his bare hands. Draco shudders at the thought and promises himself that he will never let Harry do such menial labor again.

Once they are out of the tunnel they quickly make their way back to Hogwarts. In the halls they pass few students.

After dinner Draco walks Harry to his suite, kissing the back of his hand in parting though he would rather plant a kiss to his lips.

Draco thinks. “Harry, I have to visit Severus, would you like to join me?”

He nods and they make our way down to Severus’ office.

Draco knocks and they hear “Enter” Draco pulls Harry inside.

“Hello Uncle Sev!” Draco says in greeting.

“Professor Snape.” Harry says. Severus rolls his eyes.
“Draco, its Uncle Severus, and Harry it’s just Severus, how many times do I have to tell you both?”

Draco grins as Harry blushes. “Do you have the results of that test I asked for?” Snape eyes the boys suspiciously. “Harry knows that a negotiation for our marriage will begin soon. He should know the outcome of the test as well.” Snape raises an eyebrow.

“Well, Harry did you know Draco had me test your blood to see if you’re a bearer?”

“What’s a bearer?” Harry asks innocently.

“A small subset of the male wizarding population is able to bear children, they are called bearers”

“Oh” Harry says.

“Draco had me run your blood to see if you’re a bearer, because if you were a marriage contract would be viable.”

“So am I?” Harry asks, his hand holding Draco’s in a vice grip.

“Yes Harry, you are.” Harry shares a broad grin.

Draco’s lips may have twitched but he's not going to admit that. A marriage was viable. Now he just had to convince Harry’s guardian.
Philosopher’s stone

Harry was pretty good at hiding his problems, but Draco found he knew what the boy was thinking most of the time. When asked, Harry had told him that he had been worried about something he saw in the news near the beginning of the year. There was a break-in at Gringotts, the day after Harry had seen Hagrid go to the vault.

The boy was really worked up over it, and he had apparently taken to wandering the halls at night because he didn’t want to disturb Draco’s sleep. During that time he had hidden from Filch in an unmarked room, because the idiot had visited the third floor corridor, which was not allowed. He’d apparently found a dog there, and discussed the creature with Hagrid. Who was apparently the ‘dogs’ owner.

Draco didn’t know why but he thought this dog was important so Draco, being a slytherin, said they should ask Severus about it. D Severus, knowing that Draco wouldn’t give up on his search told them of the philosopher’s stone.

“The ancient study of alchemy is concerned with making the Philosopher's Stone, a legendary substance with astonishing powers. The Stone will transform any metal into pure gold. It also produces the Elixir of Life, which will make the drinker immortal”

After speaking with Severus the boys realized that anyone that had two knuts to rub together would be able to get the required information out of the people that held it. So that night they went in search of the stone.

Fluffy was asleep when they got there, which made their suspicions even more real. They were able to move the giant dog’s paw and jump into the hatch below.

“Harry, what did we land on?”

“Devil’s snare. Just relax. It will let us through.”

Because Harry had immediately relaxed he fell through first, Draco came a second later and landed on Harry’s leg.

“Are you alright?”

“Yes. Let’s go.”

The next room held a bunch of flying keys.

“There’s a broom. I’ll get it. I grew up flying.” Draco said.

After Draco retrieved the key he tossed it to Harry, he flew through the door after Harry and they shut it. Hearing the other key’s flying into the barrier between them.

The door led to a large chessboard.

“Good thing I’m a slytherin, eh?” Draco smirked.

It wasn’t long before Draco had bested the game.

The boys then moved to a room where they met Professor Quirrel and a mirror.
Apparently Harry had seen the mirror before, on one of his midnight escapades. Which annoyed Draco to no end.

Quirrel tried to attack Draco, and like with Ron, Harry stepped in front of him. He held his hands up, which started burning the man who was hosting the Dark Lord’s soul. They were both fine. Other than Harry being slightly frightened by the events of the day. Harry hid the stone in his trunk and likely forgot about it, or so Draco thought.

oOo

Then before they knew it classes were over and Harry and Draco were back on the Hogwarts Express. Draco kept his arm around Harry for the ride.

Draco knew Harry was worried about staying with Sirius, though he couldn’t figure out why. He still had yet to get information about Harry’s previous guardians from him, though he knew they were muggle.

With one last hug they left the compartment and before they parted Draco spoke “We’ll come visit you soon Harry. After all Sirius is Mother’s cousin.” Harry nodded before making his way over to the man.

Draco watched them leave. Then he made his way over to his Mother and Father.
12 Grimmauld Place

Sirius side-along apparated Harry to a run-down house. Harry said nothing as he led him to a door, and he started to ramble.

“Dumbledore used to have this place under a fidelus, that’s a charm that makes it unplottable. But I’ll be damned if I’ll let that manipulative fool let the order meet here. Plus this is your home now as well.” Sirius said as he opened the door. Harry winced, the place was nasty.

“Be quiet in the Hall” Sirius said as he grabbed Harry’s shoulder and Harry flinched which he frowned at. “Walburgha Black doesn’t like me much.”

“Who’s Walburgha?”

They made their way to the kitchen and Sirius ignored Harry’s question. “Kreacher!” he called out. A strange figure popped into the room.

“Master called Kreacher?”

‘The being was grumpy.’ Harry thought.

“Yes. Make us some lunch Kreacher if you are capable of that, which I highly doubt.” Harry gasped as the being made its way over to the stove. “That’s a house elf Harry.” Sirius said.

‘As if that explained everything, which it did not. But at least I knew what Draco was talking about now.’ Harry thought.

They sat in an awkward silence until Kreacher brought over their food. “Is master wanting anything else from Kreacher?”

“Kreacher, this is Harry. The heir of Black, Potter, Ollivander and Prince.” Kreacher seemed to perk up slightly at that.

“Hi Kreacher” Harry said as he held out his hand. “It’s nice to meet you.”

Kreacher eyed Harry’s hand warily and looked to Sirius who nodded before he grabbed Harry’s hand quickly then promptly disapparated.

“Idiot creature.”

“You shouldn’t talk about him like that Mr. Black.”

“Harry, its Sirius, and Kreacher hates me. Here let me show you.” Sirius led Harry to a room and there were burn marks on the walls. “This is the Black Family tapestry.” He walked over to a burn mark, “That’s me.” He pointed at it.

“Why is it burned?”

“Because I joined the light side, which I’m not so sure is light anymore. So anyway Kreacher thinks I’m a blood traitor.”

“For hanging out with my mum?”

“That and other things. Do you remember the second person that was named on your parents will
as your guardian?

Harry thought for a second “A Mr. Lupin?”

“Yes Moony. See your dad, myself, Lupin and that traitor Pettigrew were good friends in school. Hold on a second.” Harry examined the walls more closely before Sirius came back. “Here. I solemnly swear I’m up to no good.” Sirius said as he pointed his wand at a blank piece of paper.

Suddenly a map showed up. “What is this?”

“A map of Hogwarts, and everyone in it. See there’s Snape.” He pointed to a dot on the paper labeled Severus Snape. “Here, it’s yours.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, I can’t use it anymore, you can use it to get into trouble.”

“So…why were you thought of as a blood traitor?”

“Well Mooney, sorry Remus, we were a couple. He was a half-blood and my mother didn’t approve.”

“Oh.”

“Are you okay with that Harry?”

“With what?”

“With two men being a couple?”

Harry laughed, “Well, I like boys. So I’d be a hypocrite if I said yes.”

Sirius laughed at that. “I’ve owled Remus, he may come stay with us, if you’re alright with that?”

Harry nodded.

Sirius walked over to the counter where there was a pile of mail. He immediately threw something in the trash.

“What did you just throw away?”

“Nothing. Just something from Malfoy.” Harry rushed over to the trash and grabbed the letter out of it. “What are you doing?”

Harry didn’t answer as he opened the letter.

Mr. Black

I would like to request your presence to go over a potential marriage contract between my son Draco Lucius Malfoy and your godson Harry James Potter.

Sincerely

Lucius Malfoy

“It’s a request for your presence to go over the marriage contract Sirius!” Harry nearly yelled.

“You’ll marry for love, not status Harry.” Sirius said frowning.
“But I love Draco. And if you don’t accept he’ll be married off to Parkinson!” Harry said in dismay.

“You’re eleven Harry, you don’t know what love is.”

“Yes I do!”

“No you don’t!”

“I won’t ever forgive you if you don’t do this for me Sirius.” Sirius looked shocked at that.

“Where’s my cupboard?” Harry asked.

“Cupboard?”

“Yes, my cupboard, where I sleep. I don’t want to see you until you agree to meet Mr. Malfoy.”

“You mean your room?”

“I get a room?”

“Yes. Did those muggles have you stay in a cupboard?” Sirius asked angrily.

Harry dropped to the floor. “Please don’t hit me.” He begged.

Sirius shook his head “Get up Harry.” Harry was shaking as he stood up. “We’re going to talk about those muggles later. But for now. Your room.” He led Harry upstairs to the first bedroom on the second floor. “This is yours, you can do whatever you want with it.” Sirius quickly left.

Harry flopped down on his bed and didn’t get up until seven the next morning. He made his way downstairs to the kitchen where he started to get out the supplies necessary to make some eggs. He jumped when Kreacher popped into the room.

“Kreacher is supposed to be doing that Master Potter.” Harry nodded slightly cowed by the old house elf.

“Thank you Kreacher” he said when the eggs and toast were laid in front of him. “Kreacher?” he asked as he finished his first bite. “Would you introduce me to Mrs. Black?”

“Oh. Mistress Black is a most wonderful person. I’m sure she will love the pureblooded Master Potter.”

Harry nodded and finished his breakfast then Kreacher led him to a portrait of a women.

“Mistress. I have brought you the new master to meet.”

“Mrs. Black, it’s a pleasure to meet you” Harry said as he bowed like Draco had shown him after his failed attempt with Mrs. Malfoy.

“Such manners. I haven’t seen one such as yourself in years. It’s a pleasure to meet you Mr. Potter.”

Harry smiled. He looked around the room, it was dark and grey, and gross. “Wouldn’t you prefer to be in a different room Mrs. Black?”

“Mr. Potter. I placed a permanent sticking charm on my portrait so that my blood traitor son Sirius
“I won’t let him do that Mrs. Black. What was your favorite room when you were alive?”

“The upstairs tea room.”

“Please excuse me then. Kreacher, will you show me to the tea room?”

Kreacher led Harry to the fourth floor where he found a room with faded grey wallpaper and destroyed furniture. “Do you remember what this used to look like Kreacher?” Harry asked.

“Yes Master Potter.”

“Will you help me restore it?”

“Help?”

“Yes help. I’m used to doing this kind of thing on my own but Draco told me to have a house elf help.”

“Yes Master Potter.”

“Do you know if Mrs. Black’s husband had a portrait made?”

“His portrait and Master Regulus’ are in storage.”

“We’ll get them and place all three in here, so that she has company.”

Sirius found them there when he got up at noon. Since Kreacher was helping Harry, and Sirius had named him as heir, the house elf could answer either of their calls equally and he chose to stay with Harry when Sirius called him.

“What are you doing?” He asked Harry.

“I’m restoring the room for Mrs. Black.”

“Why?”

“Because the room she’s in is terrible. This was her favorite room.”

“You actually talked with the old bat?”

Harry gave Sirius a glare. “Kreacher’s helping me, Draco said I should have house elves help. And he’s going to get two more portraits for her to talk to from the vaults.

Sirius looked really confused.

“Harry, how do you know how to do this?”

“The Dursleys” He refused to elaborate more.

“Will you tell me about them?”

“I don’t like to talk about it, Draco seems confused when I tell him about my childhood.”

Sirius seemed slightly peeved at that, but also… “You bonded with Draco somehow?”
“He’s been nice to me from day one, without me being The Harry Potter.”

“Well, I guess it couldn’t hurt to discuss a marriage contract then.”

“Really?” The hope in Harry’s eyes was almost too much for Sirius.

“Yeah. We should probably fix the place up more before having them over though.” Harry nodded enthusiastically. “Can I borrow Kreacher to make me some breakfast?”

“I’ll come join you, its lunch now.”

‘The smile on Harry’s face was worth even debating a marriage contract.’ Sirius thought. ‘Of course he would have to discuss it with Remus when he got there. And it would mean the end of the Black, Potter, Ollivander, and Prince Lines so he’d probably have to talk with Snivellous as well. He was not looking forward to that.’
Remus arrived the next day to find Sirius in the Library reading. He found that funny as Sirius never read unless forced.

“Hey Padfoot!” Remus called out.

“Moony!” Sirius jumped up and hugged his friend. “Thank Merlin. Harry’s got me researching spells to repair the family tapestry, it’s horrible!”

Remus laughed. “I’m surprised you’d pick up a book for the boy.”

“Don’t be. No one can resist his charms, not even Kreacher.” Remus looked surprised at that.

“So where is the boy?”

They heard a light creaking signaling someone coming downstairs. Both men looked up and Remus was surprised to see a small boy covered in dirt wearing ratty overalls with Kreacher following closely behind him.

“Hello! You must be Mr. Lupin” Harry exclaimed while he held out his hand to Remus.

Remus took the small boy’s hand with a smile “Please, call me Remus or Moony. You must be Harry.”

Harry nodded. “It’s nice to meet you Remus. Sirius has told me a little bit about you.” Remus smiled.

“All good I hope.”

“Well, not much. Just a little about the Marauders, and he gave me this.” Harry pulled a piece of paper Remus recognized from his pocket.

He laughed, “Don’t let anyone find you with that. And definitely don’t give it to Snape.”

Harry frowned. “Why can’t Severus see it?” Remus was confused. Obviously Sirius needed to catch him up on some things.

Sirius caught onto the tension “Harry, I forgot to give you your gift for your birthday last night.”

“I get a gift?” The boy raised his eyebrows and both men were confused.

“Of course. Don’t you usually get gifts for your birthday?”

Harry shook his head no as Sirius handed him a package. Harry opened it slowly and his eyes fell. “Oh. A broom. Thank you. It looks a little stiff to be any good at cleaning though.” Harry cursed himself. He thought that Sirius may be different from the Dursleys.

Sirius laughed. “It’s not for cleaning, it’s for quidditch.”

“Oh, Draco told me he was trying out for seeker next year. I don’t know what that is.”

Both men furrowed their eyebrows. “Your father was a seeker.” Remus supplied.
“Really? What’s a seeker?”

“Well, it’s hard to explain without a quidditch set. I guess I’ll have Draco show you when we go over there next week.” Harry nodded enthusiastically.

“Did you find the spell?” Sirius shook his head no. “No matter. I’m going to move Mrs. Black now.” Harry walked out of the room and Remus raised an eyebrow in question.

“He does know that portrait has a permanent sticking charm on it right?” Remus said.

“Not anymore.” Sirius shook his head back and forth slowly. “I have to get you caught up Moony.” Remus just nodded. “Well. Draco Malfoy apparently befriended my boy here, yes I adopted Harry making him the Black heir. That’ll come back later. So anyway like I was saying Draco befriended Harry before they even got to Hogwarts, I guess he was nice to him. The only kid that didn’t care that Harry is The Harry Potter” Sirius shook his head in disbelief. “Lucius was in negotiation with the Parkinson’s for a marriage contract when Draco enlisted his help in finding out Harry’s bloodlines. Guess the kid isn’t a slytherin for nothing. Lucius found out that I had gone to Azkaban without a trial, so he arranged one. At the trial I was found not guilty, which I wrote you about. Anyway seems that Dumbledore ignored James and Lily’s wishes” Sirius produced the Potter’s will for his friend. “He somehow managed to get around every guardian but the Dursleys.”

“And this letter to Snape?” Remus asked.

“Told him about Lily’s bloodlines. Turns out she was a descendant of Maria Prince and Atticus Ollivander, making Harry a Pureblood. It also makes him heir to the Potter, Ollivander, Prince, and now Black family fortunes.” Remus’ jaw dropped.

“He’ll be the most sought after boy in the wizarding world. Not that he wasn’t already, being the boy-who-lived.”

Sirius laughed. “Anyway when Harry got here this summer there was a letter from Lucius asking to discuss a marriage contract that I threw out. He was so angry” Sirius looked more serious than Remus had ever seen him. “The boy told me he’d never forgive me if I didn’t consider the contract, seems to love Draco.”

Remus tried to interrupt. “No let me finish. Kreacher’s even taken a liking to the boy. Prefers to take his orders over mine. I guess Harry had Kreacher introduce him to Walburgha. She took a shining to the boy. He’s been fixing a room upstairs, guess it used to be the tea room, for her. She told him how to get the sticking charm off. We’re keeping that door locked, Regulas, Orion and Walburgha will be in there now.” Sirius grimaced.

Remus was pensive for a moment. “Shouldn’t Kreacher be fixing up the room?”

“That’s something I’m having trouble with Remus. You see, Harry knows how to do all sorts of stuff that no eleven year old child should know how to do. I don’t know why or when the subject came up but Draco told him to have a house elf help him with the manual labor.”

“So we don’t know about Harry’s time at the Dursleys?”

“Other than his room being a cupboard? No.”

“What?” Remus said outraged.

“I guess Harry’s room was a cupboard. He wouldn’t elaborate.”
“I’ll talk to him.”

Sirius nodded. “Better find that spell fast. I don’t want to upset the boy.”

Remus headed up to what he supposed was the tea room and walked in on the strangest conversation he had ever heard.

“You are quite the charmer Mr. Potter” Walburgha said.

“Please, call me Harry.”

“Well Harry. You’re the only one who’s been nice to me in this house in years.” Walburgha continued.

“You forgot about Kreacher.” Harry said.

“He’s a house elf, he doesn’t count.”

“Mrs. Black. Never speak about Kreacher in that manner again. Do I make myself clear?” Walburgha Black nodded looking cowed. “I will excuse myself so that you can speak with your son and husband.” Harry nodded and turned towards the door where he saw Remus.

“Hello Remus. Did you need something from me?” Harry asked as he walked out of the tea room door, his eyes cast at the floor.

“I….uh….I….I just wanted to speak with you about the Dursleys” Remus said, still bewildered by what he had just witnessed.

Harry froze “I don’t want to talk about them.”

Remus could see the boy shaking. He didn’t want to upset the poor boy, he wanted him to trust him. “Alright then, how about we talk about Draco.”

Harry perked up at that. “What do you want to know?”

“How did you two come to be friends?”

“We met in Madam Maulkins, he was the first person to ever be nice to me, other than Hagrid.”

Remus frowned. “Did he know who you were?”

“I didn’t even know who I was. He suspected though, and he confirmed it when we were on the Hogwarts Express.” Remus made a sound of acknowledgement and Harry continued. “He’s the only one who didn’t just want to be friends with me because I was the Boy-who-lived.” Harry’s face darkened “He made me feel safe, and looked out for me. Plus he told me about the houses, and helped me with Quirrel.”

“Who’s Quirrel?”

“He taught DADA, and was hosting Voldemort’s soul”

Remus let out a gasp. “You met Voldemort?”

“Yes, although I think he’s gone now. But people though that before didn’t they?”

Remus decided a change of subject was in order. “So a marriage contract…” Remus let it hang
there, he wanted to see how it would be interpreted.

“Yes, if there’s not one between Draco and myself, he’ll be promised to Pansy.” Harry looked sad.

“And you love Draco.” A slight blush crept up on Harry’s face but he nodded. “You know that this can’t happen if you’re not a bearer, and I suspect that your previous guardians didn’t test you for that like they should have.”

Harry looked up sharply at this “They should have tested me for that?”

“Yes. All males have to be tested before they go into Hogwarts. Most wizarding families test once a son is born, like with myself and Sirius, muggleborns are usually tested when they get to school. I supposed Madam Pomfrey figured your guardians had tested you.”

“Who’s Madam Pomfrey?” Harry asked.

“The school nurse.” Remus said. “Didn’t you meet her for a checkup at the beginning of the year?” Harry shook his head no. Remus was suspicious at that.

“Anyway, Severus checked me and I am a bearer.”

“Severus.” Remus stated.

“Yes the potions master.”

“I know who he is. We went to school together. I just didn’t think he was on a first name basis with his students.”

“Not most of his students. But I guess he knew my mom, he told me about her during Yule. Plus he’s my blood uncle.”

Remus nodded “Did he tell you what to expect from being a bearer?” Harry shook his head no. “Well, most of the Wizarding population doesn’t know. Only bearers, it’s a tight knit community. I’ll tell you about it though.”

“How do you know?”

“I was one.”

“Was?”

“Yes. When I was born I was immediately tested and it came back positive for the bearer gene. But shortly before my fifth birthday I was bitten by a werewolf, Fenrir Greyback, and the mutation into a werewolf overtook the bearer ability.”

“I’m sorry.” Harry said quietly.

“Fate is fate Harry. Never forget that. Anyway, I had two years preparation, likely to teach you about being a bearer.” Remus smiled and Harry returned it.

“Thanks Remus.”

“You’re welcome Harry. Always remember that you can come to me with anything.” Remus said he started to reach out to hug the boy but the boy jumped up from the couch he had been sitting on before he could. ‘Another thing to look into’ he thought.
Quidditch Training

Draco was beyond excited, though he let none of it show on his face. His lion was coming over today! He had memorized the letter Harry had sent him.

_Draco,_

_I’ve managed to convince Sirius that he should consider the marriage contract. He sent a note along to your father and said I could come with him on Wednesday while they discuss it._

_Harry_

_P.S. Sirius got me a broom for my last birthday. Would you teach me how to play quidditch while I’m there?_

He’d sent his lion an immediate response with an affirmative. He also thought about how to surpass the gift of a broom for Harry on his twelfth birthday. He didn’t know what he could get that would be better than that. He also hadn’t known what time they were arriving so he got up at seven just in case. His father had been surprised to see him at the table.

“Draco.”

“Father.”

“What are you doing up so early?”

“Just wanted to be ready for our guests.”

“Did you get your marks and standings back from school yet?”

“No father.” As he said that an owl flew in and dropped a letter in front of him. It was his marks.

_Malfoy, Draco_  
Arithmetic O  
Care of Magical Creatures O  
Charms O  
Defense Against the Dark Arts O  
Divination O  
Flying O  
Herbolgy O  
History of Magic O  
Potions O  
Transfiguration O

Included in the letter were the class rankings, with the top five students followed by your ranking, unless you were the top.

_Arithmetic_  
1. Malfoy, Draco  
2. Potter, Harry  
3. Granger, Hermione  
4. Zabini, Blaise  
5. Boot, Terry
Draco wasn’t surprised to see himself at the top of most of his classes. It was expected after all. He was a little irked that Longbottom had beat him in Herbolgy but since he didn’t show up in any other classes he figured that the boy just had a passion for the subject. He was proud of his lion
though, beating him in four classes. That would prove that Harry was worthy of a Malfoy even more than his four inheritances as far as his father was concerned.

He handed his father the papers, who nodded at the first sheet and stared slightly wide eyed at the second. “Good job Draco, if it weren’t Mr. Potter beating you in those classes I would be upset. And the Longbottom boy only shows up once, must be something about Herbology.” Draco sagged in relief when his father came to the same conclusion.

It wasn’t until two hours later that the wards signaled someone entering the property and Draco walked as quickly as he could to the front door without sacrificing his dignity. He saw a house elf opening the door to reveal Harry, who he assumed was Sirius and another man he had never met before.

Harry was talking with the house elf and didn’t notice him approaching. “Harry.” He said in greeting.

“Draco!” Harry exclaimed and launched himself at him. Draco saw the two men he came with share a confused look.

“It’s rude not to introduce me to your guardians” he whispered in his lion’s ear.

“Oh! Right. Draco, this is Sirius Black, my legal guardian. And Remus Lupin, his fiancé” Draco raised his eyebrow at that but smiled nonetheless.

“It’s nice to meet you Mr. Black. Mr. Lupin.” He said with a slight bow towards each man.

“Draco.” His father walked in. “Where are your manners, show the men to my office.”

Draco nodded and took Harry’s hand. “Follow me please” He led the men down several long corridors to his father’s office. “Here it is” he opened the door to see his father waiting.

“How had he gotten there before them?” Draco asked himself.

“Mr. Black. I believe this conversation only pertains to you and myself.” Lucius said.

“Untrue Lucius. Remus is my fiancé, so he has a say in this. I would also like for Harry to be present. Harry has been kept in the dark for too much of his life.” Lucius nodded.

Alright, Harry, Draco. Please sit down” The boys sat. Draco was honored that his father had included him as well, that had never happened with the Parkinson contract.

“So a marriage contract.” Lucius began. “First, my son has informed me that Severus has indeed run the tests and Harry is a bearer.” Harry and Remus nodded. While Sirius looked slightly confused. “Second, I would like it in the contract for Harry to bear my son five heirs, one for each bloodline.”

“Excuse me sir.” Harry spoke up. “How would that work? The bloodlines would need the original blood of the family. We’d only be able to have the Potter and Malfoy heirs.”

“Incorrect.” Lucius said. “You have the Prince, Ollivander, and Potter bloods so you can bear one for each line. My son has Black and Malfoy blood so he can father a child for each.” Harry nodded at that.

“That’s too many kids. No bearer has ever carried more than two.” Remus said.
“Father, how about we put down two. One for the Malfoy line, and one for the Potter line. I’m sure Harry would be open to having more but we don’t want what happened to Mrs. Nott to happen to Harry.” Draco said, trying to keep his face blank.

“What happened to Mrs. Nott?” Harry asked.

“Her contract bade that she birth two children, after Theodore’s birth she was unable to bear another and the contract killed her.” Lucius said coolly. “Alright son. As long as Mr. Potter-“

“Harry.” Harry interrupted

“As long as Harry understands the importance of trying for an heir for each line.” Harry nodded.

“Then that’s all I want, other than the wedding taking place the winter after our sons reach the age of majority.” Everyone but Sirius nodded.

“Give us a little time to think it over. I’ve never been involved in a marriage contract before.” He said.

Lucius gave a slight nod. “A decision will be made before the start of their second year.” Sirius hesitated for a second before nodding. Then everyone left the room.

Draco dragged Harry down to his suite and pulled him into his room before snogging him senseless. “I’ve invited Blaise, Goyle, and Crabbe over to help us with Quidditch. Blaise isn’t trying out but Crabbe and Goyle are.” Harry nodded mutely. Draco captured his lips again, then pulled away to rest his forehead against the boys. “Okay, better head out there. I think they arrived while we were in the office. Did you bring your broom?” Harry nodded and pulled a shrunken broom from his robes.

“Dobby.” He called out and a house elf apparated in. “Would you mind unshrinking this for me?”

“Of course Harry Potter sir. Dobby is happy to help.” The house elf unshrunk the broom and then disappeared.

“How do you know our house elf’s name?”

“He got the door” Harry shrugged. Draco pulled them out to the pitch where the other Slytherins were waiting.

“Hello Harry. Draco.” Blaise called out.

“Blaise!” Harry called back. The other goons said nothing.

“So are you planning on trying out for the team?” Blaise asked Harry.

“I don’t know. Sirius told me that my father was a seeker, he gave me a broom and I want to learn to play. I’m sure there are more experienced players that can be on the team.”

“Can’t expect much from Gryffindors” Blaise said and Harry laughed.

“Okay Harry.” Draco began. “There are two bludgers, a quaffle and the golden snitch. A team consists of three chasers, two beaters, a keeper and a seeker. The chasers try to get the quaffle through those hoops there” he gestured to the hoops on the pitch. “The beaters try to keep the chasers from getting to the hoops. If they get to the hoops the keeper tries to deflect the shot.”

“What does the seeker do?”
“The seeker looks for the snitch. It’s fast and hard to catch.” Harry nodded. “I’m probably trying out for seeker. Crabbe and Goyle are trying for beaters.” Harry nodded again. “Ready to start?”

“Yes”

“Alright. I’ll release the balls, you and I can play chaser first, see if you like it while Blaise plays keeper. Then you can try keeper, while Blaise and I try chaser. None of the rest of us will want to be beaters. We’ll release the snitch at the beginning. If you see it go after it. Don’t worry if you don’t, but if you see me shoot off that’s why.”

“Okay.”

They had barely started the game when Harry shot up into the sky. Draco had to admire his form. Draco didn’t know why Harry had shot off, though one of the bludgers had come his way so maybe that was it? When Harry didn’t come down immediately, but began to make circles around the pitch Draco was confused. Then all of a sudden Harry did a nose dive and pulled up at the last second before flying back to them lazily, holding his broom with one hand.

“What happened?” Blaise asked first.

Harry held up the snitch. Draco grabbed for it and Harry handed it over “How did you see that?” Harry shrugged. Draco floundered for a moment. “Try again” he said as he released the snitch. Harry looked around idly for second before shooting off again. Pulling a similar move as the first time he came back with the snitch again.

“Well, looks like I’m going for keeper. I never even saw it. There’s no way I’m getting blamed for losing a match to Gryffindor” Draco said.

“I’m sure it was just a fluke” Harry reassured.

“No. You’re going to be the youngest seeker in a century Harry. I’ll be better off as Keeper” Harry looked slightly sad but nodded. Draco grabbed his chin and tilted his head up. “Don’t be sad, my lion, I’ll be engaged to the youngest seeker in a century. Not to mention being the youngest keeper in a decade.” Harry looked slightly mollified.

“Harry!” Remus called from the house “Time to go.”

“Okay Remus” Harry said before flying lower and dismounting. Draco followed and gave his lion a hug before the boy ran off to go home.
“So Harry, What’d you think of Quidditch?” Remus asked.

“It was fun. Draco said I’d make a good seeker.” Remus raised his eyebrows. “Though, he decided to go for Keeper instead of seeker because of me. Said that shouldn’t deter me though.”

“Harry” Remus began slowly. “You seem alright when Draco touches you.” Harry smiled. “Yet you shy away from Sirius and myself, why is that?”

Harry looked down at the floor. Sirius, who had been standing in the doorway came in and kneeled in front of Harry. “Harry, we would never judge you for anything you say.” He said as he reached out to put his hands on the boy’s knees. Remus could tell that Harry had tried really hard not to flinch at the touch, he had mostly managed.

Harry murmured something.

“What was that Harry?” Remus asked.

Harry took in a deep breath. “I said if Draco finds out he won’t want me anymore.”

Remus and Sirius shared a look “That boy would still want you if you turned purple and changed into a bear.” Sirius said. Harry snorted.

“Promise not to tell anyone” the boy looked up with huge green eyes.

“Promise” Remus said.

“I swear on my life” Sirius said.

Harry looked at them both, as if trying to see if they were lying for a long time. “Okay.” He nodded, more to himself than the men. “Kreacher?” the boy called out. Kreacher popped in.

“Would you mind sitting with me for this?”

“Kreacher would be happy to help Master Potter.” The two men looked on incredulously as the house elf took a seat next to Harry and took the boys hand in his gnarly one. Harry seemed to relax slightly in Kreachers presence which had the two wondering if there was more to the house elf than they had given him credit for. After all, he succeeded where they had not.

“When I was fifteen months old, I could walk steadily and Petunia had me start doing chores. It started out with the dishes, she had to get a stool so I could reach the sink. Then the cooking when I was four, eventually the laundry when I was six. By seven I was doing all the chores, mowing the lawn, cleaning the house. They didn’t have me get groceries, that required me to be seen by other people and they were ashamed. When I was going to school, I would do the chores on the weekends. Dudley hated me, at first when we were young, he was nicer but then his father got a hold of him and that was that.”

Harry’s voice wasn’t really bitter, more contemplative.

“I had started to go to school in kindergarten. I was slightly behind because I had never gone to preschool. Dudley had warned everyone I was a freak, so no one spoke with me. After school Dudley and his friends would try to chase me. One time I ended up on the roof of the school…”
Harry sighed “That was the day when Uncle Vernon changed my punishments. He started to give me lashes with his belt. After he was done he had Dudley use me as a punching bag told him ‘a body’s better practice than a bag could ever be.’ After that Dudley would beat me up for little things. Didn’t really matter what, Vernon and Petunia never asked. I retreated back to my cupboard when I got the chance, but it only locked from the outside.”

Harry met both of their eyes “So you see, Draco’s the only one who’s ever touched me without wanting to hurt me. He shook my hand when we met. He was the first person to ever offer his hand in greeting to me.”

“Did they….Did they ever touch you inappropriately Harry?” Sirius asked shakily.

“What do you mean by inappropriate?”

“Did Vernon or Dudley ever have you do anything with their…penises?” He clarified

“No” Both men sagged with relief.

“I swear, whatever you do Harry, Remus and I will never physically harm you.” Sirius said.

Harry nodded minutely. Neither man really knew what to do now.

“How about we go shopping for some new clothes for you Harry?” Sirius asked.

The boy smiled. “The only new robes I’ve gotten I ordered through a catalogue with Draco.”

“Well, we’re going change that.” Sirius said.

The two men spent the day leading Harry around, getting him some new robes as well as underclothes in a more muggle style.

oOo

Remus and Sirius had decided to elope since neither had any really good friends that were still alive. They had eloped on July 17th.

The boy and the two men had gotten closer and they were preparing to have Draco, his parents and Severus over to Grimmauld for his birthday on the 31st of July. Draco’s birthday, June 5th had passed while they were in exams.

Remus found Harry in the room with the Black family tapestry staring blankly at the wall.

“Knut for your thoughts?” Remus asked.

“Oh. Hi Remus. I’m just thinking about the marriage contract and being a bearer.”

Remus nodded. “Would you like me to tell you more about bearers? I was able to get some more information when the society found out I used to be one and that you were one.” Remus had been able to do that, but it had been an uphill battle for him. The Society was very secretive and had wanted to send a fully instated bearer to talk with Harry until they had heard of his childhood. Finally they had given Remus the information after he made an unbreakable vow to speak to no one but Harry of it.

“Yeah.” The boy said pulling his legs up to sit cross-legged on the chair at the table.

“Okay, where to start?” Remus began. “Bearers have an extra set of organs in their body, their
‘DNA’ as muggles would call it is the same as a male but they have a womb. Like I said before in the wizarding world male children are usually tested at birth. They have to start taking a potion when they start to go through puberty to make sure they don’t get pregnant accidentally. We’ll likely have Snape make that for you this year, even if you’re not doing anything it’s more of a safety precaution.” Harry nodded. “It’s usually a lot easier for a bearer to get pregnant they just have to think about it when they have sex. Their body realizes the request and fulfills it if possible. I’ll tell you about the birthing process when you get a little older alright?”

Harry nodded “And sex? How does that happen? We saw a video in primary school before I went off to Hogwarts but it was a male/female pairing.” Remus went a little red. He wasn’t used to being a guardian yet and hadn’t expected this question, even if he was talking about a similar subject before.

“Well. When two males want to have sex it’s in the anus. You have to use lubrication to prepare your partner’s hole to accommodate the organ.”

“That sounds unpleasant” Harry said as his nose scrunched up.

“It is the first time. But there’s this thing in your anus. It’s called the prostate, and when your partner hits it, well it feels amazing. Some males are able to come by just prostate stimulation.”

“How do you decide who gets to put there penis in the other ones hole?”

“Well…um…That’s a decision that you have to make with your chosen partner. Some people exclusively bottom, which is when you take the penis in your ass, or top when you put the penis in. Some couples mix it up.” Harry nodded at this.

The conversation ended abruptly when Sirius came bounding down the stairs. “Ready for your party tomorrow Harry?”

“Yeah. I’ve never had a real birthday before.”

“Well. Best go to bed early then. Don’t want you to be tired for it.”

oOo

The next day Draco arrived early with his parents to Grimmauld place. His mother gasped when Remus let them in. “Wow. You’ve done a great job restoring it Remus. I don’t even think it looked this nice when I came here as a child.”

“It was mostly Harry and Kreacher. Though Sirius and I did help some with the spell casting.”

“From what I remember Kreacher didn’t like to help anyone.” Narcissa said.

“He’s taken a liking to Harry. No one seems to be able to resist his charms. He’s in his room Draco. First door on the second floor” Remus said as he continued his conversation with Lucius and Narcissa.

Draco made his way up to the room, present in hand. He knocked on the door. “Come in” he heard from inside.

Draco opened the door to see a light grey room. The bed took up about half of the room, it had a white duvet. There was a desk in the corner which had the Gryffindor flag hanging above it. There were some pictures that were in black and white, it looked like a young couple.
“Draco” Harry said as he walked out from the connected bathroom and launched himself at the older boy.

“Hello my lion” Draco said as he hugged the boy. He hadn’t seen him since they had discussed the marriage contract last and he had missed his smell.

“What’s that?” Harry asked as he pulled away and saw the package in Draco’s hands.

“Your present. We’ll have to get a House Elf to unshrink it though.”

“Kreacher.” An ancient house elf appeared in front of the boys.

“What can Kreacher be doing for Master Potter?”

“Would you mind unshrinking this package please Kreacher?” Harry motioned towards the package Draco had lain on the bed.

“Of course Master Potter.”

Kreacher unshrunk the package and Harry heard a strange voice coming from the inside.

“If you don’t like it, I’ll bring it back.” Draco said quickly.

Harry looked warily at the package but knew that Draco would never get anything that could hurt him. He opened the package to see a large glass tank with a heating charm over it. He looked up in question at Draco.

“It’s on the branch.” Harry looked back to see a light brown snake looking at him from the branch.

Hello

Hello human

What’s your name?

Anguis, though the elder human had taken to calling me Angie

Hi Angie. I’m Harry.

Harry. The pale human boy said I was to be something for you I believe.

Oh yes, a present. But I guess you’re my pet.

Will you want my skin? That’s why the older human wanted.

I don’t know why I would need your skin for anything.

“Harry?” Draco asked.

“Yes?”

“What were you saying to the snake?”

“I was just introducing myself. She said her name is Angie. She also wanted to know if I was going to use her skin. Said the ‘older human’ wanted her skin, though I can’t fathom why.”

“She’s a boomslang. I managed to convince Severus to get Dumbledore to accept her as a new pet.
Usually we’re not allowed to bring snakes but Severus managed to convince Dumbledore that it would be exceedingly useful to have a boomslang around so that we could collect her skins for potions.”

“Oh. Is she venomous?”

“Yes, that’s also useful in some potions.”

“Hold on.”

Angie?

Yes Harry.

Apparently your skin is quite useful in potions, so my Uncle Severus managed to convince the headmaster at school that I should be allowed to have you.

So you are going to skin me…

No. We’d take the molted skin. No one will hurt you while you’re in my care.

Thank you Harry.

Harry scooped the snake out of the container and it immediately curled around his neck. She looked almost like a tarnished bronze necklace. The boys went downstairs to join the adults.

“Severus just arrived Harry.”

“He’s not blind, Narcissa. The boy can very well see that I’m here!”

“Hi!” Harry called out and hugged Severus who tensed before everyone until the boy pulled away. Harry had been gradually getting more comfortable with touching people after discussing it with Remus and Sirius.

“I’ve just come to drop off your present. I have to start brewing potions now for them to be ready in time for the school year.”

“Thank you Severus.” Harry said as he accepted the present. He opened the present to see a book which he opened. It had photos of a young girl and boy.

“I managed to spell some of my memories into photographs, I thought you might want to see some photos of your mother before she knew she was a witch.”

“Thank you” Harry said as he ran his fingers over a photograph of a young Severus and Lily sitting on a hill.

“Don’t you dare show it to anyone but Draco. Else I’ll take away house points.”

“Understood” Harry replied.

“Didn’t you have a present with you when you came in Draco?” Sirius asked. Draco smirked.

“Oh, he already gave it to me Sirius.” Harry motioned towards his neck.

“Oh” Sirius saw the snake necklace. “Figures the Slytherin would get you a snake necklace.”
Harry let out a laugh. “It’s not a necklace Sirius.” He said as he reached towards his neck. “Well this one is” he said as he fingered his present from last year, then Angie moved her head and slithered to wrap herself around Harry’s small wrist.

There was a collective gasp from all of the adults but Severus. “Is that a real snake?” Lucius asked.

“Yes Father. Severus helped me pick out a snake for Harry after convincing the Headmaster that it was a good idea.

Why are there so many people here Harry?

It’s my birthday, we’re having a party.

“You’re a parselmouth!” Sirius nearly screeched. Draco laughed as Harry looked confusedly at his godfather.

“Yes…What?” He asked.

“That’s exceedingly rare Harry” Narcissa said.

“Oh. Draco! You didn’t tell me that!” Harry looked at the blonde boy.

Draco shrugged. “Didn’t know for certain. You said you spoke with a snake when you were younger.”

“What kind of snake is it?” Lucius asked.

“A Boomslang.” Severus supplied.

There was another collective gasp. “You gave Harry a poisonous snake?” Remus asked.

Severus was trying to back out of the room without being noticed.

“Snivellous. What did you do!” Sirius screeched.

“Sirius.” Harry’s tone was so serious that everyone looked to the boy. “Never use that name again. Do you understand?” His voice was ice. Sirius stood there shocked. “I said do you understand.”

“Yes Harry. I understand.”

“Good.”

The rest of Harry’s birthday passed without much excitement.
The next and final time Harry saw Draco that summer was when they went to get their schoolbooks at Diagon Alley. It was late August but they still beat the rush. Sirius had insisted on bringing Harry so Lucius and Draco met up with them.

They got their potions textbooks and others pretty easily, however they were assigned a strange amount of books by Gilderoy Lockhart. Afterwards Remus joined them at Malfoy Manor. After discussing it at quite some length the two had come to the decision that a Marriage contract was beneficial to both families. And they were okay with it because they saw the two boys loved each other, and they knew that was not going to change.

They had stayed for dinner, which is where things got dicey. The conversation had been pleasant enough.

“You know the last known parselmouth was the Dark Lord?” Lucius asked. Remus and Sirius choked on their food.

“No I didn’t know that.” Harry answered.

“He had great ideas that one.” Lucius continued.

“He seemed like a tyrant.” Harry said.

“He valued loyalty and went to extreme measures to make sure his followers were in the end.” Lucius supplied.

“He was such a nice young man. Wanted to give wizards their rightful place in the world, that is until he lost his mind, somewhere along the way.” Narcissa said. Remus and Sirius were stunned.

“That’s where the sacred 28 came from.” Draco supplied.

“Who are the Sacred 28?” Harry asked.

“The pure-blooded Wizarding Families. They marry each other to keep their lines pure.”

Harry contemplated that for a second. “How many children does each of the lines have?”

“Most of the pureblooded families only have one child. Why?” Lucius asked.

“Well assuming that there are equal amounts of the sexes, and that each family has one heir, for the foreseeable future. The pureblooded lines would die out in about....four generations? And where did the first wizards come from?”

“They’re dated back to ancient Egypt.” Draco supplied.

“Well. I’m going to assume that wizards originally came from muggles. That would make each muggle-born a new bloodline right? And completely pure at that.”

Draco was surprised to see his mother and father contemplating that.
“Yes I supposed you’re right Harry. The first wizards must have come from muggles.” Narcissa said.

“I refuse to believe that wizards came from muggles!” Lucius was red in the face.

“But Mr. Malfoy. Where else could they have stemmed from?”

“Merlin.” He supplied.

“That would make all wizards relatives practicing incest for the past ten centuries.” Harry said. Remus and Sirius’ heads were whipping back and forth between the two.

“Then….They came from gods!” Lucius supplied.

“Oh, which religion do you practice Mr. Malfoy?”

Lucius was red again. “I don’t practice a religion.”

“Then I’m sticking with the story that wizards originated from muggles and the first wizarding war never needed to happen.” Harry said,

“You’re ignoring the fact that Wizards didn’t want to hide anymore.” Lucius drawled, gaining back some of his composure.

“Well that problem will take a little longer than dinner to solve” Harry began, “but I will think on it Mr. Malfoy. I agree that we shouldn’t have to hide. But we also need the muggle borns to add new magical cores into the wizarding community.”

Draco was surprised at his parents’ reactions to this. But in all honesty Harry made a good point. Most of the purebloods only had one heir and Harry’s calculations were correct if the pattern was the same. This gave him a new perspective on Granger.

“We’re also ignoring the fact that muggle borns don’t know wizarding cultures and traditions” Draco added, that part was bothering him.

“Well the schools can fix that. We just need a class taught about that. How can you expect us to know something if you never teach it to us?” Harry answered.

Draco had to agree that was a valid point. Maybe the problem wasn’t that the muggle born’s were trying to invade the wizarding world, maybe the problem was the wizarding world wasn’t takin the time to teach them their customs.

Chapter End Notes

Please feel free to contact me if you see any issues. I think it’s pretty well edited but it is un-beta’d. I appreciate comments, suggestions, reviews and kudos. Hope to see you all in the next story!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!