The Butterfly's Song-Drarry

by Jack_Valentine_666

Summary

Late one night, just like many others, Harry is kept up due to persistent nightmares. He decides to roam the disserted halls of Hogwarts but what he finds is a shocking change to his nightly pattern.

A/N: This is a really sucky description. But basically it's gay and Drarry. Have fun!!!-Jack

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
A/N: Voldemort died when he tried to kill Harry and stayed dead.

Harry's POV

I walk down the barren halls of Hogwarts, my messy hair messier than usual due to the continuous pulling. A cold sweat is slick on my skin, making my nightshirt stick to my back and soak the front. I'm surrounded by darkness except for a few lit candles every couple feet. The layout of the school has become second nature to me since I walk it every night, horrible nightmares refusing to let me sleep. It helps walking around, clears my mind and exhausts me enough to pass out. Madam Pomfrey has tried to help with potions and supplements but for whatever reason no matter what I do they won't stop.

My tired eyes barely register the interruption of my nightly routine. A light blue butterfly with glowing wings flutters delicately in the air. It's small wings making the softest of sounds. I raise a curious eyebrow at the strangely placed creature, wondering how on earth it got into the well-guarded walls of Hogwarts when I hear another flutter. Turning around I spot a second butterfly this one much larger, sitting against one of the stone walls.

With gentle steps, I walk forward and raise my hand up towards the insect. The butterfly registers my presses and flutters down to sit on the tip of my pointer finger. Growing more and more curious as the seconds tick by, the school's clock in the background whispering a constant tick, tick, tick in my ears when yet another butterfly lands on my nose. This one being a light purple with golden flecks. Irritation sparks inside me as my confusion grows ever steadily.

I turn to my right and notice another butterfly on the handle of the doorknob to a broom closet. I walk slowly over, the butterflies flying away as I approach. I twist the brass knob hesitantly as to not make a noise. When the door opens an inch I look inside, my green eyes widening as a wave of realization washes over me. Inside is a much bigger room, the walls made of clear glass, much like a greenhouse. Ivy vines and other foliage crawls up the sides and hundreds of different colored butterflies flutter around the room. Other than the moonlight and stars lighting the room is a small candle, with a softly flickering flame. The orange warmth a contrast to the silver light coating everything. None of this shocks me as much as the other thing or should I person in the room.

Basked in silky moonlight and warm candlelight lays a tired-looking Malfoy. His usually cold eyes are melted in warm puddles as he gazes lovingly at the butterflies sitting atop his propped up hand. His hair is splayed around him, similar to rivers of melted silver. It's strange seeing Malfoy in a regular t-shirt and pajama bottoms instead of his usual expensive attire. In fact, this whole scene is strange to me. I never would have guessed Malfoy of all people taking comfort in the room of requirements especially when it looks like this.

Without realizing it, I've opened the door wider in my shocked daze. The motion catches Malfoy's gaze, the world seems to slow down as I see the emotions register on his face: Shock, Confusion, Fear, and finally Anger. In less than a second, those warm puddles in his eyes are frozen over like ice. Malfoy jumps up quickly and stomps over to me, pulling me in by the collar of my shirt and slamming the door closed.

"What the fuck are you doing, Potter?" He yells murderously. The room of requirements being soundproof means he can yell at me as loud as he wants and nobody would hear him. It also means
he can murder me and no one would hear my screams. Anger blooms in my chest making my face feel hot.

"I was taking a bloody walk!" I yell back. "What the fuck are you doing, Malfoy?" I spit venomously.

"None of your bloody business!" He rages. "Why were you spying on me?"

"I wasn't spying." I defend. He scoffs loudly.

"Then what were you doing?" He demands.

"Your stupid butterflies were in the hall so I followed them," I answer exasperated. "How was I supposed to know Mister I hate everything is secretly a butterfly loving poof?" I spit viciously, myself flinching at the derogatory name. A look of horror registers on his face before it's replaced with even more anger. In the blink of an eye, I'm shoved against the door, Malfoys hand on my neck but not applying any pressure. Pain laces through my shoulders and my breath is knocked out of me. I stare up at Malfoy, my anger boiling to a point that I'm positive the students in the Gryffindor tower can feel the heat rolling off of me.

"You tell anyone about this," He starts quietly, a threat evident in his words. "and I will make your life a living hell." Unable to keep my god awful mouth shut I respond.

"What, that you like butterflies or cock, faggot?" I smirk but my stomach twists in disgust at my own words. Sadness flashes over his face but it's quickly repressed. His hand squeezes my throat making me gasp in fear. He could kill me right here and nobody would ever know. I probably deserve it. He grabs me by the collar and throws me down on the ground. As he reaches for the doorknob he stops and turns back to me.

"Out of everyone at Hogwarts, you are the last person I thought who would say something as ignorant and apathetic as that." He says sadly. He shakes his head and stares down at me with disappointment. "I guess I was wrong."

When he leaves I lay on the floor in utter silence, not even the sound of butterflies fluttering around can be heard. I sigh loudly and press the heels of my hands into my eyes. I groan and sit up when I notice it. My face blushes a violent shade of red, a mix of horror, confusion, anger, and embarrassment. There, in my old stain covered grey sweat pants is a tent over my crotch or more specifically a tent caused by my crotch. My mouth suddenly feels dry and I groan in frustration as I lay back down on the cold ground, begging for death.

A/N: Let me know what ya think, this is a new kind of writing for me. Lol. Anyways, I hope you have a wonderful night, day, week, month, year, and life. -Jack <3<3<3
Chapter Two

~Harry's POV~

Warning: Smut-if uncomfortable just skip to the "++++" sign.

Warning: Masturbation, Choking, Self choking, slight biting, homophobic thoughts, mentions of abuse.

Sweat coats my brow in thick beads as I work my hand up and down my length. My other hand covers my mouth to suppress any moans even though I know no one can hear me since I'm still in the room of requirements. I refuse to moan in this situation, especially when the reason I'm doing this is because of that pretentious prick. Why did he have to choke me? I think to myself angrily but the thought of hands around my throat makes me shiver as a wave of pleasure hits me. Why him of all people? I try to imagine someone else, anyone else doing that to me but my mind drifts back to that image. His cold eyes pinning me in place, along with his hands, of course, the image distorts and I imagine him placing his leg in between my thighs.

I bite my lip as I squeeze my eyes shut tightly. His hands felt so good around my throat, squeezing it. I wished he squeezed tighter. I think subconsciously. When I catch the thought I reprimand myself. I shouldn't be thinking about these things. I shouldn't even be wanking right now, but I can't help it. I bite my tongue and groan, deciding to just fuck it so I can cum. I imagine him pressing his thigh into my crotch as his hands squeeze tighter and tighter. My mouth hangs open as my left-hand travels down my chin and over my kneck, I squeeze gently making my back arch and my breath quicken.

I still refuse to moan but the desire is strong, I bite my lip as I work my hand faster. An image of Malfoy biting the space between my neck and shoulder while choking me flashes through my mind and I can't help let out a low groan. Electricity makes my whole body tense, my toes curl and my back arches at an impossible angle. Wave after wave of pleasure crashes into me as I cum. I ride out my high for a while, a lot longer than I usually do. I don't stop until my member becomes too sensitive to touch.

I pant loudly in the quiet room, a lazy smile on my face that is quickly whipped off as I realize what I've just done. I look down at my cum covered hand, disgusted with myself. It's not that I'm disgusted with the fact that I wanked to a guy choking me out but by the fact that the guy was Malfoy. It's not the first time I've wanked to a guy after all even though I was taught from an early age that people like me, "perverts", have no place on this earth and are unnatural thanks to the Dursely's. I have no problem with gay people or lgbtq+ folks, but it's different for me. If I admit to being bisexual Uncle Vernon would...to be fair I don't know what he would do. His "punishment" is different every time, but I know if I came out I would get hurt. Badly.

Plus, it's not like the wizarding world is all to accepting of lgbtq+ people, especially gay and lesbians, most likely due to their blood purity obsession. You can't have more purebloods if they can't reproduce since they like the same sex. Blah, blah, blah. And I'm Harry Fucking Potter, the boy who lived or whatever, people already hate me for "killing the dark lord" so piling being bisexual on top of that? No thank you. So I repress it, and it takes shape in unhealthy ways.

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I'm a horrible person. I think to myself as I trip Malfoy with my foot, sending him stumbling. Unable to hold out his hands to stop himself from falling due to him carrying a book in his right
hand and holding his satchel in his left, he falls face-first on the floor. A wave of guilt passes through me but I push it down by smiling triumphantly. The hall becomes silent as the onlookers watch.

I decided that to make up for what happened in the ROR after Malfoy left I had to push him away, make him hate me even more so that I can hate him. That way I can bury the memories of what I did in hatred instead of shame. I know it's stupid and probably won't work but I need to try.

"Ooops." I say sarcastically. Malfoy hesitates before rolling over, my smile dropping from my face as I see blood seeping out of his mouth. His lip split and I see a tiny white shard of a tooth where his face landed. He looks up at me. Cool blue meeting green. His eyes are those pools of water for a second, a look of disappointment clear. I'm about to say something, not sure what when Hermione speaks up.

"Harry!" She yells. Confused I look over at her.

"What?" I ask defensively. She growls and runs over to Malfoy, inspecting his face. "You chipped his fucking tooth!" She yells. My eyes widen in fear as she turns to me with a death glare. I've only seen her like this once when she punched Malfoy in the face third year. I was thankful for not being on the receiving end of that but now I stand here and I can feel myself shrinking back. I push that feeling down and do what I always do, spit out words I don't mean.

"Why do you care 'Mione, he's just a fucking fag!" I yell. She jumps up quickly and stomps over to me, grabbing me by the collar. I brace for a punch to the face, my eyes slipping close in acceptance. The hit never comes and a strange feeling of disappointment fills my chest. No, I think to myself. I need to be hit, to be punished, I deserve it. But she's pulled back, hands wrapping around her waist calmly.

"Stop," Malfoy says quietly but firmly. She stops struggling but her anger doesn't simmer off. "Don't do something you'll regret." He tells her. She looks down at the ground and nods. Confused I turn to Ron whose also glaring, not at Malfoy or 'Mione but me. Ron steps towards her and pats her on the shoulder.

"He's right. Let it go. We'll talk to him later." Ron says. Feeling betrayed and embarrassed I walk away quickly. Cursing myself for messing things up yet again and confused beyond reason. I thought they all hated each other.

~Later that night~

I sit in front of the fireplace wondering how my life could have gone if I just shut my mouth. How many potential friends I've lost, how many situations wouldn't have ended in a beating, how many bullies I could have mended things with. Why do I keep doing this? My thoughts are broken up by Hermione and Ron sitting on either side of me. We sit in silence before Ron decides to speak.

"We know you're not homophobic Harry," He says calmly. I stiffen at his tone. Whenever Ron's quiet or calm is when he's emotional and that's when you need to worry. "And we know you wouldn't bully someone because of it."

"Bully?" I snap. He looks at me, locking eyes. I shut my mouth quickly and look back into the flames.

"So, what's this really about?" He asks.

"I just want to get under Malfoy's skin," I say semi-honestly. It sounds so childish when I say it out
"By being homophobic and using words that are triggering for some people isn't the way to do it." Hermione chimes in. I look at her like she's grown a second head.

"Hermione! We're talking about Malfoy here, he's the one who started it with the degrading and triggering names," I defend. She looks at me with shock on her face, confusion and amazement present.

"Malfoy has made up for his behavior Harry. If you'd just open your eyes and see that he's changed but you're so blinded by this petty one-sided feud you can't see that he's given up. " Hermione says astonished. I open my mouth to question her but Ron cuts me off.

"We're not going to force you to not hate him and we're not asking you to like him but can you chill?" He asks.

"Fine," I say with slight anger. They relax but blushes are present on their faces.

"It's not sudden but okay." Ron mumbles. I raise an eyebrow.

"Then when did this happen?" I ask.

"Draco and I have been friends since fourth year," Hermione says. "After Cedric Diggory was killed by that crazy Voldemort fan."

I sadden at the thought of him. I didn't know him well, I just saw him in the halls sometimes and when I was in the stands during the tournament. From what I've seen though he was kind. What I remember most though was that this girl with blue hair with a strange name went ballistic, even more than Cho. She was screaming and crying more than anyone I've ever seen. Before he died I saw them together a few times. They were really close. It was heartbreaking to watch but it strangely reminded me of something. It was...familiar. She's a strange character, all combat boots and everything black but a heart made of gold. With her appearance, it's hard to understand how she's a Hufflepuff. What's even stranger is that she appears in a few of my nightmares, usually the most horrid ones.

"He came and talked to me later that week. Said he was sorry for bullying me and that he realized how dangerous blood purity can get, how there could be another Voldemort and that he didn't think muggle-borns deserved to die because of their magical lineage." She explains with a shrug. "It took a while but once we got the bullying thing out of the way we became very close."

"And I thought, if Hermione trusts him then I should at least check him out. Make sure he's actually okay." Ron says, making Hermione snort.

"Right." She says with a smirk, to which Ron shakes his head. She frowns curiously at him but shrugs him off. I'm disappointed by the fact that they never told me but I understand why they didn't.

"How's Malfoy?" I ask wearily.

"His tooth is mostly healed, but he still has a bruise on his jaw and lip," Hermione informs. I sigh again and fling myself on the floor, looking up at the ceiling.

"You should apologize," Ron says.
"I know," I admit.

"Are you?" Hermione inquires.

"I...we'll see," I say finally. We fall into a neutral silence, not a comforting one or a resentful one. Just silence, each of us thinking. Suddenly Hermione claps her hands.

"You know what we need?" She says with a smile in her voice.

"Hmm?" Ron and I say in response.

"A party! And not just any party, an inter-house party!" She says with excitement.

"Since when do you suggest parties?" I ask with a raised eyebrow. She rolls her eyes.

"What do you think?" She asks. Ron thinks it over before nodding.

"Alright." He says.

"Why not," I say flopping back down on the ground. Hermione pumps her fist in the air before jumping up and racing out of the common room, probably going to see the Hufflepuffs because they know how to party.

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I wander through the empty corridors once again, thinking about everything and nothing. A butterfly is perched on the arch of a door that wasn't there a few seconds ago. It must be the ROR and since there's a butterfly fluttering about that must mean Malfoy's inside. I chew on my bottom lip, wondering what to do next.

"You should apologize." Ron's words flood back to me. I sigh deeply and rub a hand over my face. After a few seconds, I huff loudly and reach for the doorknob. As quietly I can I open the door and I'm met with a different scene than yesterday's. The butterflies are still fluttering through the air and the room looks the same but Malfoy isn't laying on the floor, instead, he's sitting in front of a mirror, his knees drawn to his chest. I recognize the mirror instantly as the mirror of Erised. With a frown, I walk in and close the door gently. Since his back is turned towards me he doesn't notice my presence. I walk slowly up to him as if approaching a wild animal.

I sit down in front of the mirror next to him and he finally registers my presence. He jumps back in shock but after a few seconds, his demeanor changes into a defensive stance. I roll my eyes and bring my knees up to my chest, wrapping my arms around them.

"I'm not here to fight," I say quietly. I flick my eyes over to him. "I promise." He slowly relaxes as he thinks over my words. His shoulders are still tense and his brows are furrowed but no more anger is rolling off of him.

"Then what are you doing here?" He questions. I look up into the mirror and see myself, smiling brightly, like I did the first year at Hogwarts-utterly happy and full of wonder, a genuine smile. I frown more as I stare at myself. I swallow thickly and bite my lip again, tasting copper.

"I wanted to apologize," I admit honestly, but I struggle to get the words out. My throat feels clenched and it's hard to breathe evenly, I would usually enjoy that but right now it feels like I'm suffocating. I feel him quirk an eyebrow. "Don't say anything, it'll just make this worse." I cut him off before he can open his mouth. I close my eyes. "I'm sorry, for calling you those names and tripping you. I'm sorry for interrupting you while you're in here since I know it's personal and I'm
genuinely sorry for all of my behavior over the years."

Once the words leave my mouth I recoil, surprised that I said all of that. I'm greeted with silence and I'm expecting him to laugh at me or maybe punch me.

"Thank you." He says. I snap my head in his direction to see him look up at the mirror too. No malice or amusement is in his face so I choose to believe him. "And I'm sorry too, I know I haven't made your years here the easiest."

"It's fine, nothing I can't handle." I chuckle. His lip quirks up into a smirk for a second. I must be imagining things. I look back into the mirror.

"What...what do you see?" He asks. "If you don't mind me asking." I shrug, letting him know that I don't mind.


"I see a cottage, in the middle of the woods. A city skyline in the distance. Butterflies everywhere too." He smiles warmly. I look over at him, curious since that's not what I was expecting. He turns to me a playful smirk on his lips. "What? Not what you thought I wanted?"

"To be honest? No. It's not at all what I thought you'd want." I admit. He nods.

"What'd you think I'd want?" he asks. I think for a second.

"I don't know." I huff quietly. "I don't know much of anything anymore."

"Fair enough." He says.

"What did you think I'd want?" I ask. He shrugs.

"You're parents." He answers. I nod.

"I did. A long time ago but it changed." I say.

"Why?"

"I realized that they'd never come back and kind of accepted it, I guess."

"Do you miss them?"

"It's hard to miss something you've never had." I smile bitterly. "I guess I'm lucky in that sense, that I never knew them. I think it would have been harder to live without them." I look over at him to find him already looking at me. My eyes flick down to his hands and the image of them on my throat pops up again, making me blush. Shit. I gulp and look back into the mirror. The me in the mirror winks at me, knowing my thoughts.

"So are we friends now or something?" I squeak out. He sighs but after a second he speaks.

"We still have a lot to get over but, I'd say we're not enemies anymore. Maybe even acquaintances. I suppose Granger and Weasley already told you about our friendship?" I nod and he shrugs. "Figured." He laughs. My eyes widen and I stare at him. "What?" He asks in concern.

"I've just...never heard you...laugh before." He blushes and turns back to the mirror.
"Don't say stupid things, Potter."

A/N: This is my first time writing smut so don't judge me. XD <3<3<3

End Notes

If you need someone to talk to please feel free to contact me. I love you and have a wonderful night, day, week, month, year, and life.-Jack. ♡♡♡

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