Twelve Months
by dysonrules

Summary

Hermione buys Harry a journal and he ends up using it to record his DEEP THOUGHTS. Not surprisingly, those tend to mostly involve Draco Malfoy.

Notes

Happy holidays to everyone! Many thanks to my poor, beleagured betas, especially the one that jumped in at (literally) the last instant when my usual beta's internet vanished during my Week From Hell. She is the comma goddess! :D

See the end of the work for more notes

JANUARY

Thursday, 1.1.2004

I have no idea what to write in this thing, but I promised Hermione I'd give it a shot, writing down my thoughts, at least. She says journaling is good for the soul, or for exorcising demons, or to give me something to do other than stare at the ceiling and try to sleep, hoping the nightmares will recede for just one night. Huh, rereading that it sounds pretty depressing. Or maybe just melodramatic. She'd like that word. I'll have to let her know that I used it. I think I'll go make some tea and try to shake this hangover.

Friday, 2.1.2004

My second day of journaling. It takes 21 days to establish a habit, right? I'll see if I can make it to the 21st. I slept like shite last night, as usual. Woke up three times with nightmares. I haven't had a decent night's sleep in weeks. Thank Merlin for Alertness Elixir or I would have been fired by now.
At least I don't work today.

Saturday, 3.1.2004

I think I should paint the ceiling in my room. Sometimes I think I can't sleep because that black spot up there looks like a spider about to drop down onto my head. It isn't a spider, of course, because I've been studying it for two years and it hasn't moved.

Sunday, 4.1.2004

I should knock down another wall. Grimmauld Place is still pretty grim, but not as bad as it used to be. The smartest thing I ever did (according to Ron) was to take down the wall with Walburga Black's portrait attached. It made a nice bonfire in the garden. Why am I thinking about remodelling? This has been a long weekend and I think I'm ready to go back to work.

Monday, 5.1.2004

Usually I like my job, but sometimes it gets too weird even for me. There were a bunch of attacks on Muggles during the hols and they decided they needed a consultant from the Department of Mysteries to help out. Of course the consultant is **Draco Malfoy**, because my luck is just that good. And by good I mean fucked up. We nearly got into a shouting match the minute he opened his sarcastic, irritating mouth.

Tuesday, 6.1.2004

Day Two of Malfoy. Kingsley ordered me to work with him, which I can only assume is punishment for sneaking into Kingsley's office and turning all of his note clips into puffskeins on his birthday. Some people just can't take a joke.

Wednesday, 7.1.2004

I didn't have to deal with Malfoy today, which is just as well. Reading through the case files is bad enough. I swear a hippogriff has better handwriting than Auror Webb.

Thursday, 8.1.2004

When Malfoy isn't being a snide arse (which is 99% of the time) he actually seems to know what he's doing, at least as far as his job goes. I'll never admit that anywhere but here, however. He has some theories about the group behind the attacks (because "of course it's a group, Potter, although I wouldn't expect you to have figured that out") and his idea backs up some clues left at the scene. He doesn't think it's a nouveau Death Eater group, as those were popular after the war, but not so much recently. I'm not so sure.

Friday, 9.1.2004

Today was hard. A fire took out an entire house in Hogsmeade. It wasn't Fiendfyre, thank Merlin, but it still burned hot and quick enough to leave an eight-year-old girl with horrible burns. She was lucky to have got out at all. St Mungo's is good, but I'm not sure they can do much for that sort of thing. I had a row about the Statute for Underaged Magic and why we can't teach kids to control their magic before they are old enough for Hogwarts, but everyone looked at me like I was mad. Sometimes wizarding tradition seems at odds with common sense.

Saturday, 10.1.2004

I caught up on reading case files this morning and had dinner with Ron and Hermione. At least she
agrees with me about training wizards and witches at a younger age with some sort of primary school. Ron says it's up to the parents to give kids guidance, which set Hermione off until they were shouting at one another. Some things never change.

Sunday, 11.1.2004

Day off! I took a long nap and then sent Kreacher out to restock the pantry so we don't starve to death. Sometimes I forget that he needs every detail spelled out or he will just lurk around the house all day doing nothing.

Monday, 12.1.2004

Another Muggle was attacked last night. I suppose this means another confrontation (I mean consultation) with Malfoy is upcoming. Luckily he's out until Wednesday. Maybe I can find somewhere else to be then.

Tuesday, 13.1.2004

Day thirteen. At least I've made it more than halfway to the 21 days. Hermione asked if I'm using this journal and I was happy to be able to say yes, but of course she had to ask if I'm documenting my dreams and thinking about what I want from life. I guess I haven't written many deep thoughts. Maybe this counts as a deep thought?

Wednesday, 14.1.2004

Today my deepest thought is about how I can hex Malfoy onto another planet without being fired. The bastard had the gall to complain to Kingsley about how uncooperative I'm being. Uncooperative! Only because I refused to show him the case files from the Jackson incident. How was I supposed to know he has carte blanche to see everything just because he told me so? He could have just waited for me to check with Kingsley instead of flouncing out and complaining. Stupid git.

Thursday, 15.1.2004

This was the worst day so far. Thank Merlin tomorrow is my day off or I might end up in Azkaban. I had to give Malfoy a tour of the sites of the Muggle attacks (and listen to his obnoxious comments the entire time). He's lucky to be alive. If he says "Mudblood" one more time I might actually punch him, although I notice he's careful not to do it within the hearing of anyone else. He pretends to be professional until the moment we're alone, and then the slimy git from school is back on display. I hate him!

Friday, 16.1.2004

Felt restless today. I did some cleaning and then tried some temporary colour charms on my bedroom ceiling. The blue seems nicest, so maybe I'll order some paint tomorrow. Spending so much time on my bed caused me to remember that I haven't been laid since Godric knows when. I'm thinking about going to a Muggle club tomorrow. Too bad I can't be seen at any of the gay wizarding clubs. Hermione and all the Weasleys have been supportive and insist it won't be a big deal to let the world know, but I'm just not ready to deal with the press and the renewed attention. I've been out of the news for a while now and would like to keep it that way. Besides, I'm busy with work and don't need the complication of a relationship in my life. I think Hermione would be pleased with the length and deep thoughts contained in this entry. Maybe I can do this journaling thing. Bah!
Saturday, 17.1.2004

The Muggle club was a mistake. The music was too loud, the men were too obvious about wanting sex with no strings attached, and the drinks were terrible. After being groped on the dance floor and having a tongue shoved halfway down my throat with a bonus crotch grab, I came home. I guess cheap and sleazy sex isn't what I want. What do I want? I have no idea. The quiet blond at the bar was nice looking, though. Too bad he was obviously in love with the bloke he was with. Maybe that's what I want. Someone to love me like that. Fuck it, I'm going to sleep.

Sunday, 18.1.2004

What the hell is Malfoy doing working on a Sunday? I expected him to be in his house slippers reading the Daily Prophet while eating fancy crumpets or something, not looming over my desk demanding updates on the case. I shoved everything into a box and Levitated in into his chest, nearly knocking him arse over teakettle. The look on his face was good for a laugh, at least.

Monday, 19.1.2004

Fucking Malfoy! I've been pissing what feels like acid all morning. My dick is on fire and it has to be a bloody hex he put on me to get even for the box incident yesterday. Luckily I haven't seen him or I'd give him a case of anal itching that would make him beg for mercy. Note to self: Talk to George and get the specifics of that spell. It's on!

Tuesday, 20.1.2004

No chance to hex Malfoy today. A Muggle died in the early hours of the morning, attacked by a group of robed figures. They weren't even trying to be subtle, writing DIE MUDBLOODS on a wall in the alley and leaving three witnesses behind. They all had to be Obliviated and the scene altered to look like a Muggle robbery. It was a fucking mess that had to be fixed before dawn. At least Malfoy looked just as exhausted and unhappy.

Wednesday, 21.1.2004

Another fruitless consultation with Malfoy. He doesn't look half as tired as I feel. Unspeakables don't have uniforms, so he always wears regular clothes, except that his clothes are anything but regular. I suppose it's all high fashion and expensive, but is it really necessary for him to flaunt his superior wardrobe? What a git. He does look nice, though. No new leads on the case.

Thursday, 22.1.2004

I made it to Day 21 yesterday! It's officially a habit, so I don't have to write every day anymore! Not much happened today anyway. Didn't see Malfoy, thank Merlin.

Saturday, 24.1.2004

Worked all day interviewing potential suspects with Malfoy. He's good at it, which shouldn't surprise me, although it did. After a couple of hours, we actually have sort of a system. I knock on the door, act like Harry Potter, Auror-in-Charge, and Malfoy apologises and acts friendly or condescending or even nervous depending on the person answering. I admit it threw me for a loop the first few times. He's a rather good actor. They'll open the door for me, but only he can seem to get them talking.

Sunday, 25.1.2004

Days off are going to be rare for a while, so I'm savouring this one. Going to play charades at the
Burrow and watch George try to slip experimental sweets into Ron's drink.

Monday, 26.1.2004

More suspect interviews with Malfoy. I know he has theories regarding those we've already spoken to. I have my own, which, in the interest of inter-departmental cooperation I have shared with Malfoy, but of course he hasn't told me a bloody thing in return. I'm fairly certain he plans to solve the case himself and make me out to be a fool while he's at it. We have access to the same information, so I'll just have to get there first.

Friday, 30.1.2004

I tore the sleeve on my Auror robe again. I've told Kingsley a hundred times that billowing sleeves are stupid and dangerous. They snag on everything. Malfoy told me to bind them down with cords and then demonstrated by using my own tie. It actually works pretty well (and even looks good). I almost said thank you and I'm thinking I should have because he might have dropped dead from a heart attack.

Saturday, 31.1.2004

Got a royal reaming today from the head of DMLE for not solving the case after an entire month. I'd like to see him step away from the food trolley long enough to go out into the field and catch the culprits. Ron calls him Fore-Head thanks to his enormous forehead and receding hairline. Malfoy heard him mutter the nickname during the meeting and said, "I believe that's a five-head, Weasley" and Ron's eyes popped out just before he got it and nearly choked to death on a laughing fit. Got sent from the room to down a glass of water and I barely kept a straight face. Didn't dare look at Malfoy.

FEBRUARY

Tuesday, 3.2.2004

First break in the case today! One of our interview suspects cracked after repeated questioning by Malfoy and admitted that he might know someone with a vendetta against Muggles. I have to hand it to Malfoy, who seems to know the financial and social standings of seemingly every wizard in Britain. How he knew about Teague's debts, I'll never know, since departmental information dug up nothing out of the ordinary on the man. We follow up on the lead tomorrow. Or today, since it's nearly 2 am. I'll be lucky to get four hours sleep tonight. I'm knackered.

Wednesday, 4.2.2004

Malfoy's robes were blue today with black trim on the sleeves that almost seemed to move. It was a bit mesmerising. I don't know. I'm really tired. Why am I thinking about Malfoy's fucking sleeves? His hair looks really soft.

Thursday, 5.2.2004

UGH, what is wrong with me? I crossed out yesterday's entry because what the fuck? I must have been more tired than I thought after two bloody seventeen-hour days in a row. Who cares about Malfoy's hair? I CERTAINLY DON'T.

Friday, 6.2.2004

I suppose I should mention the case, since I spent the past two days rambling about Malfoy. I won't be doing that again. Teague's tip led us to the home of a repeat offender named Skein. Malfoy says
he has familial ties to the Lestranges, which doesn't necessarily mean anything, but might point towards a passing familiarity with anti-Muggle sentiment. Skein's house in Tweed was empty, but there was definite evidence of recent occupation, albeit disgusting, rubbish and rat-infested occupation. I spent 48 hours staking out the place with Winston and Malfoy, until Kingsley ordered me to go home and get some bloody sleep. Which I plan to do right now. I wonder if Malfoy is.

Monday, 9.2.2004

Talked about the case during a surprisingly civil lunch with Malfoy. He even laughed at a couple of my jokes, which was a shock. His non-sarcastic laugh is really nice, sort of bubbling up out of the centre of his chest, as though it's been locked away down there and only allowed to escape on special occasions. Oh bloody hell, did I just wax poetic about Malfoy's laugh? UGH, I must be coming down with something. Note to self: Order some Pepper-Up potion.

Thursday, 12.2.2004

Luna is having a Valentine's Day party on Saturday. I'm rather terrified to go and I might have accidentally invited Malfoy, NOT AS A DATE, I was just asking if he was interested in going, and the prat proceeded to joke about it every bloody time I saw him. He threatened to take an ad out in the Prophet telling everyone that he was my date for the event. Fucking bloody prat, and it's not helping that Ron thinks it's hilarious. What happened to standing up for your best friend? What the hell am I going to wear?

Saturday, 14.2.2004

Too ruddy tired and confused to go into it. I'll update tomorrow.

Sunday, 15.2.2004

What to say about Luna's party? It was just as mad as expected, but thankfully she hosted it at an abandoned wizarding theatre. It was decorated in aqua rather than the expected pink, as apparently Luna is not fond of pink. With that said, everything was aqua, including the punch and the food. I couldn't bring myself to eat aqua shrimp canapés, but Malfoy insisted they were delicious. The disgusting prat probably eats raw fish, also. Speaking of the prat, I have absolutely no desire to look at the Prophet for the next three weeks, as the entire wizarding world now suspects that I am absolutely gay, thanks to Malfoy's antics. The bastard insisted on hanging on my arm all night long, telling everyone we were in love despite my protests otherwise. I admit it was hard to protest too loudly when he was being so charming, and that mischievous twinkle in his eyes was a surprise. If I hadn't known he'd been taking the piss all evening I might have been taken in. Merlin, I suppose I was taken in, to be perfectly honest. He's bloody gorgeous and it was something of an ego boost to have him pretending to be my date. Once or twice I may have imagined myself kissing him, but I can't go down that road. It can only lead to pain, so I have to smash such ridiculous thoughts before they start. It's nice that we're getting on, at any rate.

Monday, 16.2.2004

No sign of Malfoy today, but staking out Skein's place finally paid off. He showed up with three cronies and I put an Anti-Disapparition Charm around the place while Kenny and Babs went in and took them down. They are all in lockup now and hopefully we'll be able to close this case for good.

Wednesday, 18.2.2004

I went down to the Department of Mysteries today to thank Malfoy for his help cracking the case. He was acting weird, barely making eye contact and almost behaving like we were enemies again.
It was annoying, but he's probably regretting the fallout of pretending to be my date at Luna's party. I've been dealing with enough ribbing at work, not to mention the strange looks and comments I get when I go out in public, so I suppose it must be worse for him. Still, I have to admit his coldness stings. I got out of there before I could say something I would regret.

Monday, 23.2.2004

Back to business as usual. I haven't seen Malfoy in-- well forget about him. I got a new case today that's hush-hush. A Ministry official whose name I won't put in writing received a blackmail letter with a Pensieve memory of him having sex with a very young woman. He insists it wasn't him and was having a meltdown at the thought of his wife leaving him and taking his kids. Kingsley believes him and suspects Polyjuice is involved. I suppose I'll start with the usual potion suppliers and go from there, although if someone is going after the big fish they're most likely smart enough to brew their own.

Wednesday, 25.2.2004

Malfoy came into my office this morning and apologised for being an arse. He even brought me a treacle pastry and a cup of tea. I suspect he's up to something, but he left before I could call him out. Okay, weird, Malfoy's owl just showed up with a note asking me to lunch on Friday. I can't believe I'm waffling on this. I should say no and let things get back to how they were, but I actually miss spending time with him. I wish we'd never gone to that stupid party.

Friday, 27.2.2004

Lunch was interesting. Okay, lunch was extremely awkward. We met at some swank pub that Malfoy obviously hangs out in, as they were all fawning over him and practically ignoring me, which was fine, it was good for a change, except that it was super-obvious he'd paid them to, or ordered them to or whatever. Anyway, why am I hung up on that? I'm glad the staff paid me no mind. We were seated in the centre of the damn room and everyone else certainly noticed us, that much was obvious. I don't know if Malfoy thinks it will cause less gossip or more, putting us on display like that, except that it was anything but a romantic meal. He was stiff and business-like the entire time, asking about my latest case and made vague small talk about some unusual item he's been studying that he's not allowed to talk about. Even as I write this I'm not sure what he wanted.

MARCH

Monday, 1.3.2004

Malfoy marched into my office this morning and perched on my desk the way he used to, and then leant down and said, "I apologise. There, I said it." I had no idea what he was apologising for, and admit to gaping at him for a bit. Then he said he was sorry about his behaviour at Luna's party and that he'd meant to tell me on Friday, but he couldn't seem to stop talking about inanities because it's "bloody hard for a Malfoy to admit when he's wrong" and he got up and started pacing while talking about stuff like "societal expectations" and "emotional reserve" and I admit I didn't hear much of it at all because I was so glad to see him acting like a normal person again instead of some cold stranger that I could hardly concentrate. He was also wearing those amazing silver-blue robes that make his eyes look-- never mind that. Anyway at the end of his tirade, he gave me an odd smile and asked, "So?" Of course I said, "You're fucking weird, Malfoy, and I'm used to you behaving like an absolute arse, remember? Now sit down and have a look at this note. I could use your help." Merlin, the smile he gave me. I probably should have booted him out, but it's bloody nice to have him back.
Wednesday, 10.3.2004

I am so utterly, utterly fucked.

Saturday, 13.3.2004

I'm writing this in a dingy room at a random inn in Dover. The heat only sporadically works and it's windy as hell here. I'm casting constant Heating Charms to keep my fingers from stiffening up. Anyway, I guess I finally have time to think about things since I'm early and won't be meeting Caesar until tomorrow morning. It was Hermione's idea for me to get here early, although she expects me to do some sightseeing or whatever. In reality, it's too fucking cold to go out. I might go down to the common room in a bit, as they have a roaring fire going and some mulled cider sounds good. Anyway, Malfoy. He's bloody brilliant. He found the manufacturer of the damned paper that the blackmail note was written on and traced it back to an old family with a grudge against Pinehurst. Caesar went in to have a look around, going undercover as an antiquities dealer. Things are back how they were between Malfoy and me, I guess. I can't help wishing.

Sunday, 14.3.2004

No sign of Caesar. I'm sending a Patronus to Kingsley and going in.

Friday, 27.3.2004

It's nice to be able to hold a quill again. I haven't been in St Mungo's in a while and although it's good to see the familiar healers, like Marybeth and Jacob, it wasn't so nice to be afflicted with a Brittlebones Curse. It only caught my right side a glancing blow, but it was enough I shattered a few bones when I fell, including my wrist. I still managed to cast a Full-body Bind and stop the girl from killing me. They were not nice people, those blackmailers. Malfoy has been in here a dozen times, berating me for stupidity, as if Kingsley's formal reprimand wasn't enough. Caesar was appreciative, at least. They'd locked him in the basement until they could determine his real identity. Merlin, my hand aches from inactivity. Physical therapy starts tomorrow. Not looking forward to that.

Saturday, 28.3.2004

Malfoy spent an hour arguing with Jacob about my physical therapy today because apparently Malfoy has been doing "research" and knows more about what I need than Jacob, a trained healer. Jacob finally kicked him out and then muttered about him being a "stuck-up, poncy, rude know-it-all" and asked how we were even friends. I laughed and told him I didn't know.

Sunday, 29.3.2004

Ginny and George came to see me today just as I was finishing up the last of my reps with Jacob. Malfoy popped in just as Gin was giving me a farewell hug and all of a sudden the room was full of weird tension. Gin kept glaring at Malfoy and George was twirling his wand as though itching to hex Malfoy. Jacob, thank Merlin, dragged Malfoy out of there until Ginny and George left. I need to have a talk with the Weasleys and let them know that Malfoy's okay now. Ron knows, but I supposed we never really mentioned it to the others. My mistake.

Monday, 30.3.2004

Malfoy sent me a potion instead of stopping by. I hope he's not holding a grudge about yesterday.
Tuesday, 6.4.2004

I haven't seen Malfoy in a week. He keeps saying he's "busy" and it's starting to piss me off. He wouldn't leave my damn room when I was at St Mungo's and now I'm out he's practically vanished. I miss him.

Thursday, 8.4.2004

I cornered Malfoy in the lift and demanded to know why he's been avoiding me. He said he didn't know what I was talking about and that he'd been very busy. I called bullshit and he sneered at me and said he'd been spending too much time with me anyway and that perhaps I should go back to my neglected Weasleys, since Ginny (he called her "the girl one") seemed particularly keen to snatch me back up. I wanted to punch him! Then the lift opened and he vanished back into the Department of Mysteries and ignored all of my memos and owls the rest of the day. Fucking prat!

Friday, 9.4.2004

I've been mulling over why Malfoy was so upset about Ginny and I'm almost thinking maybe he was jealous? It's terrifying to consider, but maybe I'm not the only one that's been pining?

Saturday, 10.4.2004

Hermione says it's been obvious for a long time that I was falling for Malfoy. Even Ron nodded and said the way we finish each other's sentences is creepy. I'm still pretty shocked that the idea of me and Malfoy together isn't freaking him out, but he says he's had time to process it since Valentine's Day. He just doesn't ever want to hear about us shagging. The thought of shagging Malfoy is pretty terrifying, to be honest, but in a good way. A very good way. I guess I've been in denial about how much I like him. Now I have to figure out how to let him know.

Sunday, 11.4.2004

Hermione brought me the paper this morning and I could tell by her face that it didn't contain good news. I thought someone had died for a moment, and while I'm glad they hadn't, the photo and article sort of made me feel like I had. Apparently Draco Malfoy and Jacob Martinson, my HEALER, are dating. They were certainly cosy in the photo. I can't really write right now.

Monday, 12.4.2004

An opportunity came up to help the Danish Aurors with noptail poachers, so I took it. I left as early as possible without saying goodbye to anyone but Hermione and Ron. Seeing the pity on their faces made me wish I'd never mentioned Malfoy's name. Hell, I wish I'd never heard Malfoy's name. I'm going to work.

Sunday, 18.4.2004

The noptail case is intense. A lot of field work, which is great. Intense and tiring. Jacob sent me an owl asking how I was doing without physical therapy. I should send a reply asking how Malfoy is handling his physical therapy, but the thought of it makes me want to hurt something. I think I'll go to sleep now. Dreamless Sleep is your friend.

Saturday, 24.4.2004

Still in Denmark, although they've insisted I take the day off and recharge. I suppose I've been pretty snappish lately. The Danes are very polite, so I need to work on reciprocating and not letting my petty personal problems affect my interactions with them. Hermione mentioned that Malfoy...
seemed upset that I'd left without a word, but fuck him. If I'd known he was going to take up with Jacob, I would have. Not talking about Malfoy. I think we're getting closer to wrapping up the nogtail case. We've set a couple of traps for the poachers that should come to fruition next week. Apparently nogtail entrails are a popular ingredient for a new virility potion. Honestly, the things people do to keep their pricks in working order. It boggles. Even though nogtails are disgusting and do harm to Muggle farms, they don't deserve to be hunted to extinction. I think I'll get out of here and take in the sights.

Wednesday, 28.4.2004

The nogtail case is officially wrapped up. The poachers were caught without a fight, which figures. The one time I'm itching for a fight and they give up without uttering a single hex. I'm back home tomorrow and have to work out how to avoid Malfoy for the rest of my life. Shouldn't be too hard.

Thursday, 29.4.2004

Avoiding Malfoy didn't work out as planned. The arsehole marched into my office first thing this morning and started yelling at me about being an inconsiderate jerk for leaving without sending word, as though I needed to check in with him before I made a move. I managed to hold my tongue and simply regarded him coldly whilst he ranted. Then I asked if he were finished. When he nodded, I turned back to my work and ignored him until he stalked out. I don't think he was truly angry when he entered, but he certainly was when he left. Serves him right.

MAY

Saturday, 1.5.2004

Dinner at Hermione's was awkward tonight with the three of us talking about everything but Malfoy. I could tell they wanted to ask, but I brought up details of the nogtail case and interesting facts about Denmark every time they opened their mouths. Frankly, I'm done with Malfoy and don't want to talk about him again.

Wednesday, 5.5.2004

Merlin, I have a recurring pain in my right elbow that's beginning to affect my aim. I need to have it looked at tomorrow. Hopefully I won't run into Jacob fucking Martinson.

Thursday, 6.5.2004

I'm an idiot. I need to apologise to Malfoy and make amends somehow. Jacob fixed my arm up and I remembered what a nice fellow he is, so caring and helpful. It's no wonder Malfoy fell for him, and I'm a stupid arse for not being a supportive friend. When I asked Jacob how Malfoy was, he seemed surprised and asked "Don't you know?" which made me feel like a heel. I'm the one who ended our friendship out of jealousy, and Malfoy doesn't even know why.

Saturday, 8.5.2004

I think I've figured out a way to win Malfoy's friendship back, although I'll need Jacob's help to pull it off. Probably Hermione's too.

Tuesday, 11.5.2004

Of course work is busiest when I'm trying to plan something personal. I'm knackered. More later.

Friday, 14.5.2004
I nearly ran into Malfoy and Jacob snogging in the break room at St Mungo’s. I ducked out before they saw me, and then had to count backwards from 100 to keep from hexing something. The glass in one of the pictures on the wall broke - note to self: I'll need to replace that. I have to get over this raging jealousy if I'm going to be friends with Malfoy again. Still, it was the first time I'd seen them together and it feels like a white-hot trident in the stomach. Why did I have to fall for the git?

Tuesday, 18.5.2004

I'm out of Dreamless Sleep and my usual healer won't give me any more, saying it's too addictive. I'm not addicted, I just enjoy sleeping without irritating nightmares. I woke up six times last night and feel like absolute shite. I'm going to talk to Jacob and see if he knows of alternate sources. I wish I could go to Knockturn Alley like other people, but if it got back to the Ministry, I could lose my job.

Wednesday, 19.5.2004

Jacob gave me the usual spiel about Dreamless Sleep being habit-forming, blah, blah, blah. I reminded him that I'd killed Voldemort and surely that entitled me to some damned potions when I wanted them. He seemed shocked and disapproving, but said he would see what he could do. Damn straight he should, since he has Malfoy and I have nothing. That wasn't fair. Godric, I'm edgy right now. I think I'll go for a walk. Feels like ants are crawling on my skin.

Thursday, 20.5.2004

Thank Merlin for Jacob. One more night without sleep and I might have turned into another Dark Lord. I nearly hexed a child in Diagon Alley this morning because his endless crying was fraying my last nerve. I might have yelled at his mother to "control her fucking brat" which will most likely end up in the newspapers tomorrow.

Wednesday, 26.5.2004

I ran into Malfoy in the lift today and gave him a friendly greeting, which he returned with the expected glare. He looks stressed and I wonder what he's working on that has him so agitated. I want to ask, but his prickly aura could put a hedgehog to shame. Seeing him is beginning to feel less like stabbing a burning firebrand through my gut and more like a dull ache. I think I can do this friendship thing if my plans work out.

JUNE

Tuesday, 1.6.2004

CHOCOLATES. Do not forget to order the CHOCOLATES.

Friday, 4.6.2004

Tomorrow is the big day. I'm so wound I'm not even sure my Dreamless Sleep will put me out tonight. Please let this work.

Saturday, 5.6.2004

Success! I think its technically Sunday now but whatever. Champaing (how the fuck do you spell that anyway why is there a G in it) is disgusting but after the 8th glass you hardly notice the taste. Hahahahaha Draco Malfoy is so beautiful. His hair looks so touchable if only fuck me, stop that

Sunday, 6.6.2004
Champagne is VILE. I spent an hour vomiting before I located a Sobriety Potion. I'm not sure if the cure is worse than the original symptoms, considering the foul taste it left in my mouth that no quantity of mouthwash will erase. Some enterprising potioneer should leave off the virility potions for a while and work on that. Anyway, Malfoy's birthday party was an enormous success and Jacob kindly told Malfoy that it was all my idea. For the first time in weeks, Malfoy's demeanour has softened. He even smiled at me a few times and before I left for the night he even said "thank you" although it was preceded by a "fuck you, Potter" which I took to be a good sign.

Monday, 7.6.2004

Malfoy stopped into my office this morning and even brought me a cup of tea. He smirked when he asked if I needed anything, the prat. I have to admit it's good to have him back. I think I've come to terms with the fact that this crush is my problem, and even if he can never reciprocate, I'll be fine with it. I will.

Friday, 11.6.2004

I think things are getting back to normal. Malfoy has dropped in to my office three times this week and when I asked if he wanted to pop out for a bite of lunch he refused, but insisted that we would go on Monday instead because he knows of a place that has an exquisite speciality only available on Mondays. Hermione keeps watching me as though I might break at any moment, but I am perfectly fine. I have to suffer through an occasional "Jacob says" or "Jacob this" and "Jacob that" but I can grin and bear it. I'm sure it will get easier.

Saturday, 12.6.2004

Weekend at the Weasleys. I'm knackered from an impromptu game of Quidditch. Thank Merlin the Aurors keep me in top physical condition or I'd be no match for Ginny and George. Ginny plays professionally, but I have no idea where George gets his energy. Probably from some sweet he concocted. I suppose Malfoy is with Jacob right now. Ugh, why did I have to think of that? I'm going to sleep.

Monday, 14.6.2004

Lunch with Malfoy was brilliant. I'd nearly forgotten how he can make the serving staff practically lick his boots with his combination of spoilt expectation and natural charm. He certainly hadn't any of the latter in school, but maturity seems to have softened him and made him kinder, or something. He has this look in his eye that almost exudes the promise of great reward, if only you give him exactly what he wants. I've seen it work on everyone but Kingsley. It works far too well on me, I admit. He looked gorgeous today.

Wednesday, 16.6.2004

Sent back to Denmark today to help with some cleanup on the nogtail case. Apparently the poachers spilled some information that Kingsley wants looked into. I was certain to send Malfoy a note this time letting him know I was going. He's brought it up that I left without a word last time pretty much every time I see him. At least I know he missed me, even if it was only because he needs someone to harass.

Saturday, 19.6.2004

Still in Denmark, following up on leads. It looks like the poachers were supplying several different ingredients to various organisations and persons, including some back home. Trying to untangle the paper trail is a mess. I wish Hermione was here. I sent Malfoy a box of sweets.
Tuesday, 22.6.2004

This is getting ugly. Back home long enough to pack and send messages to Hermione, Ron, and Malfoy, then I'm off to Budapest and probably a few places after. Not sure when I'll be home, so I need to make sure Kreacher doesn't starve.

Thursday, 24.6.2004

Picked up an unusual scarf for Malfoy at the market today. I wonder if it's too forward to get him such a personal gift? Fuck it, I think it will look amazing on him, and it's just a scarf. Now I'm off to kick down some doors with the local Aurors.

Sunday, 27.6.2004

I'm in Cairo. The trail seems to be cold here, so I'll wait for word and hopefully I can go home tomorrow. I think I'll head out and see if I can find anything for Malfoy and Hermione. They probably have some weird food here I can send to Ron. He'll try anything once.

JULY

Thursday, 1.7.2004

Not home yet. I'm in Dubai. Truthfully, I don't think I'd ever heard of Dubai until they sent me here. It's very swank and the hotel I'm in would likely even please Malfoy. I'll have to see if I can take photos. They probably sell cameras somewhere. Anyway, some rich arsehole has been paying for most of the illegal ingredients. Today we'll see if we can locate him. Hopefully whatever minions he employ will put up a fight. I've been itching to see some action, especially as I haven't been sleeping much. I'm not sure the Dreamless Sleep is still effective. I realise it's ironic that I'm hunting down illegal potion dealers when my own supply was not acquired through the most auspicious circumstances. I'll need to see Jacob when I get back and make sure they weren't illegally obtained. I don't want him in trouble. Malfoy would be pissed.

Sunday, 4.7.2004

Home again. Pretty tired, but can't sleep. I owled Jacob so hopefully he'll reply.

Monday, 5.7.2004

Jacob didn't reply last night, probably too busy fucking Malfoy, so I'm heading for St Mungo's later today. Hopefully he's working. I have to meet with Kingsley now and go over my notes. The Dubai thing was a fiasco. All we discovered was a front company owned by a larger corporation heavily snarled in Muggle red tape. The ingredients stored in their warehouses were definitely not Muggle. I brought back copies of the files we seized, so hopefully the DMLE can make sense of them.

UGH, Malfoy stormed in this afternoon demanding to know why I was owling his boyfriend late at night and then stalking him at the hospital. I had to forcibly remind the asshat that Jacob was my healer before he was Malfoy's fucking boyfriend. We nearly came to blows again and I had to bite my tongue to keep from shouting that it wasn't Jacob that I wanted. To ice the Cauldron Cake, Jacob was busy and wouldn't see me. FML.

Tuesday, 6.7.2004

Thank Godric, I went back to St Mungo's and practically begged Healer Ophelia for some Dreamless Sleep. It's been a while since she'd given me any, since she's not aware of the supply Jacob gave me, so she parted with a few vials. I should possibly start weaning myself off of this,
and I will just as soon as I find an alternative, or something that will keep the nightmares at bay and allow me to sleep. I didn't see Malfoy today. Or Jacob, for that matter.

Thursday, 8.7.2004

Malfoy waltzed in as casual as you please this morning, bringing tea and crumpets and asking about my trip. He even wore the scarf I'd bought him. Of course, I was instantly suspicious and wondered what he was up to. I didn't ask, of course, or he would have got defensive, so I just waited until he revealed his plot, which I still haven't quite determined. He asked me to have dinner with him tomorrow evening to get my opinion on something he is working on. I've learnt not to ask an Unspeakable anything work-related and Malfoy in particular, so I agreed. I admit I'm curious.

Friday, 9.7.2004

I've had meals with Malfoy before, but tonight's seemed weirder than usual. I could tell there was something he wanted to talk about, but he kept talking about the food and the weather, and even went off on a tangent about some time he spent in the Mediterranean as a child. I let him ramble on, as I enjoy watching him speak. His face is a mercurial work of art, changing from sly to guileless to annoyed in the blink of an eye. And this is me waxing poetic about him again, like a lovesick fool. He finally asked me if I'd seen Jacob since my return and I admitted I hadn't. I didn't let on that I was annoyed, but really, he'd invited me to dinner to discuss his issues with possessiveness? He let it go, but now I'm thinking there might have been more to it. He left with an enigmatic "Good to see you back, Potter."

Saturday, 10.7.2004

A rare Saturday off and I'm bored. I know I should do household chores or work on Grimmauld Place. Maybe fix up the garden. All I really want to do is owl Malfoy and ask him over for dinner, just to see his expressions again. That would be a really bad idea, however. I'm still tempted. After all, it's not that late. But damn it, he'll probably be with Jacob. Fuck.

Sunday, 11.7.2004

Last night was a huge mistake. I can't believe I actually invited Malfoy over for a late dinner. I can't believe he accepted. I can't believe he wasn't with Jacob and I really can't believe he didn't see the fucking doe-eyes I was making at him all night because a relaxed, friendly, and casual Malfoy is even sexier than an uptight, suspicious, workmate Malfoy. I managed to cook pasta and veg without burning the house down, and strictly kept away from alcohol by watering my drinks down to the nearly unbearable level. He finally asked what I suspected he wanted to ask earlier - why had I so urgently sought out Jacob on my return from Dubai? "Merlin, Malfoy, I wanted some Dreamless Sleep and couldn't reach my regular healer, what is the bloody problem?" I even Summoned the vials--feeling a twinge at the small quantity remaining--and he seemed satisfied. I told him I was not interested in Jacob and he quirked a brow at me and asked "What if Jacob is interested in you? After all, you are the Chosen One." I chuckled a piece of bread at him and told him he was being stupid, because who would want me when he could have him? He preened at that and replied that I was quite right. I still can't quite believe I admitted it. Hopefully he thought I was joking.

Monday, 12.7.2004

Fuck, I'm back in Dubai. The Consulate said they had some news, but it was very confidential and they didn't want it leaking. Kingsley said I was the only one they trusted, which is probably bollocks, but here I am. Now I'm here, of course, I get to sit around and wait while they arrange some sort of clandestine meeting. At least this room is bloody gorgeous and I feel like a king. I'd
love to bathe in the enormous tub, but the minute I disrobe they'll be banging on my door to announce the meeting. Happens every time. Malfoy would love the view, I'll wager.

Tuesday, 13.7.2004

If Hermione had any idea I was using this journal to try and put my thoughts in order, she would likely be ecstatic. Right now my mind is whirling. At the meeting yesterday evening I learnt that there were several British businessmen contributing to the poaching and illegal potion ingredients operations, mainly by investing heavily in the controlling corporation. Of course it isn't owned by a single person, as that would be too easy. These wizards seem to have studied Muggle criminology, because it's a convoluted mess just trying to determine who is involved. And once involved whether or not they have criminal aspirations. Purchasing shares in a company does not make one a suspect unless one is specifically aware that the company is a shell for illegal activity. How many of the investors are clueless? Of course it gets worse. One of the names that turned up is Malfoy.

Wednesday, 14.7.2004

The view at night is spectacular. I could sit here for hours and watch the lights of the city twinkle next to the moon gleaming on the waves in the harbour. I don't feel myself at all here, and maybe that's a good thing. It's funny how being surrounded by metal, glass, and clean, cold lines can make one feel above petty human emotions. I stand here like an avenging statue, staring out into the darkness and wondering why emotion even exists. Britain seems very far away, and yet, when I concentrate, I can still picture Malfoy's face the last time he laughed at me.

Friday, 16.7.2004

I need to go back. I have all the names and material they could locate and now it's up to us to put together a paper trail and separate the guilty from the innocent. Part of me suspects that Malfoy is involved and I want to Vanish the glass and chuck all of the evidence out the window into the evening breeze. Would Malfoy be safe then, or would that simply make me a hypocrite? I should stop taking Dreamless Sleep. I don't know what I'm doing anymore.

Monday, 19.7.2004

I got home on Saturday morning, locked down my Floo, and slept all weekend. I don't want to see anyone. I used the last of my Dreamless Sleep and I need to convince myself that I don't need more. I have the final list of names from Dubai and Malfoy is definitely one of them. I can only cling to the hope that it refers to Lucius and not Draco.

Tuesday, 20.7.2004

Malfoy popped in this morning and got me with a Stinging Hex. My arse still hurts, the git. He says congrats on moving to Dubai. I chucked a paperweight at him and he caught it. The prat still has Quidditch reflexes. Merlin, I'm smiling like a loon even now. He had to run, as he's got an important study running. I really hope he's not involved in this mess. Merlin, I feel wretched. Not much sleep last night and it's only the first night.

Wednesday, 21.7.2004

FUCK THIS. Why did I stop taking this? Surely there are places it's not hard to get? Not fucking DUBAI, of course, because they are taking this potion ingredient thing way too seriously for that. I'll bet I can get it in Cairo, they had everything ever for sale on those streets. Of course, there is probably toxic substances cutting the purity of the Dreamless Sleep so they can sell twice the amount at the cost of one. Shit, shit, shit I need to punch something!
Friday, 23.7.2004

I don't remember much about yesterday. Or today, really. I'm lying on the floor in my hallway. Felt like Summoning my journal. I think I'll draw a lion now.

Friday, 30.7.2004

Bloody hell, there is nothing like spending a week in the hospital. I suppose it's good that Kreacher fetched Hermione when I wouldn't respond. He found me lying on the floor. Merlin, I can only hope she didn't read this journal, although she would consider it a horrible invasion of my privacy, so I don't think she would. She's been giving me thoughtful looks, but that could be a result of my hospitalisation. The official word is that I landed here due to "exhaustion" although my healer knows the truth. She is not happy with me and has put me on a schedule for dependency withdrawal. I suppose I've been in denial about how reliant I'd become on Dreamless Sleep. Honestly, though, now the nightmares are back, coupled with shakes and this endless prickly feeling, I think I'd jump at the opportunity to down another dose just to be done with it. I suppose that means I have a problem. Malfoy has been in several times, although he hasn't said much more than "You're an idiot, Potter" which I suppose is valid. Tomorrow is my birthday.

Saturday, 31.7.2004

This has been my quietest birthday since my Dursley days. Malfoy said he'd originally planned an outrageous party that would have been so flashy and glitzy I would have loathed it, but "of course I had to go and spoil his plot, as usual" so we had a small gathering at mine, instead. I'm glad St Mungo's let me out, at least, although my healer was adamant about coming over and ransacking the place for any residual Dreamless Sleep. I should be grateful she's concerned, but mostly I'm annoyed. Malfoy kept watching me during the party and I'm not sure what to make of it. Thankfully, Jacob had to work. I'm not sure I could have tolerated him in my current state.

AUGUST

Monday, 2.8.2004

Kingsley put me on mandatory leave. Bloody hell, what am I supposed to do knocking around Grimmauld Place feeling like I'm going to claw the wallpaper off and pacing like a madman, which I suppose I am. At least at work I could have taken my mind off of this, and worked off some energy in the practice room if not out in the field. This fucking sucks.

Tuesday, 3.8.2004

Malfoy came by with his broom and told me to fetch mine. Merlin, I could have kissed him, so glad was I to escape my confinement. He took me to the Malfoy estate, although we never went inside the house. Malfoy never talked about Lucius, but Ministry gossip kept tabs on him fairly well. He seldom leaves the Manor these days. Malfoy and I played a bracing game of Seeker versus Seeker and I won two of three. He only shrugged and told me that he'd let me win because I was an invalid. We stood about on the ground and drank pumpkin juice brought by house-elves, and Malfoy said he was sorry for not recognising I'd had a problem. He asked where I'd got enough of the potion to become addicted, obviously knowing Healer Ophelia wouldn't have given me it. I just shrugged, but I think he knows. Then he said I needed a keeper and I blurted "Are you volunteering?", to which he snorted and replied, "That would be a full time job, wouldn't it?" I can barely stand how much I would pay to give him that job. The pain of this potion addiction is nothing to the pain of wanting him. I guess I'm even more dependent on Malfoy than I am on Dreamless Sleep.
Sunday, 8.8.2004

Hermione decided I needed to spend some time at what she calls a "spa" and I call a torture chamber with a façade of pleasantry. So far I've been stuffed into boiling hot, noxious tubs full of mud, stripped of most of my body hair with depilation spells, fed gallons of potions and horrific-looking juices mostly made of greens (possibly grass and alfalfa, from the flavour), and forced to spend hours in a sauna to "sweat out my toxins". I can't bloody wait to escape this place. I'm dying for a piping order of fish and chips, washed down with a few pints of strong ale. And I'm not even that fond of ale.

Saturday, 14.8.2004

Nearly finished with my week of torture and I suppose I have to admit I'm starting to feel better. The shakes have mostly disappeared--Benjamin, my Chief Torturer, has insisted it's the green sludge he makes me drink, but I think it might be the daily massages. Heidi might have the hands of a Muggle leg-breaker, but I think she's finally worked all the kinks out of my muscles.

Sunday, 15.8.2004

Malfoy dropped in this morning to join me for my last session. He does this spa thing for FUN, which shouldn't surprise me. I would rather take on a gang of former Death Eaters than sit through another facial peel, but he insisted it keeps his skin smooth and blemish-free. I told him it was more likely the blood of innocents that he bathed in on a weekly basis, but he retorted that there were no innocents in the world. "Because you've slaughtered them for your bath blood," I said, and he laughed although I think our banter horrified poor Benjamin. He seemed nervous around Malfoy, maybe because of the Dark Mark, but Malfoy didn't seem bothered at all. Probably used to it.

Wednesday, 18.8.2004

It's been over a month since I got back from Dubai and the DMLE has made some headway with the names. Astonishingly, the Malfoys were cleared. Although they were contributors, it seemed to have been a minor transaction involving a number of purchases and sales made by the Malfoy Estate broker. After looking at some of their holdings, I'm doubtful that the Malfoys are even aware of everything they own. I've thought about making a passing mention of the shell corporation to Malfoy, but now that he's been cleared of suspicion, I just want to forget he was ever on a list. Merlin knows he's been on enough of those in his life. He is starting to become a fixture on the corner of my desk, dropping in twice daily to bring me a cuppa and rob my desk of sweets. I might have begun to stock my drawers with treats just to keep him coming back.

Thursday, 19.8.2004

Bloody hell, Hermione just left and she had some disturbing news. I'm still trying to process it. Apparently she altered the DMLE records to make certain that Malfoy was no longer under suspicion. She did it for me, which is not surprising, although it is alarming. I can't have her risking her job because I have a crush. She's digging into it on her own, of course, trying to determine the extent of Malfoy's involvement. Merlin, I hope he's not done anything too stupid.

Friday, 20.8.2004

Now I'm wondering if Malfoy is only hanging about in my office to find out if I know anything about his nefarious dealings. I feel like an idiot.

Saturday, 21.8.2004
Malfy invited me to play another game of Quidditch with him and then invited me inside for sandwiches afterwards. He suggested we eat in the garden because the day was particularly beautiful, so we sat side by side on a marble bench and watched a flock of birds play in the fountain. I can't believe I got flustered just because our knees were touching, so I can only blame my stupid mental state for the fact that I blurted out a question, asking him what he knew about the potions smuggling/poaching ring, and telling him how his name had come up on a list of suspects. I wasn't expecting him to get angry, although now I'm not sure what I was expecting. He became bloody pissed off, however, and demanded to know if that's why I was being so nice to him. He asked if I ever turned off "being an Auror" and then yelled that he should have known better than to think I could leave our past behind. I tried to explain, somehow, but he just yelled at me to get off the premises and stormed into the house. I tried to follow, but a group of militant-looking house-elves blocked my path and strongly suggested that I leave. I've run afoul of angry house-elf magic before and decided to just go. Now I'm lying here and realising that Malfoy never actually answered my questions.

Sunday, 22.8.2004

I wrote to Malfoy explaining that I needed to talk to him. I enclosed a large box of his favourite chocolates as a bribe. He sent back the note unread, but kept the chocolates. I suppose I shouldn't be surprised, but maybe the sweets will soften him up.

Monday, 23.8.2004

Still no word from Malfoy and his usual spot on my desk remained unoccupied today, which was depressing. I even went down to the Department of Mysteries, only to be told that Malfoy was out. I was going to talk to Hermione about ways to make amends, but she was preoccupied. Apparently they got an anonymous tip to talk to a bloke in Knockturn Alley about the potions ring we've been investigating. She'd barely finished telling me when I got called up and put on the assignment, so Babs and I will be off to shake down the fellow tomorrow.

Tuesday, 24.8.2004

I hardly had a chance to think of Malfoy today. We located the bloke's address in Knockturn--his name is Hilliard but they call him Shakes--and Bab's and I kicked in his door bright and early to catch him off guard. We pulled him into lockup and he was so freaked out, and possibly having some form of potion withdrawal (to which I can now sympathise, so we're trying to get him some help), that he spilled everything he knew and possibly even made up some things. We'll need to sort through it all. The most interesting bit was his insistence that someone at St Mungo's is the main supplier on the street. Apparently he has easy access to all the hospital's potions and can smuggle them in and out freely. I worked with one of Hermione's people in the DMLE to determine the best way to investigate without tipping them off. I thought about Jacob supplying me with Dreamless Sleep when I needed it, but I admit I might be too eager to implicate him because of personal reasons. He's probably innocent.

Friday, 27.8.2004

Malfoy was sitting on my desk this morning when I came in. "One box of chocolate is the best you can do for an apology, Potter?" he asked, giving me a glare and sipping his tea. I noticed he hadn't brought me any tea. I may have dropped to both knees and dramatically begged his forgiveness. He rolled his eyes and admitted that I was ridiculous, adding, "And also stupid, which is why I've decided to forgive you. I am, after all, used to having less-than-intelligent friends. We are friends, are we not?" His glare could have cut steel and I think he might have actually murdered me if I'd dared to say no, but of course I do consider us to be friends, so that would have been stupid. I can
barely describe my relief, actually, at hearing him say it and also seeing him on my desk again. I thought about telling him my worries regarding Jacob (or someone else at the hospital) but even though I hate to admit it, Malfoy is still under suspicion. I can't mention it.

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SEPTEMBER

Wednesday, 1.9.2004

Bloody hell, I got hit with a strong Confundus on Saturday. I can't believe I found my way home and then tried to write in my journal. Merlin, I'm keeping that entry. Disturbingly, I think I even know what it says. Something about Malfoy, naturally. Luckily, Babs was with me when I got hit and she found me after the fight and took me to St Mungo's. Took them a couple of days to fix me up properly.

Friday, 3.9.2004

Malfoy is being disturbingly nice. I'm keeping the card on my desk that he sent. It says, "Confundus is your natural state. Go back to work." I'm rather astounded at the quality of the thing, actually. I'm sure he had it specially printed on fancy paper. Despite the insult, I'm impressed that he even bothered. We've had lunch every day since I got back from the hospital. I wonder if he and Jacob are having problems. I don't ask.

Wednesday, 8.9.2004

Hermione stopped in and cast about twenty Silencing Charms on my office before admitting that she had a Tracking Charm on Malfoy, just before announcing that he was on Level Ten preparing to give testimony in a Wizengamot hearing. I'd known that, of course, because he'd told me, but her admission was interesting. Then she told me she was pretty sure Jacob Martinson was involved in the illegal potions ring. I was elated for about five seconds, until I realised Malfoy was going to hate me if I arrested his boyfriend.

Friday, 10.9.2004

I've been trying to compile evidence against Jacob while keeping Ron from having a meltdown. Hermione's birthday is in ten days and as usual he has no idea what to do for her, which often results in him sitting in a chair in my office, near hyperventilating. Normally I try hard to help him out, but this year I'm pretty preoccupied wondering how to keep Malfoy's friendship as the case against Jacob starts to look worse and worse. I had to tell Hermione about how he provided me with Dreamless Sleep, which caused her to give me that sad/disapproving look she wears so well. She said he most likely did it to have blackmail material against me. I need to think about that.

Saturday, 11.9.2004

I need to have a serious talk with Malfoy. I've put it off long enough.

Sunday, 12.9.2004

That was a complete fiasco. What made me think that it would be easier to tell Malfoy about Jacob after we'd had a few drinks? The problem was that I couldn't think of an easy way to tell him, and then I kept drinking, and then I was too drunk to think at all, and then Jacob showed up... And then I accused Jacob of being "filthy potion smuggler" or something, although I'm not sure how he even
understood me. Malfoy seemed amused, until I shoved Jacob and he pulled out his wand and
shouted that I had no room to accuse anyone, being a bloody addict! I think some hexes were
thrown at that point, but I don't quite remember.

Monday, 13.9.2004

No sign of Malfoy at work. Hermione is annoyed with me because Jacob has disappeared. I keep
picturing scenarios of them having a grand time in the Bahamas because I fucked up and drove
them both away. Kill me now. Then again, Hermione says she'll kill me if I ruin her birthday.

Wednesday, 15.9.2004

Malfoy sent me a note that said, "Your lack of subtlety is making my life very difficult." I haven't
heard from him since Saturday night and he sends me that? What the hell is that supposed to
mean?

Thursday, 16.9.2004

GODRIC, HERMIONE'S BIRTHDAY IS IN THREE DAYS WHAT AM I GOING TO GET
HER?

(I just wrote that in case she's reading this, because I'm pretty sure she comes over when I'm gone
and snoops. Haha Hermione, I already got your gift.)

Saturday, 18.9.2004

This has been a really eventful day and I'm not sure where to start. Jacob Martinson has
disappeared. This happened early in the morning when we went to pick him up for questioning. Of
course we went to Malfoy next, who said he hadn't seen him in a few days because they had broken
up. THEY HAD BROKEN UP, BROKEN UP. Without a word. I suppose it would explain why I
hadn't seen him in a couple of days (although it doesn't explain his weird note on Wednesday) and
okay, I admit I'm pretty pissed off that he didn't even mention it to me. I thought we were friends!
Don't friends tell each other things? I'm torn between wanting to throw things and grab Malfoy
and... well, kiss him, for one thing, but he has this façade of bored nonchalance right now that I
don't know how to penetrate. I'm so bloody confused. Oh yeah, and we had Hermione's party
tonight because otherwise she wouldn't be surprised (even though she probably wasn't surprised
anyway) and I should have been paying attention to her but instead I was preoccupied with Malfoy
all night. Should I have invited him to the party? Someone needs to invent a spell that helps people
figure out what to do with their lives because mine is fucked up.

Sunday, 19.9.2004

Took Hermione to breakfast to make up for not being very present last night. Being Hermione, she
forgave me right away and then we talked about all the possible places Jacob might have gone. She
advised me to talk to Malfoy. "Really talk to him" she said, which doesn't make sense because I
always really talk to him. As opposed to what, pretend talking to him?

OCTOBER

Sunday, 3.10.2004

Wow, my last entry mentioned talking to Malfoy. That hasn't happened, since I've spent the last
two weeks in Dubai. Malfoy probably doesn't even remember me by now. I didn't even have time
to send him a note, or gifts, or something begging forgiveness for whatever I've done that I don't
even know. (I'm sure there is something.) The potion case exploded in a big way once Jacob
disappeared. Evidence surfaced that he was involved in not just moving completed potions, but also had a hand in obtaining many of the ingredients, setting up laboratories, and hiring unscrupulous potioneers. The operation is enormous and, as it turns out, involves a large corporation in Dubai whose controlling interest is owned by none other than Draco Malfoy. I'm supposed to go and bring him in for questioning tomorrow. I think this might be the end of our friendship. I've never really hated my job until now.

Monday, 4.10.2004

Of course Malfoy has disappeared. Narcissa said he was off working on his business dealings in Switzerland. Her dismissive attitude reeks of lying, but I'm certainly not going to call her on it. At least it's given me a reprieve.

Friday, 8.10.2004

Malfoy turned up in the Auror Department this morning with Jacob Martinson in tow. Then he spent an hour and a half in the Interrogation Room with Auror Pitera because he refused to speak to anyone involved in the case and wanted "an impartial party" to hear the whole story. At the end of the day, he walked out without a backwards glance, apparently free to go. I swear Pitera looked at me and shook his head pityingly - what the hell is going on? I need to talk to Hermione, but she's visiting her parents tonight. It figures.

Saturday, 9.10.2004

I might have got tired of waiting for Hermione and went to confront Malfoy at the Manor. He refused to see me and sent a message via house-elf that I was a clueless halfwit whom he would not speak with until I grew a useable brain. I was tempted to take out the iron gates and storm the house, but that might not constitute growing a useable brain. I guess it's back to Hermione.

Sunday, 10.10.2004

I feel like an even bigger idiot after talking to Hermione. I need to talk to Malfoy even if I do need to Vanish the gates to the Manor. At least I don't work tomorrow.

Monday, 11.10.2004

Before I could storm the Manor, I got an owl from Malfoy requesting to meet me for brunch at the Flightless Fwooper. Apparently it's an upscale restaurant, despite the name. I got there expecting... Well, I don't know what I was expecting, but it certainly wasn't Malfoy acting like my charming best friend again. He was polite and seemed pleased with himself, which is unusual, but the irritated tension he'd possessed for the past month or so seemed to be gone. He ordered enough food to feed four to six people, plus an interesting alcoholic juice concoction that I probably shouldn't have consumed, except that it was delicious. He asked if I'd figured it out, and although I wasn't sure, I assumed he meant the case, or his involvement in it, at least.

I told him what I'd learned from Hermione, which was part rumour and part taken directly from DMLE documents. I'd asked if it was true that he'd only been dating Jacob because he suspected him of illegal activities. He corrected me that he'd been dating Jacob because he was hot, but that it had quickly become apparent that Jacob had gone into their relationship with a different motive. Malfoy had apparently caught Jacob snooping in Lucius' office shortly after they had begun dating, and everything Malfoy had done after that point had been with half an eye to discovering what Jacob was up to. "Frankly, I set him up. He was easy to fool into thinking that I was a foolish playboy without a single thought for business. I gave him limited access to my personal files, allowed him to wander the Manor at will, and basically gave him enough rope to hang himself."
Of course I was bloody irritated. "All along? You knew ALL ALONG?" I may have shouted at that point because he gave me one of those frowns that make me feel about five years old, even though I was perfectly justified with the shouting thing, thank you very much. Anyway, he replied with, "Of course. I wouldn't date someone so boring in the sack without a very good reason." I may have gaped at him for a few minutes after that, because picturing Malfoy in the sack with Jacob--well, frankly, I was just picturing Malfoy naked and that was quite enough to make me forget most of the rest of the meal.

Back to the subject at hand, however, he told me he'd done plenty of digging into Jacob's background (I already mentioned he knows everything about everyone) and he apparently had some big plans that he hadn't the funds to complete. Jacob had planned to get his hands on some of the Malfoy holdings and use them to his own benefit, thinking the family had so much that they wouldn't even notice. I admit, I had that own idea not long ago. It's wrong, of course. As Malfoy said, "If it involves a Malfoy, not a single coin changes hands that we don't know about." I suppose it's how they've stayed rich all this time, even though the war and the reparations payments afterwards.

Even so, I can't bloody believe he let me think THE WHOLE TIME that he and Jacob were madly in love. "You couldn't have mentioned any of this?" I think I managed a rational tone when I asked that, even though the glasses on the table might have rattled a bit. "Potter, you're far too transparent to keep a secret" was his reply, and then he added that he wasn't absolutely certain about Jacob until my return from Dubai, when Jacob supplied me with the Dreamless Sleep. He added that he was still extremely vexed with me for that whole fiasco and perhaps I should have let him know I had a problem before being hospitalised etc. I wasn't sure what to say to that. Still don't, actually.

Anyway, he said he had to hand it to Granger for keeping his name out of the official files, because it had bought him even more time to feed Jacob enough line to hang himself. Jacob was busy selling his potion-making ideas to his investors, using Malfoy companies buried (he thought) so deeply in a paperwork tangle that tracing them would be impossible, and operating under the assumption that the Malfoys would never find out. And if his activities ever came to light, he'd planned to blame Draco for all of it and pretend innocence.

"So Jacob was setting you up while you were setting him up?" I shook my head at it, trying to wrap my mind around Malfoy's Slytherin mind. "That's about the whole of it, Potter," he said and gave me one of those smiles that turn my insides to mush. Of course, I had to ruin it by blustering, "I don't think I could spend months sleeping with someone that I planned to stab in the back." I'm kicking myself for saying it now, because Malfoy's expression went cold again and he threw down his napkin. "No, I don't suppose you could" was all he said before he got to his feet and stalked out.

Now I feel completely wrecked and I have no idea how to make any of it better.

Wednesday, 20.10.2004

I haven't seen Malfoy since our brunch and I don't think there are enough chocolates in the world to make amends. While I don't understand his ability to carry on a pretend relationship with someone he planned to--okay, fine, what I really have a problem with his him sleeping with Jacob, whom he didn't trust and didn't even like! Who does that? It's so cold and unfeeling and... I don't know, I guess that's my real problem. I know the Malfoy who has feelings and plays Quidditch with me when I'm going stir crazy, and who sits at my bedside when I'm going through Dreamless Sleep withdrawals and I'm just wishing he'd been having a relationship with me this whole time instead of-- Merlin, I guess he was having a relationship with me, I was just too hung up on him being with Jacob to value it properly. Obviously sex with Jacob didn't mean anything to him, but spending time with me did? Is that what I'm supposed to learn from all of this? Because I get it now, but
maybe it's too late. Or is it? Luna is planning a Halloween Party and I know she invited Malfoy. Maybe I can salvage this. Maybe.

Saturday, 30.10.2004

I'm so bloody tied up in knots I can't even think straight. (Oh wait, I'm not straight. Har de har har.)

Sunday, 31.10.2004

I kissed Malfoy. I pushed the bastard up against a wall and I held his face in place and then I kissed him for what seemed like ages (and bloody hell, it was even more brilliant than I'd imagined - I'm thinking about enshrining it as a Pensieve memory) and when I pulled away that he looked just as shaken as I felt, even with the glitter on his lashes and in his hair (he was dressed as an Ice Prince) and it was amazing for about ten whole seconds. Until he punched me and Disapparated. Thus ends another eventful Halloween in the fucked up life of Harry Potter.

NOVEMBER

Monday, 1.11.2004

Today is All Saint's Day and I don't know any saints, but if any of them are around and listening, I could really use some help with this Malfoy situation. I spent twenty minutes trying to gain admittance to the Manor during my lunch break (since Malfoy has apparently taken a leave of absence from the Department of Mysteries) until a house-elf popped out and threatened to "turn my entrails into stew" after which he banged his head repeatedly against the iron gates and apologised, but he'd been ordered to say those very words by Master Draco. Honestly, the man is impossible!!

Tuesday, 2.11.2004

I'm off to commence Operation Stakeout. He has to leave the house sometime.

Wednesday, 10.11.2004

Perhaps he doesn't have to leave the house. Ever. I'm about to drop dead from lack of sleep and Malfoy keeps sending back my owls. I think I need to attempt more drastic measures.

Saturday, 13.11.2004

SUCCESS! I had Luna invite Malfoy to tea and then I popped in unexpectedly and may have hit him with a Full-body Bind before he could escape. (I'm hoping he forgives me for that one day.) Luna wandered out of the room because she's just that wonderful and I finally explained my feelings to Malfoy whilst his eyes flashed a promise of painful retribution, but at least he listened to me. I explained that I'd been jealous of Jacob the whole time and that I was stupid not to appreciate his friendship and I was sorry that I wanted more, because obviously he didn't feel that way about me and then I said I would really appreciate it if we could go back to being friends again because I missed him terribly. And then I asked him kindly not to destroy me before I cast a Finite Incantatum. He didn't hex me, which I count as a win, but he did shake his head and say, "You really are an idiot" before he vanished again, which I count as... I don't know. A loss? A draw? Why is he so confusing?

Sunday, 14.11.2004

I just spent the past four hours snogging Draco Malfoy on my living room sofa. I'm not quite sure it was real. I've pinched myself six times and each time it hurts, so I hope it was real. We still haven't talked at all. He rang my bell, I opened the door, he slammed me against it (I think I have
the imprint of the knocker on the back of my skull, but it's okay) and then he kissed me. And kept kissing me. We eventually moved inside, and then down the hallway, and into the living room to the sofa... My lips feel raw. But good. Very very good. I can't stop smiling, really. All he said was "Goodnight, Potter, I'll see you tomorrow" before he left. I think things are improving, although they certainly aren't any less perplexing.

Monday, 15.11.2004

Bloody hell, I've been sent to Edinburgh! Of all the fucking luck, just when things were getting interesting with Malfoy--whom I still haven't talked to, for fuck's sake! This investigation had better wrap up quickly. I sent Malfoy a message and I hope he understands.

Tuesday, 16.11.2004

I'm going to be fired. Malfoy showed up in Edinburgh, dressed as a woman, of all things, and he's insisting on occupying the room across the hall and greeting me with a friendly wave and a coy French accent each time I appear. So much for being incognito here, although I've changed my hair colour, hidden the scar, and swapped my usual spectacle frames for some larger tortoiseshell things that cover half my face. I suppose it won't hurt my disguise to be continuously hit on by a hot blonde. Someone is knocking.

Wednesday, 17.11.2004

I spent many delightful hours snogging Malfoy on my hotel room bed last night, although he is keeping the groping to a bare minimum, threatening to tie my hands to the bed if I don't keep them to myself. When I asked why he said he wanted me to be sure that I wasn't planning to shag him for "ulterior motives" and then added that possibly there would never be any shagging at all. My dick was not at all happy to hear that, being harder than fucking DIAMOND at that point, but he is the one in control. I'm not complaining. It was also rather fun wandering Edinburgh pretending to be a happy couple (with Malfoy in his girl disguise) while tailing a suspected thief. Malfoy turned out to be quite helpful in pointing out places the suspect would likely go. The man is likely carrying stolen goods, but he hasn't attempted to unload them yet. He seems too nervous and edgy.

Saturday, 20.11.2004

Malfoy and I finally had an actual talk without snogging each other senseless. It helped that we were in a public place with a table between us. I took him to dinner to thank him for helping me nab the thief in Edinburgh (honestly, it would have taken much longer without Malfoy pointing out the most likely seedy places for him to unload the stolen merchandise) and we spent most of the meal chatting. He admitted that he'd been attracted to me for a very long time, but never suspected I might feel the same until I left for Denmark. By then he was already involved with Jacob and wasn't sure how to disentangle himself. And then I apparently acted like a prat and he was annoyed enough to carry on with his original plan. I can't really argue with that.

Wednesday, 24.11.2004

Snogging is good, but touching is even better. Touching is very, very, very good. Malfoy may have given me a handjob today. In the loo. At work. I am going to be so very fired.

Friday, 26.11.2004

Turnabout is fair play, I think. I visited Malfoy in his office this afternoon and brought him off through his trousers. He pretended to be miffed, but that dazed, very happy look in his eyes negated
his petulant complaints. At least I won't be fired alone.

Saturday, 27.11.2004

Malfroy had to pop off to Austria to take care of a manufacturing foul-up. I offered to come along, but he promised it wouldn't take long. I suppose I've been neglecting Ron and Hermione and should probably come clean with the turn my relationship with Malfoy has taken. Merlin, I'll most likely be grinning like a loon the whole time.

Wednesday, 29.11.2004

Malfroy's "quick trip" has taken a turn for the worse. Apparently there is some sabotage involved, or something. I offered to come and assist, but he's working with the locals and doesn't want me jeopardising my job for him. Funny how that doesn't occur to him when we're having near-sex in the loo, but I suppose I appreciate the sentiment. We're busy in the Aurors right now anyway, with people getting mental due to the impending holidays.

DECEMBER

Friday, 3.12.2004

Blowjobs are the best thing ever. Literally, the very best thing, especially when they are sprung upon one late at night when one isn't expecting to be awakened by a cold body sliding into one's bed. Malfroy wasn't cold for long, I assure you, and his mouth is extremely hot. And talented. I might have asked him to be my boyfriend. He said, "That's just the euphoria talking, Potter" and although I laughed, I denied it and told him I was dead serious. He did look pleased, and then I rewarded him with a return blowjob, doing my bloody damnedest to make it brilliant.

Saturday, 4.12.2004

I was wrong. Waking up with Draco Malfroy entangled in my limbs was even better than the blowjob.

Wednesday, 15.12.2004

I've nearly forgotten about this journal. I suppose I've been preoccupied with my bloody brilliant boyfriend. I took him to the Weasleys last weekend and they behaved themselves for the most part. Molly was rather cold at first, but then she hugged me and said it was good to see me so happy. He does make me happy, even though he's bloody infuriating and refuses to have sex with me.

Monday, 20.12.2004

SHIT. Christmas is in FIVE DAYS and I still don't know what to get for Malfroy. He already has everything! I barely know what to get Ron! Shit shit shit I am fucked if I don't get him the perfect thing. Except not literally, because while he's perfectly willing to give me oral sex at the drop of a hat, even in Flourish and Blott's (bloody hell, I couldn't document that here because we were nearly caught and I almost had a fucking heart attack) he still won't have full-on sex with me, which is fine, it's great. I wish I'd never made that comment about Jacob, because I fear Malfroy is never going to get past it. He's made a few snide remarks about fucking people only when he has ulterior motives, the bastard. I'll give him some ulterior motives. I might be slightly bitter.

Friday, 24.12.2004

I threw myself on the mercy of Narcissa Malfroy yesterday, admitting to our relationship and begging her for advice regarding Draco's Christmas gift. I suppose Lucius dropping dead of
shocked horror would not be a good gift, although I won't shed a tear if that happens. She might not have mentioned it to him, however. She did recommend a clothier that Draco is particularly fond of and suggested that a diamond-encrusted cravat pin would not be remiss. I think I'll buy three, just to be safe. She's a bloody lifesaver, that woman. I'm getting her some jewellery, for certain. She also seemed pleased about Draco and I, which was really nice.

Saturday, 25.12.2004

Draco loved his gifts, thank Merlin, and he gave me a full set of new dress robes, as well as a handcrafted new broom. He is the best and that's not just the eggnog talking. We spent the day bouncing from place to place, visiting the Weasleys, his parents (awkward!!!), Luna, and even Pansy Parkinson (terrifying). Now we plan to just cuddle on the sofa and enjoy the rest of the evening. This has been the best Christmas I can remember.

Sunday, 26.12.2004

I was wrong again. Sex with Draco Malfoy is the best thing ever. I'm in love. Absolutely utterly, completely in love. He claims he has ulterior motives now and is perfectly justified in sleeping with me. I think that ulterior motive might involve more diamonds, this time set in a ring. I don't have a problem with that.

It's a good thing Hermione bought me a shiny new journal for Christmas. I think I'm going to need it. This one is full.

END

End Notes

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