It Was All Just a Game

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It Was All Just a Game

by write_me227

Summary

When Draco comes up with an idea to mess with Harry during the Triwizard Tournament, will he be the one who will get burned in the end?

Notes

This was originally posted on Wattpad under the same username. As of now, the story is complete, but I am still adding parts and finishing up editing, so the most updated version will be posted on there first. I wanted to branch out to other forums, and this was one of them.

Disclaimer: I do not own any thing from Harry Potter. All rights go to J.K Rowling and Warner Brothers. And even if I did, Draco and Harry would have been much more than just enemys... much, much more...

Thank you so much for reading! I wrote this when I was fourteen years old, and now I'm
finishing it up (it's so hard to say goodbye, haha) however I am a super busy person so I know for a fact there will probably be spelling errors, but there shouldn't be anything too extreme!

I love feedback so please feel free to comment, and I totally love constructive criticism. Let me know how you like it! :)

See the end of the work for more notes.
The Idea

It was the day after, morning to be precise, Harry Potter's name spat itself in a blaze from the Goblet of Fire; a mystery no one could solve, even Potter, however it's not like anyone would believe his explanation.

"Of course famous Potter gets the glory, that sniveling dumb git! Of course he would be the one to have his stupid name pulled from the cup, while the more qualified, prestigious people for the challenge (me) get to sit back and watch that idiot Gryffindork get himself killed," Draco Malfoy ranted to his posse, Crabbe and Goyle, while getting ready for breakfast. "He won't last the first task."

The two 'oaf brains' were actually smarter than they proceed to be. Draco said they were two-faced, but in a good way. During classes and studies, they weren't expected much of, since they appeared to be grumbling idiots, when really they were shy of brilliance.

"I don't know, Draco," Crabbe said, "He has gotten away with a lot of things! I mean he did stop those dementors-" He trailed away when cut off by daggers shot towards him. There's one rule as to interrupting a ranting Draco: don't.

"By luck! Everything done by Potty is achieved through luck! Don't you dare interrupt me while I'm ranting! How many times have I told you not to do that," Draco snapped, shoving his toes in his shoes before tying them fiercely.

Although Draco's inner circle was by far more than superior, sometimes they slipped up, but hey, it happens. They were loyal and helped out in rough spots. After all, they had to be since the whole school hates Slytherins; Everything was all an act (sometimes).

Pansy: the perfect example of extreme fabrication. With the reputation to act like a princess, it surprises people when they find out that after her skin is peeled she can sometimes be a genuinely nice girl- to her fellow Slytherins of course. Don't get me wrong, the second prey is within her reach, she snaps, but wouldn't anybody?

They liked it that way. It was nice not having to worry about anybody else. They were all alike in seemingly different ways, but once a Slytherin, always a Slytherin, and if you made it in the house you would be trusted.

Most of the things they would pull on other houses were just friendly pranks.... maybe take out the friendly, in fact they were most certainly not friendly, rather certain tomfoolery could land you in the hospital wing for weeks.

But if they made their horseplay all chummy and whatnot, other houses would want to be all 'buddy buddy' and sappy, and dare I say it, mushy; frankly, who could ever want endless love and affection from Hufflepuffs, Ravenclaws, or even stupid Gryffindorks? Everyone would turn into teddy bears and fluff balls, and that was completely unacceptable.

On the other hand some pranks could be more than a simple joke. In fact some may just be completely sinister. For instance, the one Draco just came up with while digging into a forkful of eggs.

It was in the midst of superior deceit and revenge for stealing the fire when something so clever, so genius, clicked.
"Pansy?" Draco asked deviously, although he was nervous. Would he be laughed at? Judged? Abandoned for the idea sprung in his imagination?

"Yes, Draco?"

"You've been in love right?"

She raised an eyebrow at him. "Are you feeling okay?"

"I'm being serious," Draco said snobbishly.

"Okay, Merlin, don't get your knickers in a twist," Pansy snapped and the blonde rolled his eyes, "Its like being drunk-"

"What," Draco snapped as fast a venom, "No it's not!"

"Would you let me finish," Pansy denied his ability to answer, simply because she just didn't want to hear another bratty response. But she knew Draco, she knew he was on to something for he had to be. The blonde never cared for any form of emotion, let alone love.

Draco had a mask. Anytime and all the time he didn't want people to read what he was feeling he hid it, but most times he didn't have anything to cover. Only his inner circle could tell if he was plainly disturbed or not.

"It's like losing all of your senses. You don't know how to react to situations as you would not in love. You're care free, so to speak."

"Making it the ultimate distraction," Draco smirked, glancing over to the Gryffindor table with nasty eyes.

"I mean, you could look at it that way unlike every other human being in the world. What are you on to?"

"So, if Potter is in a tournament in which all his senses must be on edge, a tournament he could get seriously injured- hell, die in, wouldn't it be a shame if he lost said senses?"

"Draco..." Blaise said cautiously. Another rule set to Draco's friends just so happened to be to not interrupt him when he's plotting. "What do you mean?"

"Oh don't be so daft, Blaise. It means that if he got a girlfriend he would be too distracted to even compete and he would lose, or possibly get hurt in the process," Draco explained, looking at them as if they were inhabitable lifeforms.

"So all we would need for guaranteed failure, is a girl," Goyle said, and they all turned to Pansy.

"No! No no no! I will not be Potty's girlfriend, I refuse," Pansy bit.

"But you're a girl. It's the only thing you're good for," Draco spoke before taking a bite of toast. The boys laughed.

Pansy, mouth agape, stared Draco down. "I actually have a use besides seduce arrogant pigs like you," she scoffed. "I won't do it."

"Well, we need someone to," Crabbe said. They all looked around at each other, and then down at their plates under Draco's icy stare.
"How about you Draco," Blaise joked, "You were the one to come up to the idea."

Draco snorted, "Good one, Blaise."

"Actually, that's a wonderful idea," Pansy said in complete seriousness, putting her fork down with clang. "Thank you, Blaise."

Draco choked on his own saliva and stuttered aimlessly, trying to find words.

She crossed her arms and stuck out her chest, her jaw sticking out. "Surely it won't be too, bad. I heard Potter's a good kisser, and his hair is only half of a rats nest."

"You can't be serious right now!"

"Oh, I am," she smirked, "You came up with it. It's only fair you go through with it."

"One flaw, Parkinson," Draco collected himself, his face dropping into a smirk.

"And what would that be?"

"I'm not gay. Potter isn't gay that I know of."

"We're teenagers, Draco," Blaise reasoned, "There's nothing wrong with experimenting, and it's not like he has a strict family like yours. I'm sure he'd be up to the challenge. The wimp here would be you."

"Potter is all about love and friendship and all that snugglily affectionate crap. Krum would be a shoe in for the cup," Crabbe reasoned.

"You are pretty handsome if I do say so myself," Pansy said and Draco smirked. "It would be easy to convince him, he's gullible. Drop the snob act for a month, suck it up, and while distracting him, humiliate him in the process!"

Draco automatically replied, "And if we get caught?"

"Then you play it off laughing. No one would believe it. I don't even think Potter would. You two are sworn enemies and if someone saw you flirting or whatever, and they told someone, no one would ever think of it to be true," Goyle said as if he thought it through before this entire conversation.

"Come on! You could make a fool out of him. Just use your Slytherin charm," Crabbe persuaded.

"And what would I get out of it," Draco raised an eyebrow, actually concidering it, which they had to admit was more than they thought they would get.

"Your most favorite thing in the entire world," Blaise smirked. "Humilating Potter."

"This could be revenge for him not shaking your hand in first year," Pansy said very low.

"Hey! I don't care about that anymore," Draco bit back, and Pansy gave him an 'are you kidding me' look.

"Well," she asked in anticipation. "Are you going to suck it up, or are you going to be a coward?"

Draco bit his lip and glanced over to the Gryffindor's table, where Potter sat, chasing his food around with his fork, not eating a bite. The boy-wonder looked miserable.
And Draco enjoyed every second of it.

He took a deep breath before saying, "I'll do it."
"We'll do it today then," Pansy stated, unusually excited while piling some chicken and green beans on her plate for lunch.

"Do what exactly," Draco questioned, adding a sandwich to his own china, his goblet being filled with pumpkin juice as he spoke.

"Start Phase One from our 'Plan to Seduce Potter,' of course," she said nonchalantly, digging in.

With this, Draco, who was gulping down his drink, snorted enough of the liquid in which it filled his nose and caused him to cough uncontrollably. "What! We're still doing that? It's been a month- hell, it's a week before the first task. We've all forgotten about it," Draco scoffed, wiping his mouth on a cotton napkin.

Pansy, as well as everyone else, appeared to be simply amused. "You seriously forgot? Thought that you of all of us would want to see him in distress."

"Why did you have to say seduce? I'm just getting him to like me so that he is too distracted to focus on the tournament. I just want him to lose, and if we are still going through with it-"

"We are-"

"We want him to be humiliated, and if I'm doing so by romantically... putting myself out there, so to speak-"

"So, seducing," Blaise clarified.

"Point is, he's humiliated, that's all I care about. He always gets what he wants, always gets to be the famous one, always gets everything! It's time to show him who he messed with. Some Gryffindork isn't going to boss me around and act as though I'm not good enough for him."

"So you're still not hung up on first year?"

Draco exhaled heavily. "I'm not Pansy. I don't care," he bit.

"Admitting you were rejected is the first step to getting over rejection."

"Pansy!"

"So we will carry out our plan tonight," she changed the subject. "Potter has been taking walks during dinner recently. I imagine it's because of stress"

"How do you even know that?"

"He's never here, is he? During supper, he isn't at least," Pansy said. Draco looked up at Potter, who was still pushing around his food, not eating. He wondered if Potter ever ate at this point, or did the sheer nervousness engulf him to the point of no appetite? They locked eyes, and Draco's face and arms heated up at the thought of what they were about to pull on him.

"Oh, wait," Pansy said, and Draco turned back to her, but she initially didn't want that. "Look back at him with wanting eyes!"

"How do I even do that?"
Glance up and stare at him longingly. Just do it!

Draco did as ordered, although he had no idea what he was doing. Potter felt the familiar chill go through his spine that signified someone staring at him, and he peered back up at Draco. He looked back with wild, yet curious eyes, and then focused on the plate in front of him, however they could tell he was uncomfortable as Draco kept staring, biting his lip.

Pansy hit his arm, "Stop," she said, looking back up at Potter and then to Draco, yanking his arm as a 'concerned friend' should.

"How was that," Draco asked, still staring at Potter's eyes, which from what he could tell, were blinking furiously as he tried to keep away from awkward contact.

"Excellent," she smirked when the coast was clear.

"Could you please tell me what's going on," Draco bit, finally looking away, "When did we even plan this?"

"You don't pay attention in charms do you," Blaise shook his head.

"To Flitwick I do!"

"Well, you shouldn't be. You should be paying attention to us, we already planned out everything! Right now, we're in Phase One, which means you're in your crushing stage. Say you saw him in the Quidditch locker room and he was just so attractive you couldn't handle it, and now you're thinking of being with him-"

"Bleh! I'm not, in fact, i'm more attracted to a werewolf than I am to Potter!"

"But this is a scenario. Anything can happen in scenarios! Anyway, so you're trying 'oh-so-hard' to keep from this 'crush' but you can't and you have to confess it to your best friend in hopes she will help you get over it, and you give longing stares across the hall in hopes to make him yours, which gets him to the creeping out part, which is where we are headed tonight."

"This is too thought out," Draco finally said, putting his head in his hands.

"We're planning the Greatest Prank of All Time! Of course it's well thought out. We'll go down in the record books."

Draco smirked at this. "And what exactly will we be saying tonight?"

All he got was a snicker from Blaise, a mischievous smile from Pansy and worried expression from Crabbe and Goyle as Pansy explained the mission.

They both knew something would go wrong in the plan, Crabbe and Goyle that is, as indeed it would.

The evening was beautifully painted with pink clouds and an auburn sky. At the top of the earth, stars formed while the night took over. It was around 7:00 p.m, and the grass was dancing as the wind blew across the field between the castle and the Quidditch pitch.

Harry had always walked through several oak trees about half a mile into the Forbidden Forest. It was his own secret place and had a nice view. You could see the pristine lake and the marvelously
constructed Hogwarts- his only home.

The poor kid was so frustrated on the Triwizard Tournament, he thought he would explode. Harry didn't put his name in the cup. Period.

He had no idea who would or why. What the worst part was the fact that his best friend refused to talk to him, and it disgusted him that Ron actually believed it was fun to be in a game where he could die. A very dangerous game.

Harry started to head out the forest towards the castle, depressed. The thought over how he never wanted these things happening to him, nothing. He just wanted to be a normal 14 year old boy: only worrying about the next test coming up; only worrying about a zit on his face; only worrying about relationships and friendships.

Seeing the couples all the time drove him crazy. No girl ever wanted him for him, for they wanted the Boy-Who-Lived, the one who defeated the basilisk, the one who survived a dementor attack, the one who defeated the Dark Lord when he was a baby. It was unfair.

Harry reached the courtyard and reached at the handle, about to open the doors the colossal castle when suddenly he heard two people chatting, but he knew those voices coming from behind the support beam.

"I don't know what to do, I can't get him out of my head, I just can't," the voice was in a panic, "and everything reminds me of his stupid eyes," the masculine one of the two said.

His?

"Draco, that's enough! You need to get rid of this dumb little crush of yours," the feminine of the two. "Even looking at him today in the Great Hall was too perplexing!"

Harry's throat closed as he swallowed. His face heated into a pink blush.

He stared at Malfoy today. No, he had to be talking about someone else, Harry concluded. Not me.

"I know! But his stupidly perfect bouncy mess of hair is stupid and I just want to run my fingers though it, you know!"

"No, I don't."

"Damn it, Pansy, I have to see that every potions class! I have to think about wanting to mess it up even more every time I see him! Don't even get me started about Quidditch! And his glasses, oh Merlin, his glasses! They are stupidly perfect for his stupid face!"

Harry's eyes widened, and his blood beat so fast, it was if his blood was having a race. So many questions ran through his mind. He couldn't breathe.

Harry put his hand on the door handle and opened it as quietly as he could, but only a few inches and the giant door squeaked. Harry froze.

"Shh someone is coming," The girl, Pansy, Harry guessed, said in a half shout, half whisper.

"Pansy! Pansy, what if they heard!? No one must know! Especially Potter!"

"Shut up!"
With wobbling legs, Harry left to go to the Gryffindor Tower, not being able to comprehend what he had just heard.

Draco Malfoy had a crush.

And it so happened to be Harry Potter.

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"Harry, where have you been? We were so worried," Hermione automatically said as Harry walked into the Gryffindor Common Room.

"I know you were worried," Harry replied pointing to Hermione with his head then scowling at Ron, "I just went for a walk, I was fine. I'm going to bed."

"Are you sure? You don't look very well. Maybe you should go see Madame Pomfrey?" Hermione advised.

"I'm fine," Harry bit, "Just stressed."

"Right because your life is so terrible, being in the Triwizard and all," Ron mumbled barely audible. Harry just rolled his eyes and went into his bed and shut his scarlet curtains.

He didn't sleep, not one hour. He didn't dare to.

With no idea where this was going with Malfoy, his stomach turned over.

He thought of the whole situation. Surely it could make sense if you looked at it with a different angle... well a different angle with an eye closed and head tilted almost upside down.

He tried to envision him hold hands with Malfoy, looking into his beaut- cold silver eyes..... did he just almost say beautiful? No no no, he did not!

Then Harry's thoughts drifted further. He could never see himself kissing his pink lips. BLEH!

He went from points of misunderstanding to understanding, back and forth, back and forth, all throughout the night. Malfoy hated Harry and Harry hated Malfoy from day one. Day one.

When did these feelings start in Draco? Why would he like someone he hated?

Even if Malfoy's feelings were true, which was doubted, they could never get together. He couldn't even see the teenager get romantic at all. it would be like kissing cardboard... BLEH kissing Malfoy, Gross!

He couldn't imagine himself developing feelings for the blonde. Never.

By four a.m. he decided that he was just hearing things, or maybe it was the lack of food or sleep, or possibly even the stress, and with that thought, he closed his eyes to see Malfoy staring at him from across the Great Hall, a look of longing on his features.

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After the door closed, Draco and Pansy came out from behind the arch in which they were hiding and laughed hysterically.
"Hahahahahah! Oh my Merlin that was hilarious! Did you see the look on his face? He was horrified! Even if our plan doesn't pull through, that was- HA!- worth it all," Draco exclaimed. Pansy couldn't stop laughing so she nodded her head in approval as she leaned on the arch for support.

Draco was on the ground chortling too hard to get up and Pansy was close to falling over for 10 minutes straight.

"Ho-okay," Pansy said wiping a tear from her eyes, "We cannot stop there! We need to get Potter to develop a crush on you! I have to admit, I was a bit skeptical, but now, this is way too good of a plan to not continue!"

"Okay but give him a few days so he can comprehend that because I'm pretty sure he can't even think straight right now," Draco laughed.

"Okay, okay! But you need to stare at him. All the time. And when he looks over scowl or turn away innocently. Play it off. And then when it gets to be 2 days before the tournament, we start our secret admirer bit! Phase One: complete, Phase Two: just beginning," Pansy said with a smirk, and she helped Draco up.

They walked back to the common room with their lips preached to one side.
The Encounter

The week had gone by fast as Draco put the plan into action. He would continuously stare at Potter in classes and when the scarhead walked by him in the hall he would sheepishly skimpier away.

The best part of it all was the reactions that escaped Potter's body. In potions he could feel Draco's gaze on him like a the darkest cloud in a hurricane. The Boy-Who-Lived would blush, shake, and get sweaty as the beady grey eyes would pierce into what felt like his soul.

Draco also noticed how Potter would always blink at anytime he looked at the blonde. Three times he would do it.

Draco found it mildly hilarious as if the golden boy were trying to blink away the monster that kept him up at night.

He had dark circles under his eyes.

And Draco notice that as well.

The Slytherin walked down the empty hallway, "late" to potions as Potter always was. He stopped at the blind spot around the corner in which he waited for Potter to run to class. It wasn't two minutes until he heard hurried footsteps stomp down the corridor.

It was time for Phase Two.

When the footsteps grew nearer, Draco turned the corner and looked down just as the Savior was. He purposely walked straight into Potter and knocked him to the floor.

"Watch where you're going- Potter," he cried in a fake panic. As a reflex, Draco backed away to the opposite wall, scared out of his mind as to being in the same hallway as Potter.

"Malfoy," Potter replied sheepishly, also shimmying away to the opposite wall.

"W-what are yo- you- doing here?"

"N-nothing ju-just going to potions," he said, almost frightened.

At this Draco 'remembered' to apply his mask. "Well watch where you're going Potter, or I'll be not so friendly next time."

"Right," Harry said looking everywhere but in Draco's eyes.

At this point Draco had his prey in the palm of his hands.

"Why're you late anyway? Potty couldn't get away from his leachy girlfriend," Draco teased weakly, almost hiding his face as he got up and faced the window. For dramatic effect, he snifflied at just the right moment. "Isn't that why you're always late? You're with her aren't you?"

At this Harry looked him in the eye and began to shake his head nervously as he too stood and walked towards the stained glass onlooking the school grounds.

"No, I-I don't have one."

"Right. Surely the famous Harry Potter would have himself a partner," Draco swallowed, and then almost whispered, "You're everything anyone wants."
"No, no I'm not," Potter spoke with caution, afraid he was to be attacked.

"Yes you are." At this point Draco had found his way behind Harry and put his hand on his shoulders, leaning down to the shorter boy's ear. "You're perfect," Draco whispered.

Draco made sure to get a large whiff of Harry's scent: musk and a cucumber shampoo. He must have just taken a shower, it was early morning come to think of it. The smell wasn't too bad, and in fact, Draco kind of liked it. But he would never admit it to anyone- even his own thoughts.

Harry just stared off into the distance trying to conjure up something to respond with. His mind was fuzzy and he couldn't fathom a coherent sentence.

"I...get...I mean...please," Harry spat out.

"Please what," Draco spun Harry around to face him, "what do you need Harry? Need something, someone?"

Harry looked away but Draco pulled up his chin to ensure that they were looking each other in the eye. Then Draco started to slowly fill the footlong gap. He closed his lips and just stood there waiting with his lips parted.

Potter's color drained from his face and Draco could feel it through the darkness, for he was frozen in shock. He wanted- needed an escape, and was scared for his life when a voice came and interrupted them.

"Draco," could be heard from around the corner. It was Pansy, coming along according to plan. Draco's eyes shot open and he pushed Harry away in a split second as the girl rounded the corner.

"Don't you dare do that again, Potter! My father will hear about that," Draco yelled angrily as if the two were in a fight previously. The blonde's face pulled into a scowl. Harry just stood there, flabbergasted.

"Has Potty been giving you trouble, Draco?"

"Nothing I can't handle."

"Okay, come on let's sit together in potions!"

"Let's go. See you later, Potter," Draco said, hitting his shoulder and winking.

Draco and Pansy sauntered off together as if nothing had happened, until they turned into another empty corridor. From there, they went into a cupboard only to laugh hysterically about Potter's stunned reaction.

"Brilliant Pansy! Perfect timing! He won't even be able to come and talk to me because he'll be so scared that i'll make out with him!!" Pansy was on the floor while Draco sat against a shelf.

"Well, why not," Pansy spat out after five minutes of uncontrolled laughter.

"Why not what," Draco asked with a smug smile on his face.

'Why not kiss him?"

At this Draco's face dropped completely. All he could do I produce a vain stare. "Pansy, you cease to amuse me."
"I'm not kidding, Draco. If you really wan to mess with him..."

"No! Hell no! If I were to ever kiss Harry Potter I would pitch myself off the astronomy tower, joking or not. It's hard enough even getting closer than a foot to the obscurity," Draco ranted. "I was centimeters from his dorky glasses, let alone his lips, and I feel as though I should take two showers just to get his scent off of me. He smells horrid!"

And then there were footsteps.

"Shh! Be quiet," Pansy whispered sharply. They stood in the dark closet when the footsteps arrived and opened the door.

"What are you two doing in here? Having a snogging session are we? Hmmm shouldn't you two be in double potions with the Gryffindors? 4th years correct? Come with me," a Ravenclaw prefect stated.

"Where are we going," Pansy asked.

"To your class. Professor Snape will definitely not be happy. That's three students late for class."

"And who was the third person," Draco questioned. He received a glare from the older boy.

"Harry Potter, why are you asking?"

"Just simply wondering." Draco smirked and glared at Pansy as the Ravenclaw dragged the two away to potions.

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Harry stood there in shock. He was unable to register what had just happened.

'Draco Malfoy just tried to.....no no that's impossible- he hates me. But that day he said he had a crush...no it has to be a joke. It has to! But he closes his eyes and leaned! I was almost kissed by Draco Malfoy!

Harry continued in deep though in the same spot he was in until he heard footsteps. He looked up to see a Ravenclaw prefect.

"Shouldn't you be in class, Harry?"

"Right, sorry...it was just...just the Triwizard Tournament has been getting me down and all," Harry said trying cover the crack in his voice.

"Okay... I guess that's a somewhat solid reason- I won't take any points but I must assure you that you get to class as soon a possible. Professor Snape won't be pleased," the kind boy said sternly.

"T-thank you." The boy just smiled and continued running his routes down the same way that they went.

Harry hurriedly walked down the hallway made of stone and continued deep into the eerie dungeons. He was already 20 minutes late, however thankfully the prefect didn't deduct points, Harry and all of Gryffindor knew that Snape would.

After what seemed like millions of miles of walking, the Gyffindor made it to the potions classroom
and opened the door.

"Ahhh, Mr. Potter. So unfortunate you have come. What have you been doing? Nevermind I don't wish to hear it- I'm sure what ever explanation you have choreographed will presume as absolutely worthless and a sheer waste of my time. Twenty points from Gryffindor," Snape scowled. Hermione gave an apologetic look to his friend and went back to copying the recipe for a difficult potion, which Harry didn't care for.

The green eyed boy walked down to an empty table and grabbed his stuff when the door opened with a certain Ravenclaw and two sneaky Slytherins walked in. Snape's face turned almost purple from anger for yet another unnecessary reason.

"Professor Snape I found these two in a supply closet, skipping class."

"Yes, Ms. Parkinson and Mr. Malfoy, come in. What were they doing?"

"Snogging I suspect, I didn't see th-"

"We'll if you didn't see it then that explanation could be as true as them raising a Cornish Pixie to take over the world. 2 points from Slytherin. Now get out."

The Prefect obeyed and went back to running his normal routes with click on the door.

"As for you two- separate at once," Snape pointed and Harry clenched the end of the desk as his heart raced, "Ms. Parkinson with Mr. Nott and Mr. Malfoy, you will be paired with Potter."

His heart sank so far that he thought the organ would fall out of his shoe. Harry Potter, paired with the man who has hated but (possibly) secretly liked him for years, Draco Malfoy.

_Fan-bloody-tastic!_
Draco glanced at Pansy, giving her a wink, and then strolled next to Harry, biting his lip, and he took his seat. Draco could feel Harry tense up a bit, knowing that the obscure Slytherin attempted to kiss him, and now would have to sit by him because fate enjoyed to mess with him.

Snape sent everyone to get their supplies from the storage closet and pairs got to work. Ron and Hermione were put together, lucky them.

Throughout the class she gave Harry a sympathetic look or a shy smile, while Ron sat there and didn't even look up.

"What are we doing," the blonde asked innocently.

"I wouldn't know, thanks to you. I just got here," Harry spat. He awaited a snarl and a 'You were late anyway,' or a 'Not my problem,' but instead he got something he could have never expected.

"Oh, right...sorry," Draco mumbled.

"Did you just apologize to me," Potter looked up with wrinkled eyebrows, staring at him with wild eyes.

"Y-yeah," Draco stuttered, "I-I think so..." It felt weird, saying the word sorry; it was something Draco never did before.

"What? Malfoy, you've been acting all weird lately, why? Why on Earth are you apologizing?"

"You wouldn't care."

"If I didn't care I wouldn't have asked," Potter said.

"Right, perfect saint Potter always trying to save the day..."

"I'm not perfect and why won't you make eye contact with me? You always make eye contact with me!" It was something he'd noticed. Draco had always tried to size him up, and that meant eye contact.

There was a long pause and a swallow. After several moments of long thinking, Draco actually thought up a Phase: Phase 3.

"Meet me outside by the lake during dinner," he said closely to his ear so no one else could hear him, and Harry shivered at the closeness of their bodies and the hear of Draco's breath.

"I can't," Harry said after taking a breath of Draco's cologne, "I have to prepare for the tournament. All night, every night, up until the first task."

Draco pretended- and very damn well might I add- to be dissapointed. "You're sure?"

"Positive. Why?"

"I wanted to tell you something. Something private," Draco whispered. At this, Harry's face turned stone cold. He knew exactly what Malfoy had to tell him; he fancied him.

"Listen," Draco said in a rush as Snape got up from his desk to ridcule the works of each student,
"don't get hurt and I'll tell you after."
Harry swallowed, now having to worry what the future would bring with the tournament, and now with his biggest rival. He didn't know which one was worse.

The rest of the class was okay, Draco and Harry never talked. The only thing worth discussing was the ingredients that went in the potion.

"One rat tail" Draco would say and Harry would pass it.

"3 fairy wings." At this their hands touched and a feeling went though both of their bodies. A feeling that was the strangest, most bizarre, most magnetic and electric feeling either of them could ever comprehend.

"What was that?" The two said simultaneously when they snatched their hands away from another. From that moment forward neither chose to speak.

"Place your potion on my desk and you may go," Snape said in a monotone. The Slytherin and Gryffindor nearly sprinted to get away from each other and left without another word.

"What was that all about," Hermione asked as the raven haired boy caught up to them.

"N-nothing- I don't know, it was a strange class."

"Are you sure? You look a little pale. Maybe you should go to the hospital wing," she encouraged as Ron walked by.

"No, I'm fine," he sent daggers towards his jealous friend but continued on his way.

He wasn't fine, in fact, he was everything contradicting to fine.

"Let's go to the library, we need to research more," Hermione tried to pull Harry from his spot but he wouldn't move. He was in a concussion-like state. Two encounters with Malfoy and a double potions tired out his common sense.

"I feel like I need a nap," he said staring off at a brick on the floor.

"Come on! You only have a few days to prepare and I'm not going to carry you out of the tournament because you were too stupid to find a simple healing charm." She made a point.

The two headed towards the library, not knowing that Blaise and Pansy had been hiding behind a statue in the main dungeons hallway, listening to their whole conversation.

Looks like Draco was going to study in the library tonight.

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The sky had fallen. At this point the stars were shining brightly and the normally dancing grass was at rest. Harry had been sitting in what seemed a throne of books and Hermione had read them all, leaving Harry in the dust.

"I think I'm going to look up more on extreme hexes. You never know what could be out there, right Harry," Hermione suggested. Harry never responded, for he was pondering in a sea of nightmares. What if the worst thing he ever dreamed of appeared in this task? What if

Draco really did kiss him? What if- no.
'Harry snap out of it! You need to focus,' he thought before looking up to find Hermione gone. At last some peace and quiet for two seconds. Hermione was a great friend, but sometimes she wouldn't shut up, as if she thought her babbling through the notes would help anyone retain information.

Harry opened a book on protectant charms when the heavy door to the library opened. Harry didn't look up when he heard footsteps stop next to him, however he did stop all movement when he smelled sharp, heavy cologne. Malfoy's cologne.

And he stopped all breathing when a nible finger dragged itself across his arm, his eyes following a strutting Malfoy who sat two tables away from him.

Malfoy's features were relaxed with a smirk when he winked at Harry, and the Gryffindor glared at him, ready to speak, but Hermione strolled next to him and slammed her books in the desk. Harry didn't even greet her, but went back to his book, although he didn't even look at the words.

Sometimes, he would look up at Malfoy who was oh-so-calmly studying. Come to think of it, he wasn't a bad looking guy, actually quite handsome- ‘Harry you're doing it again!’

He tried to go back to his book, however, his concentration went out the window a long time ago.

"Harry, really, are you all right? Care to talk?"

"No-nothing I'm... I'm fine." But Hermione wasn't dumb. She could see right through him, "really," he tried to encourage but it ended up making the situation worse. Hermione raised an eyebrow.

"I'm just tired that's all," Harry put his head in his hands and rubbed his face.

"You look more frazzled, Harry."

"I'm sure if you were going into a tournament that wasn't even safe for people 3 years senior to you, you'd be a bit 'frazzled' too," Harry snapped.

Hermione melted into an apologetic state. "I'm sorry, Harry! I just keep forgetting and you're just taking it all in and you don't have anyone to support you. Your best friend is acting like a child, and I'm overloading you with studying, it's just I want you to be prepared," She admitted.

Harry felt terrible and gave her a long hug.

Draco felt terrible as well. How come the mudblood gets a hug from Potter and he doesn't? That wasn't fair!

He was the one creating a plan that may as well get him killed by his father. He was the one pretending to have a crush on him, and all she has to do is slam the books on top of a desk, complain about her girl feelings, and she gets to have Potter's hands wrapped around her.

Oh god, he must be tired. Draco would never- could never say that if he was sleep sober. He put on a painless mask of jealousy, which normally would have taken much more effort as he could conjure up.

Harry could feel the blonde's gaze fixed on him as he failed to read a piece of text from a book on albino cobras.
Draco saw the title of the literature that Harry was reading. This gave him an idea. It only had to be put into action when the mudblood left.

Draco grew impatient because the weasel-lover refused to leave, until Harry asked her to get another book on fairies. It was time for the albino cobra to stalk his prey.

The slytherin stood and strolled, putting his book back in the shelf behind Potter. He saw him tense and his smirk couldn't get any larger.
Draco kneeled behind Potter and placed a hand on his shoulder, causing the boy to freeze.

"You know," he said in a dark, heated voice, "what they say about albino cobras, Potter?"

The Gryffindor swallowed.

"The have a hard bite," Draco smirked, his lingering hand rubbing his shoulder before releasing and sauntering to the side of the table to face Potter. The boy looked like he was going to puke, and Draco guessed he would telling by the time it took him to get out of the library.
Draco stood there with a smirk on his face. Hermione came back with at least six more books in hand and dropped them on what was left of the table.

"Where's Harry," she asked with a confused but suspicious face.

"I don't know, but you should go brush your hair, or maybe even shower-"

"Where's Harry? What did you do to him?"

"Well let's just say.... I gave him some factual information. Important things he should know."

"And?"

"And what?"

"What did he do," she clenched.

"Ran off like a two year old. You know he shouldn't be in this tournament to begin with. Can't believe he is so full of himself to enter, but of course the universe is in his favor as always and he gets the pleasure of being able to compete."

"He's not full of himself. He doesn't want any of this! He hates it and he hates you," Hermione said sorting through books. Draco was silent. He only lingered on one phrase: you.

"He hates me?" He didn't realize what he was saying as it rolled off his tongue. He didn't mean to make it sound so hurt. Hermione looked up at this but didn't analyze the tone enough and thankfully for Draco, she didn't recognize how hurt he looked.

"Of course he does. You're nothing but a pest. If I were you, I'd give him a break. Leave him alone, you have no idea what you're getting into."

Draco stood there, shocked at her outburst. It surprised him, Granger standing up for herself.

The mudblood walked away from the library, probably to comfort Potter.

Draco was even more shocked on what she said. Harry didn't truly hate him did he?

But one statement surrounded his mind. You don't know what you're getting into.
And indeed he didn't.
The First Task

The last few days before the tournament went by too fast, and Harry found himself agitated as it approached, and he balled his hand into a fist.

He only sneaked in and out of the library at night in his invisibility cloak, whether or not Draco was to be around the area. The encounters with him were making Harry unstable, especially under his unique circumstances.

Everything seemed such a big deal and it didn't hit him until the morning of the task, that he was to face a dragon. Thankfully Hagrid had told Harry about the beasts or he wouldn't of known anything about them.

Harry sat down next to Hermione, for about 10 minutes until Dumbledore stole him away to get ready for the suicide mission. They walked down the Great Hall together, stares locking on them, and turned out the door.

"Harry, go and clean up a bit and then meet me back here. I've laid out your clothes for you. They're on your bed," Dumbledore said.

"Nervous?"

Harry just nodded, obeying the headmaster and heading towards the common room. He walked up the stairs briskly, dreading every step, and changed into his new uniform for the tournament. He sat on the bed and took deep breaths, hoping it would slow time down but time stops for no one, not even the Boy-Who-Lived.

Walking back down, much slower than before, he just ignored the stares and looked at his sneakers before they collided with someone else's black dress shoes. He knew those shoes. They were the footwear to someone Harry want the least in the world to see. Malfoy.

Both boys were silent for a moment before the Gryffindor turned to walk away.

"Wait," Draco shouted almost too fast for himself to comprehend. Harry just paused and stared at the blonde for what seemed like centuries. This way he could examine Draco's features. They were tense: his eye brows furrowed, his lips turned in, and his eyes shrunk and small. They were a stunning silver, his eyes, and could melt even the coldest of chocolate, and Harry found himself turning to cocoa.

"I hope you don't die in this tournament."

"What?" Harry didn't know what the Slytherin just said from the way the words slipped off of his tongue faster than a fairy's wings flapped- plus the fact that he was lost in the his eyes.

Draco looked stressed. Harry didn't know if it was because of his supposed crush, or because he was just reacting straight up stupid to his words.

"I said," he took a breath, and he bit," I hope you don't die in this tournament. Clear enough for you?"

"Errrrmm thanks I guess," Harry stated flabbergasted."Er- Malfoy, what's going on with you?"
Malfoy bit his lip, and then suddenly walked away, and Harry never thought he would love to see the day that Draco Malfoy would care about him, even though it just made everything more stressful and confusing. It did however seem to take a bit of edge off of the over view of the tournament.

There was life before it. There was life during it. And there was life after it.

It was the latter he had to worry about.

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"Time for our champions to face the dragon!"

The crowd bellowed unbearably loud as Draco sat down next to Pansy, Blaise, Crabbe, and Goyle to watch the first task. They were in a section filled with Victor Krum posters and signs, cheering on the Bulgarian. They talked and cheered until it was Harry's time to catch the egg.

"How long do you suspect he will stay alive?" Blaise asked.

"Less than 5 minutes I hope," Pansy smirked. Crabbe and Goyle agreed at 8 minutes.

"I suspect he will be in there for about 13, he's not that stupid." Just then, the contestant was whacked on the shoulder. "Make that 10 at most," Blaise laughed.

"And you, Draco?" Pansy asked.

"Put me down for the whole thing. I think he'll get the egg. He's Potter. He has luck seeping through his blood stream." At this time Potter seemed to have somehow gotten his broom, whoever allowed that, and was flying around the stadium.

"If he wins you have to go on a date with him!" Pansy said. Draco just rolled his eyes and said fine.

"What is that Draco? No grunt, No anger? You usually do when we plan another encounter. You'd think he is actually starting to like Potter," Blaise laughed. Draco's eyes turned to daggers.

"You try hanging around with the Gryffindork for a while," Draco started, but was cut off.

"So you're saying you really do like him," Pansy teased. This time Draco shot swords into Pansy.

"No, I do not care about the stupid prat!" Harry flew above the crowd and soared towards the castle; the dragon broke free, chasing the boy with his fiery fumes.

Draco flinched.

"Still don't care about him huh? He could be killed!"

"Then let him," Draco stated coldly.

He looked away knowing that one glance would ruin break his cool mask, for a by hint of worry consumed him.

It wasn't until 10 minutes when Harry flew past again, catching the golden egg, just as Draco had predicted.

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Harry was in the infirmary for a few days so his shoulder could heal. He received visits from friends and a letter from Sirius Black, his godfather, congratulating him. Ron and he made up, thankfully. He was free to go when Madam Pompfrey gave him his last potion, and scolded him not to do anything stupid so it could heal properly.
He stalked out of the Hospital Wing with his head held high, and pride rushing through his viens. He had actually won! Nothing could rain on his parade, that is until, of course, he literally ran into a ferret.

"We have got to stop greeting each other like this," Harry yelped, grasping his shoulder. "What is it, Malfoy? Come to make fun of my incorrect use of a broom and rant how that isn't allowed." Harry had forgotten about Malfoy completely, and how he had been acting lately.

"Why is your arm still hurt?"

"It's sore," Harry scoffed. "That might happen when one is hit by a dragon. Go ahead, laugh, shove me, make it worse."

"No, I'm not here to hurt you," Draco said, almost annoyed, "I just wanted to congratulate you. And er- erm... I was wondering if... you wanted to come down to the lake, Friday, during dinner," he said sheepishly.

"Like... like a date," Harry questioned.

"You don't have to if you don't want to," Draco swallowed. Harry just stared at him, eyes wide.

"What are you playing at," he asked.

Draco turned and started to walk way. "S-sorry I bothered you."

Harry didn't want to but his curiosity got the best of him. He grasped Draco's arm as he started to walk away. "Okay, fine, I'll do it."
"PANSY!"

Footsteps paraded through the Slytherin bedroom hallway. "What?" She rushed into the room to see an angry Draco staring down at the clothes that she had picked out for his date with Potter.

"There is no way in hell I'm wearing this!" Draco looked at the two pairs of clothing that was splayed across his bed. There was a fancy suit made of the finest of silk. "Potter is... he's barerical! And that's my nicest suit! You think I'm going to want to impress him?"

"Well try the other one," Pansy rolled her eyes, realizing it wasn't an emergency. On the other hand, there was a grey t-shirt and a pair of ripped jeans.

"Where did you even get that?" Draco gagged and pointed at the audacity of the sloppy clothing.

"I just wanted a place to start," Pansy shouted.

"A place to start? Potter will think I'm some muggle and that I have no class and he will think I'm-"

"Why do you even care what he thinks, Draco? It's a fake date."

"It's not Potter I'm worried about, It's my pride. I want to represent myself with elegance. And for the record I don't give two bollocks on what he thinks."

Pansy just pointed to the second ensemble. Draco just stared at the clothing with a mocking face.

"You honestly think that wearing the most expensive thing I have is going to impress Potter? Are you mental? He's going to feel terrible! He's a peasant and I'm a heir! You do know if my father ever heard about this, I would be slaughtered." His voice cracked at the end of that statement.

"Oh please, he won't find out," she leant her hip against the doorframe. Pansy just continued to stare at him as if she was a moron. It gave Draco an uncomfortable pit in his stomach and Draco really doesn't like feeling uncomfortable. Eventually the anger began to knaw at him until he snapped in half.

"What" he snapped. She just rolled her eyes and smirked until she broke out into a few giggles.

"You're over thinking it. You need to think like a girl." She said simply. Draco just looked at her as if she was an insane.

"Wouldn't thinking like a girl make things worse?"

"Not in this case."

Draco almost laughed.

"I'm serious," she took the silence as a need of explanation, "What would you do if you had two pairs of clothing: one too fancy, one too sloppy, and needed to form them into a casual attire?"

He continued to stare but his face lightened up a bit. Knowing she had a plan was always comforting. Again with the lack of speech, she answered for him.

"Are you not a wizard? Think for Merlin's sake."
"Pansy, I'm a boy!"

"A girly boy!"

He scoffed and she took the silence as a 'I'm dumb, please explain this to me,' moment.

"You morph them together!"

"Excellent... Pansy how do we do that without ruining both? I'm not going to destroy my best piece of clothing for that insolent goof-face, Potter"

"Oh stop putting your knickers in a twist." She turned to the bed and began mumbling words that he didn't recognize. It wasn't a few seconds before the two horrific choices were morphed into one classy outfit.

The top was a green, long sleeved dress shirt with cuffs at the end. Draco found that a little dressy for the occasion but it would have to. Better than a t-shirt that's for sure. The pants were a deep grey which was very classy, but casual and really tied the whole thing together.

"Pansy! It's perfect!" He said thinking he was going on an amazing date with a beautiful girl, but then reality hit and he was being set up with the scar-headed golden boy.

"Thank you very much. Now you need to supply food. You're the man in the relationship so you should always pay and always take care of him. I knew you were too selfish to do that so I got a picnic basket for you an-"

"Pansy! What the hell? Man in the relationship? This isn't real. I don't care about him. I'm just doing this to make you and everybody laugh at the embarrassment when this is all over. And when I get a wife I will treat her as a queen and we will live happily ever after. Do you really think I'm that selfish?" His confidence turned into almost hurt.

"No of course not. For Potter you are. You need to make everything believable. Sit closer to him. Brush his hand once or twice. Hug him goodbye!"

"Hug him goodbye? Hug him goodbye! Am I a Hufflepuff, Pansy! Have you no sense of Gryffindor-Slytherin Rivalry?"

"If you had any sense of rivalry, you wouldn't be going on a date with "Harry-King-Of-Gryffindor-Head-Lion- Potter."

"This is different," Draco scoffed, "This is screwing with Gryffindors. It's not dating if it's fake."

"But it should seem real!"

"Pansy, I know."

"Maybe you should hold hands or perhaps-"

"Don't you dare suggest kissing him. That's out of the question," he bit. He let out a shaky breath at the nervous thought of even touching his hand let alone hugging him goodbye. "My first kiss will not be with Saint Potter."

She gestured him to sit down by the vanity so she could magically set each strand of blonde hair into the most flawless place.

"Would you relax, it won't be. This trick won't even get that far. It's not like he's going to be head
over hears, ask to marry you and envision you two living together," she said, brushing his locks with her fingers as Draco gagged, "It's just enough to hurt. Besides, why do you even care about your first kiss?"

"Because," Draco started, not really knowing where he was going with it, "it's... I don't know... it's your first one. It has to be perfect or else you're pride is damaged..."

"I very much doubt that," Pansy stroked his hair. "Just don't worry about that yet, and worry about Potter. You need to remember that you two are on a date and that you fancy him, and you need to hint at it. I'm not saying to press every inch of your body together and grope him. Just your arms and chest. Go for five seconds. That's five seconds. You can survive that! Try not to be such a prat. Listen to him. Understand him. Make him fall for you. Understand?"

She finished with a flick of her wand and his hair was perfect. He went into the bathroom to change and came out looking stunning. Any girl would faint at his standing point but no, he had to be with stupid Potter.
Pansy looked at him in one glance and smirked.

"Excellent. Now remember! Make contact with him......" And she explained what else she choreographed for Draco to do while she pushed him out the door and escorted him down to the lake where she would view from afar behind a tree. She helped him set up the blanket and the basket from the picnic. When Potter came she ran behind an elder oak and whispered one last reminder to Draco: body contact.

All he did was roll his eyes and await the hell that was about to greet him.

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Harry stood staring at his wardrobe which didn't consist of much. An overgrown pair of jeans from Dudley, a plaid shirt two sizes senior to his own, a stained blue t-shirt, and a pair of old sweats, also Dudley's. Other than his school robes he owned nothing decent.

How was he supposed to go meet Malfoy wearing any of that? And why should he care?
"Hermione," he called from the boys dormitory. He was alone for everyone went to get an early spot for dinner to chat with friends and gossip about the tournament. Hermione stayed back to study for a test in herbology and would eventually catch up with her pals when the main course began.

It wasn't long before he heard footsteps coming up the stairs and a big bushy haired girl walked in looking in need of a rest.

"What is it Harry?"

"If you were to say... erm.. go out with a friend, like a guy friend...what would you want your friend to wear? You personally."

"You have a date don't you!" Harry blushed and turned away from her. " Well go on, spill!"

"I have a friend- well, sort of friend, and h-she wanted to go out tonight and I was wondering what I should wear to erm... impress her...I guess," He said with uncertainty. He really didn't have a clue why he was going out with Malfoy and to be honest, he didn't know why he was not in a state of panic. Malfoy's trouble.

But then again, Harry always finds himself in trouble.
"Well I say we should shrink your clothes to make them fit you tightly. But not too tightly, but snug. And you need to gel your hair!"

"And where am I supposed to find this gel," he asked cluelessly. She rummaged through her trunk and found a tiny jar with blue goo trapped inside with a lid.

She threw it at him and he caught it easily. "Brilliant! Why do you have that anyway?"

"The Yule Ball of course! I knew one of you would be needing it, and hopefully this'll help you get a date. Who is she?"

Harry just avoided the question. How was he supposed to explain to her that he's going down to the lake to meet Draco Malfoy of all people. Instead he asked how to properly use the sticky substance. She just guided her hand into the bathroom where she could see the front of Harry's head though the mirror and began applying it.

It took a mere 20 minutes and he finally got his hair in place. It looked perfectly messy and could arouse any girl walking past but he had to waste it on Malfoy.

When he walked out of the bathroom his plaid flannel was smaller and a blue tshirt had somehow been cleaned, no stains to be found. His jeans were also small and had all holes filled with the exact denim that they were constructed of.

Hermione went into the common room to pack her stuff so Harry got a chance to change. Everything fit wonderfully and looked and smelled clean as well. He took one last look around his room and noticed his Firebolt under the bed in which he slept. He decided to take it in case he needed a quick get away.

Harry walked down the stairs only to give Hermione a great big bear hug and to say thank you.

"Tell me every detail!"

"If all goes well, I will," He smiled and gave her another hug. Then he walked down to the lake to see a blonde head standing facing the forest near the lake. Harry decided to hide his broom so that if things were to go wrong, only he could grab it. Besides, he wouldn't want to be knocked out by his own broom whacking him upside the head.

He threw the stick down and walked towards the hell that awaited him.

"You actually showed up," Harry said nervously, biting his lip. Draco did look rather ravishing with his emerald shirt that hugged him ever so perfectly. His pants were also lovely embracing every curve the boy held. Harry tried not to let that throw him off, and he felt his wand in his pocket, ready to draw it for any hexes coming his way.

"I invited you didn't I," Draco said smoothly.

"You also invited me at a dule in first year but I ended up being caught while you didn't show up," Harry bit. Draco expected what he saw but didn't really mind because Harry pulled it off so well.

"Oh.. right," Draco looked at the floor," I.. I was a prat. I'm sorry about that."

"I don't mean to be rude or anything but why are we here, and why are you apologizing for being a prat? You love being a prat, hell, you love being a prat to me?"

"I... I don't have an answer for you... I don't," Draco gulped, "I don't really know why. I can't explain it," he looked off into the lake. "We've grown, times have changed. We have," he put his
hands in his pockets and bit his lip.

Harry eyed him silently and took a deep breath. "Where are we going? Will anyone be able to see us?"

"Just over there and no we won't be seen," Draco was taken aback. "Why? You don't trust me?"

"You've never given me a reason to."

"Listen Potter, I know you aren't ecstatic to be with me and all but I would rather not get caught. The punishments would be intolerable."

"What do you mean by punishments? You aren't going to hex me are you?" He stepped back a little farther, ready to make a run for it.

"Oh. You're nervous about me cursing you. Fine, if it makes you that more comfortable," he reached into his pocket, "take my wand." He crooked his face to one side. It was nice have the knowledge that Harry Potter was afraid of him.

"What?"

"You heard me, take it!" Harry eyed him before taking the wand.

"Come on, lets go." Draco said holding out his arm. But Harry just stared at it., eyes wide. He was didn't know what was scarier: Draco giving him his own wand, or Draco actually being somewhat tolerable to him.

"Go on I'm not going to bite. This is a real date. I promise." But that was a lie. It was planned, a joke, complete hi-jinks.

Harry finally took his arm and it felt so comfortable to do so. It was firm, but soft, and he could smell Draco's cologne easily. It was like they were a perfect fit, it felt so comfortable, in fact it felt extremely comfortable, as if he belonged attached to it forever.

Harry grew jealous of the way that Draco walked. He seemed to float whilst Harry stepped like a baboon.

Harry turned to look at him only to receive a charming smile and Harry drunk in the appearance of Draco's relaxed face. He was genuinely handsome as his features weren't pointed as they were when he was in his continuous smirk. No, they were definitely softened that's for sure.

Draco's forehead ratioed utterly with the rest of his face. His eye brows were trimmed but Harry couldn't speculate any sign of if he got them waxed or plucked or anything that would result as stunning as that. Next Harry moved to his nose, which was not as pointed as it was when he was sneering at other students.

Finally his eyes. They were a sea of silver not disrupted by anything but the black circle staring right back at him.

But then the petal pink lips that Harry purposely tried to avoid was his new target. All he could do is look into the gorgeously designed structure of his lips. But they continued to move and Harry couldn't hear anything.

Harry concluded he was purely pristine, goregous, beautiful, and just stared and stared and stared until *snap*

Draco flicked his fingers together again and Harry was out of the trance.
"Having a problem, Potter," he smirked. Harry just turned red and looked anywhere but into his eyes. But it was a difficult task because they were so close. "We're here."

Harry looked down to see a green blanket and a dark wooded basket along the edge of the water. He released and sat down across from Draco.

The blonde pulled out two sandwiches and some pumpkin pastes. Along with some water and a rose, it was surprising for both boys. The two ate in uncomfortable silence. They looked off into the distance admiring the beauty of the place.

It wasn't until Draco picked up a tart when Harry asked a question.

"Why did you ask me out on a date?" Curiosity dripped from the words.

"Well, erm I wanted to get to know the real you. Not the Harry Potter that everyone says they know." Draco looked away, a smirking, He was proud he thought of something so deep.

"Oh," Harry said awkwardly, "Wow...that's never happened to me before." He lay on his arms and splayed his legs from the criss cross position he had them in before.

"Really?" At this Draco was more interested in. "You don't you like the attention?"

"No of course I don't! It's the same reason why you wanted to see me tonight. No one cares about me, they just care about Harry Potter, the Boy Who Lived, the one who defeated Voldemort too many times."

"You aren't afraid to say his name?"

"No I'm not." Harry said matter-o-factly. There was a small silence different from before. It lay heavy on Draco's chest that maybe Potter wasn't a show off git.

"So what did you do before Hogwarts?" Draco's genuine curiosity was biting at him.

"I lived with my aunt and uncle but that's even worse than Voldemort to be quite honest to you." Draco looked baffled. Harry continued,

"My uncle aunt and cousin... They aren't the best. Let's just put it that way."

"How so?" Draco finally turned to him meeting the other boy's eye.

"They...they hate magic," Harry stated.

"Hate magic! What kind of wizards are they?"

"That's the thing: they aren't. They're muggles."

"Oh."

"They thought it was wierd, in fact they like being muggles."

"Who could ever like being a muggle," Draco asked, although he didn't mean to say it as snobbish as he meant it. They both looked away for a second to admire the sunset. It had to of been 6 or 7 o' clock.

"Huh, that's wierd," Harry said more to himself.
"What?"

"It's just, no one has ever asked about my family besides my parents, you know. No one has ever wanted to know." Draco was silent. "So enough about me. What about you?"

"Well, I mean there isn't much to tell."

"Oh come on there has to be something!" Harry sat up and faced Draco now, and Draco copied.

"Well I was born into a pure blooded fami-" he stopped because a pile of leaves were thrown at him.

"What was that for?" He broke out into something that wasn't a smirk, something so foreign to him, while Harry laughed. The laugh coming from Harry's throat was like Angels singing to Draco's ears. There wasn't anything in the world that would make that note more beautiful.

"Well first of all I know that, second of all I don't care, and third of all boring," Harry said, amused. Draco's mouth hung open. "Oh come on, Malfoy, get a little personal. What did you do as a pass time?" Harry scooted a few more inches to Draco, and Draco didn't seem to mind.

"Well, I liked to read."

"Okay go back to your family history that's even worse!"

"Ha-ha, funny. Think you're so clever, Potter! But seriously I only read. That's all my family allowed me to do, besides practice Quidditch. Are you happy now? I have my hobbies and my family history wrapped into one statement."

"Yes I am. So, done with the boring stuff," Harry got enthusiastic, "who is your favorite seeker?"

"You." Harry blushed a little but saw through the lie.

"I'm flattered and all but seriously who?"

"You! And in second, Victor Krum."

"There is no way I could ever beat Krum!"

"I believe you can," Draco lied, and lied well.

"No way!

"Yes way!"

A bug flew up Harry's nose causing him to sneeze. His round glasses flew off of him and into the grass beside him.

"Where are my glasses? I can't see!"

"Hold on, I've got them."

They were in between Harry'a arm and Harry's thigh on his left side in the grass. Draco reached over, not giving a second thought to it and grabbed the spectacles, brushing his hand in the process. The same feeling went through them as they touched, causing them both to freeze all over.

"Did you erm... Did you get them?" Harry's voice cracked.

"Yeah, yeah I did." Draco swallowed and put on Harry's glasses, only to be drown into the ocean of
emerald. Harry inhabited the most beautiful irises in the world. Not only were there green, but also microscopic speckles of brown and yellow, only to be seen when up close. Harry was lost in Draco's eyes as well when suddenly a crack came from the forest. They both turned their heads towards the group of trees but Draco nervously covered it up.

"Probably just the wind," he said, and Harry turned back to Draco. It would be horrific for the plan to end now. Things were going so well.

"I didn't know your eyes were green."

"Erm, yeah, they have been since I was born," Harry bit his lip awkwardly. Draco snorted.

"Since you're so into flying, why don't we go on my broom, I um... Brought it with me."

"S-sure," he hesitantly said.

They walked up to the tree in which held Harry's firebolt.

Harry swung his legs over the front part, leaving room for Draco by the tail.

"Well come on then!" Draco was still standing 3 yards away from the broom. "Yes I only got one broom, I'm not that rich. Now hop on!"

Draco obeyed and swung a leg around the tail.

"Um, Draco, you're going to have to hold on to me if you don't want to fall off."

"Right... Wait you just called me Draco!"

"That's your name isn't it?"

Draco bit his lip to keep from.. what ever they called it that wasn't smirking. Harry kicked off the ground and went straight upward at a 70 degree angle. All either of them could hear was Draco's screams jumping from his mouth as Harry flew upside down and did a barrel roll. Harry continued to go faster and did a loop-de-loop then he too started to shout. Draco held on tighter Harry and it felt so right to; he didn't care what direction he went in for he knew he was safe in Harry's grasp.

All of a sudden Harry flew upwards at a 90 degree angle and the woo's coming from Draco's mouth were now penetrating shrieks replaced by the wind. They went so high that if they looked down they could see the tip of the top of the highest tower.

It seemed like miles until they stopped. And Draco understood why. The sun had almost set, only the very tip was visible and stars had come out. They were above the clouds.

"This is incredible, Potter," Draco exclaimed, resting his head on Harry's shoulder. Harry tipped his head so that his neck formed to Draco's skull. His hair was so soft and smelled like wind and a small scent of cucumber.

The sun had just set behind the earth and darkness surrounded the boys, what felt like hours later, when they decided to head back down.

"Ready," Harry broke the silence.

All he felt was the head move forward and back once on his shoulder and he took off. It wasn't until they were halfway down until Draco realized what he was doing. He lifted his head off of Harry only leaving him wanting to stay there.

'Draco, you idiot! You are supposed to make him fall for you not the other way around! And what man are you? He's taking you on a broomstick ride and you're just sitting on the back like a lost
puppy! You're the man in the relation- WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?'

They finally reached the ground and jumped off the broom.

"Thank you, Potter," Draco put his mask on again, the objective in sight, "It was um.. It was fun!"

"Thanks! I had a wonderful time! We should do this again," Harry smiled, and Draco found he didn't mind his smile.

"I agree," Draco nodded. Harry started to walk away but then turned around. "I forgot to give you your wand," he said still smiling like an idiot. He reached into his pocket to find the wand that belonged to the Slytherin.

Draco dipped his head as Harry headed towards the castle, but Draco stopped him by grabbing his arm. 'Hug him!' Pansy shouted in his brain. He spun Harry around and wrapped his arms around him only so that their chests were touching. Harry didn't react at first but then slapped his arm around Draco as well. It felt.... weird.

The blonde mentally counted 1...2...3...4...5 and he released.

Harry pulled back also and looked into Draco's silver irises. They started walking up to the castle together.

"When would you like to do this again," Harry asked.

"Oh- erm.. I'm fine with whenever you're free. I can make time."

All Harry did was smile. They reached the castle doors.

"I'll owl you. Good night, Draco."

"Don't you dare call me that in front of anyone or I swear I'll hex you, prat. Goodnight Potter."

"Goodnight, Malfoy" he emphasized the name.

And the both walked separate ways, both smiling like idiots, that is until Draco turned the corner and his genuine smile turned into an evil smirk, satisfied with how easy this was to be.
The next morning Harry walked into the great hall with a bright eyes shining. He had a microscopic upward twist on his lips. He couldn't quite pinpoint why he enjoyed Draco's company the previous night. They just had a conversation and then went flying. It was a simple outing and could be done with any girl and probably would have had the same reaction on Harry's part.

Harry sat down in his usual spot at the Gryffindor table, next to Ron and Hermione. Thankfully Ron and him made up after the first task when he came to his senses. He immediately shoveled scrambled eggs onto his plate with a piece of bacon and a slice of toast. Ron was already finished and slurping in his pumpkin juice while Hermione was chewing on a sausage.

"Good morning Harry," Hermione said as she wiped her mouth from stray crumbs. She received a very cheerful smile back with a good morning along with it.

"Oi, mate, what's got you all smiley this morning?" Ron said.

"It was his date last night," Hermione interrupted.

"Shh," Harry scolded. "May as well announce it to the entire Hall why don't you?" He really didn't have a cover story for the date with Draco, so he just played it off as he came up with fairy tales of the perfect girl.

"What date? How come he didn't tell me he had a date? With who," Ron pushed, feeling left out.

"It wasn't a date," Harry argued, "I was seeing whether or not I liked the girl and I kinda did."

"Kinda," Ron questioned, sipping on his pumpkin juice.

"Well... she surprised me."

"Well who is it then?" Hermione was practically begging.

"I'm not saying yet," Harry smiled to himself and continued eating. He heard a groan coming from his friend's mouths.

"And how was your night," he asked the two of them.

"Well, we-" Ron was interrupted by owls flying through the great hall to deliver mail. Everywhere you looked, children's eyes would light up whether it be a copy of the Daily Prophet or a letter from a loved one.

Something out of the ordinary occurred. A tawny school owl dropped off a small piece of parchment onto Harry's plate, then flew away as quickly as it came. Harry examined the piece of paper as unrecognizable. The color was darker and looked extremely durable. Harry unfolded the note to see extremely neat handwriting. It was signed in emerald ink and was scripted in the purest of cursive Harry had ever laid eyes on.

Same time same place. Bring a broom.

D.

Before anyone could read it, Harry shoved it in his robe pocket, and he thanked Godric everyone was preoccupied with a hideous pair if dress robes Ron got in the mail. Hermione received her usual
copy of the Prophet. Articles aligned in black and white displayed gossip of the tournament with the front page an article of Harry. The picture above the writing was Hermione and himself embracing and tearing apart right before the first task. He knew this wouldn't be good. Hermione's answer on the subject was just 'rubbish" and she moved on skimming story's and texts alike.

Harry couldn't keep himself from looking up at Draco wondering if he has seen the article. Draco felt his stares and looked up with his eyes close to watering and the Gryffindor felt his heart hurt. Dismay engulfed his features.

Harry mouthed "tonight" and gave him an apologetic look. Draco bit his lip and finally agreed looking sheepishly back to his food before pushing it away, leaving with Pansy. Of course this would upset him. Draco fancied him very much and Harry knew that. He couldn't be taking it well.

Draco headed down to breakfast in a wonderful mood. His plan was going perfectly and Harry was failing for him.

The Slytherin took a seat next to Pansy and Blaise as usual, Crabbe and Goyle across from them.

"How did the date go?" Crabbe asked. Draco smirked and looked at Harry who was reading the note he sent him.

"Let's just say, he's wrapped around my finger and his grip is slipping. It's won't be soon until he's falling."

"Don't you think things are going a little fast," Pansy asked, " I mean, you've only been on one date and if you say it's going this well, maybe he used to have a crush on you."

"You think?" Blaise questioned.

"It's possible."

"No," Draco said, "I think that he just has so much 'love' in him that he needs to show it towards something... well, someone."

"That was deep. I didn't know you were capable of such an emotional thinking process" Blaise teased.

"Oh shut it, Blaise," Pansy ordered, "Wait, here's another opportunity! Draco take the prophet and act like you're reading it."

"What why?" Draco looked through a stack of papers for the newspaper.

"Look at the front page," she said as he flipped it open. It was a picture of the mudblood and Potter hugging. At The first glimpse Draco understood, raised an eyebrow, smirked, and then changed his face to one of despair. He thought of something to make his eyes water and then looked up to Potter.

He pretended to be accepting to Harry and then got up to leave with his best friend arm in arm. Pansy, thankfully, was an excellent actress and asked if Draco was okay as they turned the corner out of the Great Hall.

The two Slytherins laughed and strolled their way to Herbology.

"See you at the lake, Potter."
The day went by dreadfully for Harry. He was in Ancient Runes, a terribly boring class, but the professor didn't care if his students payed attention or not. He just went through the motions while the class zoned out.

The guilt was eating at him. Even though he and Draco weren't and 'item', Harry felt terrible for hurting him. Wait... did he not cringe at the thought of them being an 'item'?

Harry used to see Draco as an enemy. The enemy.

But now he's had a true conversation with the boy, and it seemed like he really connected with Draco. He never felt so comfortable with Ron or Hermione.

Plus Draco was handsome, that was a bonus.

The more and more he thought about Draco and that single solitary conversation, and the way he walked, and the way he talked, and how his arm felt, and his skin, the more Harry wanted to be with him.

Could he be falling for the Slytherin?

"Draco, hi" Harry said, almost breathlessly when he came running down a hill towards the lake, carrying his broom.

The blonde turned around. "Potter," He said falsely dismayed, but Harry didn't notice.

"Listen, I know the article said a bunch false accusations, but it was a fake I swear. Me and Hermione- we're just friends. Stupid Skeeter just caught us in the right moment." The amount of butterflies in his stomach were unbearable as he choose his words carefully. Draco's hard face relaxed a bit before he set out a smirk.

"Good, I'm happy you told me. I thought you didn't want to come tonight."

"No! I did- I mean I do.. I mean.. I'm here," he stuttered.

"I'm glad you are," Draco snorted at the initial audacity of his stuttering. Harry smiled, as if a large weight was lifted off of his chest. Draco held out his arm once again, just as he did the night before, and Harry took it.

They walked to a small spot right next to the water. Harry looked into Draco's pools of silver once more, begin captured within them. He was so out of it that he didn't notice the branch that was right in front of him and he jammed his foot into it taking him and Draco both down. They tumbled down the rest of the hill and Harry was on top of Draco.

Harry's deep breathing caused his chest to bob up and down and he smiled, still splayed a top of Draco. He found himself lost in Draco's eyes again. They were particularly breath-taking when the sun hit them a certain way, as they were now. "S-sorry."

And then he looked at Draco's lips and felt the urge to lean down, so he did but stopped when Draco stopped him.
"Umm Potter, do you mind getting off of me?" Draco wanted to be anywhere but where he was, in fact he wished he was being tortured by Lord Voldemort himself.

Harry's face changed from a blank expression to one filled with confusion.

"What?" Draco asked, his voice cracking. He swore he'd never been more uncomfortable in his life.

"Your.. Your eyes. They're a different shade than normal."

"What? That's not possible!" Draco shoved Harry off of him as fast as he could. He must have been seeing fear. That's why his eyes changed..right? It definitely couldn't be because of the non exist any crush on Harry. Fear. That's what Draco told himself.

"Hey what was that for," Harry asked, wiping leaves from his body..

"Sorry, I..I wasn't thinking."

"What do you mean that's not possible?"

"Hmm?"

"Your eyes."

"I didn't say anything! What are you talking about," Draco tried to sound cool but it wasn't covering up very well.

"You said that it wasn't possible to change color in your eyes."

"Yeah... right, just forget it." Draco got up and grabbed his broom and a snitch that he brought along. "Ready to play?"

"We haven't eaten yet!"

"We can eat later, come on!" Draco kicked off from the ground and flew over the lake. He just really want to be away from Harry right now, (or Harry's body rather) so the only way to do that is if they couldn't touch each other.

Harry grabbed his firebolt and kicked off meeting Draco in the sky, leaving the confusion behind.

"Lumos," Draco shouted, "There, now no matter what time it is, we can see the snitch."

"Good idea," Harry said.

"Whoever catches it first wins"

"I know how to play, Malfoy."

"Good, then play!"

"Come on then!"

The blonde took the que to release the snitch. They played for what seemed hours, and it was well past dark when the boys got tired enough to stop. The whole time they were laughing and calling each other names as a tease for the other to step up the competition. They were both covered in sweat when they landed and didn't feel the need to eat in the dark.
"Thank you, Draco! It was fantastic."

"No, thank you, Potter! I had a brilliant time."

"Everything's a competition with you! The pleasure is mine," Harry laughed, bumping into him as they walked. Draco smirked as he did so, then was quiet for a while. "When can we see each other again," Harry interrupted the sweet, sweet silence. "I have dancing lessons every day now and I won't have time to meet up with you." Draco's face went into a disappointment mask, but inside he was screaming 'YES'. "The Yule ball is coming up and I was wondering..."

"Potter, we can't go together-"

"Harry. Call me Harry."

"Harry, we can't. No one knows about this and if they did, it would cause an absolute uproar and if we continue the way we are, I would advise we keep it a secret. Besides my family would never accept that I'm g-gay and it would really suck trying to explain this one to them, especially having to tell them I have a crush on Potter-" Draco didn't know what he was saying.

"So you admit you have a crush on me," Harry raised an eyebrow.

"We've been on two dates, Potter-"

"Harry."

"Harry," Draco corrected.

"How long," Harry asked, his heart beating from his chest.

Draco swallowed, trying to come up with something. "A while," he acted ashamed, looking off into the horizon.

"Why didn't you just tell me?"

"Right, that would have gone over well. 'Oh, gee Potter, sorry to bump into you, just wanted to say I've had a giant crush on you since the robe shop and it got much worse when you rejected being my friend."

"That long?"

"I'm not very good with feelings, Harry." Especially ones that I don't have.

"I mean, you did seem sort of pedophilic in the library."

"One of my many pick-up lines," Draco smirked.

"So there's more?"

Draco was silent a bit. "Possibly."

There was a quiet moment and then Harry spoke again. "I would love to hear them."

"Really," Draco perked up. Harry nodded, grinning.

"And I want to have dance with you," Harry blurted out. He couldn't stop himself from saying those words and he immediately shut up once they were gone.
"Maybe we could do one in private."

"I'll try and find you! We can play it off like we are in a fight or something."

"Of course." Draco tried to disguise the disgust of the thought of dancing with the scarhead. They reached the bridge, and Draco couldn't be happier. "Good night Harry, see you then."

Draco started to walk away, not wanting to do anything with Harry, however an arm caught him on his shoulder. Harry positioned himself closer to the blonde and kissed his cheek.

"Good night, Draco," Harry smiled.

"Erm Harry, how long have you wanted to do that," Draco froze.

There was silence. Harry was contemplating an answer, but he couldn't really muster one. "I....I really don't know."

Draco put up the worst fake smile and walked away. He turned the corner after the bridge and broke into a sprint, as if the spit on his face left over from Harry's lips were burning him. It wasn't fire but it was sparks. Sparks no one has ever given him before, but to Draco, he took it as fire.

What has he gotten himself into?

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Harry stood there in shock of what he just did. He just kissed Draco Malfoy's cheek. *He just kissed Draco Malfoy's cheek.*

It felt so comfortable for his lips to be pressed against the soft skin he possessed.

Harry kept thinking and thinking until he finally came up with a conclusion for his actions: he was falling for Draco Malfoy.

And he smiled at that though.
The Yule Ball

The weeks leading up to the Yule Ball went by slowly. Harry would have dance lessons after classes, along with bundles of essays due he next day, so even thinking of meeting up with Draco was out of the question. During lessons, Harry would find himself gazing at the other boy until on one of his friends or the professor would snap him out of it.

"What are you looking at Harry," Ron would say. And he would just say he zoned out thinking about the tournament, even though his pondering thoughts were of Draco Malfoy.

Harry hated the fact that they couldn't never be see each other in public without a crude stare or a flying hex. He wished he could have a relationship, without having to worry about Draco's family's finding out, or his image being obscured.

Finding a date for the Yule ball was difficult enough for Harry. No girl wanted to go with him, and that emphasized how much he wanted to go with Draco to begin with.

What also emphasized how much he wanted to go with Draco was when the blonde winked at him, or bit his lip in potions when he saw him... Harry thought that was really cute.

It was the night of the Yule Ball. Harry was in the Gryffindor dorm, putting on his tie when Ron walked in.

"Hi." Ron hung his head down looking at his hideous dress robes in the mirror. They were laced in the ugliest pattern and no colors of the attire seemed to compliment one another.

Harry on the other hand had on classic pair of black robes with a classic white dress shirt and inky black bottoms. His hair was combed back with the left-over gel from Hermione sticking it in place. His glasses were cleaned to shine and his teeth were whitened by a simple charm. He looked great!

But he didn't care because he wasn't spending the night with Draco. All he could do was think about the blond. He imagined having his arms fastened around his own body, looking into his cool grey eyes, smelling his cologne. These thoughts were intoxicating and teased Harry and every fiber of his being until...

"Hey mate! You okay?" Ron snapped him out of his trance. "You've been really zoning out lately. You alright?"

"Yeah I'm, I'm fine" he said softly. He looked in the mirror one final time and went down to the chamber outside of the Great Hall to meet his date, Parvati Patil.

Draco looked in the mirror of his own bedroom. He was so thankful in times like these that the Slytherins had different sleeping chambers. It added a sense of privacy that the impatient snakes needed.

He examined his own appearance and the result ended him being pleased. His hair was combed back, with not a single strand out of place. His robes were stitched with a deep green fabric and sewn together with black thread. His tie was a classic black with diamond accents. In his pocket was his
very special family heirloom: a silver pocket watch, embroidered with green emeralds in the shape of a coiled snake with its head on the bottom and its tail freely moving on top. It had been passed down from generation to generation in the Malfoy family.

There was a knock on the door: Pansy. Draco had decided to go with her in the light of past events, torturing Harry and all. Besides he hasn't had the time or the energy to look for a girl in his tastes, if there were any in the school to begin with.

Draco opened the door to see the young girl in a purple gown. The shades transformed from lavender to a bruised plum and sparkles sprinkled the outer layer. It reached down to her toes where her shoes were. The high heels were based with black silk and had diamond run across from the tip to he back such as a slithering snake. Her hair was formed in a braid and then wrapped into a bun with a few strands hanging in the front of her face. The bun was accented with purple and silver jewels along with a violet clip holding the masterpiece together.

"Wow, you look beautiful, Pansy," Draco was astonished. The girl really did know how to dress up.

"Thank you, you look quite stunning yourself. It's sure to make Potter jealous!"

"If all goes right, I might have him falling so hard for me tonight, no matter how fast he climbs, he will never get out." Draco smirked.

"Ready to go," she said and she held out her arm.

"Yes I am." He assured himself that the pocket watch was in his right pocket and took the girl's arm headed down to the Great Hall together, trying to keep himself from yearning Potter's arm instead. The one he had was too weak.

Harry waited by one of the many torches that lit the school for Parvati to show up. He was standing next to Ron whom felt as if he wanted to die. The robes were hideous and he had received laughs already and the night hadn't even begun. But Harry refused to leave him; they were best friends and appearances meant nothing to one another.

Just then Hermione walked down the staircase leading to the Great Hall, Draco and Pansy following right behind her. There were gasps as everyone saw Hermione, but Harry's gasp went to Draco. He looked absolutely stunning. The only thing Harry could see was the blond. How he strode down every step, and how flawless his hair was, and how beautiful his flawless face was dazzled Harry. What seemed like forever Draco reached the bottom and everything was in slow motion. He continued to stroll to the doors, as he passed Harry he winked and said "like what you see, Potter?" And then continued on as if nothing happened.

Harry just stood there wished he would return until Hermione snapped him out of it.

"God, what's Malfoy on about? You were just looking at 'Mione," Ron stated in disgust. Harry agreed and complimented Hermione on her fabulous attire until

"Champions over here please!" McGonagall could be heard from throughout the whole school with the volume she pursued. Ron took his date into the Great Hall and Harry lined up with the three other Champions.

Draco picked a spot near the ropes which led the path for the champions to walk through. The music started and the doors opened. First Cedric and Cho walked in, following Victor and Hermione, Fleur and her date, and Harry and Parvati.
Harry, and whoever that girl was, locked arms and Draco's heart felt something, something he's
never felt before. The closer and closer they walked towards Draco and Pansy, the more and more
this pain grew and the more the hurt intensified.

"Draco," Pansy said over the roar or the crowd, "stop making that face, it looks like you want to rip
Patil's throat out!" Draco quickly adjusted and covered his face in a mask.

The music changed from heroic to classical and the dancing began. Everyone was twirling
wonderfully, but Draco didn't care. He kept his eyes on Harry and Patill.

They were extremely close, dangerously in Draco's point of view, and the way that Harry looked
into her eyes drove the Slytherin mad. He had his hand on her waist which also seemed alarmingly
low, even if it was her midback in which his hand was. It should have been him in those arms, not
that stupid girl.

Then suddenly Draco was pulled by Pansy onto the dance floor. Draco didn't realize how many
people were on the floor itself until he ventured onto it. Most people were stepping simultaneously,
while a few were sitting on the side waiting for courage take over.
Draco, in a trance and completely out of focus, stepped on Pansy's foot as the horrid disease that
caught him on fire spread to his stomach.

"Ow," she complained, "What has gotten into you?"

"R-right, sorry." The music continued for another 30 seconds and then stopped. The band scheduled
to play started their first piece while Draco pulled Pansy by her wrist out of the Great Hall and
around to corner to the start of the labyrinth of moving staircases.

"What's wrong with you," Pansy started but shyly stopped. She looked dead into Draco's eyes.

Draco grew uncomfortable in this moment and then began to blink a few times more than normal.

"What!?" He bit at her, getting greatly irritated.

"Your eyes! They're different colors," Pansy gasped, "Draco that means-"

Draco's eyes split open, and his throat closed. "No, Pansy! No!"

Harry finished the dance and his feet were already sore. He hated the dance and he hated his date.
He had nothing against the poor girl, but she was nothing like Draco.

But Draco was no where to be found. Harry would do anything to dance with him, even if it took
them being alone in a broomstick cupboard or an abandoned hallway. Harry told Ron that he was
leaving to the restroom, lying, and he set off to find Draco.
He turned the hall not knowing where he was going, until once again he heard voices.

"What?" The masculine one said- Draco!

"Your eyes! They're different colors," the girl said. Harry assumed it was Pansy. Why was Draco so
upset about his eyes changing color? Sometimes, depending on the time, Harry's would change from
emerald, to a greenish brown, or even a lighter green. What was the big deal?"
"No Pansy! No!"

"You can't tell me you are falling for him! What happened to him falling for you?"

"I'm not falling for him! Like hell I would ever fall for Potter! He's pathetic!"

Harry must of heard incorrectly. Didn't Draco have a huge crush on him?

"But Draco, we've gone so far into the plan-"

"I don't care about some stupid plan Pansy! I don't! What were we supposed to do after tonight? I've already hugged that urchin! What's next?"

Silence.

"Pansy, a kiss. No, never in my life do I wish to kiss Harry Potter! It would be hell, and you know the rules about my first kiss. Bottom line is: I don't like him, I never will ever like him let alone love him, I'm never going to fall for him. Don't you see how much of an idiot he is? Falling for the son of a death eater! It was all just a game!"

"It can't be that bad if he's-"

"DON'T YOU DARE SAY IT!"

"Well, what are you going to do, dump him," Pansy asked.

"You don't need to," Harry said darkly.

"Well if it isn't Potter," Draco gave the biggest smirk he could possibly have, cocking his head to the side, "Possibly the biggest fool in the entire school. At least you made it easier on me, now I don't have to cause a whole scene in the Great Hall. I can just laugh at you now." Draco started to laugh when a fist connected with his nose, and he was thrown to the ground. Harry jumped on top of Draco pinning him to the tile beneath him.

"So it was all just a game," Harry bit.

"Well yes, if you haven't noticed by now," he smirked

A hand connected with his face once more.

"You've had me falling for you for weeks, just distracting me? You really hate me that much!"

"As a matter of fact, yes I do," Draco stated as blood poured from his nose. "It was hilarious to be honest with you! I had you chasing after me like a lost puppy. My only regret is you finding out now."

"I hate you." Harry with as much malice as he possibly could. A tear flowed freely from his eye but he wiped it to look into Draco's eyes. Pansy was right, Draco's eyes were a blueish silver, almost mercury, but they reflected a single emotion: hurt. That couldn't be possible; the plan was completely unreal, fake, fabricated, and this was probably another part of it.

Draco paused a bit and conjured a free hand without the scarhead noticing. Draco's face went from sort of sad to the biggest smirk he could produce at the time and then said "The feeling is mutual, Potter." He punched the confused boy.

Blood spilled from his nose onto the floor which distracted Draco. He felt his stomach twist and heart
burn. Draco stared down at the pool, not noticing the fist connecting to his nose.

One pool of blood became two and they were throwing punches faster and faster. Pansy knew she had to stop this before it got too out of hand, but before she had the chance

"STOP IT BOTH OF YOU," Professor McGonagal shouted.

"Professor," Harry started but was stopped by her hand, which he was hopeful for, because what story could he come up with anyway, especially with the banging headache and loss of feeling in half of his face.

"I don't want to hear it! Both of you have detention in my office December 26th at 7 a.m. and 50 points will be taken from both your houses. Now off to the hospital wing, the two of you! Now!"

"Nice fooling you, Potter," Draco said before he turned his back. Harry was about to punch him in the back of the head, but the professor sent him a stern scowl and he turned to walk away as well.

Harry nor Draco went up the hospital wing, but to their separate common rooms, with heavy hearts.

"I'll get you for this Malfoy, just wait and see," Harry blinked through his tears as he walked up to his dormitory.
Detention

Harry couldn't get any sleep that night. Once he reached his dormitory, the blood dripping down his nose stopped, but the slow tears continued. The boy walked to the bathroom and closed the door with a click of the lock.

Harry tried to stop crying and held it in as much as possible, only a few chokes parting from his throat. He ripped off his clothes with so much anger his buttons were pinched off of the attire itself. He pulled off his trousers, and was frustrated as pant legs got caught on his foot. That was when all the pressure was too much to bare and he broke.

He put his hands in the sink and sobbed. His heart hurt so much. It wasn't the fact that he really liked being with Draco so much; it was that he was fooled so easily, as well as the fact he couldn't tell anybody about it without being a laughing stock.

He already had so much angst from all those years of battling someone else's war, with Lord Voldemort. Along with the Triwizard Tournament in the back of his head itching at him, he hadn't even tried to figure out who put his name in the goblet. He and Ron just made up, but there is still tension and he didn't feel any support from either of his friends whatsoever.

He wished he had a father, and he wished he had a mother.

Harry figured out that he never cared so much for Malfoy, the feeling was not from his charm or from his talk, but from the attention itself. The looks and his personality were just accessories to the real prize, and Harry fell in love with the person that wanted to get to know him, just as Malfoy planned.

He wiped the dried blood from his lip and cleared the dried tears from his cheeks. His nose was already bruising and thunderously throbbed. He took his clothing and left the bathroom to find no one back yet, thankfully, and he stuffed his robes into the drawer, not caring if he wrinkled them.

He slammed the door to the dresser and jumped onto his bed, ready for hell to take over the night. Harry closed his scarlet curtains and placed a silence charm over his canopy to assure no one could hear his stomach boiling in rage.

He plotted.

Draco walked up to his separate room holding his nose. The punch Harry threw was much harder than the one he sent in return, and his pride stung because of it. His whole face was throbbing and felt as though it was to dent any second.

His heart also hurt, but Draco never had such a burning pain before, so the feeling was intensified drastically to the naked eye.

Draco's stomach was also searing. Harry punched him there too, but it wasn't the bruising, but butterflies fluttering furiously, and he felt as if he was ill.

It couldn't be regret; he doesn't regret things. He doesn't feel sorrow; that couldn't be it. But it for sure couldn't be love; he never even understood compassion.

So what was it that made him feel so queasy?

This 'illness' infected his every organ and drove Draco to the point of madness.
He went to his own personal bathroom and wiped off the blood, revealing a clammy wreak. Draco’s nose was so purple and swollen, he thought he’d been hit with a beater’s bat. But what drove him to extremes was not his bruises or his bloodied nose, but his eyes were mercury, the most dimensional color they had ever turned.

Damn it!

Draco took off his shirt to reveal a bruised abdomen, so big that it spread across his lower stomach in purple and black. He had a few other bruises in random places, nothing too horrible, except large spot on his hip that crossed to his lower backbone. That must of been from when he was shoved to the floor.

Draco looked back up to his numb face to see a single tear form in the corner of his eye. Draco wiped it onto his finger and watched it slide down his limb until he took his other hand and am swatted it away. Boiling with anger, Draco ran the sink and began to drench his face in the liquid that cascaded out of it.

"No, stop it," he told himself, "You can't be, I won't allow it. You aren't gay, so don't even think about it! It was a joke, a game. He means nothing!"

His insides disagreed and sent him in a flurry of foreign emotions: sorrow, regret, and compassion, eating at him.

He didn't want to feel, but he did, and he sent himself into a panic at the thought that he could possibly be falling for a boy he swore he never would.

--------------------------------------------

On Christmas morning as everyone slept in, Harry was lying awake in his curtained bed, still sniffling the time away. Although any form of stray tears cleared well before three, congestion and snot still manifested in him, and his nose hurt even worse than what it did hours before, and when it got to be alarmingly painful, he nuzzled any last form of courage and got up from his bed.

Harry unveiled the curtains and speculated what he expected. All the 4th year boys were settled in their beds. He tip toed across the dormitory into the bathroom, shutting the door and locking it, just so nobody would walk in. Harry turned to the mirror to find his nose bruised and a little bit swollen.

His face pale, tears were stained on his cheeks and his t-shirt had spots everywhere. The dark circles under his eyes were evidence of his 'good' night sleep and his sickly green eyes were dull and grainy.

Harry started the shower with squeaks of the drain pip, and warm water penetrate his skin immediately as he stepped under it.

Harry soaped his face and body, rinsed, and repeated the lather about 3 times. He shampooed his hair with his favorite scent: cucumber.

His soap was lavender so exiting the shower sent an array of sweet scents throughout the moisture in the air. He put on a towel to his lower abdomen and wiped the mirror to find his face was looking much better. No trace of tears were found and his dark circles shrunk to crescent moons.

Harry put on clothes and headed down stairs where Ron and Hermione greeted him with shocked looks on their faces.

"Harry! What happened to you last night," Ron asked in a gasp.

"What happened to your nose Harry? Here let me fix it." Hermione flicked her wand and his bruise
"Thanks. Well last night I met up with the person I've been seeing for a while- they were just really upset about me not asking them, so I was punched and um well I got angry so I walked out and Malfoy... Malfoy was just Malfoy and just I attacked him," he lied shakily and uncertainly. "Me and Malfoy have detention tomorrow bright and early, because the best way to start off my day would be seeing that disgusting prat. Don't get me wrong, we both beat each other up pretty badly, so I reckon it will take all day. What happened at the ball last night? I left after the first song."

The two friends agreed and they all continued to talk about random things and events about the ball, and anything else that came to mind for what seemed for hours. After that, the trio went to lunch and walked around the school and lake, visited Hagrid's hut, and then went back to dinner. Following the day's events, the three caught up to the fellow Gryffindors in the common room to open presents.

Harry received the general: a box of candy from Hagrid, a brand new matching quill set from Hermione, quidditch stuff from Ron, as well as a sweater from Mrs. Weasley, and a letter from Sirius Black attached with more candy.

Although they were having all too much fun, he went to sleep early that night, ready to put revenge right in Draco's lap.

--------------------------------------------

Detention, 7 a.m.

"Ah, Mr. Potter, please take a seat." McGonagal stated. Harry picked a spot in a completely different desk from the insolent brat. "First I would like the each of you to write me a 18 inch long essay on why violence is prohibited and what you can do to stop it from happening." She ignored groans. "After you complete the task, you will clean the floors of this entire room by hand. No magic allowed. I shall be taking your wands."

They both reluctantly gave them up and started scribbling on their parchment. It took about 2 hours before one if them finished and it was Draco, however Harry was almost shocked that the boy didn't have a malicious smirk on him. This would be the first real time that Harry has seen him so naked.

Harry finished not long after and grabbed a broom. They both started at the back of the room and swept the tile floor, and were almost at the top near McGonagal's desk when the witch spoke.

"Alright, you two have behaved well enough to where I can leave you alone. When you finish, Y throw away the dust in the bin next to my desk, your wands will automatically release and you may go. I for one have a very important meeting to tend to with Professor Dumbledore. Behave you two."

And she walked out, giving Harry the perfect oppourtunity to execute his plan.

Draco just started to pick up his grime in the dustpan when he was slammed against the wall by Harry. Dust scattered everywhere, but the Gryffindor didn't care. Draco was afraid of where he was going to get punched, but Harry had greater ideas.

Harry put both of his feet on Draco's so any hope for him getting away was terminated. Harry leaned in to his ear, hot breath causing Draco to shiver beneath him.

"So Draco," Harry whispered hotly, their bodies pressed together so tightly, he could sense him struggling so he slammed his hands against the wall yet again, "you like to play games, huh?" Draco just swallowed. "I like games too. How about we play one right now?"
Harry filled the gap as Draco braced himself for physical pain, crushing their lips together. The blonde was in such a state of shock that all he could do was stare into the closed eye lids in front of him. He couldn't breathe- hell, he didn't want to breathe even if he could.

Harry's lips were firm, from what he could tell since they were slammed up against him, and didn't dare move a muscle, ensuring he would have no clue as to what he tasted like.

Harry finally released when he was out of air, seeing Draco's reaction (which was one of horror), and deciding to torture him further, so he smashed their lips together again, grasping him by his collar and pulling him from the wall so he could get a better, harder angle. He then was slammed back against the wall, Harry moaning just to annoy him. This time Draco looked up, as though he was begging the heavens for him to stop.

Harry released once more and Draco's face turned to a one of begging, red and flushed. "Stop it!"

But Harry went in a third time, almost bruising their lips, but all he could do was force it out of anger. Draco tried curling his lips in and closed his eyes as tight as he could, not wanting any of this to be true.

After what seemed like days, Harry let go from the other boy's mouth for the last time.

"I hate you so much," Draco spat, wiping his mouth of the Potter germs when Harry stepped off of him.

"The feeling is mutual," Harry smiled before punching him in the jaw. "Look who won the game now." He grabbed his wand and went out the door with a smirk of victory plastered on his face, leaving a flabbergasted Draco wiping his mouth, yet again, on the floor of the transfiguration classroom.
Draco just sat there, staring at the spot in which Harry was just standing. He wiped his mouth furiously, though he fathom if he wanted to or not. He wasn't positive whether or not Potter had felt what he felt, the tingling, burning... horrid... audacity feeling. Draco hated to admit anything- even to himself. He hated saying he may or may not have liked the kiss, simply because he wanted to deny the whole thing in general.

After a few rocky, unstable breaths, he stood up trying to receive the broom and dustpan that he dropped on impact. Draco reached down for the broom and swiped up all the dirt shakily before grabbing the dustpan. He picked up the object but his hand shook so hard he almost dropped it once more. He picked up all the dust and threw it away no matter how much spread on the floor on the way. His wand released and he grabbed it with uncertainty, as if it was unfamiliar to him, then backed up against the wall and let himself fall down before almost breaking down.

"No Draco, that didn't happen, that did not happen, it was all a dream- no, a nightmare. You did not just have your first kiss stolen by Harry Potter. You. did. NOT. enjoy. it. Don't even think about falling for him. Remember what father told you! Love is worthless, meaningless, foolish. Don't get trapped under a spell you won't come out of," He chanted to himself, denying everything that he knew contradicted his true thoughts. "You hated that!"

Somebody then walked in the room to see a balled up Draco in fetal position.

"Draco, I just saw Potter in the hallway," Pansy said. "Surely I thought you would have finished before him- Draco what's wrong," she noticed him certainly strained and frazzled.

"I- he....uh-...eg-...that...Po-..he-" he tried to conjure the event that just happened but it refused to slip from his tongue.

"Spit it out!" She knelled next to the almost shaking Slytherin.

"H-he k-kissed me me me," He said refusing to look her in the eye. Her eyes grew wide with shock, and

"He kissed you? Draco look at me."

Draco finally looked at her, panic laced within his eyes when she fingered his chin and forced him to. The mercury that stood in his iris was inexcusably lust-filled.

"Draco," she started but he cut her off, fury over coming him.

"Just don't tell me!" He got up and sprinted out the door ignoring the concerned shouts coming from her mouth.

He spent the rest of the day fingering his lips in morbid disgust and curiosity.

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It took a few days to calm down after the incident in detention. Draco locked himself away in his room for the rest of break. He hated himself. He hated himself because of Potter. He hated that he hated the boy enough to fall for him.

It was nonstop Potter running through his mind. He attempted to think of bad characteristics for each
part of his body, but his subconscious took over telling him what he knew was true.

1) His eyes are a disgusting puke-green; **No, his beautiful green eyes are absolutely perfect.**

2) His mouth is too tiny, and he is a horrid kisser; **No, it fits yours perfectly and you wouldn't of had your first kiss any other way.**

3) His hair is too messy; **No, you love every lock of his raven hair, and you know you want to put your fingers through it.**

4) He is way too scrawny; **No, he just kicked your living arse at the Yule ball.**

Draco always tried to push these thoughts away, but they kept swimming around his brain like sharks around prey.

And it was driving him mad.

At lessons, Draco remained entirely out of focus and sometimes his eyes drifted to the back of Harry's head. The second his thoughts started to wander to running his fingers through it, he woke up and snapped his eyes back to the board, only for his eyes to drift back in a terrible, vicious cycle.

As for Harry, he refused to even look any direction towards the ferret. His plan went well and now he was on the road of recovery to back to hating Draco, and even with his feelings still slightly present, it was a smooth drive.

"Get to work," Professor Snape said as he finished explaining the complex antidote for uncommon poisons.

The Slytherin strayed away, however was woken by a bag being slammed to the seat next him. Looking up, Draco found that the person whom he wanted to see the least throwing his stuff to the floor with a scowl on his face.

"Wh-what are you doing here," Draco stuttered.

"Getting the ingredients. Snape paired us together again. I know I'm a bit slow, Malfoy, but I know when someone hates me enough to put me through torture," Harry bit as venom stung his words.

While the Gryffindor turned to the supply closet, Draco wiped his unreasonably sweaty hands on his thighs, swallowing with a lump in his throat.

Harry came back with all the ingredients needed, numerous vials and boxes protruding his arms. Draco just stared at the cauldron in front of him, knowing that this was to be a living hell. Harry poured dragons blood into the kettle to get the potion started.

"Pass the rat tails," Harry said smoothly, knowing whatever fight that was going on was in his favor. Draco seemed scattered and he frantically looked for a slender jar that had simply ran away considering it was no where to be seen.

"You didn't grab it," he said, trying to calm himself, however he failed miserably. Why was he so damned nervous?

"Malfoy... It's right next to you," Potter corrected with a tone of such mockery that it seemed to visibly drip down his wonder- horrific mouth.

He just grabbed the jar and passed it Harry, not saying a word. It was like this most of the class, until Harry chose to further Draco's torturing.
"Oh, Draco dear, pardon me for bothering you but I was just wondering why is it that you freak out when your eyes turn color?"

"Shut up," he bit, just wanting the hour to be over with.

"Awww, is wittle Draco afraid to tell Hawwy an answer," Potter taunted, and it bit at him to the point of such annoyance, if he wasn't around witnesses, he would have knocked them out on sight.

"I said: shut up, Potter," Draco threatened.

"What happened to 'Oh Harry, I've had a crush on you since you refused to be my friend-'"

"SHUT UP!" That hit a nerve, and Harry could only smirk, ready to test further but was interrupted by a droning, yet scolding, voice from behind him.

"Mr. Potter. Stop being a pest to other students while they're working. Five points from Gryffindor," Snape said behind him.

Harry swallowed, holding his groan at the want to tease Draco more and more.

"It best you do well tomorrow, Potter the second task might be worst than the first one," the teacher warned before telling the class they were dismissed. Harry completely forgot about the second task the next day. He had been studying so much that his brain was malfunctioning, and of course, revenge on Malfoy was always fun.

The students got up to leave for their next class but Draco, in which Harry knew of this and went towards the door, taking caution as he did so to ensure the Slytherin wouldn't commit hi-jinks.

"Draco," Snape spoke up unexpectedly. "What's going on?"

"Nothing is going on, sir," Draco lied as Harry dipped behind the corner so he was unseen.

"Stop lying to me. Your eyes are different color. That must mean-"

"None of your business."

"As your god father it is my business. I haven't seen you in the Great Hall for weeks now. You look ill. Who is it?"

"I don't know, okay! I just don't get it," Draco shouted, frustrated, before he sprinted out the door, establishing his godfather wouldn't catch him, turning the blind spot, and Harry wasn't seen.

There was something more to this than either of them thought.

Days later, Draco loaded into one of the many boats that took the students to the platform in the center of the Black Lake. Draco, frustratingly and surprisingly, was nervous that Potter would be going into a lake which held creatures from nightmares and cold-blooded killers. What if Harry died? What if he was swallowed by an octopus or attacked by a grindylow?

Pansy was the only one to know about the kiss shared between him and Harry. Well it wasn't a kiss... One of them smashed their face onto the other without consent.

Draco reminisced of Pany's face when he spilled; one of pure shock, unreadable shock, almost as wide as Draco's when he was left in the classroom with the prickle of Potter's lips on his.
Before he knew it (since he was off day dreaming about Potter's mouth), they arrived; Draco and Pansy climbed out of the boat and onto the diving platform, being followed by Blaise, Crabbe and Goyle. Draco knew he couldn't tell the 3 how he was made a fool out of. His pride was already toiled enough.

The group made their way up the highest level away from all the noisy children. It wasn't long before everyone else found their way onto the platform and the champions loaded in position.

Draco watched Potter, and he how pale his skin was. The poor kid was probably horrified, but damn did his hair look good in the wind.

The boom of a cannon broke Draco from another fantasy that he was having about his own fingers meeting Potter's locks, and the time for the champions to dive into the water arrived, but Potter was still on the platform.

Draco saw that he was choking and clung onto the bar tightly, and he stood out of pure worry, only for Pansy to grab him arm and yank him down so she could see.

Potter splashed into the water, looking as though he suffocated his way into it. Although he didn't notice nor mean to, Draco's breathing got so heavy, in fact it was almost violent, but it wasn't until there was a huge splash and a very-much-okay Potter plunged up from the water, did a mid air flip, diving back to the bottom, in which Draco let out air he didn't know he was holding in.

And then they waited; and waited and waited.

While everyone else was having a fantastic time, Draco's stomach acid burned sour when the clock hit 4:50. Only Fleur and Krum surfaced, leaving the Hogwarts champions still under the water. It was 4:58 when Cedric came up with Cho Chang.

When the clock struck 5:00, Draco stared at the black depth, eyes almost watering, his breathing shallow and fast. He swallowed again, his throat making it harder and harder to do so, his adam's apple bobbing enough for his best friend to see.

"Draco, what's wrong," Pansy asked in a whisper so that no one else in the group could hear, but Blaise saw his face and got the message. Draco shook his head and continued to stare down at the inky water below. Then it hit Pansy. "You care about him, don't you?"

She waited for a bomb to explode but instead recievied a small, microscopic "yes," a crack radiating in his voice. In fact, it wasn't even a whisper, but she heard the pale blonde loud and clear.

Weasley, as well as Fleur's sister surface, but no Potter. Draco stood again and practically wanted to scream and rip out his heart for beating so fast, the bastard.

"Damn it, where is the prat," he said in haste under his breath, not realizing he said it aloud.

"You need to tell him," Blaise said, and Draco looked at him with uncertainty before glancing back at the pool of water.

And the boy surfaced.

-------------------------------------------

Harry got off the boat with Ron and Hermione, laughing and shivering due to the aggressive wind and biting cold.

"It's freezing" Hermione smiled, huddled between her two favorite boys who were also soaking. He
was about to comment when Harry then heard something.

"Psst, Potter," the whisper said, "Potter over here." It was a tree.

"Hey guys I have to go," Harry said abruptly, "I'll catch up with you in a bit, I need to check something."

Harry approached the trunk, leaves crunching beneath him, "Tree," he asked, feeling as a moron.

"Behind the tree, you idiot," the voice snapped. Harry walked behind the plant to find a white haired, pale faced ferret.

"You," Harry shouted, a bubble of anger overcoming him. He turned to leave but was stopped when a hand grabbed his wrist.

"Potter," Draco begged in exasperation, "Please."

Harry paused and let his curiosity take him over and he nodded, although he wore a look of distaste. Draco bit his lip and held onto Harry's wrist, leading him deeper into the forest. He let go of his wrist.

"What do you want," Harry said when they were out of everyone's path of descry.

"To apologize," Draco swallowed, "I shouldn't of done that to you."

Harry waited a bit before speaking again. "Is that it or is there a punch line?"

"What?"

"Nothing, it's just that I'm surprised you haven't exploded yet since you actually apologized, or I'm waiting for the joke."

"I'm not joking," Draco said. "Really, I am sorry. You didn't deserve what I gave you, and I didn't realize I would... I would be the one to.. I would... Listen, will you just give me a second chance?"

"Right! So you can laugh at my idiocy again," Harry mocked. "I'm not that gullible Malfoy!"

"No. It would be real. I promise."

"And give me a solid reason as to why I would ever- could ever want to go on a date with a sick git like you."

"Because I think I like you."

"Genuinely?"

"Yes."

"Since when?"

"I... I don't know."

"Is it because I kissed you, or is it because you want another," Harry said cheekily, and Draco glared a him.

"Shut up, Potter."
"A bit cruel to a crush, aren't you, Malfoy," Harry teased.

"It's better than being fake," he sneered, feeling ridiculously uncomfortable.

"That's very true," Harry leaned up against a tree trunk. He looked off into the forest, trying to make of the situation.

"You were great today," Draco said coy, his heart beating so loud, he thought Harry could hear it. "Relentlessly stupid... but fantastic."
Harry's eyebrows raised as high as they could go. "Really?"

"Really. You could have gotten hurt," Draco swallowed.

"Because I'm so brave and courageous," Harry smirked.

"Because you're a bloody twit," Draco corrected and Harry gave a small laugh, but ended with a shiver. "I forgot you must be freezing," he scoffed at himself, although he didn't want to say it out loud.

"It's fine," Harry shook, pulling his damp towel tighter to him. Draco, without thinking, unbuttoned his wool waistcoat and Harry watched him do it, only to look at him bizarrely when he held it out.

"Take it," Draco said almost sheepishly. Harry kept staring as if he had grown three heads. Draco scoffed and did they only logical thing he could do with the least embarrassment. He threw it at him, Harry almost dropping it as he caught it last minute.

"Are you not feeling well? Is it poisoned?"

"Oh shut up, Potter," Draco snapped. "I'm not. I'm not a hufflepuff."

"No! You had me fooled the whole time," Harry laughed sarcastically, putting the jacket on over him, warmth engulfing him.

"I don't... I don't... l-love or do whatever you sick Gryffindorks do."

"Then why are you here?"

"To get this.. mad feeling to go away."

"Mad feeling?"

"It... feel weird... everywhere. And it's only you.. It's been only you."

Harry snorted into a laugh. "So you do have a crush? A big one, I predict."

"Potter," Draco blushed.

"Ha! A really big one, huh? Plan backfired?"

Draco crossed his arms. "Potter," he bit dangerously.

"Was it the kiss?"

"Ugh! I'm so stupid, why would I even talk to you about this," Draco growled, and he started walking away.
"Wait," Harry called. "I'll do it."

"Huh?"

"I'll give you a second chance," he said.

"You will," Draco almost.. not smirked, but the other thing. His heart sped.

"Don't you dare think that I trust you even a teaspoon, Malfoy. You have one chance, and that's all you get. Mess it up-"

"I won't."

"Alright. Tomorrow at seven."

Harry started to walk way, and Draco watched him go. "Wait," he called.

"I want my coat back by tomorrow, and I swear if there is even one wrinkle, I'll hex you blind."

Harry just tugged on it tighter, continuing on his way, smiling when he wasn't in Draco's view.

And little did Draco know, one chance was all he needed.
The Real First Date

The next day Draco stayed in his room for the most part, simply because he physically thought he was going to explode to the diversity of affects he was having: his stomach was on fire; his throat burned, from what he didn't know; his thoughts never pooled at such a velocity in his life; his heart beat rapid and had an undetectable enunciation. In his most eager hopes, he planned to have it all be a dream and wake up without even a thought of the boy, however the very second awoke, the first thing he thought of was green eyes and a lightning scar.

And it had been that way ever since.

Draco, on the edge of his bed, feet dangling and hands sweaty, thought and rethought it through... and then rethought it through again. It started with the usual: 'When the hell did he start feeling this way?' It then moved to a 'Merlin, I can't believe my eyes changed color for him. Continuing on with a 'How did I not see this before?' And he answered himself with a 'Because he rejected you.' Progressing onto a feeling of sadness at the memory, he would then think about his father and 'How could I ever keep this from him?' And of course, the fact that he would be skinned alive by his parents lived in the back of his head.

Finally he would go back and question how his heart even could newly function the way it did and the process advanced to a vicious cycle for most of the morning. He didn't know how to follow his heart- hell! he never had a heart to follow. From any recollection, Draco grew up most of his life thinking it was broken, numb, such as a machine with a untwisted screw. It refused to work properly because he was a Malfoy, and love just got in the way of the Malfoy goal: power.

But now, his heart was ready to explode. He couldn't comprehend what was happening. It was the worst pain he'd ever felt.
At about mid-afternoon, he reached an abdominal state of ludicrous. Draco payed more attention as to what was to come, and the entire emotional connection between it all. Would Harry actually ever like me? Could I actually be loved? Why didn't he shake my hand in first year, damn it! Could these feelings go away- were they concrete?

Since now he was going on a very much real date with Harry, it made him even more nervous than before. It was legitamite, so to speak.
Sometimes he would- not smirk, but what's the other thing? yeah, that- completely out of the blue, however moments later, anger filmed over him, and seconds after that, almost happiness despite his doubts.

Draco stirred from deep thought when knock knock knock at his door bounced off the walls. "Come in," he said, voice cracking in an un-Malfoyish manner.
Pansy opened it and stepped inside, only to stare at him wildly. "Are you alright?"

"No, Pansy! I'm not!"

"Look at you! You're a hot mess!"

"Really, I had no idea," he bit, lying back on his bed and staring at the ceiling. "I don't understand how he can be doing this to me."

"Draco, it's just a crush," Pansy said. "Don't tell me you've never had a crush before." She strode to the bed with the audacity to almost mock him. Sitting down, Draco refused to eye her, but continued
looking at the bricks above him.

"Pansy, you know me. You know my family."

"Oh would you quit it with the 'Malfoy' name and whatnot. I understand you come from a strict family and all, but don't you ever want to branch off and do your own thing?"

"No. Never have," he swallowed.

"Let me rephrase that," Pansy corrected herself, "Have you ever wanted to be a kid? Ever?"

This caused Draco to look at her. "Being a kid gets you nowhere," he finally said, "and if I'm going to be the man of the house some day, shenanigans is not the way to go about learning how to do it properly."

Pansy took a deep breath, then lay back on the bed with pity. "Your father has brainwashed you."

Draco swallowed, trying not to think about it. "My father is a Death Eater, Pansy, in case you haven't noticed, and I'd imagine that if I'm supposed to be the man of the house one day, I might have to be one, too."

"You never used to think like that, you know. When we were ten, you actually laughed once or twice."

"Laughter is pointless."

"I hope Potter can change that about you."

Draco rubbed his face with his hands and swallowed. "I don't think I should go."

"Oh come on, don't be a fairy!"

"If me and Potter are on two completely different paths, completely different sides, what makes you think it could ever work without someone getting hurt? And Merlin, my father... if he found out-"

"Who cares, Draco? Who cares what he says? He isn't even here. Why can't you just think for yourself for once?"

Draco thought. "I don't know, Pans," he said in doubt.

"Stop making things complicated. Your father won't find out. It's a harmless relationship at most. You can end it if you feel uncomfortable."

"I feel uncomfortable now."

"Get over it," she snapped. "Potter was humane enough to let you even talk to him after this all happened, let alone is willing to go on another date with you."

"Why are you so supportive of this, Pansy?"

"Because... I just have a good feeling about him for you. I do. Why do you think I suggested it not be me? You two are... You two are so contrasting, but at the same time, so compatible, and that's really strange, but I still remember the look on your face when he didn't shake your hand in first year. Shall I bring up the, 'I can't wait to meet Harry Potter. He seems incredible! Defeated the Dark Lord
when he was one years old! I want to be his friend!"

"Don't you dare talk about it!"

"Or the fact that you had an entire collection of news articles about him in your sock drawer!"

"Pansy! I told you not to speak of that!"

"My point is, you've had a feeling about him for as long as you can remember, and as long as I can
remember listening to it," she tried not to complain and sound supportive. "Maybe this is a step in the
right direction."

Draco bit his lip. "But how can you be sure, Pansy? What if this is just going to blow up in my
face?"

"Then let it."

"What if I really don't like him, like I think I do and some disease is going to clear up in a few weeks,
and it'll just be awkward."
She didn't answer his question, but brought up a topic he wasn't expecting. "What did it feel like
when he kissed you?"

"Are we really going completely school girl, Pansy. Never go completely school girl."

"I'm being serious."

He sighed, defeated. "It felt... strange. I can't describe it. It wasn't even a real kiss though."

"But you wish it was?"

"I don't know... maybe?"

"Did it feel good?"

"I... I'm not sure..."

Pansy didn't know how to get it across to him what a good and bad kiss felt like, so she did the only
logical and kinematic thing to do: she rolled over and kissed him. Immediately he pushed away at the
sudden surprise. "Pansy! What are you doing!"

"Did it feel good," she asked.

"I mean... it felt... weird?"

"Weird like girly weird or weird like Potter weird?"

"I... I don't know..."

Pansy lent in, slower this time, and kissed him softly. It was like kissing a sibling for both of them:
disgusting and creepy. He tried to shut his eyes, tried to picture a girl, not Potter and it was just so...
wrong. It was wrong, in fact it was very much indeed wrong.
Draco pushed her away again and wiped his mouth, her mirroring him.

"It was too weak," he concluded. Potter's lips were firm, demanding, forceful. And although he
thought he hated his own submissive behavior during Potter's 'game,' he felt as though he liked being
forced up against the wall like that, to be needed. "Potter had something... something that... it was
magnetic," he described, "and it was electric. Is that stereotypical?"

"You feel what you feel," she said simply. "By the way, that was the worst kiss I've ever had in my life."

"Strangely, although I've only had one other and it was forced, I have to agree with that."

"Just don't tell Blaise, okay," Pansy demanded.

"Oh please! Like I would want him to know that we kissed," Draco scoffed.

"So you're going with Potter," she asked, sitting up, and he did as well.

"I have to get my coat back," he answered.

"You gave him your coat?"

"...He was cold..."

"You're in for it deep," Pansy said, and Draco rolled over to scream into his bedspread.

"Damn you, Potter!" He had a strong feeling that Potter was going to drive him to insanity and back.

"Now that you've got that off your chest," Pansy raised an eyebrow, "Are you going to get ready or are you going to go out on a real date looking like you've been trampled by a stampede?"

Draco scoffed, mentally preparing to the night ahead of him, wondering if this was truly going to change his life for not. He wore steel toed shoes in case Potter got angry with him.

----------------------------------------------

Harry waited for Draco down by the lake, same place as assigned, carrying his Firebolt. To be honest, his expectations of Draco not even showing up were disappointed since a figure walked his way. He too had a broom in his hand, and Harry's heart skipped a beat when he saw the pair.

It wasn't long until the boy reached the other and greeted him with a bare of the teeth.

"Is that a smile or is it like a clench," Harry asked trying to hold back laughter at the failed attempt of a smile. Draco's face dropped, for doubt overfilled him and he bit his lip. How could he have been so stupid? "Take insults well, Malfoy?"

"No it-" Draco was glad Harry cut him off because he really didn't know how to tell him.

"Okay, sorry. We're on a date, I need to remind myself," Harry calmed himself, but then raised an eyebrow. "A real date right?"

"Yes, a real date I promise," he tried not to snap or look insecure. He bit his lip again, "You look, erm... you look great tonight, Potter."

Harry responded by taking Draco's coat, which was hidden from behind his back, and threw it at his face with extraneous force. "Thank you Malfoy, you look well yourself."

Draco cleared the material to reveal his hair a complete mess. He gave him a deathly glare. "Don't mess with my hair, Potter."
"Does it bother you?"

"Yes," he hissed.

Harry stood parallel to him, "Would you like me to fix it for you?"

"Not with that rats nest on your head!" Harry reached up, but Draco dodged his hand and caught it. "Don't you dare!"

Harry chuckled, then used his other hand to skim it through his hair. Draco tried to catch that arm as well, and he did successfully, that is, until Harry started wrestling him to the ground.

"Damn you Potter." Draco shouted, struggling to overpower the boy. Harry was on top of him and he pinned his shoulders to the ground.

"You are such a pest!"

"If anyone's a pest, it's you, Malfoy," Harry responded, still feeling resented anger from the Yule Ball. The Gryffindor gazed into Draco's eyes as he looked back up at him. Harry could practically smell Draco's nerves since they were so on fire.

"What makes you think this could ever work," Draco said after a while of morbid staring.

"We make it," Harry replied simply.

"But wouldn't this be complicated?"

"No. If you like me as much as you say you do, and I like you, then maybe if we keep things simple, we could make it work. Unless you don't want to try this," Harry got off and sat next to him. Draco sat up.

"No, I do," Draco bit his lip again. "Wait... so you do like me?"

"I'm here aren't I? Stop making it complicated," Harry grabbed leaves and threw them at him. He laughed, and that caused Draco to do that thing again, you know, the not smirk, but the other thing, and Harry noticed. "Okay, but I would just like to inform you that, when you smile you look like an assassin. Why is that?"

"Umm I don't... I don't really know," Draco stuttered, "I mean I've never actually smiled before, besides smirking. I mean, I imagine when I was a kid I may have laughed a little, but, not much anymore. I'm not good, am I?" He never liked saying it although it was true. He could only imagine how he looked when he attempted to grin.

"You've never smiled before," Harry questioned waiting for the punch line that never came.

"No, and in fact, I guess I've never apologized before either," Draco looked away from Harry at all costs during that statement.

"I'm your first apology" Harry, although surprised, smiled, "I'm honored."

"Well my father always taught me that Malfoys' don't smile, and they certainly don't apologize."

"Why not? Smiling isn't bad."

"That's my own concern Potter, not yours."

"Harry."
"Potter."

"Harry," Harry emphasized.

Draco rolled his eyes. "Potter."

"Come on, my name isn't that difficult."

"But Potter sounds better."

"You've said it before."

"Yes, well, I was faking it wasn't I?"

"Say it with me," Harry ordered, "Har-ry. Now together. Har-ry."

"Har-ry," Draco rolled his eyes.


Draco bared his teeth in a plastic grin.

"Definite assassin," Harry clenched. "Hold on, Don't move." Harry got closer to him and reached for his mouth, readjusting it to which he looked natural by pulling on his cheeks and pushing his lips apart. "There. I won't be going about dating somebody who doesn't smile."

When Harry let go, Draco's smile still remained, and although it felt as weird as his heart did, he almost liked it.

By this time Draco's nerves emerged from his body and he could just talk to Harry but at some points he felt as though he let his guard down. It's a shame the Gryffindor was greatly charismatic and didn't use it to his advantage. He could manipulate the minister if he wanted.

"So Draco," Harry emphasized his name, "were you faking the whole time, or do we have to start all over again?"

"No, I answered truthfully," Draco cringed. "I wouldn't want to mix anything up, would I?"

"So this shouldn't be too hard, then?" Harry took a deep breath and started. "What's the worst lie you've ever told a professor?"

"What does that have anything to do with anything," Draco looked at him as if he was crazy, receiving a glare. "What?"

"You're a horrible romantic! Maybe I'm just curious, it's not like I'm going to tell them."

Rolling his eyes, Draco then bit his lip, thinking. "Last year I told Trelawney that I had a philosophical dream that her death date was Friday the 13th, but I didn't know which year, so every Friday the 13th, she'll flip!"

Harry laughed, "You're joking!"

"No, I'm not! Just watch. I think there's one coming up in a few weeks."

"I'm going to!"
"What about you? What lie have you told a teacher?"

"Lies," he corrected, "it's plural. Obviously to Snape."

"Well obviously. I'm there for those."

"Yeah, and whenever I get caught, you just so happen to laugh at me, and then I get a detention for fighting back." Harry argued with humor in his eyes. He threw more leaves at Draco and he actually laughed for once, instead of worrying about his clothes. He could always use a cleaning charm, right?

"Hey, I never told you to lie, did I?"

"You got me in trouble first year, too! I wanted to duel and you chickened out!"

"I only did that because I was angry with you," Draco justified.

"For what," Harry exclaimed.

Draco opened his mouth to speak, but stopped himself. Don't let him get too close. "Because you're you," he said in a snobby tone.

"Why yes, that's a very concrete answer." Harry rolled his eyes, and Draco laughed again.

It was like a miracle.

"Quite."

"Not really," Harry snorted.

"Well, Harry, I'm not a very concrete person," Draco said matter o' factly.

"Are you, now?" The Gryffindor raised and eyebrow.

"That's something you'll just have to find out, won't you," Draco smirked lightly and fell backwards in the grass, his heart beating out of his chest. His smirk changed from a smile, yet again, and it was like no constellation in the universe could stop it. Looking up at the changing sky, he felt Harry lay beside him.

"I want to," Harry said hesitantly before swallowing. There was a silence, and neither could tell if it was awkward or not. It was as if they were trying to pretend what the other was thinking. Draco wanted to change the subject before it grew uncomfortable.

"The sky is pretty tonight," he said, although he mentally smacked himself at the small talk.

"Have you ever thought it being a painting?"

"Hm?" Draco turned and looked at him.

"I had an old baby sitter. Her name was Margret, and she was very old, very experienced as she put it," Harry babbled, and Draco let him. "Most the time she would talk about her dog or her husband. She was a widow; her 'soul-mate' died at war, and she was devastated because of it."

"I couldn't imagine loosing someone that way," Draco said, his voice soft.

"Oh yeah," he agreed, "Must be awful. She wasn't much, but she wasn't horrible, I've had worse
baby sitters, but anyway, sometimes she was very poetic, and it would be out of no where. I kept wondering where she got it from, until one day, one of the last days I should say, she put this moldy, dusty box in front of me, and inside were letters from her husband."

"What do letters have anything to do with the sky?"

"I'm getting there! So when I opened them the ink was barely visible and the papers were worn, but it was still legible. It turned out that he wanted to be an artist, and every night leading up to his service, they would lay on the ground, just as we are, hands connected," Harry put his hand over Draco's, locking his palm over the top of the blonde's hand, interlocking their fingers. Draco let him.

"And they would watch the sunset from well in the afternoon, all the way up to one or two in the morning. They would only talk."

"How did they not run out of things to say?"

"I wondered that too," Harry finally turned to him, causing their eyes to meet. "She told me it was easy, said it was almost impossible to not talk to him."

Draco stared at their hands and chills went down his spine. He swallowed, letting Harry continue his story in a curious silence, turning back to look at the blackening atmosphere.

"She told me that the night before he went off to guard, they talked about the sky and the stars, and how if they ever missed each other, to look up, because metaphorically, they would be looking at each other. He broke a rib two years in falling off of something- I don't really remember. Anyway, it was piercing his heart, and the last thing he did was write to her. He said that if he was to die, which they both knew he was, then to look up at the sky, because he would paint it every day and every night for her, just so she knew he was alright."

Harry paused, listening to Draco's deep, steady breathing next to him.

"She was 28 when he died; she was 74. And in between that time, she hadn't found anybody to replace him. Told me that that kind of love was irreplaceable, and not a day went by that she didn't miss him. Her first and last kiss was with him. But she said she never cried when he left her."

"Why?"

"Because she would be with him one day. It was written in the contellations, you see, that every lifetime, they would find each other again. She said meeting him was like remembering him. That's how she knew."

"Wow."

"I know. It always bothered me."

"What?"

"How could anyone ever love someone that deeply, you know. She said when he was away, even when he was at the market, or asleep, it hurt her. Said it was like being stabbed. I believe in love and all, but I have my doubts about that one. It sounds like something out of a storybook, you know. How could anyone be that compatible?"

Draco swallowed. He had no idea. "Legend says that when man was created, he originally had four legs and four arms- double of everything, and when they were put on the earth, the force split them in half and they had to spend the rest of their lives finding each other so they were whole again."
"That was pretty deep for a Malfoy," Harry snorted.

"For your information," Draco scoffed, disconnecting their hands and pushing at his shoulder lightly before putting them together again, properly this time, "I read greek mythology, prat. I didn’t come up with it."

“I wouldn’t believe you if you said you did.” Harry let out a chuckle when dirt was launched at him. He tried not to think about it, but the vacancy of Draco’s hand beneath his palm bit at him, and he wanted the contact back, however, his indifference due to insecurities kept him tamed, and he resisted to grab it again.

“What kind of literature do you read,” Draco asked. A dry laugh escaped Harry's throat and Draco turned to him, propping himself up on his elbows. "What?"

"Literature? Really? Come on, I don't read!"

"No wonder you're failing half your classes and your inerudite recuperation skills are that of an ignoramus."

"Hey! Are you insulting me," Harry tried to stay serious, however his tone was light and whimsical.

"You may never know," Draco smirked.

"I feel like you are!"

"Maybe, maybe not!"

"I'm surely positive!"

"Really are you now?"

"Yeah- wait! I'm not failing half my classes! Just Snape's! And that doesn't count because he hates me."

"Maybe it's because you lie to him constantly."

"It's not like you're a saint either! Next Friday the 13th, Trewalney is probably going to have a heart attack!"

"I hope you don't mean literally! That would be contradicting to the point in which we were trying to make about her not dying!"

"I'm sure she'll be fine," Harry said smoothly, "She predicts my death every year."

"Didn't you have the grim last year?"

"Yup. Just good luck swimming in my bloodstream," he shrugged his shoulders. "I have a life expectancy of negative fourteen considering I was to supposed die about five times already." Draco laughed and laughed hard, throwing his head back so Harry could see the lines of his throat. He was mesmerized by them. Harry decided he liked Draco's laugh... a lot. "What's so funny?"

"Nothing, it's just the way you said it! Are you seriously not afraid whenever you get into some summons to contest?"

"Oh trust me, I'm petrified," Harry laughed dryly at his own, pathetic life. Draco continued laughing an unhealthily amount and Harry found himself chuckling at him. "The hell is wrong with you?"
"I don't know," he chortled, barely breathing in the process.

"This is why you need to laugh more often," Harry heaved, "One day you're just going to explode in a fit of laughter, and we'll have to write that on your tombstone."

Oh what a way for a Malfoy to go out.

It was a bit more until Draco stopped in a coughing fit, and they were both sitting up, Harry smacking his back. "Are you okay?"

"Y-yeah," he hiccupped. "I'm okay."

"You need to get out more. There are more things to laugh at than my life," Harry smiled involuntarily, but then grew quite. "You have a great laugh. It sounds... it just sounds really good... beautiful even..."

Draco blushed a ruby, not even knowing he was.

"Are you blushing," Harry asked, it being dark and him being visually impared.

"No," Draco shouted defensively.

"You are!"

"Malfoy's don't blush."

"Well, you are right now and your last name is Malfoy," Harry said, "But that's okay. I like the fact that I did that to you."

Draco's heart hammered in his chest at the end comment which was already hard to hear since Harry was hesitant to say it.

"Would you like to go flying," the Gryffindor asked.

"Sure. Yeah, that'd be great," he bit his lip. Harry shot up, surprising him with his abruptness. "A bit enthusiastic are we?"

"Just a little," Harry grinned, and Draco wanted him to stay like that until he died, smiling. It was a breathtaking smile. "I have to say, flying's probably the best feeling in the world."

"Why do you love it so much?" Harry put out his hand for Draco to take, and he did, standing and grabbing his broom in the process.

"I think it's because it validates magic for me. Sometimes I'll think I'm dreaming, you know, and when I fly, I know everything's real."

"Fair enough answer," Draco nodded.

"What about you?"

"I guess... I guess it's a way to isolation," the blonde said. "It was always something I could go off and do without pressure- well sometimes- a moment to be free, if you will."

"I don't get it. Aren't you already free? You're at hogwarts, you're rich, you can get practically anything in the world."
"Not everything." Draco swallowed and eyed him with innocence. "I wish it was that easy, Harry."

Harry decided to drop the subject, which Draco was happy about. He didn't want to have to explain first year all over to him. "Ready?"

"Born."

They mounted their brooms, and Harry kicked off the second he could, and with that, he was lost to Draco. It was a few seconds before he heard shouting and whooing coming from behind the trees, loud and obnoxious, magnetic and alive. Draco's cheeks burned at it, Harry's excitement, his happiness. He had that warm, fuzzy feeling spreading like wildfire across his whole body.

Harry had been MIA for a moment or two causing Draco to look around him, only to turn, finding Harry- well, finding Harry's face completely upside down in such a close proximity to his. He was hanging from his broom like a bat.

"What-" Draco started but was cut off.

"I told you you could smile. And you can do it damn well, too." Harry laughed and then climbed back onto his broom. Draco still hadn't moved. "Come on then, slowpoke!"

Draco rolled his eyes, shaking his head up at Harry who took off again. After kicking off, he was into the night. Darkness surrounded him, and yet again, he lost Harry. Looking around, he was startled when a zoom went past him with such a proximity and force, he was almost knocked off his broomstick.

"I've got to say, Draco, you're pretty sluggish tonight... or maybe it's just that- how did you put it- your inerudite recuperation skills are that of an ignoramus."

Draco raised his eyebrows. "Wow, I'm surprised you even knew how to pronounce half of those words."

"And I'm not surprised that you're still a prat," Harry laughed, taking off again, this time with Draco following him. They flew together indefinitely, until the weather bit at them and they both inhabited wind burn on their cheeks. Landing at the stone circle, they smiled continuously, the only form of light within outdoors illuminating their faces.

"Thank you, Malfoy. I had a great time."

"Draco."

"Promise?"

"I promise this isn't another trick. I-I had a really great time," he bit his lip.

"Maybe we could do this again soon," Harry suggested, rocking on his tip toes and shoving his hands in his pockets.

"I most definitely agree," Draco grinned and his heart skipped a beat at the thought of seeing him again. "However," something bothered him, "I suggest we keep our this a secret, same as last time. I really don't think that my father would appreciate opening the Prophet one morning and finding out his son like-likes Harry Potter."

Harry blushed slightly. "You don't need to worry about that. I really don't want this getting out either. Rita Skeeter would have a field day and I wouldn't want to put you in that jeopardy...Er-..."
what are we by the way?"

Draco's palms got sweaty. "I really don't know Potter, I really don't know."

"Harry," he reassured. Draco smiled what escaped the Gryffindor's lips. "Good night, Draco."

Draco didn't want to leave, neither did Harry. They were both frozen in their spots as if ice trapped their locomotor.
And then Draco was moving numbly, and going with his gut, he kissed Harry's cheek, causing them both to blush.

"Goodnight, Harry," he whispered in his ear, and the boy got goosebumps.

He watched the blonde walk away, a subtle smile on his face as he grasped where Draco just kissed.

The lion found himself falling for the snake once more, however this time, the snake was falling for the lion as well.
Harry had a grin on his face before opening his eyes, that's how happy he was, however he didn't have a concrete answer for it, not needing one. He only thought about the next meeting with Draco, and seeing his smile again.

He went to the bathroom for his well deserved shower, mentally preparing himself in the fact that his heart was to race the rest of the day no matter what he thought about. That and there were classes to attend to, double potions being the first one, yet, in fact, this time he was actually excited to attend, being able to see Draco for two hours straight, even if they couldn't talk.

Harry made his way down to breakfast sat in between his best friends, facing the Slytherin table. Upon looking up, Harry discovered that Draco hadn't even made his way down yet- well, up concidering they were in the dungeons.

Draco. Not Malfoy.

He wondered if Draco was to wear his hair without gel as it was at the end of their date: windblown with nightlust. Harry came to the conclusion it looked better like that, and when he put a loose hair behind his ears when it fell to his face, Harry got that warm, fuzzy feeling as well as the yearn to untuck it and tuck it again. He imagined each strand feeling softer and softer from the last-

"Harry?" Hermione's voice called him from his Draco-induced trance. He was startled, looking away from the vacant seat across the hall and onto his plate of eggs and toast. "Are you alright? You seem out of it this morning."

"Oh er- yeah... I- erm, I'm fine," Harry tried to maintain a neutral composure, but then he said the word 'fine' and his cheeks, betraying him against his own will, involuntarily pulled upward.

"Why are you so smiley, mate? It's kind of unnatur-" Ron couldn't finish his sentence due to Hermione gasping whilst her eyes lit up like a lightning strike.

"Oh my god! You went on another date again didn't you," she tried to keep from shouting... well she really didn't try to keep from shouting, Harry just wanted her to. His muscles refusing resistance, Harry grinned even larger; so big, he had to bury his head in his arms to keep from blushing. It was if his cheeks were screaming more than Hermione did.

"Please just announce it to the whole school, Hermione," Harry snapped, raising his head again, facing her.

"Sorry," she lowered her voice. "Come on, Harry, tell us about it."

"We talked," Harry looked down at his eggs, smiling like a nutter.

"You talked? And?" Hermione lit up like a Christmas tree.

"And," Harry bit his lip, "it went fine," he held back.

"What are you not telling us," Ron asked, nudging his shoulder playfully.

It's Draco Malfoy. Nah... not only would his friends freak out, but he would be breaking Draco's promise. "We just... we connected really well, but it's strange. H-she's... she's not what I expected."
"Maybe that's a good thing, mate," Ron patted his back. "What type of a girl is she? Tom-boy? Tom-girl? Does she play for her house."

"She's..." Harry thought about it and smirked to himself. "No, she doesn't play," Harry decided that would narrow it down too much. Draco walked in, hair gelled- unfortunately- and they locked eyes momentarily. Harry smirked to himself. "And tom-girl definitely. Really, very girly. She probably spent twenty minutes on her hair alone this morning."

"Really? I thought you would go for someone more... rougher, your love of quidditch, vanquishing of Dark Lord's and whatnot!"

"I mean, I took her flying-"

"You took her flying," Hermione wailed, causing Harry to jump. "Harry you can't do that if she's a tom-girl! It's not like she's Ginny. If you took me flying I'd probaby cry, you and your crazy moves!"

"I didn't do any of those!" Yes I did...

Harry didn't want to press, and made a mental note to write down what he would lie about. Hermione raised an eyebrow at him. "Honest!"

"Harry, mate, we can see right through you," Ron laughed, "Did she have fun at least?"

"Yeah, a lot of fun, so ha, Hermione!"

"Just make sure you're taking care of her," Hermione told him, "And if you need girl advice, let me know."

"I will," Harry smiled, but not at their kindness and (somewhat) respect of privacy (hey, at least they weren't begging for a name or house); he smiled at the fact that he wouldn't be needing any girl advice whatsoever. Just then he looked up to the Slytherin table and locked eyes, and they both sneered at the same time, however Harry's faltered and he looked away before he could laugh, and before his friends noticed who he was looking at.

"He's in for it, Hermione," Ron said, shaking his head.

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"Pansy," Draco shouted from within his bedroom. He only used the didactic tool of waking the entire dorm in emergencies. He said it was the fastest way to get her to him: embarrass her in front of the Slytherin population.

It wasn't but a few moments until a grumpy ratted mess walked into the room prepared to be either shocked or mutually disappointed. She found Draco with his blankets splayed on the floor along with all of his pillows except for one which he hugged in a fetal position.

"What's wrong with you!" All he did was point at his heart and start to stutter in a nervous fashion. "Ugh more relationship issues? Come one Draco, it's not like you are learning how to catch a bogart. It's just a crush!"

"Pansy! M-my heart it, it hurts!! It's the worse pain I've ever been through! And it won't go away!"

"How did it go last night?"

"What? I'm in pain Pansy! How am I supposed to focus on my date with Harry if I'm undergoing a
"heart attack!" His voice broke every few words. He was freaking our over a certain warm and fuzzy feeling in his chest.

Pansy began to smile and commented on his rampage. "So it went well."

"Yes it went great thank you. Why are you...?"

"You called him Harry. Potter obviously means something to you besides an enemy now. Have you properly kissed yet?"

"What," he said breathlessly, "Pansy I think I'm dying right now!"

"It's Potter!"

"What? What about Harry," Draco's voice cracked yet again. Pansy rolled her eyes and pointed at his chest. "No, Harry wouldn't... he likes me! I didn't see his wand on him, he couldn't of hexed me, I would have felt it!" Then he scoffed. "No wonder... he probably just fooled me just like I fooled him to get even. Hell, he probably poisoned his cheek so when I kissed it I would have a stomach ache, and he's horrible at potions so it's a late reaction."

"You kissed him on the cheek," Pansy lit up. "You're joking!"

"No! And then he smiled at me with his damned dorky smile and he blushed-

"He didn't poison you," Pansy leaned on one hip, speaking coolly, almost as if she was bored.

"He- what?"

"You do have emotions, you know, even if you don't use them," she picked at her nails, "You're doing this to yourself."

He ran his fingers through his hair aggressively before calming a bit and swallowing. "This is what father wanted to save me from, huh?"

"Yup. Sucks, doesn't it."

"And it's not going to go away?"

"Nope," she popped the 'P'. "He's burned into you now, unfortunately."

"Oh Merlin!" He rolled over and buried his face in the pillow that he was just hugging desperately.

"Your heart races when you seem him? Stomach has butterflies?"

"No, Pansy! I'm becoming weak!"

"Calm down, will you? You're finally becoming a human being, congratulations. Don't be scared, embrace it! You finally care about someone."

Draco's worried, sweaty face vanished within a matter of seconds and a giant smile on his face replaced it. "I care about someone. I like someone. Pansy, I'm falling for someone!" He was silent for a bit, and when he spoke, he did in that of a tone of quiet. "I want to kiss him."

His heart raced at that statement. He couldn't believe he said it out loud.

"So kiss him," Pansy sat on the bed next to him.
"Can I?"

"You don't need to ask permission. He's your... he's whatever you call him. Are you official yet?"

"We don't know," Draco bit his lip. "I want to be, though."

"You do?"

"I think so," Draco couldn't keep from smiling, "I really think I do."

"I'm happy for you," she grinned, however her face dropped when: "Stop smiling."

"Why?"

"I mean if you want a news article in the Prophet about this strange behavior and your father call you up in demented curiosity as to 'What Malfoys shall and shan't do,' I suggest a usual sneer to greet Potter hello. Make everyone believe you're not falling over a stupid Gryffindork."

"Oh Merlin, a Gryffindork! I'm falling for a damned Gryffindork!"

The blonde walked down to breakfast with a stomach of butterflies, which he called nuisances, and a heart skipping beats like there was no tomorrow; Draco was convinced if it kept doing that, his lack of oxygen would cause him no tomorrow. He walked through the Great Hall, avoiding eye-contact with Harry, knowing he would break out in a smile if their eyes met. He felt Harry's stare all the way across the room, which caused chills to vibrate down his spine.

Their sneers matched and his heart, annoyingly, skipped a beat yet again, and Draco felt like scolding it.

Palms sweaty, the whole love thing was foreign to the Slytherin, and he was terrified to mess it up. What if Harry thought he was really sneering at him?

"Draco, I can hear your over thinking," Pansy whispered next to him, "You're fine."

It wasn't long before Draco had to go to Potions and maybe he could just talk to Harry about everything. He knew they wanted it a secret, but how far should he go? What would hurt Harry?

He hoped Snape hated the latter enough today so they would be paired together, but when he arrived, notes were drawn on a blackboard, just waiting eagerly to be copied.

Harry had already sat down and faced the board so he couldn't look at Draco at all.

"Sit down everyone," Snape curled. "Start copying. Come tomorrow these will be erased from the board completely, and if you don't get the information, I will feel no sympathy. You have the whole period."

The students groaned at the workforce ahead of them.

It was about halfway though the class when Draco was too distracted for anything. He kept thinking about whether or not he did anything wrong. Last night, he kissed him on the cheek, and Harry smiled right?

Although Pansy saw his doubts, she also saw through them. It had nothing to do with his 'inability to love' moreover it being Harry Potter himself. She remembered Draco starting Hogwarts, how their
first night, he refused to converse with anyone because Potter, above all, had rejected him. He probably hadn't any idea if Potter would be genuine or not.

Harry, however, was thinking the same thing. He really liked Draco, like really liked him. Draco was an elite: how could he ever want someone as scruffy and mismanaged as Harry.

Maybe it was just the fact that last night was so surreal to both of them, yet so real, that it was like a dream.

The rest of the class went by slow, and Draco found it harder to concentrate. Harry completely zoned out. When the bell rang, Draco was in a panic.

This was the first time he didn't complete his assignment... ever.

The both packed their things, each stealing glances from another, each giving permission to. Harry was last to leave, already running late to class when an arm pulled him into a corridor. Harry abruptly resisted and started talking, however Draco put a hand over his mouth to keep him mumbles muffled.

"Did I scare you," Draco asked, amusement in his eyes to hide his doubt.

"Yes," Harry said at Draco's release.

"Good," he smirked. Harry shoved at his shoulder.

"What do you want," Harry laughed.

"Erm... I don't really know... to talk?"

"Who's an ignoramus now," Harry teased.

"Listen," Draco said, "I'm not really... good at this..."

"This?"

"Relationships, I guess," Draco bit his lip and crossed his arms. "Feelings... you..."

"You're not very good at me," Harry quizzed.

"If you hadn't noticed, I've sort of hated you for years. Sometimes still."

"What, you're saying that you don't like me?"

"No."

"Fear of commitment?"

"Possibly? I hate emotions in general."

"How have you been living," Harry asked. "I always thought you were just a complete arsehole."

"No, I am. It's just... my arsehole side of me doesn't like this new side of me, but this new side of me likes this more than my arsehole side and... I'm confused."

"At least you admit to having an arsehole side," Harry bit his cheek.

"What are we," Draco asked, still curious as to last night.
"What do you want to be?" Draco's heart sped.

"Well, what do you want to be," he argued back.

"I think sometimes I want to whack you upside the head-"

"I want to kiss you," Draco blurted out.

Harry stopped all speech, deciphering if he heard that right. "What?"
Draco didn't know what to say, nor how to react, so he did the only plausible thing he could think of: he grabbed Harry by his tie, completely messing it up, and smashed their lips together in a somewhat forced, however very much real kiss. And he knew it was real when Harry put a hand to Draco's neck.

That and the fact his mouth felt like it had been completely set on fire. His limbs warmed and brain went fuzzy.

They were only in that state for a matter of seconds when they heard people from the opposing hallway and they broke apart completely. It was Harry's followers, of course. Peasants.

Draco acted quickly and grabbed Harry by the wrist, leading him to an unlocked door inhabiting cleaning supplies.

"Why do the Weasel and Mudblood always follow you?"

Harry snapped his hand back from Draco. "Don't call them that! They're my best friends, and if you can't respect that, then you may as well leave now. I have two rules: keep it a secret and respect my friends. Couldn't care less what you called me out in classes and in the hallway, but call Hermione a mudblood once, it's all over, and same goes for Ron about a blood traitor," Harry scolded.

"Right," Draco tried to process it. That would be a hard one. He personally liked those nicknames.

"Now, what is it you want us to be?"

"I want... I want," Draco hesitated. He didn't know if he could say it outloud. "I want.. Harry. I want Harry."

"Then you'll get Harry," the Gryffindor said, lowering his voice a bit. "Stop making it complicated."

"I want to be you're boy-.. boyfrrr... that thing."

"Boyfriend? You actually want a commited relationship?"

"Why is that so surprising," Draco snapped.

"It's not," Harry said, "Wait, yes it is. God, two weeks ago we were punching each other and now we're kissing each other. Don't you think we're moving a little fast?"

"Yes, but sometimes I think it's not fast enough," Draco said quietly. He hated feelings. He hated talking about his feelings. He hated feeling his feelings. "Is it going to feel weird the entire time?"

"Feel weird?"

"Yeah, like here," Draco pointed to his heart and stomach and throat and brain and ended up giving up there.

"I think that would be a good thing," Harry smiled warmly. Draco scoffed. "Oh poor you, actually
having emotions," Harry laughed at him.

"How awful."

"At least you're easy to talk to," Draco babbled.

"At least you smell nice. How much cologne do you wear anyway?"

"Shut it, Potter," Draco smiled and ruffled Harry's hair.

"So," Harry bit his lip. He stuck out his hand, a gesture which reminded Draco of first year oh so clearly, and he tried not to frown at the thought of it. "Boyfriends?"

"Boyfr-... That thing," the blonde responded, grasping his hand firmly and shaking it. So that's what it's supposed to feel like. "I never imagined I would have a b- boyfriend." Draco knew if his father heard him say that without 'I am Pansy's new' in front of it- crucio wouldn't cut it.

"Me either," Harry said. "Meet me by the lake, at four, okay?"

"Okay," Draco nodded and smiled, "B- boyfriend."

They departed with smiles on their faces.

-----------------------------------------------

Draco waited by the lake for an extra 15 minutes before Harry showed up in their original spot.

"Fashionably late," Draco, looking him up and down, raised an eyebrow as Harry stepped to him. They were still in their uniforms, classes just finishing.

"Shush it," Harry snapped lightly, "McGonagall held us late. Besides, you're just as bad as me so don't go there."

"Er- no, my hair doesn't look like a Cornish Pixie nest," Draco spoke with sarcasm. Harry stuck out his tongue.

"At least my hair isn't plastic," he crossed his arms with a smirk.

"Alright," Draco sneered back, "Fair enough."

"Ha! When are you ever fair?"

"I'm sometimes fair," Draco pouted.

"You know you're cute when you pout," Harry softened.

"Cute? What am I some four-year-old child in a pile of puppies?"

"Fine. You're horribly ugly and a pain to look at," Harry almost laughed.

"The same for you, Scarface," Draco bit with a sneer.

"Alright, enough with the insults-

"But it's the best thing about being with you: endless snide remarks."

Harry shoved him and Draco shoved him back. "Come on, prat, I want to show you something."
Harry grabbed his hand and walked them along the boarder of trees outside the Forbidden Forest until Harry ceased movement abruptly. They stopped in front of a large oak tree, in fact, it was the largest one along the treeline. That tree was the beginning of 13 trees in a straight row, just as monstrous and congruent as the starting point. It was strange since all the other trees were all grown in random spots in the soil; different types of skyscrapers.

"Follow me," Harry smiled, looking back at him before starting at his trek, Draco watching only Harry in front of him. The Gryffindor ran in between the superstructures in a zig-zagged patters, going on opposite sides of the trunks, weaving as the path came and avoiding roots. Draco tripped on one slightly, simply because he was staring at the back of Harry's head... and his robes in the wind... and the way his shoulders- focus Draco!-, but don't tell Harry that. He didn't notice.

(He totally noticed.)

"Harry, where are you taking me," Draco asked, his palms getting sweaty as they got denser. Harry didn't answer. He just kept his loco motor consistent and constant. It wasn't until long til they reached the edge of the 13th and final tree. A small area surrounded by trees larger than life created a constant shadow as well as barrier to them, however, to the left of them was a large hallway shaped from the land, plants such as vines and branches and thorns surrounding it. The rest was wooded areas, homes of monsters Draco nor Harry would wish to meet. There was almost complete darkness, the only source of light coming from the end of the stretch of the wall of thorns.

"Harry I don't understand. Why didn't you just go on one side of the trees. It was just a straight line! We look like idiots. Walking in between them like a snake wouldn't make a difference," Draco complained as they started down the hallway leading to a green wall, still holding hands.

Harry turned to him with wondrous eyes, "Magic."

He smiled greatly, and that left Draco with an involuntary grin. They reached the end of the hallway to see a wall made of vines hanging from the very top of a tree that resembled Big Ben. The ropes were heavy and thick, not letting anyone see through the next side.

"Draco. You know how we almost got caught earlier," Harry recalled. Draco nodded and Harry continued, "Well I have a place where we'll never get caught."

Harry opened a small fraction of the great vines and, looking through the hole, a beautiful scene mesmerized Draco.

The silkiest of grassed covered a small field outlined with the biggest trees Draco has ever seen, all equal, forming a wall to the outside world. 30 yards down past said field, the lake reflected the setting sun. The water met with a tiny bank made up with rocks and wet sand, a few shells sitting here and there.

To the left stood a plateau made of rock, easy enough to climb on. Off in the distance behind a pack of trees stood Hogwarts, mighty and proud.

In total, the cove created a half circle of complete and utter solitude.

"Harry-" Draco was cut off by a pair of gentle lips pressed to his own through a heavy dose of courage on Harry's part.

They stood there for maybe a minute, or possibly an hour, or maybe an eternity.
For that never mattered.
Roller Coaster

His lips were soft and sweet, however nonmoving, both afraid- hell- petrified to do anything else. Their entirety of nerve endings sizzled all over, everywhere they could against their will.

And it felt so good.

Harry was the one to release reluctantly, and Draco opened his eyes, not even remembering when he closed them. Green met mercury in a silence of deep breaths, each feeling the others exhale- thats how close they were. The blonde didn't know what to say.

"H-hey you," Draco blurted, and Harry let out a light laugh.

"Hey," he bit his lip, and Draco watched him do it before he flicked his eyes in curiosity back to Harry's.

"How do you know about this place?" He looked back through the ropes. Harry didn't answer just yet. Instead, he just lead Draco through the vines. They were heavy and made up of vegetationas well as loose branches that swang as he pushed them. Light blinded them, but their eyes adjusted quickly, the magnificent sight in front of them becoming more and more crystal clear.

Harry took off his robes and hung them on a peg made up of a broken branch just at the entrance. He held his hand out to Draco.

"Robe?"

Draco tried to keep back a smile but he stripped himself of it and handed it to him, recieving a happy huff from Harry, and he hung it on top of his. "What a gentleman."

Harry smiled and grabbed both of Draco's hands, walking backwards to the midde of the field, close enough to hear the subtle waves of the water crash onto the bank. A blanket rested there. Draco watched him, eyeing his entire face, his heart beating at their touch. Harry's hands were soft, too.

They sat on the blanket, a breeze nipping at them, for the snow was untouchable in the area, however the bite of winter still froze the air.

"I don't understand this place," Draco said, looking out at the water. "It doesn't snow here. The trees... are incredible. How did you..." He trailed off, looking back at Harry.

"It was second year. Everyone kept blaming me for being the Heir of Slytherin and I just wanted to get away for a while. I went for a walk and I saw the first tree, and of course, being a twelve year old, I 'investigated with my imagination' I guess you could call it. Then I found this place.

"On the way back, I was tired, I didn't want to weave through it, and I ended up being completely lost in the opposite direction. I think it's a trick so if someone went looking for you, they couldn't find you. If you miss one tree, you're in the middle of the forest with werewolves and whatnot. I come here a lot."

"Is this where you went when they called your name for the Triwizard tournament," Draco asked and Harry raised an eyebrow at him. "I wasn't following you," he said, quieter, "I just saw you got out the Hall."

"Yeah. I like this place. A lot. It's just... magic." Harry took a deep breath. "And I think I'd like it
better with you."

Draco blushed. They both sat there and looked into each others eyes, and then at each other's lips. And then somehow, they were closer together. The blonde couldn't feel his hand when he reached up and put it to Harry's hair, wiping it from his scar. He traced it with his thumb. "I've always wanted to do that."

"Really?"

"Yeah. I want.. I want to kiss you too..."

"Then, kiss me."

They looked at each other another second more before slowly moving in. They stopped hovering each others lips, and Harry watched as Draco closed his eyes, awaiting the other to make a move.

And then they met harshly.

This time they were active: Draco moved his hand to Harry's neck and pulled him closer, and Harry put a hand on Draco's bicep. Their noses skimmed each other as their lips sucked leisurely. It felt as though they were on a cloud.

"Draco," Harry asked breathlessly after they let go.

"Yes?"

"How are you so good at this," Harry asked as he bit his lip, miss Draco's taste.

"Well, because with you, it is easy." Draco opened his eyes to see green emeralds staring into his own eyes. They both smiled.

Draco looked away from Harry to see the beautiful land that was speculated in front of him. The trees were ever so tall and the grass was ever so green. The sun was setting but the only thing he could look at was Harry.

He now knew what Pansy meant.

Giving out, Draco lay down on the blanket smiling up at the darkening sky, then turned his head to admire the sunset past Harry, however his view was obscured when Harry lay back as well.

"Excuse me, Scarface, you're blocking my view." Draco said in a snobbish tone, dropping his face into a mask.


"Hey, that's crossing the line!" Draco's mouth dropped to that of an 'o'.

"What shall I call you then?" Harry propped his head up with one arm, wind flying through his hair.


"Oh but Ferret is much more suitable," he laughed. The two finished off their smiles and stared up into the sky until it grew dark, comfortable in silence, small conversation ringing on and off.

Harry closed his eyes, dreaming of whatever he wished, but Draco kept his eyes open and watched
him. Fear was growing. He didn't want to mess something like this up.

"Harry," Draco asked, and the boy opened his eyes at his nervous tone.

"Yeah?"

"Am I your first...you know... relationship?"

"Yes," he whispered, the night swallowing the sky. "Am I yours?" Draco nodded. "This should be fun then," Harry said looking up at the stars once more.

"Are you nervous," Draco swallowed. Harry eyed him carefully and noticed how uptight he looked, jaw clenched, wide eyes. Draco sat up so his back was to Harry. Then Harry turned to deep thought.

"A little," he said softly. "Are you?"

"Absolutely," his voice cracked in a whisper.

"Are you scared," Harry asked, furrowing his eyebrows.

"I'm terrified," Draco shouted in a whisper. Harry sat up and crawled next to him, placing a hand on his shoulder, Draco's worried eyes staring at him.

"About what?"

"Everything! What if people find out? My father, you don't understand if my father-"

"Draco, that's not going to... we won't let that happen, I won't," Harry shook his head.

"Yeah, sure," Draco bit his lip with an attitude. "It's just... I've never done this stuff before."

"What, had a boyfriend? I know it's a scary thing being with someone of the same gender, I mean and me of all people. We've hated each other for years-"

"No, liked something," Draco shouted. "I don't... I don't feel!"

"Ever?" Harry eyed him in curiosity.

"No," he said almost solemnly, "Malfoy's were raised for power. Not love. In our family, love- it's something thing that holds us back. Gets in our way." Harry could sense the pain in his words.

"Whoever led you to believe that is an idiot."

"That's my father for you!"

"The world survives on it. I wouldn't be here without it. Whoever told you that obviously doesn't know anything about how to live."

"I don't want to mess this up, Harry. I really like you for some stupid reason." Harry snorted, "And I... I'm so lost, Harry." Draco leaned his head so that it was nuzzled in Harry's neck. Harry stroked his hair.

"Well I'm going to find you. That's a promise."

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When in Divination the next week, it being double block with Gryffindors and Slytherins combined,
Draco felt a small weight in the hood of his robes, and he reached for it before it could go unnoticed by anyone else. Hiding the parchment under the desk in case any eavesdroppers lurked about, he unfolded it, wondering how it was even put in there to begin with; no one sat behind him.

*Happy Friday*
-Scarface

After reading it twice, Draco involuntarily smiled despite his need not to. It was brief, but Harry saw it, (he was practically staring at him across the room for half the period), and thankfully no one else saw it due to it's succinct nature. Harry bit his tongue in attempts to not grin, but it still counted as to making Draco smile, and that was something Harry enjoyed doing, even if it occurred for a millisecond.

In total, they'd been boyfriends for two weeks, although they'd only met once in scarce they'd get caught if they encountered more than once or twice in a seven day epoch. They figured Harry's friends would get suspicious as well.

Friday. It was their day, simple as that. They only planned to meet Fridays, and only wanted to meet Friday's because what better way to end the work week with a night of rapture.

Draco was called from the parchment due to a crash, his head shooting up to find a crystal ball on the floor.

"Professor Trelawny, are you alright," some idiot Gryffindork to whom Draco couldn't give a thought as to learning the name of asked, and the teacher turned abruptle, almost harshly, frazzled and startled.

"Today," she said, and only said, and then repeated it in lower and higher octives, various tones and voices. "Today!"

"Today? Friday," the girl answered.

"What's wrong with Friday," Daphne Greengrass asked.

"The date," Trelawny answered, whispering it. Then, she shouted it in a panic. "The date!"

"What's the date," Weasley asked, dumbfounded.

"The thirteen-" Hermione was cut off by Trelawny backing into one of the many tables along the room, knocking over a set of brass stands and a few tea cups.

Draco and Harry both jerked up, locking eyes briefly. "Told you," Draco mouthed. Harry muzzled his mouth to keep from breaking out in a fit of laughter. Hermione looked at him briefly and then back at Trelawny, just in time for Draco to dip his head and bite his tongue to keep from snickering, but initially keeping it in, he ended up snorting, causing Pansy to look at him weirdly and Blaise to give him wild eyes, along with a few Slytherins in the proximity.

Thankfully the rest of the class was resting on the fact that Trelawny was spazzing, and more than usual. "The thirteenth, Friday the thirteenth," she gasped, hyperventilating, knocking over another sphere in the process, and shrieking as an effect to it.

Harry burst out laughing, face red, and a few did too in sheer confusion, but Harry was the loudest and Hermione ended up kicking his leg under the table.

"Why are you laughing," she asked sharply, however Ron started chuckling too.

"Come on, 'Mione," he said, "He's love sick, head in the clouds! Give him a break!"
"And what's your excuse?"

Ron was about to speak, but was cut off by another shout.

"Friday the Thirteenth," she moaned in despair, "Danger! Mortal peril!" Harry glanced at Draco when his friends looked away, and they locked eyes again before the blonde lost complete control and chuckled. "This is it! This is my end!"

At this point, Draco's throat rang with such an extraneous amount of laughter, people stared, and Pansy hit him under the table, causing him to stop swiftly, the ghost of a laugh playing on his lips even though he pulled his mask into a scowl.

Harry saw that, too, and as a result, he cackled, burring his head in his arms which were supporting him on the table, his body bobbing up and down.

Involuntarily snorting, Draco attempted to control himself, although he would do anything to laugh aloud and openly right now. It made him look forward for their date even more so later that evening.

"What's wrong with you," Hermione glared at him with wide eyes, furrowing her eyebrows in the process, "Did you take some laughing potion or something?"

"Was Malfoy just laughing," Ron asked, but Harry went serious.

"Not possible. 'Malfoys don't laugh,'" he mocked in a snotty tone, then laughed at his impression.

"I could have sworn he did. It was probably the strangest, most unattractive thing I'd even heard," Ron laughed.

"Probably Parkinson. Probably has Malfoy's tongue stuck in her throat she can't help but sound like a madwoman," Harry cringed, his face heating.

"Bleh, Mate! That's gross. I don't want to think of that," he cowered. "Malfoy tongue."

"Gross." Harry agreed, and put up a fake look of disgust. And it was indeed most fake.

As of recent events, Harry grew fascinated at the thought of Draco's tongue.

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Due to Trelawny's (moreover) insane state, they were released early for lunch in hopes her good deed would 'Save her from the Devil,' as she put it.

Harry was practically skipping down the hall with a smile on his face with his friends.

"You're in for it, aren't you mate," Ron laughed.

"Hmm?"

"You're too smiley for your own good," he said.

"Can't help it," Harry bit his lip to keep from smiling. He lagged behind them, Ron calling back words over his shoulder.

"When can we meet her," he turned around.

"Not yet," Harry replied.
"Oh come on, Harry," Hermione said, "I'll figure it out eventually!"

"That's your only shot."

"Harry," Ron complained, turning back around, swinging his bag along with his steps.

"We want to keep it a se-"

Harry was stopped by a hand over his mouth, and was pulled from behind one of the many tapestries along the 5th floor corridor. When oriented again, Harry's eyes met Draco's and he immediately smiled.

Ron and Hermione turned behind them to find the corridor empty. "Mate?"

There wasn't an answer, mostly due to the fact that Draco 1.) didn't want to get caught and 2.) still had his hand over Harry's mouth.

"Alright," Ron called with a smirk, "Don't suck his face too hard, mystery girlfriend," he heard two snorts, "He still needs to eat later."

"Ron," Hermione hit him.

"Alright, we'll go! Just return him when you're done ravishing him," he called to Draco, unknowingly as to the fact that it was him behind the curtain and not some girl. "Oh and he likes it when you stroke behind his ear!"

"Ron," Harry shouted as he shoved away his hand, and Draco smirked at him. "Go away!"

"Fine!" They didn't speak until they heard footsteps getting quieter and quieter until they were nonexistent. Both held their breath until they were certain.

And then they began laughing hysterically. "You were right," Harry chuckled. "I can't believe you were right about Trelawny!"

"I told you!"

They continued laughing, and then stared at each other, searching in their humorous eyes.

"How would he ever know that," Draco said, smiling at him.

"Know what? Who?"

"Weasley. That you liked being stroked behind your ear."

"The Yule Ball. Hermione helped me with my hair and I guess I closed my eyes and shivered," Harry said, but then trailed away as Draco put his hand behind his ear, stoking his hair behind it. His eyes lulled shut and he leaned to the touch, his hairs standing up against the back of his neck, and Draco could see it.

"Like that?"

"Yeah," Harry said in such a dream-like state, it was almost as if he was dreaming. Draco smirked at it.

"Now I know how to shut you up."
"I know how you shut you up, too," Harry smirked as well.

"Oh really, and how would that be?"

Harry, although smiling, grabbed the back of his neck and kissed him gently. They moved their mouths little, still unfamiliar as to each other's limits, still thinking it was incredibly weird that they'd gone from foes to boyfriends. And then at the thought of them being boyfriends, Harry pushed forward, startling Draco, although he wasn't opposing to it.

They moved, opening their mouths and then finishing by sucking on the other's lips, only to do it all over again, their bodies warming and nerve endings sparking. Draco couldn't think, didn't want to think, rather. He found his arm on Harry's bicep and then shoulder, caressing it. He then thought of another idea and stroked behind his ear again, and Harry visibly shivered.

They released with heavy breathing, and Harry opened his eyes to find Draco's still closed, as if he didn't want to open them.

When he finally did, They smiled at each other.

"I'm going to kill Ron for telling you that."

"Why," Draco smiled and did it yet again, petting behind his ear.

"Or maybe I should thank him."

Draco beamed, loving the sheer feeling of smiling, not even realizing how closer together they were. He bit his lip, "I'll see you tonight?"

"Wouldn't miss it," Harry smiled and kissed his cheek.

He then shoved Draco out from behind the tapestry.

Draco walked through the vine ropes only to hear a crack of a twig. He looked around the field to find it empty, and since he'd already been late himself, he wondered if Harry was even going to show up. He took a step forward, hearing another crack and immediately he disregarded it as the branch beneath his foot. However, what he wasn't anticipating was the upside down Harry suddenly swinging in front of him to block his path, although Draco was too frightened to move anyway.

"Merlin, Harry! You could have give me a bit of a warning," he clutched his chest in attempts to calm his jump-started heart. "And possibly a heart attack."

Harry swung back and forth, dangling from his knees on a low branch. His hair hung loosely and swayed against his rhythm of to and fro,

"I broke a twig," his voice strained against gravity. The boy's glasses were barely hanging onto his ear and Draco fixed them, his hand lingering on his face. "Surprise." They gazed into each other's eyes, and they took note how different they looked given the new perspective.

Harry released his grip on the tree and let his arms swing in full arch, barely missing Draco's body. He lifted his hand, and raised his eyebrow. "I have a present for you." Draco held out his hand. Harry let a flower fall from his hands, "I picked it myself," he gave a peachy smile, "just for you."

Draco stared at him, trying to hold back smile: failing miserably. "How thoughtful. You killed a
living and thriving plant and disrupted the balance of nature just for me."

"Well if you put it that way," Harry pulled a weird face.

"Here," Draco squatted down and grabbed a few blades of grass, ripping them from their roots and giving it to Harry. "For you."

"Thank you," Harry chuckled. "I will treasure this until my dying day."

Draco watched him as he laughed, particularly at his lips. He felt the urge again, the magnetic, alluring demand of his lips on Harry's. Harry saw the anticipation in his eyes, and he shut his own, puckering his lips, not a noticeable amount, but just enough. He parted them slightly. Draco took his opportunity and they kissed...awkwardly. Kissing already felt weird in general, and it being completely upside down felt even odder.

Although odd, it did feel just as great, just as tingly. Draco found his hand on Harry's upside down cheek, it being completely opposite as to what he normally felt.

"I'm light headed," Harry breathed when they released.

"Well come down then, before you kill yourself," Draco said.

"You come up."

"Harry, you're going to get hurt, and I'm going to laugh at you."

"I won't move until you come up here with me," Harry opened his eyes. "The view's amazing. Hurry up, I have a head ache."

"Fine," Draco mumbled, and Harry lifted and twisted himself to where he was sitting upright, feet dangling from the tree. As Draco made his way up, he smiled but kept it from Harry's view. "You're an idiot."

"I'm a cute idiot."

"Hardly," Draco grunted as he lifted himself up, placing himself next to Harry. "Wow, you're right, the view is great up here."

"Would I lie to you?"

"Yes," Draco said in certainty, "Most definitely."

"Ehh... It depends on the day," Harry laughed, and Draco grabbed his hand. Harry's was sweaty, but the soft sweaty, the nice sweat. His arms heated. There was an awkward silence. They'd had a few of those, unsure as to what the other was to say, unsure if they should fill the silence. But sometimes that was reassuring, that everything wasn't perfect. It made it mundane, and Harry liked mundane in the words of human. For once he felt normal, and maybe that was why his heart was racing.

"You know what's really strange," Draco spoke, breaking the quiet.

"What?"

"Kissing."

"I completely agree! It feels so weird," Harry related, "I thought I was the only one-"

"Hell no," Draco laughed, "Like when we move our mouths and there's air in between our lips."
Draco pointed at his open mouth. "It's like... It's like..."

"Eating air!"

"Yes," Draco smiled, "exactly like eating air! It feels weird you know... kissing."

"Yeah. Not what I expected it to be like," Harry swallowed back a smile, "Nothing like what I expected it to be like."

"I think it's just the consciousness of it. Like... do you think when I'm kissing you that I'm actually kissing you?"

"I feel like that's a philosophical question. Like, do we all even exist?"

"Don't even get me started about that," Draco bit, "I've had too many sleepless nights with no answers!"

Harry chuckled. "Me too. Like, why are we all here if we're meant to die anyway."

"I haven't a clue, Potter," Draco grinned.

"My name is Harry," Harry kicked his dangling foot.

"H-hey," Draco laughed, "It's a habit."

They were silent a bit, looking out into the sunset, and then they turned to look at each other, thinking the exact same thing.

"What's the point of a habit if we don't exist," Harry asked, and Draco shoved at his shoulder, cackling, causing Harry to laugh as well, and it all ended with Draco resting his head on Harry's shoulder, thinking back to the days where he dreamed of this; laughing with Harry Potter. He sighed, "Where have you been all my life?"

Harry turned to him. "Hiding from you."

And they laughed again.

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"We are going to learn how to make out if it kills me, Potter," Draco shoved a laughing Harry on his back before crossing his arms. "Surely you can beat a Dark Lord and somehow kill a damned basilisk, but the second someone starts to shove their tongue down your throat, you go into a giggle fit."

The first time their tongues touched, they were completely hesitant, and it felt damn weird. Harry backed off completely and pulled a face whilst Draco wiped his tongue on his sleeve. The second time, they met in full force, and Harry put his tongue practically down Draco's throat- Draco not expecting it- and he was gagging for moments afterwards. 'Merlin, Harry, are you trying to choke me,' Draco exclaimed, and Harry laughed.

That was two weeks before now. Every time they tried again, the other backed away, just because of the nerves. But today, once again, they tried again, and the tickle of their tongues meeting caused Harry to laugh, and as of now, Draco was complaining yet again.

"Why does anyone do this," Harry hooted.
"I don't know! Why does anybody do what they do? Couples are weird."

"Have you ever thought about the first time two people tried to make out," Harry asked, a smile on his face as his laughs went away, but they came back the second Draco started laughing. "It was probably better than this!"

"Doubt it! We aren't that inhabitable!"

"Draco this is our 6th time and we still can't get it," Harry laughed.

"We aren't leaving here until we can," Draco demanded. "I don't care if it's all night. It's not like this is breaking into the vaults at Gringotts. It's just making out for Merlin's sake!"

"Okay fine," Harry sat up positioning himself to where their thighs were basically touching. They looked into each other's eyes for a split second and then leaned, however their lips never connected because Harry snorted and started laughing again, spraying Draco with spit.

"Bleh!" Draco wiped it off, "You're such an ignoramus!"

"I'm sorry," Harry chortled. "I've had a case of the giggles all day! Ask Flitwick, really! He said this one spell and I couldn't control myself for the life of me!"

Draco buried his head in Harry's shoulder and shook his head, laughing. "I swear you're awful. Yet you wonder why it took you so long to get a Yule Ball date! I would have been mortified even if we were dating at that point."

"Hey, you're just as bad! You kiss like a girl," he accused, and before he knew it Draco was on top of him, straddling his hips. Their faces were exceedingly close, noses touching.

"Say that again." His eyes withheld danger.

"You. Kiss. Like. A. Girl," Harry smirked, grabbing Draco's tie. "Prove me wrong, then, if you disagree. Prove me wrong." Harry looked at Draco's lips, and just that made Draco smash their lips together, almost bruising them. Harry moaned and wrapped his arms around Draco's back. Their lips moved fiercely, sucking, and Draco bit his bottom lip, not even giving Harry a choice since he gasped and Draco propelled his tongue in his mouth.

Finally, finally, their tongues met and Draco immediately took dominance before Harry could even comprehend what he was feeling. And when he finally did, it felt damned good. Harry couldn't properly think, and he was moaning, and so was Draco.

Draco explored all he could, flicking the roof of his mouth, feeling along his tongue, tasting his taste, swiping his along his teeth- top and bottom- among his cheeks and he found his hand on Harry's jaw. He released when he was out of breath, staring down at a flushed Harry, his cheeks a deep red.

Harry was dizzy and couldn't form any speech, breathing heavy.

"How was that," Draco smirked, becoming very aware that he was still completely on top of Harry. That was the strange part.

"Wow, Draco, that was, erm... that was," Harry bit his lip, "very much a like a girl."

Draco's smirk dropped and he got off of Harry completely before taking a few blades of grass and shoving them down his shirt. "How would you even know!"

"Relax," Harry laughed, sitting up and throwing himself at Draco so they were both lying down on
the grass. "It was great," Harry kissed him again. "Now it's a matter of perfecting it," he wiggled a suggestive eyebrow.

They leaned in again, and the second their lips met, Harry started laughing again. "I'm sorry! I can't help it!"

Draco just rolled his eyes and started laughing as well.

---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

They continued on meeting just like that, every Friday, without one question or conflict. Draco's friends left them alone about it, thankfully, and when they were alone without the pressures, without the reputations, without the expectations, everything went smooth sailing.

It was just strange how compatible they were, really, it was totally bizarre and unexpected. Draco found a completely different person inside himself, strangely. It was if he had a completely different personality.

Sometimes they would go broomstick riding at midnight, or the two would hang out and talk, kiss a little... okay a lot, and at the end of each meeting, they would choreograph their next fight, insults and all. Their deceit was at an all time high, and fooling everyone was simple and grand.

Although, it's not like there weren't bumps in the road; at first they were both resistant to the idea of fighting out of the blue, simply because they didn't to cause voluntary pain to the other, but eventually they got in sync and even made a competition out of it. Whoever was champion got kissed, or a massage, or whatever they could think of.

Once when Draco won, he got Harry to sneak into Trelawny's class and shift the entire set up four inches to the right: just enough to drive her crazy.

But it was through laughing and smiling and kissing and talking about absolutely nothing at all that made them grow so close, it was if they'd know each other for years, and Draco found it being as if he was remembering Harry rather than meeting him.

It was like a dream, erratically.

Now when it came to Harry's friends; to flat out say it, they were basket cases. They would beg and plead to know who this 'mystery girl' was, and although Harry gave them very subtle hints, they were vague and there wasn't a thing to really run on.

Draco and Harry planned on that too. They knew exactly what to say if ever needed, and a long end of excuses on the back of their hands. It was when Harry would get annoyed would he say stupid things such as

Oh she's sick!

She's too nervous!

She doesn't have time!

But Hermione grew aggravated. Two Sundays before the final task- which Harry was already nervous about- when Hermione cornered him in the library.

"Harry, why won't you let Ron and I meet your girlfriend?"

"Hermione, we've gone over this how many time?"
"Harry," Hermione looked offended, "Obviously she's really important to you because all you do now a days in class is daydream. Why can't you trust us enough to tell us, or at least me!"

"Because h-she doesn't matter," Harry lied. Draco most definitely mattered. "She's not my girlfriend, anyway, why don't you get off it already?"

"Oh come on Harry," she groaned, "There's no way you can get that look off you're face without her. Why are you being so secretive about this?"

"Because it's what we both want, Hermione. We agreed: no friends, no one, should know."

"But why, Harry?"

"Because for once I'm happy," he snapped, "For once I'm really happy and when no one's around, we just... we connect and we don't want the outside world to break that. Just for once can I be happy and thankful for what I have without it being taken from me?"

"She makes me feel normal. She makes me forget about the tournament and that I'm Harry Potter. She doesn't just want me for the scar. And feeling normal is something I've never had. And I love it. I love the feeling of it.

"We just work well, very well, together. I don't know if it's chemistry, or if it's just compatibility, or just us being blind fools, but... I don't know how to say this," he bit his lip, "It's simple because we make it simple, and dragging friends into it would just be complicated. We don't want that now. There's a spark that I hadn't anticipated but it's there, even after four months. We're trying things out and if it all burns down in flames, let it. But for now I want to keep this between me and he-her Can you respect that?"

She took a breath, "Yes, Harry. Whatever you want. You know I'll always be here for you, right?"

"Thank you, Hermione." He leaned in to hug her and did so tightly, however he was disrupted by an angry voice.

He scoffed, and Harry identified jealousy in his irises. He took note to talk to him about it later.

"Scarbrain and Granger. What, are you two planning a make out session. Does Granger want some Potty tongue? Or does she want his repulsive, unjustified fame?"

Harry was taken aback. That hurt a little. Draco knew- or supposedly knew he didn't want anyone else but him. This wasn't the fight they planned last week, and that's what turned Harry's heart cold. He was torn between wondering if there was something on Draco's mind, or if there wasn't a Draco.

"Shove off, Malfoy," Harry sneered. "Just leave her alone." Insulting Draco had become a foreign affair. Since they planned everything out in time, they didn't need fast, just they needed quantity, and their limit of practice turn Harry slow and ineffective.

"You're right, Potter. I should leave you two, wouldn't want to see such a rancid sight. Sorry I disturb your disgusting affairs, it's just, this is a public library. Why don't you bring your bitch into a dark alcove. That way you won't even have to see her repulsive face."

Harry stopped, dead cold. What the hell was Draco saying? He stuttered, and Hermione stood with a pale face. He clenched his fist, but Draco uncharacteristically showed no remorse.

"You know Potter, I assumed you were above it all," Draco said calmly, and Harry had never been so repelled in his life, "Never thought you'd want some mudblood tongue."

Anger boiled in his stomach enough to turn his face red. A fist connected with Draco's jaw and he
was on the floor. Draco grasped his bone in siring pain, looking up to see a teary eyed Harry.

"The hell is wrong with you? You're sick!"

"W-wait," he dropped all masks.

"No, don't you dare speak. Don't you ever speak. Never again!"

"But-

"Piss off, Malfoy. I can't believe I would ever think that you weren't anything but a loathsome, racist sociopath! Thank you for proving me wrong. I'll never make that mistake again," he spat, hoping Hermione figured he was talking about Draco's more-so calmer behavior. Their fights weren't as nasty as usual, and he recalled Ron made a comment about it at breakfast the other day. Harry barely defended him, saying that a miracle happened and the Gods above blessed a somewhat nice Malfoy.

But then again, he couldn't care less if Hermione found out right then, because he decided that what he and Draco had was over. Completely over. History to never be read again. Their bliss ended in six words.

And not one word of regret leaked from his mouth.
The Final Task

Harry avoided Draco every second since the incident in the library occurred, and although the two weeks since had passed in pain, Harry let up no remorse. It's not that Draco didn't try to make things up to Harry, oh no, his hand was still cramped from the letters he wrote to him, but Harry threw them away before he could even read them.

He didn't know what he was thinking or saying. He just got jealous, and maybe it was because he hadn't anything to be jealous about before, or maybe he didn't know what it felt like to lose something he cared about.

But now he did.

Draco found that the hole made in his chest was now filled with self-loathing. Why hadn't he just shut his mouth like a human being and talked about it to Harry later?

And of course, he wasn't angry about losing Harry (he was determined to get him back against all odds just to get that even worse-er feeling out of his chest) but more-so the timing. The horrid, horrid timing. It was right before the last task, and Harry'd talked about it earlier with him before their break up. Draco knew the boy was absolutely petrified.

And could see it in his face at dinner, and during classes, and all the time in between. But he could see no one was helping him, and he'd kill just for a moment to talk to Harry and make everything okay. Or to at least wish him luck and reassure him he'd be fine.

How could he have been so stupid? Harry could die tonight. That thought made him want to puke.

The wind sent a chill down Draco's spine- or maybe it wasn't the wind- when the champions made their way out into the arena. He gripped the railing when he saw the Gryffindor and a lump grew in the back of his throat.

Dumbledore explained how the maze was to go, but Draco couldn't hear, couldn't think. He just stared at Harry, burning holes in the back of his head. Diggory stood next to him, readying himself since they could go first, although the Hufflepuff went unnoticed by Draco. He only saw Harry.

It wasn't before long until the boy turned around and saw Draco, and Draco took the opportunity to mouth, 'You'll be okay,' but Harry scowled and rolled his eyes in return before turning back to the maze.

Before he knew it, the cannon rang and Harry was gone all too soon without another look.

Draco's throat burned, and the back of his eyes heated. He didn't notice Pansy take his hand. He didn't notice her rubbing circles on his knuckles. He didn't notice Blaise patting his back in reassurance. He could only think about Harry.

Some time later, Pansy spoke. "He's going to be okay. He's Harry Potter. He's always okay."
Her words didn't console him. He swallowed and shook as he did. Everyone around him was chatting, laughing and waiting all together for the champion of the tournament. It was sick.

Fleur had already been knocked out, and her appearance didn't calm Draco to the least. She looked as if she'd been to battle, bruises and dirt covering her face. Blood rested in a pool on a cut on her face and she was crying.
Suddenly, red sparks flew in the air and Draco's eyes went wide. "Pansy! What does that mean! What does red mean," his voice cracked in a panic, tightening their hands, "Red's bad, isn't it?"

Pansy didn't have a good answer for him, so she kept her mouth shut and clanged to him tighter, knowing that if she didn't, Draco would run into the maze and search for Harry himself.

So this is what pain felt like. This is what heartbreak felt like, not knowing where the person you cared about most was. Draco hated it. Period. With this newly feeling of an empty whole in his body, he knew he wanted to change for Harry. He knew his ways and beliefs were wrong, and would do what it took to get him back.

He'd do anything to make the pain go away.

Soon enough, Victor came from the maze, looking even worse than Fleur did, however he was taken away before there were any conclusions made; Draco could have sworn he'd seen demonic eyes.

But before he could think anything of it- FLASH!

Silence took over the stadium, hearts beating for the champion to return to the arena, but neither Cedric nor Harry appeared. Draco's mouth went dry and the blood pumping in his vains stopped. Where's Harry?

Surely it'd been long enough. Surely there should have been a champion at this point. Surely Harry was okay. He wanted his boyfriend back, whether or not he was in a fight with him. Ex or together, it didn't matter. They'd settle the details later.

What wasn't helping was the professors' faces. Panic was laced within them. Draco knew: portkeys never take this long to travel.

Dumbledore called officials to fly over the maze in search for the two. It was what seemed like an eternity when the officers came back.

They mumbled something to Dumbledore which turned the man pale. But Draco didn't miss a beat.

Harry was missing from the maze.

Draco's breathing grew erratic, and he hyperventilated. Tightening her grip, Pansy tried to calm him down although nothing she did could help him - hell, nothing in general. The only thing to make everything okay again would be Harry in his embrace.

"Draco, he'll be fine," she said.

"How do you know," Draco cried.

"Shh! What happened to, 'Daddy musn't find out.' Screaming it in the middle of a packed arena wouldn't necessarily help-" Another boom cut her off, and all attention was sent to center field where two body's lay. The band erupted and so did the crowd, but Draco didn't feel any shift in emotion: something was wrong. He could just feel it.

But when a scream screamed loud enough to silence the whole stadium, Draco's believes were validated. It wasn't just two victors, no, but one screaming victor laying over a dead body. Draco's blood ran cold.

Harry.
The boy screamed words to the likes of which Draco couldn't understand to save himself. "He's back!"

That was all it took for Draco to attempt to break from his restraints and run to the Gryffindor, but Pansy held him harder, and Blaise grabbed his shoulders so he couldn't move.

"Let go of me," he struggled, shaking. He had his eyes fixed on Harry, just as everyone else, but no one else knew what Draco was feeling seeing Harry screaming as he was. He jerked to break free, but no let up. "Please! I need to see him!"

"You're not going anywhere," Pansy strained, her finger nails embedding themselves into his skin. He didn't feel it over the burning of his chest and the brick in his stomach.

"Let me go!" Draco had tears in his eyes.

"Calm down, will you," Blaise snapped, becoming aware of the surrounded, to whom saw Draco shaking and raised a brow. "He's back. He's safe. That's all that matters."

"You'll see him soon enough," Pansy said, close to his ear. His body calmed a bit, but his facial expressions and attitude did not.

"Soon enough does not exist. Soon enough is now," he bit, turning for her. "What you think he's okay down there. He was screaming! He was in pain!"

"You can't do anything to change it," she bit back. "This is the price of caring, Draco. From what I recall, you never wanted to care just to spare yourself for this. You brought this upon yourself. Welcome to life."

Draco's eyes went wild, and, although eager to respond, he didn't speak because another small glimpse of the field, and Harry wasn't there. He froze.

"Where'd he go? Is he missing again! Where-"

"Moody took him," Blaise said, "Calm down and shut up. He's fine. He's not everybody's main concern right now."

"He's mine!"

"Look," Blaise said, pointing to Cedric's father and the weeping students. And what Draco never expected happened: he felt his heart split at the justice of other people.

Back in the days before Harry, something like this would dry his throat, but no, now, he wanted to cry, and felt tears form. He'd never cried for the sake of another.

He wondered if he'd ever care that much, like Cedric's father, and if he did, how could he ever cope with the pain of it all. Caring for someone, it was a hell of a job.

------------------------------------------------

Harry felt like a puppet, whom's strings were attached to various adults; as of now, it was to Madam Pomfrey's hands guiding him. Hours upon hours floated by leisurely, being filled with questions upon questions and potions upon potions.

Well past two in the morning was when he was only left alone for rest he knew wouldn't come. Not with his arm hurting as bad as it did, nor with his leg hurting as much as it did, nor with his scar
burning as much as it did, nor with the fact a murderous sociopath had been brought back to life and
an innocent and bright Hogwarts student was murdered right before his eyes and possibly all his
fault.

Right... sleep.

He laid in bed, shaking, all too terrified that at any moment, Voldemort could walk through that door
and kill him on sight. The look of Cedric's lifeless eyes replaying over and over again. Tears slipped
his eyes and his throat burned.

Just then, the doors flew open and Harry, scared out of his wits, hid under the covers before he could
even see who it happened to be. Footsteps got closer and closer.

"Don't kill me," Harry shouted into the pillows, hoping that that would warn off Voldemort.

Yeah... right... Because if a killing lunatic came into the room, those were the rules he'd play by.

"Harry," a voice whispered in haste, "Please, it's me."

Harry knew the voice all too well. He felt another scab being ripped open, and his heart bled even
more. He lifted the covers off of him, wiping his eyes in the process. He turned to find Draco staring
down at him with a frown.

"Draco what are you doing here?" He tried to sound angry with him, but he wasn't anymore. Not
with him looking the way he looked. Draco couldn't fake a look like that, no matter the all the masks
he had.

"I had to check on you," he whispered. "Make sure you're okay."

"You realize no one's allowed in here, right?"

"Yes."

"I'm still angry with you," he lied.

"I'm sorry," Draco spoke fast. "I shouldn't have said that. I was jealous," he swallowed. Harry
recognized how hard it must have been to be saying it, since he rarely said anything else besides
sorry. "It's just, it drives me through the moon, seeing other people hug you, when really that's all I
ever want to do. I didn't know how to handle it. I'll apologize to her, too, if you want."

Harry was speechless, and not knowing what to say, he stood on his knees and pulled Draco into a
desperate hug. Even Ron and Hermione hadn't come to see him.

"I'm sorry," Draco mumbled into Harry's shoulder, enclosing his arms around him. Draco felt as if he
was being squeezed into a pulp. "All I've been wanting to do is this. All I've been thinking about is
you. I miss you. I'll do anything, Harry, please, just let me be there for you. Take me back."

Harry nodded his head and he clenched, trying not to think about how he'd missed him, too. "Draco,
I-I," he tried speaking, but his lips quivered too much to create a coherent sentence.

"Shhh," Draco held him tighter, "Calm down, you're all right." His muffled words were drowned in
tears. "You're okay, you're safe now."

"I don't feel safe," Harry let go, slumping his shoulders as tears stroked his cheeks. "He's back,
Draco. And there's already a casualty, and it was all my fault!"
"Hey," Draco cooed, "It's not your fault-

"How would you know," Harry attacked, fresh tears falling, "You weren't even there!

"Because within our three month endeavour, I did so happen to learn a bit about you, and you blame yourself for everything."

"I could have stopped it."

"We don't need to talk about this now. We can pretend it never happened until morning. How about that?" Draco stroked behind his ear, calming him down.

Harry bit his lip. "Stay," he finally said. Draco was caught off guard by his answer. Stay? As in stay the night as in cuddle? They'd never had time to properly cuddle in their strict time frames, and Draco had been happily avoiding it.

Cuddle. He cringed at the word. It just sounded fluffy.

The Gryffindor waited for an answer, looking at him with begging eyes. Draco scarcely nodded and Harry scooted over to make room for him. When Drac sat in the bed, he felt strange as Harry wrapped his arms around his waist, digging his face into his chest, completely oblivious to Draco's discomfort.

He was cuddling.

And it felt... good.

To feel Harry so close, to feel that sense of comfort of their skins touching and the trust building again. It was knowing that Harry didn't want anyone else with him right now, just him, that shoved away Draco's discomfort.

You know, for such a small and bony frame, Harry was unimaginably soft. Soft skin, soft hair, soft... muscles? Sure...

"No one believes me," Harry broke the silence, and Draco pulled him closer. "He's back and no one cares." Harry's muffled sobs rang into Draco's shirt. "He tried to kill me, again. He put me in it, just so he could have another go. You believe me, right?"

Did he? "Of course." Yeah, he did. Because no one could be as scared as Harry was without it being true.

"I never wanted this to happen," Harry cried, "Never. I never wanted to have my parents be killed. I never wanted to move in with my aunt and uncle. I never wanted to burn off Quirrell's face. I never wanted I kill Basilisk, or even talk one for that matter. I never wanted to be put in this Devil Tournament."

Draco rubbed small circles in Harry's back and let him cry for a while, realizing he didn't want Harry anywhere else than where he was.

"Harry, it's alright, I promise. You're safe now." He whispered into his ear.

After a few minutes to clear his thoughts and his eyes, Harry sat up and looked into Draco's eyes, swimming in them. "I missed you so much."

"I missed you too, Harry. So much. I wanted to be there for you before the task, wanted to wish you luck."
"I should have let that happen. I should have forgiven you."

"Harry, stop," Draco unexpectedly said. I deserved it. I still do. I've thought about it, and you reacted perfectly. You had one rule and I broke it." Draco kissed his forehead. "It's a lesson learned. I'll never say anything like that again."

"Promise?"

"Yes. I promise. Harry kissed his lips, and they met for seconds. Draco most definitly missed that.

"You're safe now," Draco whispered one last time, knowing it was a lie, and Harry sunk down to bury his head in his neck.

The game had just begun.

And Draco realized he very much liked cuddling.
Harry woke up at around 7:30 when a bang was heard down the corridor. Draco went from his dazed trance as footsteps snapped closer and closer towards the Hospital Wing’s door.

Click click click. Harry split open his eyes, like an alligator sighting prey, to Draco shooting out of bed and hiding on the wall that the door withheld. There was no where else to stow away, so he had a small bit of hope protruding the back of his mind that whomever it was walking to the hospital wing, would slip past him and enable him to leave unnoticed.

Harry thrashed himself under the covers, heart beating quickly, leaving his apologetic eyes looking at Draco. The blonde looked back at his boyfriend, his eyes the same tone of sorrow.

Once the grand doors opened, both boys closed their eyes- Harry in fake sleep and Draco in anticipation. The heels clicked through the large wing until they stopped at Harry's bed.

"Potter, are you awake?" Draco opened his squinted eyes to find Professor McGonagal hovering over Harry. He could see the boy flutter his eyes open, the way Draco wished to see him open them.

Harry slowly lifted himself from the bed and sat up, making Draco withhold laughter. It simply amused him how well his boyfriend could act.

Oh boyfriend, What a wonderful word.

"Listen, I understand that you may not want to participate in any activities whatsoever, but I do encourage that you get a bite to eat, maybe have some friends visit you." Her voice was as caring as it could be, which was surprising considering the fact that Draco had only seen her correcting any student that veered from her path. "Last night's event were traumatizing, but I would best if you were to-"

"I'm fine, Professor," Harry said, "just another mess I've got to clean up."

Draco still hadn't left, which was a stroke of luck considering how he didn't have anything hiding him but a back turned and subtle conversation.

"Very well, Mr. Potter, and if you wish to talk..." Harry didn't hear the rest, him being focused on getting the ferret out of the room before McGonagal turned, and that thought put Harry's nerves on stance. Thankfully the professor looked around the room, giving Harry the chance to glare at Draco, his daggers for eyes pointing at the door twice, then back to Draco as a warning.

Draco broke from his Harry-induced trance, eyebrows raising to his forehead, him finally getting the message. On his tip toes, he shuffled out of the room as quietly as humanly possible as Harry engaged and distracted McGonagal in conversation. As Draco ran after he was unseen, the last thing he heard was McGonagal informing Harry about the Diggory's wishing to see him.

Draco really wished he could of stayed, just so Harry wouldn't have to be alone going through that. And then of course there was the media and his friends probably going to hammer questions at him all day. Draco promised himself he would make it up to Harry later.

The Gryffindor wasted the day away with friends visiting him frequently, and although he was surrounded by people constantly, he couldn't have felt more lonely. He wanted Draco. Not anyone else but Draco.

The day dragged on longer that any he'd seen in a while, and he thought falling asleep early would
make time go faster just so it'd all blow over soon enough and he could stop being suffocated. Sadly, a peaceful night's rest never came due to nightmares that woke him soon enough.

In attempts to fall asleep again, tossing and turning, however he woke at three o'clock in the morning, only to be scared to death by piercing eyes staring at him. Harry jumped and sat up in a fright.

"The hell are you doing?"

"I came to see a grindylow put on a Tu-Tu and dance like a ballerina, what do you think I'm doing," Draco leaked with sarcasm, sitting on the side of Harry's bed. "Sorry, too soon?"

Harry swallowed. "No, It's fine..."

"Is it," Draco raised an eyebrow, grabbing his hand.

"It's just... It's hard to believe, you know? I mean I was in a maze, with Cedric-"

"Harry, you don't need to tell me if you don't want to," Draco whispered, stroking his palm with his thumb. He saw how difficult it was for Harry to talk; he saw how his throat clenched and his eyes watered behind his frames. "Here, I brought you something."

From behind his back, Draco pulled out a single red rose and a box of chocolates. "It's not much, but it's not like I could leave."

"Where did you get them," Harry asked, sitting up and perking up.

"That's classified," Draco smirked.

"Even for me?" Harry took the rose and smelled it before putting it in the flower vase next to his bed, it being the only flower.

Draco took a breath, defeated easily. "Stole the rose from the greenhouse and paid off a third year for the chocolates."

"How thoughtful of you," Harry laughed, kissing his cheek and digging in to one of the sweets displayed before him. "Was bullying apart of it?"

"Just a bit," Draco scrunched his nose and stroked the hair behind his ear. "Enough to work. It's not like I made him cry."

"You're awful sometimes," Harry shook his head, still smiling, and he offered a piece of candy to him. Draco took it graciously.

"I know how much you love chocolate," he laughed with a full mouth.

"Love chocolate I do," Harry took another piece. He scooted over and patted the bed so Draco could sit next to him.

"How are you feeling?"

"Better," he said. "I have a huge headache, though."

"Don't they have potions for that?"

"I've taken some. They don't work. I think it's just my scar. It keeps burning no matter what I do."
"Your scar hurts," Draco asked, furrowing his eyebrows.

"It does whenever I'm in danger, I guess you could say, whenever he's near."

"He couldn't be here, could he? The Dark Lord?"

"No," Harry said, "He touched it."

"Touched it?"

"Yeah," Harry raised his finger and poked the top of Draco's forehead just as Voldemort had before, "Just like that."

"And it hurt?"

"As bad as if not worse than the cruciatus."

A pit of anger ignited in Draco's stomach, "How do you know what the cruciatus feels like," he bit dangerously, "Did he use it on you?" Harry quieted himself. "Harry."

"Three times," Harry whispered.

"Three times," Draco boasted. "Three times!"

"I was fine, Draco, really!"

"He touched you! He used an unforgivable on you!"

"Yes, and I'm fine! Now would you just shut up before you wake up the entire goddamned school!" Draco opened his mouth to argue back, but Harry spoke in a softer tone than what he was using before. "Really, Draco, I'm okay. Look, I have chocolate." Harry gave him a half smile. Draco didn't return.

"So, you want me to deal with the fact he hurt you?"

"To put it simply, yes. Unless of course you would want to complain to your father... who was also there... supporting him... and being there for him... hoping for my impending doom... So that would go over well."

Draco bit his lip and pulled his knees to his chest. For once, he truly hated being a Malfoy, but by doing so, he felt lost. For once, he didn't agree with his family choices. For once, he absolutely felt isolated from himself.

But in that isolation, he felt happiness. He felt like he belonged somewhere else. To Harry. And he hated the mere possibility let alone fact that Harry was tortured.

Draco reached over to Harry and wrapped his arms around him. Harry resisted, but then encased the blonde and put his neck buried in his shoulder. "I want to tell you."

"Then tell me," Draco mumbled back, letting go of him.

"I was running in the maze with Cedric," Harry said quietly, Draco taking his hand, Harry looking at their interlocked fingers. "And we both saw the cup. I suggested we catch it together seeing we were both." Draco snorted, playing off like he was coughing. "What?"

"Nothing, nothing. Just you and your inner Gryffindor." Harry rolled his eyes and snickered at the
boy before furthering his story.

"Seeing as we were both for the school anyway, we could win together. Logical enough, right? So we both reach for the cup, thinking it would go back to the arena, but we didn't. We ended up in a graveyard. And before we could react, Wormtail- you know him, right?" Draco nodded. "Unfortunately."

"Wormtail held this... this thing, a baby I guess you could say. Voldemort. And Cedric was there, and he killed him as if it was nothing." Harry swallowed, wincing, and Draco pulled Harry's hand to his mouth, kissing it, noticing the difficulty in spitting those gruesome words out.

"Wormtail tied me to Voldemort's father's grave, then lit a fire in a cauldron, And threw the baby into it. It was so weird and just wrong," Harry cringed. "And then he got a bone from the grave I was on top of, and threw it into the cauldron. He cut off his hand." Harry paused shutting his eyes, grimacing about the event taken place only the day previous. Draco rubbed circles on Harry's hand and swallowed.

"And he finally cut my arm, and threw the blood into the batch. And then it all started to change," Harry shook, eyes vacant and empty, "Just like that... he was alive again. His snake eyes and all. Then all the death eaters started showing up, your father." Harry looked up and met eyes with his boyfriend for the first time since the story began. Draco felt so much disgust, he thought he were to throw up, and as a result, he put his other hand on his back, rubbing it.

"He walked over to Cedric. And that's when I finally spoke up. And he... he," Harry trailed off, tears forming in his eyes. Draco squeezed his hand, and he leaned on Harry, burying his head in his neck.

"That's when he used it on me, the cruciatus." Draco winced at the words, and Harry leaned on him, sniffing. He whispered, "It hurt really bad."

He sounded that of a kid, and for some reason, that made it seem even worse. "I know," Draco whispered back.

"And then he made me duel." That was unexpected to Draco.

"You dueled?"

"Yeah. And there was a point where he tried to kill me, but I used a disarming spell and our wands connected. Then these ghostly things just came out of no where," Harry swallowed. "They all started distracting him, and I broke the spell, grabbed onto Cedric and accioed the port key."

Harry was silent a bit. Then, "I saw my parents." Draco stroked his arm. "They helped me get out. I miss them," he sniffed.

Draco took his arms and surrounded Harry in them, cuddling just as they did the last night. He put the chocolates on the nightstand next to them, and Harry allowed himself relax himself in Draco's embrace.

"I'm sure they're proud of you, Harry," he kissed his temple, just in the fact it felt right to do so.

"It just would be easier knowing they were here." The back of his eyes stung with tears but he refused to let them fall.

"I know," Draco whispered, putting his chin in Harry's shoulder. "I'm sorry I was stupid. I should have been there for you."

"Stop worrying about it. Nothing could have helped me, broken up with you or not," Harry said
bitterly, "Although I am very very happy you're here now. I wanted to be with you all day."

"Me too. Pansy basically had to lock me in my room so I didn't come see you."

"What a sight that would be. Draco Malfoy visiting Harry Potter with chocolates and a flowers after the Dark Lord ascends."

"It'd be a sight for everyone but us," Draco almost laughed, imagining the reactions.

"Sometimes you're still a sight to me. Sometimes I forget Draco and just think you're Malfoy."

"It's a switch, Potter," he sneered in his normal sneering voice, "I'm so convincing I even have my own boyfriend fooled," he smirked. "Prat," he added. Harry smiled momentarily, biting his lip. What a messed up relationship they had in retrospect.

"The Diggory's came to see me today," he finally said after a while's silence.

"And," Draco whispered.

"They told me how brave I was to bring him back, Cedric," he swallowed, "But I didn't consider it that brave. It made me feel, sort of, unwanted I guess. If I didn't participate, he wouldn't of died. And-"

"Harry, he's with his family now. He doesn't have to be in the hands of the Dark Lord left to die in disgrace and no matter if you were in it or not, you-know-who would have... look this isn't your fault, Harry. Don't believe it is at all. It's his. You need to trust me. Look at me. Harry you are not in the wrong. And thanks to you, you got them their son back. That's all that matters." His words were straight from his heart and he didn't really know what he was saying. It felt so strange talking that way.

Harry, after a bit of silence and no movement, nodded his head and looked into Draco's eyes. Draco lay down next to Harry on the bed. It felt like a key into a lock when they were together, fitting one another perfectly. Weird...

They talked the rest of the night, and Harry slept little, although he liked it that way when he was with Draco. Sleep was irrelevant.

At this point, they'd lost track of time and it was already hitting day break; dawn.

"I have to go," Draco said solemnly, "might not want to be back after sunrise. People will wonder. When do you get out of this horrid place?"

"Two days. They need to make sure I am okay in the head. My leg still is sore too. Wouldn't want me beat up going home would they. Although the Dursley's wouldn't care."

"Too bad for them, Harry will be scratch free in no time. We leave Friday. Will I be able to see you off," Draco bit his lip.

"No, all my friends will be too protective of me. Term ends in only 5 days. I'm sure they want to spend as much time with me as possible,"

Harry frowned and Draco sighed. "Write to me?"

"My father won't allow it. And I'm sure You-Know-Who will have something to do with my summer, won't want the Golden Boy himself writing to the son of his best death eater." Harry's frown deepened.
"I'll miss you. A lot," he whispered. They looked at each other just for seconds ever passing too quickly. And then it was as if Harry couldn't take it any more and he smashed his mouth to Draco's, their lips meeting in fire. The thought that this would be the last one until next term in the back of their heads drove them to go until their lung capacity was almost empty. They sucked on each other's lips languidly, but desperately. Draco let go, dying for air.

"I'll miss you, too," he breathed, "Even more," he kissed him again, a peck, and then another. "You know what I realized while being with you?"

"What?"

"I hate good byes," Draco looked deeply into his eyes, stroking behind his ear yet again.

Harry breathed deeply. "It's not really good bye is it? It's more like a break?"

"No not a break. I already went on a break from you and I hated it."

"A pause?"

"I like that better," he said, "Don't cause any trouble this summer, or you won't hear the end of it when we get back." A snort from Harry assured his answer. A while of comfortable silence and Draco reluctantly got up from the bed, Harry watching him. He said his final piece walking out, "So I guess we're enemies, Potter?"

Harry smirked, however then broke into a smile, "Get out of here, Malfoy." Draco wanted to hate it, but even the use of last name made butterflies dance in his stomach.

"Oh and don't think big bad Malfoy won't make the train ride hell for you, Mr. Boy Who Always Causes Trouble."

"Oh trust me, Malfoy, I can handle you," Harry said cocky as could be. Draco stopped halfway out the hospital wing door and looked at Harry as if he was crazy.

"What's that supposed to mean, Potter?"

"I guess we'll have to see, won't we. Good day."

"Good day?"

"You said you hate goodbyes, so it's good day. Now get out."

"Always so... always so you. See you, Scarface," Draco walked out the door smiling like an idiot only to finish the statement to himself, "until next year."
The rest of the week was definitely hell for Harry. The Gryffindors weren't quite helping either. His friends surrounded him with questions about what happened during the tournament, none of which he wanted to answer, nor listen to.

Telling Draco was the easiest, much easier than Ron and Hermione, finding that he listened rather than pressed. He cared. He gave Harry his chance to speak, then let the cycle work it's way through whilst his friends pressed and pushed and just told him it would all be okay.

Harry hated that. 'You'll be okay.'

Nothing would be okay. It wasn't okay. It was pain. It was death. Pain and death aren't okay.

However, lets just say Draco is the exact opposite of Malfoy. Malfoy promised to make Harry's life a living hell for the next few days, and he kept his promise. Bites and snaps in the hallway of the meanest things he could think of, that, of course, wouldn't take it too far.

But Harry understood how much Draco cared about him though. He realized he was stupid for ending it at the time he did.

And Harry told himself that if Draco were to ever insult him, it wouldn't affect the relationship they had. Now if only Draco knew that.

Malfoy would do whatever he could to make Harry look like a fool. Harry would always respond the same way: a dirty look, walk away, turn and smile back at his boyfriend, then another dark glare, only to continue the way they were going.

Draco hated the insults and the torture. It drove him mad at some points. All he wanted to do was take Harry to their secret hideout and just talk with him, kiss him, or even look at him without his lips crooked to one side and eyes squinted.

Pansy and Blaise were a big help though, especially when Draco chickened out on certain insults. Pansy took almost two hours explains to her Slytherin friend how Draco's love life worked. "It's complicated" was all they could come down to.

Crabbe and Goyle however, hadn't a clue what was going on, or at least that's what everybody thought.

The two evil, conniving brats helped Draco in these attacks they were performing towards the Golden Boy. They would add the final touches to making their plan perfect.

Draco still was scared to insult Harry to a point. The breakup with Harry made everything so cautious now. All week they were just small insults, harmless as a baby to a lolly pop.

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The train chugged along the rusty tracks back to Kings Cross. The ride felt as though hours on end refused to pass.

Harry and his friends walked down one of the many trolleys carrying the students back for the summer. Greeting as many people as he could with a fake smile on his face, he searched for a open compartment.

Strolling along the many doors, one opened only to reveal a figure who got uncomfortably close to
"Mind where you're lolly gagging, will you Scarbrain? I don't want to see your stupid face while I'm on my way."

"Really? Stupid face? That's all you can do?" The unimpressed Harry smirked. Draco tried not to panic and hid his .5 second long vulnerable face with a cool mask as he conjured up a comeback.

"I'm sorry, I just thought it would match your incoherent, stupid brain."

Harry remained relaxed as Ron and Hermione behind him grew angry, yet confused. Normally his comebacks were much nastier then what they have been this past week, right? It didn't matter anyway. They both knew the pain Harry was suffering.

"Wow, bit peachy on the replies there. Maybe it just another thing that your thick skull can't do."

Draco grew silent, unable to think of something, anything to get him out of this. He didn't want to fight Harry, not this way, not after all the events that happened recently. Cedric's funeral was just another thing that kept grinding at Harry that everything was true, and Draco didn't want to ouch things.

"Shut up, Potty head."

Draco bit with fierce fangs, mercury eyes glowing with regret, only staring at Harry's perfect emerald ones.

"Wow ferret, I'm pretty sure that Moaning Myrtle could do better than that!" Ron butt in giving Harry a second to mouth to Draco come on, stop being afraid. Draco just stood there like a deer in headlights, when Harry finally pushed him.

"Move out of the way ferret." Harry cued Draco, making him understand. The blonde acted fast, pushing the raven haired boy against the wall of the tram.

"Aww poor Potty Potter trapped by little ol' me. No wonder you came back crying like a baby. I'm really surprised you just got away from You Know Who with nothing but a cut on your forearm." It was the first time mentioning the attack and Draco was nervous to see hurt on his boyfriends face, but Harry smirked, hiding his smile as he kneed Draco in the stomach. Draco backed away in pain, clutching his stomach, not expecting the fight to get physical.

"Told you I could handle it. Good day, Malfoy," Harry said sarcastically. The three walked away leaving Draco smiling at his boyfriend, and turning to his carriage to go home once more.
Missing Him

Draco's summer hadn't been amazing. He mostly stayed in his wing of Malfoy Manor. But there was a strange feeling now. It didn't feel like home anymore. Not really.

The Manor was dark, eerie, but something else had been added: sheer loneliness. There was no warmth, there wasn't a fuzzy feeling that he became so fond of over this past year. There was not happiness. This was not home to him anymore. His home was a green eyed, black haired, round glassed Gryffindork.

Draco walked back from the owlery charted to the left of the manor, night already swallowed the earth. He had just sent his present to Harry, hoping it would make it in time to be the first thing Harry would see on his birthday.

Sadly, they hadn't been in contact all holiday, but Draco had to make an acceptation. Getting caught would be fine as long as he got his present to his boyfriend safe and sound.

Harry got Draco a stuffed lion for his birthday, along with a corny poem Harry wrote him, which made his heart flutter whenever he read it, even though it was outwardly hilarious. When he felt extra alone he would read over it again and again. He even had the sayings memorized.

Walking back inside to the Manor, his favorite house elf, Choo-Choo, went up to him.

"Master Lucius wishes to see Master Draco in his East Hall Study," Choo-Choo's voice squeaked.

"Thank you, Choo-Choo."

"Master Draco is been so kind lately." The elf bowed and went on to the kitchen to do whatever they do in kitchens. Draco reckoned they cleaned? He never knew what that was like. Thank Salazar, he wasn't an elf. You wouldn't see him with a mop or broom or whatever they use for the matter any day.

The elf was right. Draco was happy. He saw things in a slightly brighter perspective which is a lot considering he didn't know much other than what his father told. Harry was opening a new, better side to him.

Draco made his way to the east wing, questioning why he was even there. He hadn't been anywhere near the middle of the manor let alone the east side, he wasn't allowed. Probably because the Dark Lord was going in and out. He must of been gone at the time.

Crossing to a large ebony door, Draco knocked three times to find it open itself.

"Ahh, Draco, take a seat." Lucius pointed to one of the many leather sofas which made Draco feel oh so uncomfortable. Draco hated being in his office. The atmosphere itself was layered in tension. The walls were so dark of brown they were almost black. The floor was a scratched elk, and the furniture had an eerie snake theme. Not the badass snakes that everyone loves, but the ones that chill the rods of the spine.

Draco emerged to one of the chairs facing the desk his father was sitting at. An electric green fire flicked in the black marble fire place, but still the coldness was present. He had knights everywhere, followed by tiny light posts that looked as swords.

"Good evening, Draco."

"Good evening, Father."
"How was your year at Hogwarts?" Draco looked at his father in question. He'd never asked that before.

"Erm... Well it was... fine, I guess."

"Your hesitating Draco. Malfoy's don't hesitate," Lucius interrupted impatiently. He was obviously fishing for something.

"It was fine." Draco tried to make his voice as firm as possible but his father's silver daggers were shooting into his eyes.

"Really? Fine? That's it?" He paused and started right back up again, not wanting a response. Draco knew that, still wearing a look of confusion. "It was your fourth year? If I am correct, you should be fifteen now."

It was surprising to Draco that he even remembered his birthday. Lucius paused in between sentences that seemed like an eternity. His voice was penetrating and nosy, but quiet as well.

"Just reaching your adolescence, I see," he paused yet again and it made Draco feel sick. "You're a strapping young man, Draco. Tell me how all the girls are falling over you."

"Erm, well there are some girls."

"Really? Just some?"

"Well, there's this one."

His cold stare made it hard for Draco to even think about his boyfriend, let alone keep the term boyfriend from surpassing his mouth. It was difficult to even put Harry's place as a girl and Lucius raised an eyebrow to move on.

Draco had to think of something fast. He couldn't say it was Pansy for Lucius knew they were only friends.

"And erm, she's pretty." Harry was pretty.

"Pretty. Describe her, will you." It wasn't a question, or a statement, more a threat.

"She has black hair that goes down to her... breasts," Draco tried not to cringe at the term breasts. "Green eyes that are... Merlin, incredible, and she's short, but muscular."

"Muscular? That's very strange for a girl at the age of fourteen." Lucius raised an eyebrow.

"She plays quidditch." Draco looked everywhere but in his eyes.

"Oh so she's on your team?"

"Well, no she doesn't play on a team."

"Interesting. I see you're happy, Draco." The younger Malfoy couldn't help but smile as he thought of Harry. He nodded.

"Are you seeing each other? Surely I would have been notified."

"Of course, but we haven't made anything official yet."
"Do you trust her?" Draco stopped at this, considered for a while, then continued with a small nod. Harry was a loyal man. He wouldn't lie.

"Do you love her?" Draco shot up. Why was he asking such serious questions? Did he love Harry? He didn't really know. He's never loved before... so maybe, just maybe that feeling in his chest is called love.

While Draco zoned out, he didn't notice his father walk over to him. And he didn't notice his father swing his arm at his face until he felt a sting on his cheek.

Draco flinched, trying not to seem weak at the pain, but it caught him at such a surprise, he couldn't help it.

"Didn't see it coming did you," he bit. "You've grown different whilst you were away. Laid back. Tranquil. That's not what you are supposed to be. At any moment an enemy could attack you, steal your life, and you would be off in a daze on when you and girlfriend were going off to dinner."

Draco looked up at his standing father.

That's not what it was like. He liked Harry and Harry liked him. They met on Fridays. That's it. Nothing more.

Another strike met his other cheek, matching the two. He didn't notice when he got there but Choo-Choo was standing in the middle of the green rug, bowing at his Masters.

"Draco, I've summoned your favorite house elf here tonight to teach you something," he said. "Draco do you trust him?"

"Y-yes," Draco dared not to lie. He knew his father could tell if he was lying. Lucius looked down at the elf, his face dressed in a smirk built of malice, and bellowed a spell Draco knew was coming.

"Crucio!"

The elf began to squirm and shout in pain. Draco winced at the sight of the torture. That monster.

"STOP IT!" Draco tried to rush over to him and pull on his wand arm. But the knights behind him chained him to the wall in between each other, forcing him to watch the gruesome scene.

Lucius finally let go of the curse and turned to Draco.

"He could have poisoned your morning tea tomorrow, but you wouldn't know because you put your faith in a silly little thing called 'trust.'" He walked towards Draco and got dangerously close, pointing his wand up Draco's neck.

"Do you love him?" The words were as sinister and cruel as the owner in which they came from. Draco refused to answer, knowing the fate of the poor elf next.

"Avada Kedevra," And the light in Choo-Choo's eyes were gone.

"Don't. be. a. fool," Lucius spat. "Don't become vulnerable for a girl. Love is useless. Trust is painful. Don't blame me. I'm just saving you from your own monster you've created. Don't be like everyone who has fallen to the Dark Lord. Foolish."

He spat as he walked out the door. When it clicked shut, the chains burst free, and all Draco could do was stare at the only friend he had at the manor. He wouldn't help, couldn't help, lost the ability to.

He could barely move his feet without wobbling, but eventually he made it to his room where he lay
in bed, arms consuming a small stuffed lion.

If Harry was here, he would know what to do right? What if that was Harry?

He gripped the toy tighter at that thought, a tear leaking down his face, and warmth came into him, knowing he was holding a part of Harry.

Unable to help it, in his head he repeated the words written from the poem:

Today is your birthday
And I am missing you
I wish you and I were together
That would make two
I really didn't want to write this
Because of fright, but I do miss
My idiot ferret
So don't swear it
But I know I'm really bad
But I didn't want you to be sad
I know this is really lame
But I thought it was just a game
And now I've fallen for you
And I hope you have too
Happy birthday
I hope it's merry
From your boyfriend, Harry.

Draco repeated the words over and over again until he drifted into a deep sleep, ending on the verse 'I am missing you.'

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Harry woke up to a tap at his window. It wasn't really a tap, it was more a desperate repeated rapping noise to be let in. He opened his eyes to see a black owl outside of this window with a small box and a letter attached. He quickly got up, hoping to get the bird inside before it fell from exhaustion and woke up the Dursleys.

The owl dropped the items on Harry's desk and flew out without a question.

Harry put on his glasses and pulled a seat by his window so he could see what the commotion was all about. Before anything, he checked the time: 3:45 a.m.
Who would be mailing him at this hour? Then it hit him. It was his birthday.

Harry looked at the box and immediately guessed who it was from, considering the only person he knew who had emerald wrapping paper, he bet himself he was correct. He smiled.

Deciding not to be selfish, he opened the card first, reading the note from Draco:

Happy birthday Scarface,

I absolutely loved my gift and felt the need to send you something similar in return, to make it cute, which I obviously rethought many times. I hope your summer is going by better than mine. It's quite here. Lonely. There is no idiot running around as if he owns the place.

Congratulations, you somehow survived 15 years on this earth- only Wizard God himself knows how- and what are you to do? New personal record I'd say.

I hope you are okay from what happened this year, but I'm sure you are. You're strong, and that's what I have been annoyed by for years by you... But now I'm finding it sort of cute.

As for the poem, I don't have one in return. Yours was too intimidating, although It did make me laugh. I just couldn't compete with such a master piece.

Can't wait to see you. Missing you.

Draco

Harry reread the sarcasm over and over. He knew Draco wasn't a romantic, and he himself wasn't either. He loved their relationship at this stage.

He stared at the letter a little while longer, clutching it in his hand. The handwriting reminded him the notes he received last year, and getting this present was more of a lovesick reminder than a happy visit. He missed him too much.

He looked over at the emerald box. It withheld a red bow and a silver tag with golden handwriting.

'To My Scarface! P.S. The emerald is because it reminded me of your eyes.'

At this Harry smiled, he couldn't keep himself from it.

He began to rip through the perfectly wrapped paper, to reveal a decorated plastic box. Inside was a stuffed snake, the exact size of the lion Harry had sent Draco weeks before.

Harry lay back looking at the snake. It was black with green diamonds for eyes, making him miss Draco even more.

He closed his eyes and finally fell asleep for the first time without Voldemort invading his dreams all summer, the words 'I miss you,' leaving his lips before he fell a slumber.
Back to Hogwarts

Harry tried to sleep on the train ride back to Hogwarts. Ever since that night, that horrid night, Harry hadn't gotten more than 2 hours of trusted sleep. He would get up to 6 hours if he was lucky, but his dreams were inevitably invaded by nightmares; flashes of people being tortured, deaths, and even Voldemort himself. Sometimes he would be completely out of it, Ron and Hermione left to watch him worryingly. The only night of somewhat good sleep he received was when he got the snake from Draco.

He missed him. So much. The only thing that got him through the summer and the dementor attack itself, was his ferret.
That was his patronus. He thought of Draco when he made it.

But being away from someone close to you, not knowing if they were okay, is the hardest thing you could endure.

Endless possibilities would list within his ear anytime he was alone. Draco could have easily been hurt or tortured or even killed by Voldemort. These thoughts would consume his everyday life, forming a pit of anger within the deepest depths of his heart. Right now, Harry was Harry's worst enemy.

As the 4 hour ride continued on, Hermione and Ron had to go do their prefect rounds, leaving Harry alone to himself, which was the last thing he wanted.

Soon enough, he fell into a restless sleep.

The platform was crowded with kids, teenagers, and adults alike. Friends were meeting with each other, saying hello and giving hugs. Parents were saying goodbye to their little first years, siblings fighting for first hug.

Harry walked down the path, seeking a certain, special person: Draco. The steam was making it worse for sight.
How could he ever find Draco?

And then all time stood still, and movement slowed down to a turtle like rate. He could see a white-blond head standing in the middle of the platform, looking directly at Harry, a large smile along his face. Harry numbly walked towards him, his lips spread across his cheek.

And then the smile across Draco's face grew nefarious, his mercury eyes turned stone silver, finally pigmented to red. His nose shrunken to slits and his hair disappeared. Harry's face fell from happiness to fear and his scar started to burn. It wasn't until Voldemort laughed his gut-wrenching tune when Harry found himself alone on a train, head banging and scar tingling.

-----------------------------------------

The train blew its ear banging whistle, signaling that they reached their final destination. Ron and Hermione had come back to meet Harry off the train. The platform was empty except for them a pompous group of Slytherins walking their way. Harry tried not to smile, but he didn't have the edge to after Draco kept a malicious stare.

"Surprised you're still alive, Potter. Too bad the dementors didn't take you then and there. Oh wait? What dementors?" Draco's tone was nastier than Harry remembered.
"Just stay away from me!" Harry was thankful Ron was there to stop him from lunging at the ferret or else he would have hugged him to death.

The group of three headed to the carriages following the Slytherins, who grabbed the cart in front of them. Harry caught himself staring at the blonde one, and was caught off guard when a large black creature huffed, stopping him from running into it.

"Whoa, what is that," Harry breathed.

"Wow Potty, you've gotten loonier and loonier. First 'Voldemort's back' and now you're seeing things. You should go to Saint Mungos. I'm sure you'd be perfect there," Draco sneered as his carriage began to pull away, a nasty sneer across his face.

Harry rolled his eyes and threw him a glare. They continued locking eyes when Harry softened and tried not to smile. Draco, however, grew even angrier, and gave Harry a consistent scowl; as a result, Harry squinted his eyes in confusion. Draco kept his expression and, barely noticeably, shook his head.

A chill went down Harry's spine. What did he do wrong? Why hadn't Draco acknowledged the fact that they were still dating? Even the previous year he would wink or smile, or just stand there blank faced, eyes telling all.

His eyes... the co.. they we....were they sliver?

Hermione broke Harry from his trance and he turned to see everyone loaded on the carriage, along with a young blonde Ravenclaw who was reading a strange magazine upside down.

Harry didn't get a chance to talk to Draco at all. Once at the start of the year feast began, Harry zoned out, already exhausted and pondering about why his boyfriend had acted as he did towards him, and why his eyes didn't shine as bright. Did he not like him anymore? Over the summer did he find someone else?

Did last year even exist?

His heart yearned as he glanced up at the Slytherin table. The blonde didn't seem to notice his stares, but Pansy did and nudged him.

He looked up to meet Harry's gaze. Draco immediately turned to anger, but then eased a small amount, looking as though he was confused, then turned his face in disgust.

What was wrong with him?

The day after the students got to Hogwarts was a Saturday, and the whole school unpacked and visited with friends, while Draco was still pissed as hell. He found himself sitting in the broom closet, thinking about the whole situation. How could Harry do that?

He sat in there for hours, thinking it all over. Maybe he was being too harsh. No! How could he!

"Guys, I'm really tired I'll meet you up at the common room. I think I'll skip dinner." Muffled voices came from outside the door.

"You okay mate?" Wait a second. Draco knew those voices as they passed by. It was Harry and the
"Fine, I'm just tired."

"Okay. Well er- I'll just leave you to your rest, then." Draco heard footsteps leave and a pair walked the other way until Draco opened the door and grabbed the raven-haired boy by the back of his wrist.

"Whoa, who th-" Harry said stumbling into the closet, "Draco? Draco! You! What the hell is wrong with-" before he could finish Draco threw Harry against the wall as hard as he could, holding him by his wrists staying a nose distance away from him.

"What the hell is wrong with you, Harry Potter!? You scared the living shit out of me! How could you be so selfish? Did you ever think about me? How I felt?"

"The hell are you on about? You've been the one completely ignor-" Harry equalled his tone, just as loud, completely confused.

"You know what I'm talking about," Draco tightened his hold on his wrist, but paused to see the questioning look on Harry's face. Grunting, Draco continued,

"I go into my living room to find a copy of the Daily Prophet, headlining your name! You. could. have. died! Do you know what depression you would put me through? I can't believe you could be so selfish!"

"That's all you've been upset about," Harry relaxed, "I thought you hated me! I thought I was dreaming all last year!"

"You're an idiot," Draco breathed from all the yelling. "I do hate you, you arse." He stared into Harry's eyes, feeling an emptiness. And emptiness that wasn't there before the summer. He didn't know what to do.

"But I'm your idiot," Harry smiled. He paused for his long waited kiss, but it never came.

"Draco," Harry saw the nervous look in his eyes, "Are you okay?" He nodded his head, unsure. Was he? "Why haven't you kissed me? You always have to have the first and last kiss or, according to you, 'hell will freeze over.'"


"Like hell I'm letting that happen," Draco snapped, grabbing Harry by hit shirt and taking him off the wall before crashing their lips together.

"Finally, Harry said into his lips and Draco laughed. Draco had forgotten about how their lips sparked and how his limbs warmed and how he felt all tingly and hot and accepted.

Harry sucked on Draco's bottom lip for a little while, and he was pushed back against the wall again so that Draco could get as close as possible to his skin, his heart. He licked Draco's bottom lip and Draco opened his mouth so their tongues could explore each other's mouths. They wrestled for dominance, but Harry easily won, Draco still being shy.
Not one nook or cranny was not licked by Harry's tongue. Harry took his hands from the wall and wrapped them around the other boy's waist. Draco let his newly free hands rummage through Harry's already messed up hair.

And in that moment all was right with the couple. But when they pulled away, the boy who barely survived and the boy who didn't know how to love parted ways for a week of schooling as enemies once again.
The rest of the week the couple didn't see each other, not once, unless of course you count the times in the hallway where they would yell insults to one another, and nasty ones at that...or trip each other... or attempt beat each other up.

On Monday morning, the first thing Harry saw was a tiny piece of parchment under his plate stating to meet at the same time, same place, and he hid it with an instant smile. Harry had almost forgot about their secret corner or the forest isolated from the world, and it was a yearn to be satisfied at the thought of going back there.

The week continued to dread on slowly, almost that of a snail, and Harry and Draco found themselves itching to see each other again.

It was the morning of Thursday when Harry had Defense Against the Dark Arts lessons with Dolores Umbridge and Ravenclaw house, and he felt his stomach turn at the thought of it.

As the professor walked into the room, plain, boring books distributed themselves, and as they did, Harry was in deep thought about this years Quidditch team and how he would have to face a certain Slytherin without laughing like an idiot. After being so used to flying alone with Draco and laughing freely, he would have to figure out how to conceal himself.

Ron snapped him out of his trance. "So we aren't going to be using magic?"

Harry furrowed his eyebrows. **What? No magic?** "Mr. Weasley, that will be highly unnecessary. What's the use of learning defensive spells if we aren't going to be using them." Her voice set Harry's teeth on edge.

"And how will we be able to defend ourselves," Hermione cut in, and Harry could tell from the look in her eyes that she was outraged. The way her jaw clenched and fingers moved into a fist, nails digging in the skin only finalized it.

"My dear, who would want to attack children," Umbridge squeaked back, and Harry's jaw clenched, too.

"Oh I don't know, maybe Lord Voldemort," he bit with anger flared in his eyes. **He hated her.** He hated her and it wasn't even the end of the first week.

"Students, I know a certain Dark wizard has been said to rise once more, but it. is. a. lie."

"He is here. I saw it! I fought him, I'm the one who saw Cedric Diggory get killed-""

"Cedric Diggory's death was a tragic accident," she bit back. Harry's stomach acid found a new way to make him sick.

"That's a lie. He was murdered! How could you be so stup-"

"That's enough," she shouted in such a rage, the veins on the side of her neck stood out. But then she visibly relaxed, which Harry hated even more. "Mr. Potter. I will be seeing you Friday night in detention," she said with a laugh that sent a chill down Harry's spine.

Harry put his head on the desk, wishing Draco was next to him; to defend him or otherwise. But why would he? He's a Slytherin, and Harry's a Gryffindor.
Harry nor Draco were in the Great Hall on Friday night, but for two completely different reasons, and halfway through his detention, Harry realized he should have told Draco he wasn't to be there.

*Shit... Draco's going to throw a fit.*

Harry spent the entire rest of his lines thinking of where he should of been: with Draco, sitting by the water, talking about their summer vacation; that and how he was going to tame his tempered ferret when he got his hands on him.

He made note to cover his bleeding hand from him as well.

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Draco sat on a trunk of a tree checking the time on a pocket watch his father had given to him.

8:38

*We were supposed to meet at 5 o’ clock right,* Draco thought.

He waited, his tailbone growing numb to the log he sat on, and waited, a lump in his throat, and waited whilst twiddling his thumbs, and waited, a frown growing larger and larger as time ticked, and waited and waited, checking his clock every two or three minutes until it was 11:32 and the sun had been asleep for hours.

The bugs had bit him furiously, his shoes were covered in dirt from kicking it all over the place. Dozens of rocks were now sunk to the bottom of the black lake from when Draco took a break at 9:13 to throw them in the water out of frustration.

At about 9:49 he realized that Harry wasn't coming, but for some reason he stayed anyway. He grew upset and he once again felt the unnerving ache his heart didn't know it would feel again.

Maybe father was right about trusting people.

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Hours later, the blonde found himself on the black leather couch of the Slytherin Common Room, groggy. He tried to register how or why he had got there when he realized the chain of his pocket watch was still laced around his wrist, leaving a clock the size of his palm to rest within his closed hand.

*Harry didn't come. He stood me up.*

The room rang empty and silent, surprisingly, it being a Saturday. He couldn't tell what time of day it was. He lived in a dungeon with no sense of time. He could always check his watch, however he felt it be too much effort.

He swallowed and buried his head deeper into the cushion it was laying on, and the second he shut his eyes, Pansy strode through the door as if she owned the place.

"There you are," she exclaimed, Draco's eyes shooting towards her.

"Here I am," he flattened his lips to her and then continued frowning.

"Well, I've been looking for you. I thought you'd at least make it to breakfast by now. Talk to me
about last night. You've crashed on the couch, been there for hours. I didn't want to wake you. Either that's really good or really bad." Her mouth seemed to moved forever, and Draco found himself not listening to her words. He felt distant. "But you seem mopey so I take it -"

"He didn't show up. I've been stood up by Harry 'Stupid Head' Potter," Draco bit his lip.

"You seem really upset about it. Surely it's just one date," Pansy reasoned.

"But it was the first one of the whole year, you know. He seemed really excited about it, but obviously not since he didn't even bother to come to it," he said quietly and rolled over so he lay on his back, eyes staring at the ceiling. "Maybe it's just because I haven't seen him all summer. He looks... sad, I guess. Yeah. Really sad. And he had the dementor attack on him. The trial. No one believes him either."

"Maybe he has a lot on his mind," she suggested, sitting on the couch across from him.

"Well obviously." Draco crossed his arms over his chest. "I hate that look he has on his face. He's not himself. I don't know what's wrong, but he's not acting like himself."

"He wasn't at dinner, by the way," she spoke softly. "Maybe he went to the wrong place?"

Draco shook his head. "He knows."

"Maybe something came up," Pansy thought out loud.

"Nothing could have come up, Pansy," Draco growled. "We live at school, he doesn't have a family... well he has his aunt and uncle, but I imagine it's not the same. Maybe something happened with them?" But then Draco scoffed. "Father was right," he said under his breath, "I shouldn't trust him."

"What," Pansy's eyes widened. "Your father knows about him?" Her heart raced and she sat up in anticipation, leaning her elbows on her knees. "You're still alive?"

"Relax, Pans," he turned his head to look at her, and he ran his tongue along the inside of his cheek before speaking. "He doesn't know about him. He noticed I was obsessing over a 'girl' and he had some few choice words about it. And of course he reminded me about the Malfoy Role and what not to do, meaning don't fall for anybody or anything because they'll just end up hurting you in the end anyway."

"Draco," Pansy sat back in anger, pinching her nose, "Why didn't you tell me he was poisoning your head again?"

"Poisoning my head?"

"We've worked so hard," she scoffed, "Me and Blaise, to get you to be a normal person. You've finally broken out of your shell-"

"I don't have a shell," he bit.

"Your 'mask,' then! And you met Harry and you were doing so well and your stupid father came and ruined it all, again, by putting all this crap in your head about trusting people, loving people."

Draco paused a bit. "You know if he heard you say that -"

"I don't care! I don't! You shouldn't either! Stop being afraid to not listen to him. He's an arse. And
don't you think for one second you can't trust Harry. I don't know him well, but I do know that he's not a Slytherin, like you. He's not vindictive, he's not a snob, he doesn't betray people. You, being his god damned boyfriend, should know that!"

"He was supposed to be in Slytherin," Draco smiled shyly at the memory. When Harry spilled the beans, his mouth dropped and he didn't believe it for three dates following.

"See, don't you think for one second you don't care for him, it being love or not."

"Pansy," Draco strained in almost fear, "What if I do start to... you know?"

"Love him?" She opened her mouth to argue it, but then she closed it and thought. Love. Draco loving something. Caring was already crazy within itself, but loving. That was going to be a completely different story. "I... I really don't know."

"I've never... loved. It just sounds... scary, I guess?"

"I see what you mean."

"It's just... I don't know when it'll happen. If it'll happen. If I'm already there, or if I will never get there."

"It's hard to tell. All I know is that you're happy with him. You've changed. Finally. You've been a cold hearted bastard since you were eight. You get to be a angsty teenager and you actually open up rather than not."

"I was not a cold heart bastard when I was eight!"

"I threw a snowball at you and you hexed me!"

"It was self defense!"

"No, it was a jerk move!"

Draco rolled his eyes in response. "Whatever... I'm still pissed off at him, though, changed me or not."

"That's justified. He ditched you!"

"I know! That arse!" Draco sat up.

"You should talk to him about it."

"Not looking like this. Who knows when I'll be able to see him, anyway."

"Too bad." Before Draco could say anything, a hand forcefully grabbed his wrist and he was dragged out the door without a chance to think about it.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa! What about my hair," he complained as they made their way outside the Common Room. "Pansy! Where are we going?"

"Relax, would you! It's noon and everyone's outside, except for one person." She continued pulling him throughout half the school until they reached a familiar hallway. They stopped outside of a broomstick cupboard door, the same door, in fact, where he first met with Harry this year. "Have fun!"
She left him standing in the middle of the hallway, calling her name. He stood there with a confused expression on his face, and he immediately started fixing his hair.

What he didn't hear was the door opening behind him.

"Leave it, it looks cute like that."

Draco turned around to see no one behind him but a vacant doorway. Suddenly, a force pulled on his arm and he was locked inside of the small cubical.

"What the hell! Who's there," Draco furrowed his eyebrows, his eyes going wild. He put on his defensive mask and backed towards the wall.

"What is it with you and walls?" Draco didn't answer, him looking around the room fiercely. "Ugh, calm down, would you? It's just me," Harry laughed, lifting the hood of his invisibility cloak. Draco, although relieved, glared at Harry as he pulled off the rest of his cloak.

"Where the hell were you last night," he bit.

"I'm sorry-"

"I'm really pissed off at you."

"I know! And that's completely justified. I was just so mad, I forgot to tell you."

"You better have been saving the world again, Harry Potter, or I swear I will-"

"Umbridge gave me detention. It was completely unavoidable and I know I'm a terrible boyfriend for not telling you. Like I said, I got angry."

"I'm angry now and I'm here!"

"Because Pansy dragged you here. If she would have told you I was waiting for you-"

"She spoke to you and didn't tell me," Draco growled.

"Yes," Harry said. "She caught me after breakfast and told me you were upset. I had to see you so she went to get you, you lazy arse. Sleeping all morning."

Draco punched his arm. "I waited until midnight for you."

"Why are you so dramatic," Harry almost laughed. Even if they were fighting, he still found Draco adorable and loved being with him. "It was one date."

"I am not dramatic!" He pressed his hand to his chest, over acting everything just in the fact that he missed Harry, and he really wasn't all too mad anymore. Maybe it was his face that put him off.

"Don't you dare argue with me on this one, Draco Malfoy," Harry couldn't hold back a smile. "You are completely dramatic, do not even disagree."

"Oh, so what if I am?"

"I love it, so no need to worry." Harry kissed his cheek.

"I just wanted to catch up with my boyfriend and go flying with him, since you know I haven't seen him all summer. Or maybe I miss him in the fact that he could've died at any moment since a
dementor somehow made it into a muggle suburb and found out where he lived!"

"Oh, come on, you're still on about that?"

"Yes, I am!"

"At least you believe me, that there was a dementor, I mean." Harry crossed his arms and his tone dropped a small amount.

"Of course," Draco dropped. "Why wouldn't I believe you?"

"Not a lot of people do," he said.

"Well, a lot of people are stupid."

Harry couldn't help but kiss him straight on the lips, capturing Draco's own so lovingly. *Finally someone believes him.*

"I've told all my friends I have detention today," Harry whispered as they released, not wanting to move away from his body. "Just so I can hang out with you."

"My my, Harry Potter. Detention and lying to all your friends. You're starting off the year smoothly, aren't you," Draco joked, pecking his lips.

Harry snorted, and bumped their noses together. "Do you know what I want to do all day?"

"What do you want to do," Draco looked deep into his eyes, as if what he was saying was the most important thing in the world.

"I want to walk, hand in hand," he laced their fingers together, "All the way to the forest with you. And I want to kiss you and talk to you and hear all about those horrible, gruesome months away from you."

"Sounds amazing, but... Are you mad! Walk around holding hand across Hogwarts. I know you're an idiot and all but I didn't think you were that big of an idiot."

"I'm not an idiot," Harry exclaimed, stepping back from his embrace. "We most certainly can hold hands in front of the entire student body."

"Harry-" Before Draco could say anything else, Harry had picked his invisibility cloak off the floor and threw it over the both of them, grabbing his hand tightly. "Oh!"

"See; you're the idiot."

Draco whacked him upside the head, only to receive a laugh in return.

----------------------------------------

Just as promised, they reached the forest walking with their palms connected in front of the whole student body- although they didn't know it; however it's not as if the gait wasn't dangerous. They had to remain silent the whole time, for students were practically everywhere. And trust me when I say they had to cover their mouths to keep from laughing when Harry tripped on a branch right in the middle of them all.

"That wasn't there before," Harry claimed in a whisper, leaving Draco to bite his fist in hopes to not laugh.
They reached their own little world and Draco hung the invisibility cloak on a branch leaving him to turn to a beaming Harry.

"What," he asked, trying to keep back a smile, but Harry kept grinning and grinning as if it was his only form of breath. "What?"

"Nothing," he said, his cheeks burning, but he didn't stop.

"What," Draco bit again. "Is there something on my face?"

"Yes, actually," he frowned in all seriousness.

Draco's eyes went wide. "What is it?" He started wiping his eyes and the corners of his mouth, feeling nothing but his clear skin. Harry started laughing really hard, not able to stop, and he started pointing at Draco's face. "Harry, answer me!" He couldn't, and his giggles rang louder. Draco grabbed his hand and held onto it with force. "Harry Potter! Tell me."

"Eyes," Harry said between his obnoxious chuckles. "And a nose."

Draco opened his mouth to answer back angrily, but then he comprehended what Harry had held and he shut his mouth a result. Harry just laughed harder at him, and then Draco broke into a smile.

"You're such a pain in the arse," Draco exclaimed, dropping Harry's hand, which, it's not like he noticed, for he was clutching his stomach and trying to maintain his balance. Picking Harry up and draping him over his shoulder, Draco carried him deeper into the field, a place he missed too much. With hearing the sound that made his heart rush, it being Harry's laugh, he slung him back over, and held him like a bride, letting his feet hit the floor, and he dipped him towards the ground, kissing him enough for his head to spin.

Harry, laughing at first, calmed to the familiar voltage that he and Draco shared, and he put a limp hand on Draco's cheek, feeling Draco's hands on his lower back and neck. He moaned to him openly.

When they released, their eyes locked and hearts raced. They gasped for breath, however Harry couldn't because of the sight of Draco's eyes and the heat of his arms wrapped around him.

"I missed you last night," Draco said softly, "Even though you're a pain in the arse."

"I have to be," Harry said when he remembered to breathe, "It's my job."

"I know it is," Draco inhaled and exhaled deeply. "It's my job to annoy you, too."

He released his arms from behind Harry's body and Harry free fell until just before he hit the ground, when Draco grabbed his arm and kept him from it.

"Hey!" Harry flashed at him, eyes lit.

"Like I said; it's my job," he smirked and pulled Harry up to a standing position. Harry just leaned into him and wrapped his arms around him, squeezing him. His chin fit into his shoulder, and he smiled yet again, Draco feeling it. "Why do you keep smiling? I'm starting to think you have some crazy mastermind plan or something."

"Mastermind plan? To do what?"

"Kill me? Break my heart?"
"Break you heart? That's too sinister. What would be my motive? Oh, I know," Harry looked at him with a smirk, changing his voice to one of a snob, a.k.a Draco Malfoy: "I hate you enough and you didn't shake my hand in first year. That and I'm totally jealous of your fame and stupid scar on your forehead that gets you everything you want. Oh and maybe that you competed in the Triwizard Tournament, lucky bastard, but wait now my hearts beating too fast. You must have poisoned me."

"Hey," Draco shouted, but Harry cut him off.

"I'm not cruel enough for that," Harry joked.

"Shut up." Harry started laughing again, and Draco wanted to hug him tighter just so he could keep hearing it. "Why are you so giggly today?"

"Maybe because I haven't laughed all summer, haven't seen you."

"Haven't laughed all summer," Draco frowned. "That's a crime. Come on, you've had to at least laughed once."

Harry sat back and thought, still in Draco's arms, but facing him. "Really. I haven't laughed in a few months."

"Your relatives can't be that awful," Draco said, stroking behind Harry's ear, which calmed him down from the thought of his family.

"Don't underestimate them," was all he said. "I'm here with you now. That's what matters." Harry kissed his nose, catching Draco off guard and causing his heart to flurry.

"I completely agree," he said, his voice almost cracking. He grabbed Harry's cheeks and kissed him yet again, the magnetic pull of wanting his lips on Harry's not being tamed. "Sorry," he breathed as they released, however he didn't mean it, and he pecked his lips again.

"It's fine," Harry smiled against his mouth, and they smooched a last time.

"I've missed your lips," Draco said, staring and dragging his thumb along them. "A lot."

"Great to know I'm so needed," Harry rolled his eyes and kissed his cheek.

"You are," Draco sighed, catching his breath, "remotely. I loved my birthday present by the way. I didn't know you could be such an amazing poet." Harry smiled, biting his lip with a blush, and walked towards the lake with his hands in his pocket. Draco followed him, wrapping his arms around him from behind. "You should be a professional," he said.

"I can't believe I actually sent that to you," Harry leaned back into his embrace. "It was a last minute decision."

"You didn't mean to?"

"I spent about a month and a half getting the courage to write one. I started thinking about it when you visited me in the hospital. I made a few drafts, in fact, the Dursley's got upset: I was using too much paper."

"Too much paper? They got angry at you for using too much paper?"

"Oh, erm- probably because I wasn't telling them what it was for," Harry came up with. "They hate it went I use magic and they just wanted to make sure I'm not... I wasn't going to harm them or..."
anything."

"They think you're going to harm them? What, are you a tyrant or something?"

"Most the world seems to think it," Harry sighed, wrapping his arms round Draco's, which were over his waist. Harry leant his head back on Draco's shoulder. Draco rested his head against Harry's and squeezed him tighter.

"I don't. You're relatives are stupid."

"Tell me about it. Anyway, I finally wrote one with no intentions of sending it."

"Was it more embarrassing than the one you sent me," Draco teased, dragging his nose along his temple and cheek. Harry blushed, and Draco could basically feel it, so he kissed the skin he was breathing on out of instinct.

"That was the one I sent," Harry said and Draco laughed.

"I quite enjoyed it. Like I said, you stumped me. I couldn't do better," he mumbled into his neck. Harry just smiled deeply, involuntarily, his cheeks burning. "How'd you get the idea for the lion?"

"I wanted to annoy you."

"Hiding that thing from the house elves was practically impossible."

"So I annoyed you? Mission accomplished," Harry smirked. He unraveled his arms and sat on the floor, grabbing Draco's hand (hiding his own marked one) and pulling him down. Draco lay next to him on his stomach, resting his head on his palm, elbow propping him up. "You know, you kept me smiling for too long after my birthday. It was almost unhealthy."

"Was your summer that awful?"

"Yes. Enough about my summer. What about yours?"

"Wait, I still want to hear about the dementor attack," Draco said, furrowing his eyebrows at Harry's abruptness. Surely the Golden Boy's few months away weren't that bad. At least not as bad as Draco's.

"I'll tell you about it later," Harry frowned. He really didn't want to talk about. He didn't want to talk about the dementors or about Uncle Vernon or Aunt Petunia or Dudley or Dudley's rotten friends or his nightmares or Lord Voldemort any other thing that made his life a living hell. He just wanted Draco.


"Really?"

"No."

"I heard you guys had a fancy gala or something. It was in the Prophet."

"We did. Nothing special. I've been to plenty of those. It's all for the adults, really. I just sit there and talk to the very few, if any, teenagers there. My father calls it 'socializing.'"

"I image that's what people do when they go to social event's," Harry laughed. "Socialize."
Draco giggled along with him. "Yeah, I guess so."

"Tell me more about it," Harry sighed. "I've never been to one."

"They're not that interesting," Draco insisted.

"Don't care," Harry rolled closer to him and watched Draco closely as he spoke. He could feel his breath. "Tell me."

"Where should I start?"

"The very beginning of the day," Harry laced their hands together.

"Well... I guess I wake up..."

"As you do every morning," Harry rolled his eyes. "What makes this day different? Are you nervous? Excited?"

"A little, I guess. When I was a child I used to get jumpy, but not so much anymore. I guess I wake up faster, you could say, because I have a reason to be awake."

"Do you get to sleep in?"

"Not too much," Draco sat up and crossed his legs, leaving Harry wanting to put his head in Draco's lap, so he did. At first, Draco was startled, however he adjusted to the touch and he absentely stroked Harry's hair, the light autumn breeze just waving in. Leaves ruffled as white noise and the smell of grass sprang fresh in the air. Small waves crashed on the bank. "Normally my mother stresses out about it and I can hear something crashing in the kitchen or my parents arguing. I try and go back to sleep though."

"Do your parents argue a lot?"

Draco went silent a bit, thinking. "In general or on special days?"

"Is there a difference?"

"Yes. They normally fight like normal parents most the time, you know?"

Harry paused and swallowed. "No," he said, "I don't. I don't have parents."

Draco melted at the way he said it, and he stroked behind his ear to calm him down again. "You don't need them."

"I wish I had them."

"I know, Harry," Draco whispered, automatically looking at his scar. "But you don't need them."

"How would you know what I need," he said abruptly louder.

"Hey, shh," Draco comforted him, playing with his hair. "Because I care about you. Trust me. You wouldn't want my parents. No parents are better than horrible parents."

"But you don't live with the Dursley's," Harry bit again, but quieter.

"No. I don't. But, one day I promise I'm going to take you to a gala, and I'm going to show you off, and those Dursleys are going to wish they were you."
"Promise?"

"Promise." Draco leant down and kissed him on the lips, putting a strain on his back.

"Tell me more about it," Harry sighed, a bit calmer than how he was previously.

"It's sort of silly, really. We spend all day preparing. I eat breakfast in my pajamas, which is something I normally never do. It's nice, I guess."

"You normally change before? Do you eat with your family?"

"Yes, most days except for Saturday morning. My mother let's me sleep in."

"That sounds wonderful," Harry dreamed.

"Don't you eat with your family? In your pajamas?"

"I make food for them, yeah."

"Make food for them? What, do you eat on your own?"

"If I can," Harry said gently.

"You hate being alone, though."

"I meant I'll eat if I can,"

"Eat if you can?" Draco furrowed his eyebrows.

"Never mind," Harry got really quiet, but then he sharply sat up and pushed Draco on his back, surprising him. He scooted up and lay across him, his head resting on his chest. They'd never been like that before: Harry taking Draco's hand and locking them together, Harry looking up at Draco as if he was a savior, legs intertwined and skins so close despite their clothing. Harry knew it would distract him and he was right. "What do you get to wear?"

"W-we," he breathed back, startled by his abrupt proximity, "We just have dress robes," Draco watched him and he put his hand deep into Harry's hair.

"Like the ones you wore at the Yule Ball," Harry perked up. "Those were really nice."

"Those were all right. But no. The ones we wear at galas are much fancier."

Harry almost smiled and he stroked Draco's hand with his thumb. "What do they look like?"

"Light blue, like the sky. I normally wear purple or dark blue in the winter, dark green in the summer. But since it was for my birthday, my mother said they match my eyes and it was 'my choice.' I just wanted to please her."

"I want to see you in them. I bet you look amazing."

"Oh, I do."

Harry laughed. "So it was for your birthday? Like a birthday party?"

"Yes. But none of my friends came. None were invited. My father likes it when it's just adults."

"It still sounds nice. Is there cake?"
"No, treacle tart, crème brulee, chocolate fancy things that are really rich and smell of fire whiskey. There's a lot of fire whiskey and alcohol."

"Do you get smashed," Harry smiled, poking at him and imagining a drunk Draco Malfoy.

"No," Draco replied, grinning at his smile.

"Yes, you have! You're lying!"

"I'm not, I promise!"

"I don't believe you," Harry giggled, sitting up and straddling his legs across him. He scooted up so that when he leaned back down his and Draco's noses were touching. "What are you like when you're hammered?"

"I've never gotten drunk, I swear!" Despite his truth, Draco blushed. "I have gotten tipsy, but that was when I was thirteen and someone poured me champagne when I thought it was grape juice."

Harry chortled. "Grape juice!"

As Harry laughed, Draco enjoyed it, his face so close. He leaned up, kissed him, and kissed him hard, cutting him off.

"What was that for," Harry asked with eyebrows knit.

"I just really like it when you smile," Draco said. Harry's smile dropped a bit and he looked at his lips.

"I haven't smiled much. Not without you," he almost frowned.

"That should be a crime. I'm going to go to the minister's office and make it illegal for you not to smile."

"I don't think the minister wants much of me to be honest with you," he said much quieter. "At my trial... he sort of wanted me to lose."

"Why?"

"He doesn't think Voldemort's back. He thinks I'm trying to scare everyone. Wants me expelled... probably wanted me locked up."

"What," Draco furrowed his eyebrows and a pit of anger formed in his stomach that made it drop. "How could he?"

Harry got off of him and sat crisscross along the length of his body, and Draco sat up. Harry wore a frown like it was his favorite t-shirt.

"He's supposed to be protecting you."

"You think I don't know that," he bit, looked off into the sunset, and swallowed hard. Draco sat up and put a consoling hand on Harry's shoulder.

"What was it like? At the trial," Draco asked. "Was he bias?" Harry nodded, biting the inside of his cheek. "That's illegal. You have to have an objective trial."

"So what? It's not like I can complain. The Minister tried me. Who am I supposed to complain to?
"But it's not fair," Draco furrowed his brows in anger. He'd never... Malfoy trials were always swayed. Always. Father said that the key was taking knowledge of the jury, knowing what they found right, what they believed in and fought for. After that, sway your answers, get a good lawyer, and you're scott free. But this angered Draco. Harry wasn't in the wrong, and Malfoy's usually were.

"You think Fudge worries about what's fair and what's not at the reincarnation of the most evil wizard of all time. You think he cares about a stupid spell that I cast in front of my cousin, or that there are dementors on the loose. All he cares about is shutting me up and making sure that I stay that way."

"But he's back. You said so yourself. You're Harry Potter. Who wouldn't believe you?"

"Apparently everybody," he said almost quietly, almost like a growl. "Seamus and half my friends won't talk to me. The press is destroying my reputation... I don't care about it, but this isn't funny. This isn't a story on my eye color or hair cut or shoe size or something dumb like that. This is real life," Harry shouted. "This is murder!"

"Harry," Draco frowned, and he put his hands on both of his shoulders. "Shh. Relax. You're okay."

"Draco, that's not the point! Other people aren't going to be," he stuck out his jaw and looked away from him, and Draco let go. "Cedric shouldn't be dead!"

After a thick silence, Draco spoke again. "You care so much."

Harry flicked his eyes up to him. "No body cares enough."

Again, another silence.

"What happened," Draco started, his voice low and soft, "with the dementor attack?"

"My cousin and his stupid friends were... being themselves-"

"What were they doing?"

"They beat up a ten year old," Harry swallowed, looking at the grass. Draco frowned a bit, taking Harry's hand and pulling him closer. Out of frustration, Harry fell down back into Draco's lap, using his thigh as a pillow.

"That's awful."

"You used to do it," Harry glared at him.

"I never beat anyone up, except for you. I bully people and drive them to their breaking point. I push people around, use my height to intimidate, but I don't beat them up."

"You beat me up."

"But you're special," Draco ran his hands through his hair and smiled down at him. Harry just flattened his lips back to him. "Besides, that's fake. Is what your cousin does fake?"

"No. It's very much real. Anyway, he called Cedric my boyfriend, insulted my mother and I almost hexed him. I wanted to so much," Harry, again, stuck out his jaw. "And his cronies left. It got dark, and I knew it wasn't just a storm. It was bad magic. So we ran to an underground path and two dementors just attacked us. I had to use a patronus-"
"Wait! I thought you used something stupid like lumos. You know how to conjure a patronus?"
Draco couldn't help but swipe Harry's bangs away from his scar and touched it intimately. Harry's heart raced a bit.

Harry bit his lip, then nodded. "Since third year," he said quietly.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I don't like boasting about it," he chewed on his lip, and something in Draco's stomach simmered. He liked when Harry played with his lips.

"What are you?"

"A stag," Harry said. "My father was one. My mother was a doe."

"My mother's is a snake. I don't know my father's."

Harry nodded. "I cast the patronus and said I was expelled, but they gave me a trial. Dumbledore spoke for me, one of my squib neighbors was a witness. More people wanted to let me off than condemn me, but Fudge voted against me walking free, and bloody Umbridge seemed eager to get me out of Hogwarts."

"Umbridge was there?"

"Yes she was there," Harry pulled his face in anger. "She is the worst human being I've ever met! She's worse than the Dursleys-"

"Harry, calm down-"

"She's bloody worse than them and they locked me in a god damn cupboard and starved me for God's sake! She's the most-"


"-evil, most despicable-"

"Starved you!?"

"She makes me sick-"

"Harry!"

"I didn't even do anything mmph-"

Draco covered his mouth and stared at his eyes with daggers within his own. "What. the. hell. do. you. mean. by. cupboard?"

Harry's eyes went wide, realizing what he accidently said. And of all the people in the world he wished to tell, Draco was not one of them.


"Draco," he said, but his name ended up being muffled because of the hand covering his mouth. Harry grabbed hold of his wrist and pushed Draco's hand away from him. Sitting up and conjuring up with what he was going to say to Draco, he decided to get out. Abort mission. "I realized that I told Hermione that I needed help on the potions essay due tomorrow. I have to go."
He stood, and Draco stayed where he was just because he was so in shock. Weren't the Dursley's supposed to take care of him? Didn't Harry have a bloody good upbringing? He had to. It didn't make sense. Harry was such a good person, too caring and too thoughtful.

"Harry," he stood, realizing Harry was walking away from him.

"I have to go," Harry sped, and he grabbed his invisibility cloak.

"Harry Potter, don't you dare walk away from me," Draco matched his pace and went even faster. He grabbed hold of his wrist. "Harry!"

"What, Draco? What! Do you need another reason to think of me as a freak," he snarled. Draco held him in place and his face dropped.

"A freak? You think I think you're a freak?" But then it started making sense. "You hate reaching out to people because you don't want to be a bother," he said more to himself. "You're selfless... you never got the chance to be selfish. You eat small portions and you have a small bones structure... they starved you!"

"Draco, stop it," Harry begged, yanking his hand from Draco's grasp, but Draco just gripped his shoulder and kept his hand there to hold him in place.

"You were afraid of me. When we met," Draco grimaced. "You always used to flinch. When I called for a duel in first year you flinched. I remember being satisfied because you looked so scared." The thought of smiling at that long ago made him sick. "Harry, your cousin... did he... did he and his friends... did they ever hit you?"

"You misheard me-"

"Misheard you," Draco looked him straight in the eye, anger ripping through him. "You're abused."

"Draco, no, I'm not! I'm not, I promise!"

"Harry. I heard what you said! You said they used to starve you. Do they still?"

"I didn't mean it. I'm lying. I was joking-"

"People don't joke about that Harry! They don't! They don't lie about being starved. They don't lie about a bloody cupboard."

Harry, again, broke free from his hold and tried running from him. He just wanted out, out of there with Draco. Draco was the one thing that Harry could say was his, was untouched by the Dursleys and his childhood. That's why he liked Draco as his boyfriend. He was different. All magic.

Draco lunged forward and wrapped his arms around his waist from behind, picking him up and carrying a kicking and screaming Harry further away from the entrance of the forest. There was no way in hell he was getting out now. Not without an explanation.

"Draco, let go! Let go of me," Harry shouted, but Draco didn't obey, in fact he held him tighter. "Draco, I'm not a freak, I promise!"

"Have I ever called you a freak, Harry? Have I?"

"You never knew until now," he argued.

"Promise me you won't run and I'll set you down."
"Draco, I don't want to talk about this," Harry relaxed against him, his brows knit in self-hatred and sorrow. "Not with you."

"Do you think I'm going to judge you or something," Draco frowned and he put his head in the nape of Harry's neck. "You think I'm going to tease you for this?"

"No, it's just..." Harry went weak at Draco kissing his neck and loosening his grip slightly so that he was embracing him instead of struggling with him.

"Why wouldn't you tell me this," Draco said a little softer.

"I hate being treated different! I hate it! I hate it so much! And that's something you never do! You always treat me the same. Like I'm not a freak. You treat me like I'm normal-"

"Harry. I would never want to treat you normal. You're too special for that. Normal is such an awful word, how could you ever want that," he kissed his cheek and then let him go, but held his hand.

"Because I've never been normal. Never. I've been a freak my entire life and with you I'm just normal."

"You're not a freak, Harry," Draco said almost too loudly. "You're nothing close to a freak! How could you-"

"My uncle hates magic. My aunt hates magic. My cousin hates magic. I didn't know I was a wizard until I was eleven years old. They always treated me like a freak and I never knew why."

"What?" Draco's eyes went wide. Harry let go of his hand. "That's absurd!"

"They tried hiding it from me," he crossed his arms and backed a bit away from Draco, and Draco respected his space. "My clothes are always atrocious and too big because I never got my own, I got Dudley's. They'd just give me his hand-me-downs and think that at school, everyone would laugh at me anyway. Why not make it worse?"

"Whenever my magic was accidentally cast, they'd put me in a cupboard under the staircase at their house in Surry. There was enough room for a mattress and I had a few toys, but it's not like it was a bedroom. They just kept me there while my cousin had a second bedroom. He thought he owned me because he had two bedrooms-"

"Well, sorry for that bloody git. I have a wing," Draco said more to himself, but Harry heard it, and almost smiled. "Why does he think he's so special?"

"I dunno," Harry bit his lip.

"Sorry," Draco caught himself, "my arsehole side was showing."

"It's fine," Harry reassured.

"But accidental magic is vital to a growing wizard."

"But I didn't know I was a wizard. As for food I got all the burnt scraps if I was lucky. Sometimes I wouldn't even be able to eat."

"And this went on for how long," Draco tried staying calm, but he knew his hands were shaking.

"Until Hagrid knocked down our door, literally, and took me to Hogwarts. Then I got his second bedroom. That's why I love Hagrid so much. Anyway, after that...well, I had magic. It was mostly
neglect, and they left me alone a bit. I ran away when I was thirteen. They put bars on my window before second year. Tried to keep me from coming back to Hogwarts."

"That's bloody awful! And to think I treated you the way I did while you had all of this going on-"

"No! Stop that! Don't you dare. I loved how you treated me then!"

"Harry, I yelled at you, I called you names! I verbally abused you," Draco suddenly felt his stomach drop, and Harry rushed to his side.

"No, no! You treated me like I was normal," Harry grabbed hold of his hand and squeezed it. "Like I was your enemy with no strings attached. It wasn't the same as when it was with Dudley."

"You hated me the same way."

"No, I didn't. I'm dating you aren't I? I'm falling in lo... I care for you so much now, don't I? I'll never think of him more than a big oaf brain arsehole. You're different. I promise." He kissed his hand.

Draco still frowned and disconnected his hand before wrapping his arms around him tightly, hugging him.

"Please don't treat me any different," Harry begged into his shoulder.

"I'm not," he mumbled back, embracing him tighter. "I promise. I just wish you would have told me."

"No one else knows, except Ron and Hermione."

Draco kissed his temple. "Okay. You still didn't answer my question. Were you ever hit?"

Harry swallowed and buried his face into his neck, trying not to think about it, just loving Draco's smell, and his arms. He heard Draco whimper. "It wasn't bad. My cousin would push me around."

"Did your Uncle?"

"No, same thing. He just shoved me a few times. It was more neglect rather than physicality. He dragged me by my ear a few times. It was fine."

Draco exhaled. "That's not fine, Harry. If they knew that you are as famous as you are here-"

"They wouldn't care. If anything, they'd take my money."

Draco stuck out his jaw. "That's wrong. That's so wrong."

"They don't care about right and wrong, they care about normal," he snuggled closer to Draco, but Draco backed up just a bit- still in his embrace, but he wanted to see Harry.

"I like that you're not normal. I hate normal. I hate everything about normal. And if you were normal, I wouldn't date you."

"You wouldn't," Harry asked in a tone as that of a child.

"Maybe I would but... I don't think I would want you as much as I want you now. I like the way you are. I really really like it. You know I care for you, right Harry?" Harry breathed for a bit then nodded, and Draco pulled him close again. "I think that your family is full of a bunch of selfish arsehats, and I think that you are prefect and wonderful and amazing. I really do. And I think my
opinion should matter to you more than your stupid relatives."

"Well, I do like you much more," Harry pulled him back and hugged him as tight as he could. "Much much more."

"I like you very much, too." Draco dragged his nose along the side of Harry's face and kissed his cheek. They'd never been so intimately close before.

"So about that essay," Draco started, but Harry cut him off by grabbing both sides of his face.

"I want to stay here with you," he said, looking him in the eyes with his own. "I want to forget about them and Umbridge and just think about you."

"Then do it." Draco said almost quietly, because Harry just looked so... And his hair looked so... and his eyes, his eyes, and his broken voice and his smell. "Forget about them then. Think about me and how I could never do that to you."

Harry didn't say anything, didn't nod or frown or smile. He just leaned in and placed his lips on top of Draco's, and kissed him. And kissed him and kissed him until he was too dizzy to stand and couldn't breathe.

He looked at Draco that night as if he was his protector. And for what Draco knew, he was.
...Harry began to suck on Draco’s lips enthusiastically while Draco bared his teeth. They were out of breath quickly but continued kissing no matter how much air was needed. He felt as though he could keep going forever, Harry did. Their eyes were tightly shut and he felt as though they were drifting on a cloud. But then he realized how long their lips were together and Harry grew confused.

However Draco kept sucking on his lips pulling on him. Then his teeth bared and Draco began to violently suck and bite until Harry swore he cut through them. Harry grew even more confused as his lips grew hurt and the moans that were constantly comforting changed to ones of yelping. Some how Draco was Silent the whole time which added to the strangeness of the event.

"Mmm Draco calm down," Harry said frantically in between kisses. He began to furrow his eye brow as Draco began to kiss harder. "Draco, stop!" but he still continued as Harry tried to push him off. "Stop! STOP!" Draco bit hard and Harry felt blood dribble down his lip. Harry sat up as Draco got on his knees, still on the sides of Harry.

"What the hell was that, Draco? What are you..." Harry trailed off as Draco’s mercury eyes morphed to a deep red and an evil smirk grasped his face. He stood up off of Harry and the Golden Boy started to crawl away as he horror unraveled itself in front of him.

"Scared Potter?"

Harry backed away as fast as he could only to hit his head against a wall of a tree trunk.

"No no no no no," he repeated over and over, shielding himself as Voldemort approached him wand at the ready.
"Avada Kedavra!"

And Harry awoke from his nightmare.

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Harry had sweat drenched all over him and he was shaking extensively. His covers were god knows where, and his pillow knocked over the articles on his nightstand, replacing them on the cherry-wooded table.

"You okay, mate?" Ron startled him. He turned to face his friend finding the rest of the dorm was awake and staring at him, frightfully.

"Yeah... I-I-I'm fine. Ju-just bad dream."

"More like a fit! We thought you were having a spaz attack or something," Seamus squeaked across the room, two beds to his left.

"We were really worried," Neville said, exasperated.

"I'm fine. Good night." Harry felt as though he was being rude, but he didn't give a damn as he heard maniacal laughter in the back of his head, knowing sleep would not be in the story tonight.

------------------------------------------------

It was another two weeks until he saw Draco. Quid ditch has been rescheduled to Friday twice in a
row before their match against Slytherin—oh, what a game that would be.

Harry sat near the calming water, listening to the rippled waves, waiting. Sleep came seldom to him ever since that nightmare; he didn't get much of it.

As Harry shut his eyes, his head resting in his hand, elbow propped up, Draco pushed through the curtain of vines. He approached him, kneeling, burying his head in his neck. "I see someone's excited for date night."

Harry just groaned. Draco kissed him and finally Harry opened his eyes, only to close them in the sheer feeling of Draco's lips against his. "Sorry, I'm tired."

"I've noticed. You look awful!" Draco started then boasted out the obvious.

"Thanks, you're gorgeous as well," Harry rolled his eyes.

"Well, I know that, Harry," Draco smirked, "But just to let you know, I can see the bags under your eyes from across the Great Hall." Harry just frowned and lay back, looking up at the darkening sky before closing his eyes once again. "Are you sure you're just tired?"

"I haven't been sleeping well."

Draco glanced out at the lake, the sun setting behind it, and then back at Harry. "Yeah but... you look more than tired."

"Really," Harry opened up an eye with a raised eyebrow. "Why's that?"

"To be blunt, you look sad... depressed."

Harry just closed his eye and turned his head away from him. "You expect me to be happy when everything sucks?"

"No, but--"

"It's hard when everyone hates you," Harry bit his hip, the back of his eyes stinging.

"Everyone hates me too," Draco said, trying to compare to him, but he knew it was wrong.

"No. Everyone's afraid of you," Harry turned back to him, opening his eyes, and Draco lay back, putting a hand in Harry's hair and stroking behind his ear. "I don't think they hate you."

"I don't think they hate you, either, as much as you like to think so."

"I don't like thinking it... I know it," Harry bit his lip. "It's everyone."

"I don't hate you, not at all."

"I mean yeah, but you have to act like you do and that makes things even worse. I haven't seen my boyfriend in a long time and you're the only person I want to be with right now."

"I know, Harry," Draco whispered.

"And I'm bloody exhausted because I can't sleep at night," Harry groaned, running his hands over his face, rubbing his eyes.

"Why not?"
"You think I know," Harry's tone grew annoyed. "If I knew, I could fix it."

"Hey," Draco snapped. "Bloody calm down, will you. I want to help you, not bloody be attacked by you. I only want what's best for you and you seem to enjoy talking things out. Every since the start of this year, you've been bottling things up. I see it in the bloody hall, I see it with your friends. Don't start doing it with me now."

Harry furrowed his eyebrows at him, ready to fight, his jaw stuck out, but then he relaxed and it got quiet for a while. Draco examined his face in the awkward silence, ready to create some form of conversation, however refrained from it until Harry spoke again.

"I hate Umbridge."

"I know you do."

"No, Draco," Harry growled, "I hate her so much. You don't understand."

"Maybe I do," Draco frowned, "maybe I don't. I definitely don't like her either."

"Every time I hear her name I want to scream."

Draco bit his lip and thought of what to say to make him feel better, however every hypothesis wasn't good enough. But then he got a grand idea. "So scream."

"Hm?"

"You want to scream, so scream," Draco said simply.

"I don't understand. At her?"

"No."

"At you?"

"No. Well, if you want, but I don't think that will get you anywhere. I mean just scream. Loud. It's not hard to," he bit the inside of his cheek. Harry just looked at him. "Do you need me to show you?"

And he did. He stood up and he yelled and screamed, just a long waver of one note out into the air as if it was nothing. Birds croaked from the forest. "I doubt anyone can hear you back at the castle. It's only me here and I just did it. No one is going to judge you... and I have to admit, that felt very good."

Draco stuck an hand out for Harry to take and he did, standing.

"So just 'ahh' or can I say words?"

"Which ever you'd like, go on. Have a tantrum, throw sand, rip grass, I don't care." Draco crossed his arms, waiting. "You can use magic if you want. Set something on fire! I'll put it out. Here, let me step back." Draco moved all the way to the wall of trees, leaning against one.

"You're sure?"

"Yes, just do it!"

Harry shrugged and then indeed did yell.
"Louder," Draco called. "That's not enough."

Harry rolled his eyes and yelled again, looking back at Draco as he finished.

"Stop being a pansy-arse already! That was weak," he critiqued.

"How the hell are you supposed to tell me what feels good and what doesn't," Harry shouted across the gap between them, fire in his eyes. "That did absolutely nothing! How do you expect me to get over whatever the hell this is by bloody screaming into thin air! How do you think any of this will make me feel better?"

"Maybe if you did it right, you'd feel better, but obviously you're too unintelligent to even comprehend what I'm saying," Draco taunted. "Maybe that's why Umbridge hates you, because you're a bloody idiot!"

Harry's mouth dropped open. "You arse!"

"Takes one to know one, Potter," he cocked his head. Harry pulled out his wand aiming it at him, the flood of rage over taking him.

"Keep talking, I swear I'll blow you to bits," Harry marched towards him.

"Do it, Boy Wonder," Draco pressed, smirking. He got ready to take cover if he had to. He wasn't afraid of him, he knew Harry wouldn't hurt him. "Bet you can't."

Harry stuck out his jaw even further, his teeth on edge. He looked Draco in the eye, his hand shaking with his wand in it. But then he remembered how much Draco cared for him, he realized he was doing this just to provoke him so he could feel relieved after causing havoc.

So he caused havoc. He threw his wand down to the grass. "You're right, I can't!"

He stomped away to the beach, grabbing a rock, and throwing it as far as he possibly could, leaving Draco impressed. He got it far out there. And then Harry grabbed some sand and threw that as well, grasping it, choking it. And then he kicked the sand. And then he kicked the water. And then he threw his shoe back towards Draco, but he missed completely-- even then, he was too far. And then Harry threw his other shoe.

And then Harry threw himself to the floor and screamed into his arms, kicking the ground beneath him repeatedly. He looked like a little toddler throwing a fit over a lollypop. He then threw himself off the ground, searching for his wand, and once he found it, he hexed a tree, it denting, branches falling to the ground.

"Reducto!"

Damn, was Harry's voice bloody hot when he was angry, Draco concluded. He sat away from him, enjoying all of it. "That's my boyfriend," he said under his breath.

"Incendio! Reducto!"

Draco cast a charm to put out the fire, cooling it quickly before Harry took a bit of branch and threw it into the lake yet again. He shouted bad words and insults, rambling about Umbridge and the press and everyone who didn't care about him.

Exhausted and breathing heavy, Harry marched right back to a calm and collected. He relaxed into almost a smile rather than the nasty smirk he pulled earlier. "Feeling better?"
Harry nodded and swallowed, leaning up against the tree. He looked absolutely weary. "I don't feel safe... before I sleep," he heaved. "I don't... I know once I fall asleep I have to wake up again and deal with all these people that I don't like and I don't feel safe anymore. I feel violated and I feel like I'm up against a bloody wall whilst everyone wants to hex me or yell at me or call me a liar. That's why."

Draco nodded and pulled him in his arms, Harry leaning against him. "I feel stupid," he said in his throat.

"Why?"

"For doing that. I looked like an idiot."

"So? I'm not going to tell anybody, for all I know, I have no idea what you're talking about. No one else is here."

After a few more breaths, Harry nodded. "Thanks."

"Don't worry about it. I used to do this when I was a kid. My father never let me get away with it, but my mother did. She thought it let me get my anger out and then we could sit down and talk about the problem."

"It was nice."

"Always worked for me," Draco said cheekily, kissing his forehead. He tried to pull away from his embrace, however Harry held him tighter.

"I'm so tired," he laughed. "Can barely stand, probably."

"Alright," Draco said, pulling him down against the tree. He lay down and tapped his stomach. "Lay on me."

"Thank God," Harry whined. What Draco had intended was for him to put his head on his abdomen, however, Harry had a softer plan in mind. He crawled completely on top of him, his chest against Draco's, his head in his neck and his legs intertwined with his.

And with that Harry fell asleep in the boys arm, exhaustion taking over. His only dreamless sleep.
Quidditch

The wind tore at Harry's hair as he looked for the golden snitch. The field was covered in green and red, members of the school switching to which ever side they wish would win (Mostly to Gryffindor). Players were storming through the air as a rapid tornado, throwing around a quaffle as if it was no body's business.

Harry sat up 2000ft into the air, head turning and eyes searching for any unusual movement. The Gryffindors were in their usual V shaped formation, Slytherins swerving around them, attempting to break it.

He heard a zoom behind him, causing him to turn to see a blonde haired, silver-eyed git.

"So concentrated Potter! Would be a shame if someone were to distract you." He smirked. Harry just rolled his eyes in response.

"Another score for Slytherin!" Lee Jordan shouted as Ron missed yet another quaffle.

"Come on Ron." Harry muttered under his breath. But the cheers weren't normal coming from the green side of the stadium. He could hear "Weasley is our king! He always lets the quaffle in!"

All around the spirited Slytherins as Ron missed another goal. It was affecting his playing- and Harry realized that.

"Wha-" Harry started until he saw a snippet of a glittering gold in the south side of the stand. Before he could contemplate with Malfoy, he dove in aspiration to catch the snitch. Draco followed quickly behind, as though he was the caboose of a train, never leaving his tail.

The wind was muffling all the cheers from the crowd as Harry got closer and Draco caught up to be side by side. Draco and Harry began to push one another in hope to stall their chance at catching the snitch. It wasn't until they hit the floor when Harry had a golden ball surrounded in his fist.

"Harry Potter caught the snitch!" The Gryffindors won but none of the team was happy. The Slytherins were extra nasty to them, and they weren't happy about it. The song was inconciderate and vain. Harry wasn't too upset about it until he heard Malfoy biting off more than he could chew.

"Like the song Potter? Wrote it myself." Harry approached the boastful snake giving a true intimidating stare.

"Shut up, Malfoy!"

"I really wanted to add in some more verses, but I couldn't find a thing to match the words 'stink'" he laughed smirking back at his friends.

"I said shut up," Harry growled, stepping closer to him.

"What's it like living with the Weasleys? I imagine a bunch of vermon. But then again, wasn't your mother the same way? I can imagine what kind of pig stye they used to li-"

Harry couldn't help himself he was throwing as many fists at Draco as he could. Acting on his Draco personality or his Malfoy personality; what he said was completely put of hand.

Kneeing and punching and kicking the blonde as much as he could, he didn't hear the whistle and
didn't feel madam Hooch pull him away from the evil brat.

All he could focus on was the face in front of him and the blood covering his knuckles. Draco's blood.

Draco walked through the vines of the secret forest to find a figure standing at the edge of the water. He had a heavy heart as he walked over to Harry. He really didn't know what to do.

'Listen to your heart' he repeated in his head. It was such a hard thing to do. Pansy had given him the advice a million times already, but the talk he had 10 minutes prior to her, seemed to sink in this time.

"Hey" he went up behind Harry and tried to give him a hug but was pushed away.

"Don't touch me." Harry said defensively. Draco backed off leaving an awkward silence present. The Gryffindor walked to the grassy field and stood facing the sunset, not daring to look at Draco to see whether or not his nose was broken.

"Harry. I didn't mean I-" Draco started but was caught off guard with Harry's speech. "Don't you dare. Don't you dare say another word."

Draco hung his head low and stood near Harry. Key word near. The cool breeze went through both their hair. The night was beautiful and would be spent flying but was spent full of angst. It seemed like forever until Harry spoke again, but it caused the sun to drop a few noticeable degrees.

"You couldn't of kept your mouth shut, for once. One time. You always have to be a smart arse. Always take it too far."

"Harry I-" Draco started but the Gryffindor gave him a death glare signaling him to shut up. There was another pause.

"Banned."

"What?" Draco couldn't help himself from slipping the word out.

"I got banned from quidditch. Forever." Harry's voice cracked, causing Draco's heart to break. No quidditch forever? At the thought Draco wanted to curl up in a ball or break everything in sight. He's surprised that Harry hasn't exploded yet.

"Harry..." Draco couldn't do anything but wrap his arms around the boy's waist. He was expecting a push away or even a punch to the jaw but it never came. Harry just stiffened and inhaled, only to give permission to Draco by relaxing against the touch.

"Harry...it's all my fault I-"

"No it's not," Harry leaned the back of his head into Draco's neck, "It's stupids Umbridge's. She gave me the punishment." Harry's voice was depressed and sorrowful.

"Yeah but if I wouldn't of been my Malfoy self and stopped.... You wouldn't of kicked the crap out of me."

"I got angry. You had to go to my parents! We already broke up because you called my friends mean names. Insulting my mom like that was completely out of line," Harry broke from the hug and walked further from him, "I told you I hmmm look if..." Harry covered his face with his hands and rubbed
circles on his temples.

"I took it too far. I understand.... It's just you told me to never take it easy on you-"

"I know what I said."

"I'm sorry Harry."

"I am too. I'm sorry it has to be you. And I'm sorry I have to be me." Harry's eyes were welling up.

"What? You regret us?"

"No j-just listen. I'm sorry that I have to fight Voldemort every year. I have to be in the public eye all the time. And you have to be the heir of the Malfoys, even though you are different. I'm sorry I can't show you off in public and all I can do is fight with you. And I'm sorry all you can do is fight with me. And I just wish I could tell somebody- anybody about you, but I just can't. And I'm sorry Umbridge was ever born. And I'm sorry that I care about you so much, because everything would be so much easier if we just hated each other again but I can't bring myself to even think about ending this. You've changed. And I never thought that could happen but it did. And I'm just sorry be-"

Draco pressed his lips to Harry's softly and gently, his hands cupping his face.

"Stop being sorry," Draco whispered against his lips. "Nothing could ever keep me from wanting this exactly as the mess it is. I like this, I like us. I wouldn't rather be with anyone else on this planet. You just make me act so different, think differently. I don't even know who I am, but I think it might be a good thing that I've met you, the best. I have no idea what to do but when I meet with you everything changes and... I don't know.

"I think of you a lot. Whenever I'm in a fix, not a thought doesn't consume my brain that isn't of a messy haired, scar faced wonder boy. What would Harry do, you know? And my stomach feels like it's doing back flips when you laugh and it just makes me want to laugh. I guess that I might actually be doing something right for once in my life."

Harry smiled at that last statement, making Draco giggle a tiny bit. "We can't help who we are. We just have to make it work!"

"Where'd you get that advice? Pansy?" Harry pressed their foreheads together.

"Arsehole. I thought of it myself thank you."

"Arsehole. I thought of it myself thank you."

"How'd you manage that?"

"Pansy." They both laughed. "She told me to follow my heart. I've ft to tell you. It's like speaking another language."

"I know. I'm always afraid of what I want to say. This relationship thing is pretty hard."

"I completely agree. Want to go sit down?"

Harry nodded his head and the two made their way to a tree where they sat inbetween two roots. Harry however sat on top between Draco's legs, leaning back into his neck. they both closed their eyes and Draco took both of Harry's hands.

Harry found himself in completely relaxation until he felt Draco rub circles on both hands. Before he could snatch them away, the blonde felt the scar that imprinted the punishment.
"I must not tell lies? Harry where did you get this from?" His voice full of concern and suspicion which only grew when he put the pieces together. "Umbrige," he sneered.

"Draco!"

"I'll kill her!"

Harry backed off before Draco pushed him off his legs. "Draco calm down!"

"Calm down? She's torturing you and you didn't tell me!?!"

"I didn't really tell anyone..."

"Harry! That's abuse!"

"It's just a scratch! It's not a big deal. I can handle it."

"I know you can but there is no reason that she should be doing that to you!"

Silence. Harry really didn't know what to say. 


"A month. When I missed our first date." Draco winced at this. He grew angry then relaxed and rubbed his temples. Harry heard him say how bad of a boyfriend he is."No you're not! I just hid it from you the best I could."

"So what do you expect me to do? Let you bear this- this ugly scar?"

"If you haven't noticed I've had a couple ugly scars. I'm still alive. I can handle it and her."

"There are some things you just can't. Being Alive isn't apart of survival, Harry."

"We'll it's not like you can go talk to her, or your dad. You hate me remember?"

Draco scowled at this. "Its just This relationship is so hard. I'm sorry, Harry"

"I know. I'm sorry Draco." Harry kissed Draco passionately before telling him how he had to leave before Ron and Hermione had a fit. One last kiss good night and Harry went through the vines.

"Good night." Draco said into the green ropes.
"Harry, I'm worried." The Gryffindor was wedged between the blonde's legs, back pressed against his chest. Draco petted Harry's hair and Harry stroked their intertwined hands with this thumb. Draco was just so warm, and Harry nudged himself deeper into his body.

"Listen, I know my hair is a mess and all, but no matter how much I brush it or use a spell, it just won't neaten." Harry could feel him smile behind him despite he couldn't see his face.

"What," he laughed. "No, I mean about you."

"Hm? Why?" Harry frowned.

"You fell asleep during Umbridge's class... again."

"Who wouldn't? She's the worst thing in the entire world."

"That's not my point," Draco wrapped his arms around him tighter. "You also fell asleep during Potions on Wednesday."

"And? Snape is an arse."

"That also isn't my point," Draco bit his lip. Harry didn't say anything, but sat up a bit and turned his face so his eyes could lock with his. "Every date we've been on in the past month and a half, you've fallen asleep one form or another."

Harry swallowed. "And? So what? I'm tired and you're like a pillow. You shouldn't be so soft."

"It's not just that you're tired. You look sick, Harry!"

"I'm not sick, Draco."

"Bollocks! Your skin looks... well, bloody awful."

"Gee, thank's," he turned back to look at the lake. Harry sighed, knowing there was no way around this conversation. "Draco, I'm fine. Just stressed I guess. I think it has something to do with Umbridge. She's just stressing me out, and these O.W.Ls we have to get ready for. It's maddening."

"It's unnatural. A few mishaps is okay, but only being able to sleep, like truly sleep, around me is unhealthy."

Harry knew that was true as well, but refused to even think about telling Draco about his dreams.

"Maybe....I don't know. " Both Draco and Harry grew silent. Draco was still matting his hair when he suddenly thought of a near brilliant idea.

"So you can only sleep around me? Right?" The green eyed boy perked up at the sound of the enthusiasm in his voice.

"Yeah," Harry said curiously.

"Well than why don't you sleep with me?"

"What? Um Draco I'm pretty sure if I went even 10 meters away from the dungeons than I would be
killed in the process. What happened to us being a secret?"

"I'm not saying you come in my dorm, idiot," Draco smacked Harry upside the head gently, but firmly, "I'm saying you and I will sleep out here." The Gryffindor took it into consideration but so many things could go wrong.

"What about my friends. They are already uptight you and I are both missing every Friday, let alone everyday!"

"We sneak out. Come on, if you can get to hogmeade without a single turn of the head, you'll be fine walking in your invisibility cloak walking down the school grounds."

"Hmm but what about the weather?"

"We suffer. Come on I'm sure you've been out in the cold for long periods of time. We could get a heating charm."

"It could work...."

"Monday, Potter? 10:00?"

"Monday, Malfoy" their plans were set, they kissed goodbye and passed into the world as enemies once again.

The two didn’t see each other until Sunday, passing by the stone circle.

Harry, Ron and Hermione went to visit Hagrid in his hut upon realizing he wasn't there, they left with dismay. They all had on muggle clothes except for Draco who wore his wool robes.

"Awh the little Golden Trio going to see their little Oaf friend. Too bad he isn't there. Probably realized how terrible of a life he has and pitched himself off a tower. I mean I'm sure if I lived alone only to be visited once a month by The Boy-Who-Doesn't-Know-How-To-Die, a Weasley, and a mud-"

Draco's eyes went wide as he covered his mouth. He almost said the word. He immediately looked at Harry who was trying not to smile, but failed miserably. Luckily Ron and Hermione's eyes were plastered on the frozen blonde.

Crabbe kicked Draco in the leg and he broke out of his trance of horror. The Slytherins ran away in a sprint leaving the two Gryffindors confused and Harry as happy as could be. He was trying. That's all that mattered.

"What was that about?" Ron asked flabbergasted. However Hermione didn't put in any words for her mouth was slightly ajar and her eyes watered a small amount.

"I don't know. Anyway lets go to lunch. I'm starving." Harry led the two into the great hall away from the Malfoy mess.

Monday night Harry was already down, after dinner, to their secret forest. He heard rustling through the green ropes and he stood to face Draco.

"Harry.... I didn't think you would show I'm so sorry I almost called her a mud-” but Harry was
already in a full sprint, not knowing how he was going to stop but instead jumped on Draco, wrapping his legs around his torso. The raven haired boy cut off Draco’s sentence, smashing their lips together in one big long sloppy kiss.

Draco froze at this, eventually relaxing and giving in, wrapping his arms around the other boy.

"You're not mad at me?" Draco finally asked when they released.

"You're trying. That's all I care about." Draco let Harry fall to the floor. The statement made them both smile like morons. The two interlocked hands and walked over to the fire Harry had started. Both boys were wearing hoodies and pajama pants, however Draco's were made of silk and the finest wool, while Harry’s were normal cotton. They also both had on their house scarves and a pair of black socks.

They went to their normal tree and cuddled until they were both sleeping, fire blazing until it went out naturally.

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Harry was not having nightmares, getting well needed sleep. They woke before the sun came up and snuck back into their dorms as if they never left, separating until the next night.

The two continued this all week, but it wasn't until Thursday when something inevitably went wrong.

They went into their normal position and fell asleep as usual. However Draco woke during the night. Unable to go back to sleep, the Slytherin walked to the lake, putting water on his face to wake him up. It wasn't close to dawn so he figured it was 2 or 3 in the morning.

Walking back, Harry began to shake. Draco however though Harry was cold and simply put his scarf around the Gryffindor. Draco sat crisscross from Harry examining his features when Harry began to shake violently.

"Harry?" The boy sweat and shook even more. Mumbling can be heard from his throat.

"Don't leave me"

"What"

"No, no no"

"Harry?!"

"No. NO NO STOP PLEASE"

"HARRY!!" But the Gryffindor was already in a fit. Draco tried to wake him up by shaking his shoulders, screaming his name, everything! Fear enveloped him and he couldn't think of anything but trying to save him.

One last resort, Draco kissed Harry on the forehead and Harry's eyes split open, cold sweat running down his face.

"Harry!"

"Draco. Oh right sorry just another nightmare," Harry said hesitantly looking anywhere but his eyes.
"Another nightmare? What do you mean by another?" Harry didn't want to tell him anything about that.

"Harry Potter! You tell me right now"

Draco stood on his knees, getting closer to the laying down Gryffindor, attempting to look intimidated.

"Okay fine.... Whenever I fall asleep I have a nightmare but with you I don't. Happy?"

"Why didn't you tell me this?"

"I don't need your sympathy!" Draco pounced on Harry, kissing violently, biting, sucking, everything to get his anger out and show him how he felt. He began kissing down his face, using his hands to pull off the scarf so he could continue along his neck. He bit his neck enough to make Harry yelp, then licked it over. That would leave a hickey for sure.

"Sympathy? Harry it's not sympathy it's caring! I'm your boyfriend! I should be able to know!"

"Why does it matter? What are going to do about it? Cry? It doesn't mean anythi-" Draco captured his lips, softer and full of affection.

"Because I care. Because I want to know you are okay"

"I'm fine. I promise." Draco wanted to know about the dreams, however he felt as though it would be over stepping a boundary, for Harry was already sensitive about the subject in general.

"I can make you dreamless sleep potion. It would help. We can stop sleeping outside," Draco suggested. Harry shook his head in agreement.

"It will be okay, right?" Harry's voice cracked.

"It will be alright, I promise."

But little did he know, it wouldn't.
Why is it So Hard?

That Saturday, Harry told his friends that he had detention and Draco told Pansy not to bother him as they both went to the secret cupboard to make Dreamless Sleep potion. Harry however had second thoughts.

What if the potion didn't work? What if the dreams got worse?

It's not that he didn't have any faith in Draco: he was brilliant at the subject, but something in the back of his mind scared him.

"Pass the bat wings," Draco ordered Harry as he constantly stirred the green potion. They were sitting across each other, a cauldron in the middle, ingredients surrounding them. Both boys wore their white long sleeve shirts, sleeves rolled up past their elbows.

It was incredibly humid in the tiny cupboard but they seemed to go to any extent to help the boy sleep. They were in there for what seemed like hours and the sweat dripped from their faces.

There wasn't much talking (unless you consider Draco ordering Harry around), that is until Harry reached across the way and wiped sweat from the other boys face onto his sleeve.

"You're cute when you work," Harry smiled, as Draco finally looked up from his almost grey liquid and smirked at Harry.

"I'm cute all the time."

"I find that a matter if opinion," Harry mumbled loud enough so Draco could hear. The blonde took his towel and threw it at Harry's face, only so he could get his smile out while the other was blinded. "Ow!"

Draco stuck out his tongue in response. "I'm almost finished I have 12 and a half more turns and it should work."

"How about 10 and a half and we kiss to make up the rest?" Harry winked.

"How about I screw up this potion so you haw no sleep for the next century," Draco put it back on a seriously note, but added something just to bite at Harry," no wonder you're rubbish at potions."

"Hey!" Harry tried to start an argument which would end in them kissing, however Draco stopped it right there, not responding and finishing his last 3 turns.

"There, finished! You shouldn't have any nightmares, hopefully." Draco smiled as he slicked back his sweaty hair. He poured the contents into 20 viles, all the size of a test tube. With one flick of his wand all the ingredients were on the shelf.

"How can I ever thank you?"

"I think I know how." Draco rolled over on top of Harry and leaned in ready to devour the boy with his lips but the click on the door handle and Draco's first reflex was to punch Harry in his stomach, receiving a yelp from the other boy.

Hermione walked in to find Harry's fist connect to Draco's face and his voice screaming "I hate you so much!"
"Boys, boys, boys!" Hermione did her best to break the two apart.

"Woah, watch out, Harry Potter's girlfriend to save his arse because he can't do it himself," Draco taunted as he ran out the door.

If Hermione wasn't holding him back Harry would have gone after him in a heartbeat, maybe follow him to the forest where they could make out.

"Harry, what was that? I thought you had detention!"

Harry sat down on the brick floor where he and his boyfriend were about to kiss, cherishing the ground, wishing their relationship wasn't as hard as it was.

"It's just so hard.." Harry wanted to yell at her, or possibly go find Draco, but he couldn't.

"I know you're upset about the quidditch thing, but you need to let that go. I know it's hard," Hermione lent down next to him but he shooed her away, getting up to leave.

"You wouldn't understand." Harry left the room with the vials in his trouser pockets.
The Bet

It was winter. Snowflakes danced through the sky, painting a beautiful picture in the grey sky. Every day the guilt ate away at Harry for telling Draco that the potion worked. In fact the potion just made his nightmares even worse, causing Harry to have to stop after the 8th day. They grew more and more Voldemort based which began to frighten him more. And Harry knew he couldn't tell the Slytherin, so he went without sleep as long as he could. One night he even snuck into the library and researched how to make his skin look rejuvenated, which was also helpful to his friends and teachers.

Harry was walking though the hallways of Hogwarts, unaware of the Slytherin behind him. The hallways were completely empty, for classes were occurring. Harry was on the way to the library, however that trip was ended by a body jumping on his back stumbling both people to the ground.

"Wha-who," Harry said as the other rolled off of him only for their heads to be inches apart. Harry didn't register who it was when a pair of lips met with his. He immediately stiffened as his eyes found a blonde head only centimeters away from his own.

"Malfoy, get away from me!" The Gryffindor scattered to the other side of the hallway.

"Relax! There's no one around!" Draco smiled and Harry mirrored him. "How's your sleep? Any better?"

"Erm... Loads! I don't think I need you to make that potion anymore!"

"Excellent!" Draco scooted next to Harry and kissed him, however Harry cringed and had his eyes open the whole time, only to pretend to open them once the kiss ceased.

"So I was thinking," Draco started, "that this weekend at hogsmede we could hang out, after we get away from our friends, of course. Like behind the shrieking shack!"

"Oh Draco I would love to, but I have to do loads of gift shopping and then Ron, Hermione, and I are going to the Hogs Head." Harry's lying streak was building on his conscience. But he could never tell Draco about the formation of Dumbledore's Army. No matter how much he trusted him, he is still a Slytherin, and his family is still supporters of Voldemort.

Draco pouted then considerably nodded. "Fine I understand," he said, eyes rolling In the process. "Will I see you before holiday?"

"Of course! I still need to give you your present!" Harry seemed thrilled. He thought this through one night when he was avoiding sleep. He figured he should give Draco a present just because he was positive Lucius Malfoy wasn't fond of Christmas trinkets and magical toys. He also knew himself what it was like to never get presents, and he felt the need to make Draco happy.

"When?" All of a sudden footsteps could be heard around the corridor. They both scurried to get up and began to walk in the other direction.

"We'll figure something out! I promise." And the two left the hallway.

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A week later the two decided they needed to make their meeting soon, for winter holiday was fast approaching. Harry had gotten Draco a present in Hogsmede and vice versa. Harry also withheld the
coming together of Dumbledore's Army, which seemed very productive.

It was Potions when Harry stuck a piece of parchment onto the bottom of his shoe reading "Next Wednesday, 8:30, forest."

Harry was glad he got to pick the date, and luckily he choose a time and place where it wouldn't even come close to running into the DA meeting on Tuesday.

Draco nodded his head in approval, then continued to stare at the board.

"10 points from Gryffindor for applying attention to elsewhere than to my classroom," Snape's monotone rolled off of his lips, leaving Harry rolling his eyes at Draco's snicker.

The DA meetings were running quite swimmingly however Draco had been chosen to be put on the inquisitorial squad. Harry was yet to know and while escaping one night from the Room of Requirement, they ran into each other.

"What are you and your little followers doing, Potter?"

"I don't know what you're talking about. Shouldn't you be in the dungeon getting your precious little nappy-poo in. Don't need to be cranky.... Just kidding you're cranky all the time!"

"Haha funny, Potter. What were you doing? You're out late and you and your friends look suspicious. I am a prefect you know. I wouldn't mind taking some point alway. Hmm lets see, ah you Granger, 10 points fot being a muggle born, 10 points from Weasley for having red hair and Weasley-germs, and 10 from you Potter because frankly, I really don't like you."

Hermione had to hold back Ron from pouncing on him. Harry eyed him and subconsciously looked at his prefect badge, finding a medal directly under it.

"What is that?" Harry pointed at the golden disk.

"Oh this, you mean my Inquisitor medal? Yes, Potter, Professor Umbridge made me an Inquisitor, so if I think you and your minions are up to something I could always send you right to her," Draco stepped extremely close to Harry, "Watch yourself."

"Hey, you." Harry wrapped his arms around the other as they met in their secret little place. Harry kissed him passionately, biting, sucking and licking, only to ask for entrance. Exploring ever nook and crany, Harry devoured Draco's mouth and then gave the blonde a chance to do the same.

"Hi," Harry said breathlessly when they finally ended the lip locking session. A fire was already started and the area was pretty warm despite the snow, but Draco brought a blanket for the two to sit on.

"So tell me, what are you and your Gryffindorky friends doing?"

"I'll disregard the Gryffindork comment.. But I can't tell you. It's a secret." Harry said as the two sat on the blanket close to the others side.

Draco pretended to be appalled making his mouth form an "o" and putting his hand on his chest.

"What? Even for me?"
"Yes. And I promise you will never catch us." Harry was too cocky for his own good.

"Hmmm you seem to be making it like it's an evil plan or something!"

"Maybe it's a plan to dunk you in the lake while you're sleeping in the middle of winter. You will never know and you won't find out."

"Well if you're such a sneak and you are so positive I won't find you why don't we make a bet out of it?"

"A bet? Interesting." Harry was puzzled at first but grew determined to beat his boyfriend. " and what would this bet entitle?"

Draco grew into deep thought, wondering what he could do to make this little contest worthwhile for each of them.

"I got it," he started, "I say whoever loses has to give the other 1000 kisses." Harry grew shocked at the theme of this bet. He was expecting something malicious that would embarrass him in front of the whole school. But then he grew in favor of the idea. A 1000 kisses would feel so good and even giving them would be equally as nice. It would be a win-win situation.

"I like it. What is the exact bet?"

"Okay if I catch you before spring comes, I win, and if I don't, you win. Fair enough?" Draco stuck out his hand that reminded him of first year, a wave if guilt going over him regretting not taking it. They could have been friends, lovers earlier than when they had.

Harry took it and shook it firmly, making sure to not make that mistake again.

"Deal. So why did you join the squad? I thought you hated Umbridge."

"I do, but my father," Draco scowled and Harry scoffed, "felt it should teach great leadership skills and how can I say no to him. Oh sorry, father really, but my boyfriend, Harry Potter, hates the bitch and I want to support him. Love you daddy, tah tah!"

Draco's intense sarcasm made Harry laugh, and they both imagined how Lucius's reaction would be, causing them to laugh hysterically.

"Oh I wanted to give you your Christmas present!" Harry started.

"And me as well." The both turned into their robe pocket both pulling out small boxes. Harry got Draco a green box with silver and red ribbon accenting it. Draco's was a bit larger than Harry's but was also very pretty, laced with gold and green, complementing the red wrapping.

"Okay um you first," Harry said, handing him the present. Why was he so nervous?

Draco opened the the box to find a necklace made up of gold and silver chains, each a half a centimeter thick. It was all pure and shined in the firelight.

"Here let me." Harry walked on his knees and grabbed the necklace, putting the chain around the blonde. After it was finally hooked, Harry kissed Draco's neck then went back to the spot next to him.

"Harry... It's incredible," Draco said breathlessly.

"Not done yet! Look on the back."
Draco raise the chain to see two inscriptions. The gold one said 'I love you.' And the silver said 'I hate you.'

"For your bipolar personality." Harry laughed, breaking Draco from his trance.

"I am not bipolar!" Harry just rolled his eyes. "I am NOT! Anyway take your present before I chuck it in the lake."

Harry grabbed his present and Draco's heart began to speed up. Why was he so nervous.

Harry opened the box, revealing The Malfoy pocket watch. The snake on the back made from emeralds shined incredulously.

"Draco, it's... It's-"

The blonde pressed his lips to the Harry's softly, but the sparks flew more intensely than they ever had before.

When they released Harry almost had tears in his eyes. No one had ever given him something so stunning, so beautiful. He looked back down at the tiny clock. Inside the clock face a small dial stood, showing the number 298.

"What does 298 mean?"

"I think It's the amount of days that we've been dating. I've never seen it before, until I got involved with you."

Harry grinned and mouthed thank you. They both lay back facing the stars, sides fitting like a key and a lock: perfect.

"D-Draco," Harry was nervous her had no idea what he was doing. His mind was controlling his mouth while he himself wasn't.

"Yes, Harry?"

"I love you."

Draco's heart accelerated at an astronomical rate and his eyes went in a panic. He froze completely. Harry loved him? "I..."

"It's okay. You don't have to say it back if you don't... if you," Harry said softly, his palms sweating as he noticed Draco's anxiety. "I just wanted you to know."

"Oh," Draco replied. "...Thank you, I guess? I'm not very good at this am I?"

"I think you're perfect at it," Harry smiled.

Draco didn't know how to reply. He wasn't even sure how he felt, what love was even. So he kissed him, and kissed him hard, just feeling what it was like to be loved. He didn't have to say it back. He wasn't in a contract. He just liked what he and Harry were doing, and didn't plan on stopping kissing him for a while.

"Merry Christmas, Harry."

"Merry Christmas, Draco."
"PANSY!" It was before first class and Draco was in his room, already dressed. He was the happiest man in the world. Somebody loved him.

"What now!" Pansy had on a black silk robe with pink lacing, toothpaste on the corner of her mouth.

"He loves me! Look at how perfect he is! Look!" Draco showed her the necklace. After she finished the inscription she jumped up and down and so did he. They were both laughing and cheering when Blaise walked in.

"Potter?"

"Yes!" Pansy and Draco said at the same time.

"Girls..." He said as he walked out of the room to finish getting ready.

---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

It was that Friday when Harry had the dream about Mr. Arthur Weasley and he was rushed to Snape's room to have his mind invaded. He didn't realize what was going on until he began to see memories of his own, only with Snape in them. He had no idea what was going on and no idea how to control it. Thankfully the professor only looked through a few of his memories, nothing too deep.

It only left Harry with one fear: Snape finding out, not only a professor, but Draco's god father.

---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

It was four days before vacation. The only time he had seen Draco ever since the attack on his mind. He grabbed his wrist in the hallway under his invisibility cloak and guided him to an Isolated hallway and went into a wooden door.

"You love broom closets don't you," Draco laughed until Harry took off his cloak. His eyes were darkened with worry and there wasn't a sign of happiness across his lips.

"What's wrong?" Harry lunged himself at Draco wrapping his arms tightly across his torso and burying his face into his chest.

"It's Voldemort! He's been causing my nightmares!"

"What? What nightmares? You said they were gone!" But he felt Harry shake his head no. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because... I don't I don't know! I just didn't want to see you suffer because of me! That's not even the worst of it! Professor Snape is giving me Occlumency lessons! He's gonna find out!" Harry looked him in the eye, on the verge of tears, while Draco comprehended the news.

"What are we going to do?"

"I- I don't know Harry. I mean... We could... Erase your memory," he whispered. That triggered Harry's tears as he nose dived into Draco's shoulder again.

"NO! I would never ever want to erase anything that's happened between us. You're the best thing that's happened to me! No! I won't let you!" Draco didn't mean to say such an insult like that. He couldn't of meant it. It just rolled off his tongue.
"H-Harry I'm sorry, I didn't mean it! I would never... I don't know what I was thinking."

"What are we gonna do?"

"We'll find a way, I know we will." Draco was determined. Determined to keep his love. Determined to never ever let him slip away. And if he did, it was his fault to blame.

"How do you know?" Harry looked into Draco's mercury eyes, locking his own emerald in place. Draco captured his lips full of chaste.

"Because we always do."
The Unexpected Kiss

The last day of the Dumbledore's Army meetings before break brought too much trouble for Harry. Harry had too many things on his mind to care about, certain things, however, seeing Cho Chang standing in the corner all alone on the verge of tears reminded him of his situation.

Harry only got to see Draco once a week at most, and Malfoy the rest.

Imagine having the person you love die unable to ever speak to them again. That thought broke Harry's heart.

"Do you think he knew all of this stuff, Cedric?" She whimpered like a dog begging for treats which couldn't annoy him more.

"Yeah loads. He was a great wizard."

"I miss him."

"He was a great guy, and he was a reason worth fighting for."

"I know." She turned to him, leaned in and captured his lips.

He froze right then and there which was really awkward for him because Cho kept kissing. It wouldn't be long before she questioned him so his made his lips move around more. The Gryffindor reached in his pocket and encased the pocketwatch Draco gave him, twisting it through his fingers every once in a while.

He tried to find the right fit but their body's weren't made for each other. He hated the breasts pushed to his chest. He hated the crying. He hated everything. It felt so wrong.

Harry begged for someone to come in, stop the two, but there would never be.

Okay okay calm down. I shouldn't be doing this! Please stop please stop please stop! Think of Draco, think of Draco.......no this doesn't taste like Draco at all. Man, does he kiss like a girl...

When they finally released after what seemed an eternity, Cho just stared at Harry. She was facing so much guilt all she could spit out was 's-sorry' and she ran away, leaving him in the Room of Requirement.

Harry was facing horrific images at the thought of when the Slytherin would find out. He would probably kill him. He eventually decided that he shouldn't tell him. What he didn't know won't hurt him. And beside who would find out about him kissing Cho Chang anyway.

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Winter vacation went by fast for most students, however not for Draco and Harry. Screams from the Malfoys entered the hallways from tortured teenagers or yelling parents. Lets just say, Draco didn't have a good break.

Harry had a great time with the Weasleys and the compliments and thanks from them was overdone, but he didn't care. The guilt was eating away at him like a spider at its prey.

He wanted to tell Hermione and have her understand, along with Ron and his support. All they could say was 'congratulations on your first kiss' and 'good job', whatever that meant.
He couldn't talk about Draco. He couldn't talk about his dreams and lying about them, and he couldn't ask on advice to when he told Draco he loved him. He was supportless. And it ate away at him. It was truly surprising how well he held it in.

The Weasleys had no idea who or what was bothering him frankly because he never showed anything. His relationship with Sirius Black was growing profusely. He was the only one who could see what was the matter with Harry. It was only when he was looking at the Black family tree when Sirius confronted him about said feelings.

"Harry. Harry, Harry, Harry. What is going on?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh come on, you have that same look on your face as James did when he found Lily. Who is she?"

"Well.. um.. she... erm she ....we-"

"Oh Harry," he patted him on the back, "you sound love sick like a little puppy. Tell me about her."

"She erm likes green?" Harry spat out nervously, not wanting to lie more he tried to manipulate the story enough to where only a little guilt would suffice.

"And?" Sirius's understanding was heartwarming. Harry really needed that. "What does she look like?"

"Blonde with pointy features normally, but when she's with me his-her face softens. And how she smiles...it's only for me. Our hands fit perfectly, And her eyes are... breathtaking-"

Harry smiled and looked at the ground through his whole speech. "And her lips are so soft- she kisses like a girl"

"Okay too much information...and erm isn't that how it should be?"

"What? Oh yeah...right...she." It went quiet for a little bit, Harry thinking about how perfect Draco is.

"You know, this is exactly how James acted. Maybe you found the one," Sirius smiled as Harry looked up as fast as that of a lightning bolt. Was Draco really the one for him? "How far along is your relationship?" "We've dated for almost a year, a day after the second task was our first real date, February 25th actually.... Sirius I told her I love her, before break. Is that...?"

"Harry, that's wonderful!" Sirius wrapped his arms around Harry, releasing after a brief hug.

"Just don't tell anyone, Sirius. It's a secret and we want to keep it that way."

"I promise. Isn't it complicated? Don't you two fight."

"All the time! We scream and push each other and beat each other up. She gave me a black eye a few times!" Sirius's eyes grew wide. "No not like that! It's- it's all a game! We are supposed to hate each other so we act like it to cover up our relationship."

"Black eye? She must be strong then! Does she play quidditch?"

"Yeah. Seeker, just like me."

"So what's wrong?" Sirius changed to a concerned gesture.
"What?"

"You've been completely depressed since you've gotten here. The look of guilt I like to call it. And missing her isn't going to give you that sort of expression. You're very readable Harry."

"Well there's this girl (oh boy) and she kissed me the day before break. And I never got to tell her. Should I tell my Bo-girlfriend?"

"Well did you want to do it?"

"No! No! Nonono!! I love my b-girlfriend, not this other one. She kinda just went for it."

"Well there are two things you can do: tell her or lie." The word lie hammered Harry. That's all he's been living off of for the past 3 months."

You could let her wonder, trust you, then let her hear it from her friend four weeks later and she would never think the same of you again, or tell her straight up, have her lose a little trust and let it hurt a while, but then let her realize that it was the best thing to do and have her trust you even more."

"But I didn't kiss her back. I wanted to get away as fast as possible."

"Then tell her that! The first chance you get when vacation ends."
Finding Out

When he saw Harry in the hall for the first time since before break, Draco's eyes lit up. It was just before supper was starting the night before classes resumed. Not many people were in the corridor, in fact most were in their own common rooms, finishing up their essays or books before the next day.

Draco looked around, making sure no one was close to them, but there were others down the hall, so he turned his face into a sneer, watching Harry's eyes, which darted down to his hand. Draco nodded, walking closely to him. Their shoulders hit each other and what landed into his hand was a small piece of ripped parchment.

"Can't see, four eyes?"

"Shove off, Malfoy. Watch where you're going," Harry bit back before rolling his eyes. When they turned the corridor, Draco hid behind a fire pillar so he could see the scrappy writing.

Second floor, broom cupboard by the charms class room. Go when you can. I'll find you on my map. Meet you there.

Draco's heart skipped a beat and he swallowed back a smile before turning around and heading towards that way. He bit his lip as he walked, picking up his pace because he gets to see Harry.

He looked both ways before entering the closet, and once he shut the door, he threw his arms around him. Harry slightly smiled and barely responded; his entire body felt too guilty to.

"Hey you," Draco squeezed him, kissing his forehead. "How are you? How was your holiday?"

He reached down and kissed Harry's lips, but, again, Harry didn't respond as much as Draco wanted him to, so he let go.

"Fine." Harry put on a fake smile. "Good. Just visited the Weasley's. I've missed you," he said, and he reached up to kiss him for real this time, because this wasn't Cho. This was Draco. This was home. Sweet, savory, lovely home. He wrapped his arms around his neck, standing on his tip toes so he could get a better angle.

"Mhhmm," Draco growled, "I've definitely missed you."

Harry allowed himself to be kissed by Draco, responding deeply, passionately, pulling him tighter. Draco let go of his lips and pressed kisses on his neck, but Harry felt he was being to selfish, felt he didn't deserve those kisses, so he pulled away.

"How was your holiday," he asked, almost too solemn.

"Are you sure you're okay?"

"'m fine. Why do you ask?"

"You just don't seem happy to see me. I was ecstatic when I read your note. What's the matter?"

"Tell me about your break first, though," Harry bit his lip, leaning back on his heels and out of his embrace.

"Okay... It was fine. Not much happened. The usual, I should say."
"The usual? The usual meaning..."

"Yes, Harry."

"As in your father--" 

"Yes, Harry. It's fine. I was fine. He's just worried about my future is all. I'm not serious enough."

"If it helps, I think you're too serious," Harry said, reaching out to hug him. "I think you're wonderful."

"Thanks," Draco said, and he kissed his cheek. "It was fine. I'm fine."

"Really?"

"Yes, Harry," he reassured him, squeezing him. "Now you. What's wrong?"

"Can I tell you something?"

"Of course. You can tell me anything," Draco said, "I'm only your bloody boyfriend of almost a year. Speaking of which, I just wanted to say how excited I am about February 25th."

"I am too," Harry smiled, but then frowned. If we even make it a year. "But before we talk about that, I just need to say something and I know you're going to be really really angry."

"Angry? What for? It's not like you bloody cheated on me or anything." Harry just flattened his lips, causing Draco to furrow his eyebrows. "You.. you didn't cheat on me right? You wouldn't. You're too bloody honoree."

"It... it's sort of a long story..."

Draco's face hardened and Harry looked to the ground. "Tell it. I've got time. Harry, you'd better look me in the eye. Go on, out with it."

Harry glanced up at him with a frown and let out a deep breath. "I kissed Cho Chang."


"I kissed Cho Chang... Well, Cho Chang kissed me... I just stood there awkwardly."

"You cheated on me," Draco shouted.

"She kissed me!"

"Why didn't you push her away!?" Harry put a hand on Draco's shoulder, but Draco shoved it back. "No, don't touch me."

"I'm sorry. It was the day before break and--"

"And you wanted to say Happy Christmas by shoving your mouth on to hers!??"

"Draco please just listen to me," Harry said as Draco turned around, heading to the door. He pulled on his arm.

"No! Harry, we promised each other we wouldn't cheat!"

"I didn't cheat on you! She kissed me for ten seconds--"
"You let it happen for ten seconds!"

"I couldn't just push her away!"

"Why not?"

"She was crying! We were in the Room of Requirement and she saw a picture of Cedric... she got sad and... I don't know! She just kissed me."

"I'll kill her," Draco spat, his eyes watering. "She kissed you!"

"It was awful, if it helps at all."

"Of course it was awful! She's not me!"

"It didn't mean anything, I promise! I promise! I love you and only you."

"I'm the only one who's allowed kiss you," Draco snapped, turning to look Harry in the eyes. They were so hurt, Harry concluded. He never wanted to see Draco in this pain. "Did you hear me?"

Harry nodded.

"You're sure?"

"Yes."

Draco grabbed his wrists and pushed him up against the wall, towering over him. "I'm not sure you do."

"I do," Harry looked back at him with wide eyes. "I promise."

"Don't lie, Harry," Draco hissed. He kissed his neck and bit it. "I'm only allowed to do this. I'm the only one allowed to kiss you." Harry moaned, suddenly feeling so hot. "I'm the only one allowed to make you blush," Draco turned back and looked at him. "I'm the only one allowed to touch you like this."

"Draco--"

"Shut up. You're mine and no one else's. I'm not letting anyone take you away from me." Draco smashed his lips to Harry's kissing, biting, and sucking him violently. "You're mine."
"Oh Harry, dear, could you please tell me what the Room of Requirement is?"

Harry almost choked on the bite of chocolate cake that was in his mouth. "W-what?"

They were in the girls lavatory on the second floor. Harry thought of it, changing the location and time for this week. Instead of Friday, Thursday marked their calendars, and the sky outside was as black as ink. Clocks around the school rang 4:00 am, but Draco nor Harry paid any attention to the chimes coming from the tower. They'd been there since midnight... at least.

"Pinched a nerve there, Potter?"

"I-I have no idea what you're talking about," Harry swallowed, looking up at the ceiling as he readjusted himself, sitting up.

"Oh-ho-ho, really? You do seem to know what I'm talking about," Draco raised an eyebrow and cocked his head to the side. "Your reaction was quite the opposite of what you're imposing. You won't look me in the eyes and you bloody well know I'm absolutely gorgeous. You're always staring at me about the way of the Great Hall--"

"You cocky bastard--"

"--with longing eyes--"

"Shut up--"

"--thinking, 'Oh, Draco, I want you so much to come over here and kiss me mad--'"

"My voice isn't that high pitched," Harry shot up.

"'Merlin, Draco's so sexy, I can't stand it sometimes with his hair so perfect and--'"

Harry grabbed a small bit of the cake and smeared it on Draco's cheek, cutting him off. Draco's jaw dropped. "You did not just do that," he growled.

"Maybe I did," Harry smirked, however couldn't hold it there. It turned into a smile all to quickly.

"You're bloody well lucky there's a good chance we get caught or I swear to Merlin himself that I would take the rest of this cake and shove it down your pants."

"Here," Harry laughed, not the least bit intimidated. He crawled over next to Draco and dragged his tongue along his cheek, lapping up all the icing.

"What the hell, Harry? That's gross!"

"Actually, it's chocolate," he kissed his cheek and then licked it again. Draco shoved him away and wiped the extra saliva with a napkin.

"It's not my fault you like making out with me," Harry shrugged.

"Not after you lie to me about failing your Herbology test!"

"Whatever," he rolled his eyes, "And no I haven't! I've never mentioned the Room of Requirement before in my life."

"After you kissed the Chang bitch," Draco bit.

"For the last time: I did not kiss her, she kissed me!"

"Whatever lets you sleep at night! Anyway, you said you two were in the Room of Requirement," he cocked his head. "And yet you say you've never mentioned the Room of Requirement. That, and instead of being genuinely confused, you just accepted that there was such a thing as a Room of Requirement, which you wouldn't have if you didn't know about it."

"What, are you Sherlock Holmes or something?"

"Sherlock Holmes?"

"Muggle detective."

"Detective?"

"Muggle Aurors... somewhat."

"Muggles have Aurors?"

"Never mind. Anyway, you remember one thing I said a month and a half later because..."

"To hold it against you in an argument."

"Draco, we aren't arguing," Harry furrowed his eyebrows. "We haven't argued since the Cho Chang incident, and that wasn't really that bad of an argument. We just started making out... again... And then you got really possessive," he bit his lip, eyes dilating, "which was actually rather enjoyable... Would you like to make out?"

Harry leaned in towards Draco's mouth but Draco turned so Harry kissed his cheek instead, and rather than letting go, he moved down to his neck and kissed it lightly.

"Ah ah ah... Not yet. Room of Requirement."

"You know, we really don't fight a lot," Harry thought out loud.

"Stop trying to change the subject!"

"I'm not. It's an observation. I'm just trying to say that we work well together."

Draco paused and smiled. "You're right, we do." He pecked his lips. "Wait, we did have that fight before holiday about how much you hate my father."

"Yes, but it ended with you agreeing with me because you hate your father, too."

Draco bit the inside of his cheek. "Hmm... what else have we fought about?"

"Oh, the Mars Bar!"
"That bollocks is disgusting and shouldn't be called chocolate! Muggle food is gross and vulgar."

"You're gross and vulgar! It's chocolate for Pete's sake!"

"Who's Pete?"

"Muggle expression. Anyway, that's my favorite chocolate, so deal with it!"

"How could you possibly compare that utter shit to the Belgium chocolate that I got you before holiday?"

"That was too thick, it was more like fudge--"

Draco gasped. "You heathen!"

"Fudge? No no no no! No! Those sweet delicacies are nothing like the rich, tender fudge of New England!"

"Does it matter? It's just chocolate?"

"Does it matter?"

"Okay okay okay, before you blow up, can you please go back to talking about the Room of Requirement? We're not opening up this can of worms again."

"Can of worms? We're not opening a can of worms? Why-- who has a can of worms?"

"Muggle expression," Harry tried to keep from laughing at Draco being all naive.

"You have too many of those," Draco rolled his eyes, "bloody muggle expressions. And none of them make sense."

"Neither do wizard expressions!"

"Yes, they do!"

"Anyway," Harry interjected the small argument they were about to have. "How much do you know about the Room of Requirement?"

Draco scoffed. "Not very much. I've looked all throughout the library and there's no book on the Room of Requirement."

"See you still haven't changed your mind. Could always give up the bet and give me my award now," Harry gave a cheeky smile.

"Oh, Merlin no! The bet is still on, Potter! I want my 1000 kisses, and if you don't want to work for it, then you shouldn't have shaken my hand," Draco reached over and grabbed a small piece of the leftover cake on Harry's plate, taking it and popping it in his mouth.

Harry smirked. Not because Draco was challenging him, but because Draco was so cute when he brought up the incident in first year, even if he didn't know it. Draco's subconscious fascinated Harry.

"What are you smirking at, Scarface?"

"Scarface," he furrowed his brow, "I thought you grew out of that."
He shook his head. "Just because I don't say something for a month or two doesn't mean I grew out of it. You are my Scarface."

"Is 'Harry' not good enough for you?"

"I like Scarface better," Draco shrugged, winking at him, almost sarcastically.

"Okay," Harry put his hands up in the air, "Alright then, Ferret."

"Don't you dare bring that up again!" Draco shot up from his cross position and pinned Harry to the floor by his wrists, faces so close their noses were touching.

"Oh, I'll dare. I'll dare five thousand times if I have to," he smirked up at him. "Ferret. Ferret, Ferret, Ferret. Ferret. Ferret. Ferret!" Harry cut off Draco's eyes of molten by lifting his head to fill in the gap that vacated their lips. Draco's mouth was hot and wet, tongue equally as delightful, and tasted like chocolate. He melted to him despite being on the cold, stone floor.

After the satisfaction of having each other, Draco rolled off, and they both lay flat staring up at the ceiling, hands connected. For once, they shut their mouths for over two seconds, however, they were thinking the exact same thing. The couple always seemed to do that. Harry turned his head to face Draco, it fitting on top of his shoulder.

"Hm?"

"What," Harry asked.

"I can bloody well see your excitement and I'm not even looking at you."

"I'm sorry," Harry smiled brightly anyway, "It's just, I can't believe we've come this far."

Draco grinned back at him, "I know. It's crazy to think about."

"Yeah," he bit his lip. Silence came again.

"I wonder what trouble you're going to get into this year."

Harry furrowed his eyebrows. "Huh? Where did that come from?"

"I just... everything's been going so well."

"I know it has, and it makes me scared sometimes..."

"Well, let's see. First year you had that stone-thingy; innocent if you look at it in retrospect. Second, you had the Chamber of Secrets incident, which is also the year you snuck into the Slytherin Common room and accused me of being Salazar Slytherin's descendant," Draco raised an eyebrow, looking him dead in the eye. Harry regretted telling him that.

"Sorry," he bared his teeth. "In my defense, it seemed like a reasonable explanation."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. Then, third year you had an escaped convict sneak into the school to seek you out--"

"I wasn't in control of that."

"Then the tournament..."
"What am I to say? Trouble finds me."

"Pretty much the case constantly. Where is the Chamber of Secrets, anyway," Draco readjusted himself to look in his eyes while Harry subconsciously looked at the sinks to the left of them. As he opened his mouth, an idea popped into his head, and with drawled.

"That's what makes it a secret isn't it?" Harry turned back to Draco the same time Draco turned to him. Harry fell deep into Draco's mercury eyes, losing himself. He was only wakened by Draco mumbling something that he didn't catch.

"Sorry?"

"It's our one year anni...vers-Harry..." Draco found himself in Harry's green eyes. How he loved those green eyes. It was like diving off the edge of a pool of trees; a forest to his own.

"R-right, yeah."

Slowly this time, the two leaned it, and just as they were about to kiss, a bang startled them. It was Myrtle. Harry hid his face so who ever was coming in couldn't see him. He would go mad after a year of hiding their relationship was ruined by a dead teenaged girl.

"Oh, who are you hanging about the bend with? A boy? You're on a date? Let's see who it is," she seemed scandalized. Harry moved to a fetal position so nothing could be recognizable to any extent.

"Get out Myrtle," Draco shouted, standing up and scaring the girl away, at least for a little while.

"Does she not know she's a ghost? You can't hurt her. Besides, you're not very intimidating."

"I'm intimidating! But she hates Slytherins."

"Too bad that I love them." Harry stood and went up behind him, pressing his chest to the blonds back. He wrapped his arms around his waist, leaving Draco to smile and lean back on him, his head fitting in the crook of his neck.

"Back to our anniversary," Draco's voice went soft.

"Let me take care of it."

"You sure? I kinda wanted to--"

"No, let me do it. I want to surprise you. But no presents."

"What? Why not! I already--"

"Take it back! I don't want it," Harry said sternly and he kissed his shoulder. "I just want you."

"Okay," he said.

"Clear the day on Sunday, okay? The whole day. What time do you want to meet me? Would you like to sleep in?"

"Taking that we're in a bathroom at 4 o' clock in the morning on a Thursday right before an entire day of classes, I really wouldn't mind sleeping in."

"How late," he kissed his shoulder again.
"However late you want."

"I don't want it to be too late, I want the whole day to you. Meet me here at 9 o' clock. That way you can have breakfast. I'll pack a lunch."

"Why meet here?"

"It's a surprise. Remember, no presents!"

"You sure?"

"Yes, you materialistic bastard," Harry kissed Draco on the cheek.

"Hey!"

"May I use that when I insult you tomorrow? We're doing it just after potions?"

"No, you're going to drop an ingredient on my shoes when I walk by, I accuse you of doing it on purpose, remember?"

"Oh, right. Sorry, I got our arguments mixed up."

"Come on, Potter, pick up your game. Shall I grab your shirt?"

"I say you do, but don't pull me too close, I'll want to kiss you."

"Got it."

Harry unraveled himself from Draco and kissed his lips, then left without looking back.

----------------------------------

Harry arrived in the second floor girls lavatory ten minutes early, however he'd been up since early in the night due to nightmares. That, and he was too excited. One year. One year with someone, a feat he didn't think he would ever accomplish, let alone a year with Draco Malfoy of all people.

For once, he couldn't stop smiling, even as he passed Umbridge in the hall.

When he showed up around five minutes later, the blonde lent in to kiss him from behind, however Harry pulled away. "No, not yet."

"Not fair. It's our anniversary! I want to kiss you."

"Resist the temptation, ferret," Harry laughed.

"Fine, but only if I get my surprise first. What is it?"

"I'm taking you somewhere," he grabbed Draco's hands and played with them.

"Let me guess, the astronomy tower?"

"No, closer to here."

"The broom closet down the hall?"

"Nope."

"No."

"Come on, just tell me!"

"How about I show you instead?"

The blond furrowed his eyebrows.

"Show me?"

Harry grabbed his hand and turned to the sinks as Draco stood confused. "Here, I want you to feel this." He guided Draco to one of the normal sinks.

"Yes?"

"Okay. Now I want you to feel this one."

Instead of the normal metal that he felt on the first sink, something was there, something bumpy that Draco couldn't register. Draco turned to Harry and all he got back was a wink. As Draco turned to investigate the snake on the sink, Harry hissed open in parseltongue, and Draco jumped at the sound of the sinks rattling apart.

Harry backed them up, watching Draco rather than the sinks. Harry had the better view. He looked so wondrous with his lips slightly split and eyes wide. Harry adored it.

"Harry," Draco asked as the Chamber opened, revealing a black, empty hole.

"Hm?"

"What the hell was that?"

"Your surprise! Now come on, jump."

"What!?"

"Jump."

"Are you serious?"

"Yes," Harry said flatly.

"You're joking," his heart sped.

"Nope."

"Come on, you're messing--"

Instead of delaying their time together, Harry kept it simple. He grabbed Draco by his hips, picked him up, and practically threw him into the pit, just jumping after him. Draco screamed the entire way, but Harry promised to himself to never hold it against him. (He totally would.)

The blond stumbled out of the drain, a pile of old, broken bones softening the landing. Harry, right behind him, had the luxury of anticipation, and was able to slow himself down towards the bottom so for once, he was graceful and Draco was like a troll.
"What the bloody hell was that," Draco coughed with the intake of stale, dusty air.

"You sounded like Ron just then," Harry said despite the voice in his head telling him not to.

"Don't ever say that to me again, Potter, or I swear I'll spell your mouth shut for the rest of your life." Draco rolled on his back and took Harry's extended hand. "Why is this floor so hard?" As Harry pulled him up, the crunch and crinkle of bones sounded beneath his feet, causing Draco to look down at it. "What the hell!!"

"Yeah, it's not the homiest place in the entire world, but it's an adventure."

"Are those real," asked with wide eyes.

"Good question... I'm not really sure," Harry laughed, sighting that Draco's fancy clothes were covered in dust. He moved to wipe the grim away for him. "Can't have this. Your snobbish head will explode."

Harry brushed off his shoulders and his chest, Draco practically smirking at him. "There's nothing wrong with looking good." He wiped off his own knees and brushed a bit off of Harry's shoulder. "There we go. Now you're half presentable."

"To who? Haha, who am I supposed to be presentable to? The dead basilisk?"

"This is seriously the Chamber of Secrets," Draco asked skeptically.

"You think I'm kidding?"

"I dunno. It seems like sliding down a pipe isn't the type of entrance Salazar Slytherin would have wanted to make." He cocked his head.

"I bloody opened the thing with Parseltongue, what else do you want," Harry groaned.

"To taste your parseled-tongue," Draco stood serious, and Harry, caught of guard, swallowed. His cheeks blushed a ruby.

"A-are you flirting with me?"

Draco winked, "Maybe. Does that make you nervous? Do you have a crush on me?"

"It's just, we never really get to flirt, you know? Not... not like this. Not in the hallway when we want to, not without fear of getting caught. Not..." Harry furrowed his eyebrows in frustration, unable to find the right word.

"Freely without the fear the other will take it the wrong way?"

"Yeah, freely," Harry relaxed at the touch of Draco's knuckles along the back of his hand.

"In the sense that the other will be scared off because our relationship is like practically walking on glass and one step too heavy will break it?"

"Y-yeah," he exhaled deeply, "Exactly that. How is it you always know what to say? It's like you read my mind."

"I dunno... maybe because I feel the same things as you do," Draco suggested.

"Maybe."
Draco smiled at him, then turned to see the structure of the Chamber. Harry kept his eyes on Draco, watching the wonder in it. He came to the conclusion that he very much liked Draco like this. His eyes seemed warm, somehow, despite them being a mock of ice. The way he breathed deeply, taking it in. He had a slight smile on his lips. "This is really it?"

Harry smiled and nodded. "Yes. Thought it'd be better than just our spot in the forest for a change. Or a broomstick cupboard. You-- erm-- mentioned it the other day. Its not the cleanest place in the entire world--"

"It's bloody filthy."

"But..."

"It's bloody cool," Draco smiled.

"Really?"

"Yes, really. I think this is incredible that you would do this for me."

"You haven't gotten to the best part yet."

"Take me there," Draco held out his hand for Harry to grab. Harry smiled brightly, the brightest he'd done in a while. He took his hand firmly, lacing their fingers together, and pulled him to the right rather the left, bones crunching beneath their feet. "Although this place is brilliant... are these bones are actually very terrifying."

"No, think of them as a welcome mat, per say."

"A welcome mat?"

"Muggles have them. They say 'welcome' or 'wipe your feet' or 'get out.'"

"Get out?"

"To be funny," Harry insured. "The one at the Dursley's had watermelon. I don't know why. Dudley hated watermelon."

"Muggles are odd."

"Muggles are very odd."

As they walked deeper into the chamber, the bones disappeared leaving nothing but stone flooring and debris. Drops of water could be heard in the distance. Cobb webs freshly made hung low. "I didn't expect it to be like this. Thought it would be more up scale."

"It's not like Salazar slept in here or anything," Harry laughed.

"I know, but--"

"But what? A basilisk lived here."

"Really?"

"No, actually. This is its vacation home from its house in London." Harry's sarcasm inevitably ended with a smack across the back of the head.
"Arsehole," Draco muttered. Harry just laughed, and a sweet silence came as Harry thought of how lucky he was to have Draco.

"You know, you never answered my question," Draco interrupted him.

"Hm?"

"Do you have a crush on me?"

Harry didn't know why, but suddenly his heart started beating faster than it was. "Er--"

"Oh come on, Harry, don't be coy. I won't tell anyone," Draco bumped Harry's shoulder. Harry stoked his thumb.

"W-we've been together for a year."

Draco leaned in to Harry's ear and cupped his mouth so only Harry could hear him whisper. "If it helps, I have a crush on you back, but shhh, don't say anything. I don't want to be embarrassed. If Harry finds out, I swear, I'll die."

Harry chuckled, and he turned his head so kiss his cheek and down to the corner of his mouth. "You're wonderful."

Draco gave him a bright smile, and they continued walking for a long stretch. It wasn't a bit until they met the same coil of snake skin that Harry and Ron had years ago. Nothing had changed with it, no deterioration, as if it was frozen in time.

"Whoa!"

"I know."

Draco let go of his hand, which was sweaty and warm. Despite it, the blond missed his touch, however his fingers felt eager to meet the legend. The coiled pile of skin, old and dry, appeared vacant and cold. "That's insane. It's huge! You killed this thing?"

"Yes... but not intentionally... well, yes, intentionally. It was trying to kill me. She had her teeth, I had my sword. It could have gone either way." Draco wanted to kiss his nose, the way he said it, but he refrained from it. "Want me to show you where? It's the best part."

"Yes, I would love to see the place where you were almost murdered."

"Good, because either way, we're going. You're not scared are you?"

Draco smirked at him. "You wish."

Harry bit his lip, his stomach turning over and over. It broke into a smile. "Actually I do, because then I could wrap my arms around you and make you feel safe like you do me when I fall asleep on you."

His smirk softened into a smile, "Oh, I would like that very much."

"Would you?" Harry went up behind him and wrapped his arms around his waist, burying his face in his neck.

"Mmm," he rubbed Harry's hands.
"You see those rocks over there?"

"Yeah."

"Lockhart did that."

"Really?"

"That's when we found out he was insane... and then he actually went insane."

"Oh yeah, I remember that story," he hummed.

"Alright, come on, I have something waiting for you."

Harry took his hand once more, leading him to the unstable pile of rocks. The Slytherin began to climb when Harry held him back. Instead he climbed forward instead and got a firm grip, asking Draco for his hand.

"Bloody Gryffindors..." Draco stepped up but suddenly a piece of rock crumbled beneath him causing him to lose footing. If Harry wasn't there, he probably would have fallen.

"Stupid Slytherins..." Harry mimicked his tone. The blonde just rolled his eyes and continued on, pushing past all the rubble and stone, Harry after him. "You okay?"

"Yes, you twat! I can take care of myself just fine."

"I know. But I don't want you to get hurt because then I have to carry your arse all the way back up here and I don't love you enough to carry you all the way out of here."

Draco's mouth dropped. He put his hands flat on Harry's chest and pushed him. "You bloody prick!"

"H-Hey," Harry laughed, and he grabbed Draco's wrists and held them lightly, pulling him close. He couldn't get over how nice Draco smelt. "Relax, I'm only teasing."

Draco rolled his eyes, however, instead of pushing him away, he kissed his nose because, hell, it was their one year anniversary. Harry just smiled brightly, and those butterflies that made Draco sick 11 months ago fluttered just as fast and just as they had over the epoch.

They reached the door that entered the chamber. Draco didn't speak, however looked at it in awe.

"Ready?"

"Yeah," Draco bit his lip in excitement

Harry raised an eyebrow before hissing, "Open."

The snake slither its way along the panel and unlocked, echoing along the halls they'd already past. Harry felt Draco squeeze his hand a little tighter.

The creaked open, leaving the two staring into the chamber itself. Draco's eyes were wide, and Harry wished he had a camera so he could take his picture, so he could remember the breathtaking look on his face when he was coated in wonder. It was beautiful, Harry concluded. It made him want to surprise Draco every second of every day. Still, Harry was grinning from ear to ear. "After you."

"Oh so now you want me to go," Draco snapped. "For all I know, there could be monsters down there."
"Don't worry, I've killed them all," he said cheekily. Draco shoved him again before crawling through and down the ladder, Harry after him. And yes, Draco totally checked out his arse as Harry went down the rungs. But he didn't plan on telling Harry that.

Again, they held hands, walking towards the bend. Draco didn't notice the silhouette of the picnic basket, the record player, or the giant skeleton of a dead snake in the midst of the head of Salazar Slytherin.

It seemed like it would take forever for them to get to the edge but before they knew it, they were standing at the edge of a pool of water.

"Harry this is incredible! Is that the basilisk you killed in 2nd year?" He walked over to it, leaving Harry's hand behind.

"Yeah!"

"That my boyfriend! I wonder if I can- op yes that answers it." Draco pulled a tooth out of the snakes jaw.

"What do you want a souvenir or something?"

"Maybe I do, do you have a problem with that?"

"As a matter of fact, yes I do!" Harry ran over and picked him up from behind, spinning him around. He planted kisses on his neck and ear, turning him around to face him. Harry dived for Draco's mouth, leaving as much passion in a kiss as he possibly could, Draco doing the same. Fireworks went off, mimicking that of the 4th of July. Things got heated but were interrupted by the growling of Draco's stomach.

"Someone's hungry."

"Starving! What time is it?" Harry took out Draco's pocket watch and read 1:47 on the face of it.

"It's almost 2 already? We just got here!"

"Well it'd be best if we didn't waste it then." Harry sat down, unwrapping the food installed to the picnic basket. They sat on a red and green blanket Harry transfigured to make the colors match. Together they feasted on chicken breast, peas, potatoes, and tiny pieces of bread.

Feeling full, the two scooted next to each other laying down as they did few nights prior.

"I don't want to go back," Draco started, "if I could I would stay with you, down here, forever."

"Down here? Really?" Harry was surprised that such a spoiled brat could ever even step foot in a place like this.

"As long as you're in this place, I'll stay."

"Well that really isn't an option, considering OWL's are coming up."

"I know, I just wish we didn't have to do them. I wish we weren't a secret and everything was easy for us. Once we go up there, there is no turning back."

"To friends, parents, teachers-"

"Snape."
"You know he's really not that bad..... Okay maybe he is.."

"Occlumency."

"God what are we gonna do?" It went quiet until Harry finally stood up, holding out a hand to help Draco as well.

"Let's not worry about that now." Harry let go of Draco's hand and turned on the record player. Light, soothing yet danceable music poured out of the tuba-shaped instrument. Harry grabbed Draco's hands loosely and began to move them, along with his hips. Draco stood there, examining what Harry would do until he finally couldn't keep his mask and let himself smile and dance with him. The shifted and twirled and laughed for who knows how long. It was if their bodies were in synch, perfect steps every time. They finally retired, moving their bodies close together. Draco bent his head onto Harry's shoulder as they rocked back and forth to the beat.

"Looks like I finally got that dance after all." Draco knew the remark came from the Yule Ball when he was looking for him to dance. That was a much more complicated yet simpler time, if that makes sense. As the record ended the two stopped rocking but continued hugging, letting themselves droop over the other. The only thing heard was drops from the distance, the sound of their feet scratching against the watery floor under them and slow, steady breathing.

"Happy Anniversary, Draco," Harry mumbled in his ear.

"Happy Anniversary, Harry."
Occlumency

It was March when Snape called for yet another Occlumency lesson, and Harry frowned as he did so. The potential danger of it all stood in the back of his mind during all of his classes, but he had to learn it if he ever want Draco to be safe. That's what willed him through it, but then again, as he kept thinking, if Snape found out about Draco, neither of them would be safe.

Through the busy corridor, Harry spotted Draco by his hair and tried to keep back a smile. That blonde git, he thought, but hey, at least it was an easy tracking device. He debated approaching him, but decided against it due to all the people in the perimeter. That, and Ron was with him, talking to Hermione about who knows what; Harry hadn't listened the entire conversation.

But then, an idea itched his way to the back of his head.

"Hey, Ron," Harry called, interrupting them without his eyes leaving Draco, whom was with Pansy and Blaise about twenty feet ahead, talking.

"Hm?"

"How would you like to see Malfoy on the floor with his shoes tied together?"

Ron sputtered a bit of laughter. "I would very much like to see that, Harry," Ron glanced up to where Draco was. Times like this, Harry wished Ron knew, just because this would be so much funnier.

"I would very much like to see that, too, dear old mate," Harry smiled warmly at him and took out his wand from under his robe.

"Harry, don't cause trouble," Hermione scolded. "He's a prefect. You don't want to go about messing with him. Again."

"Trust me, Hermione, I would love to mess with him," Harry smirked. "What's the worst he's going to do? Take away points. Darn. I think seeing him on the floor in the middle of the busiest corridor in the castle with everyone laughing at him would outweigh five stupid points. Should I make it so that he isn't able to untie his shoes himself?"

"Bloody hell, yes," Ron chanted.

"You got it," Harry smirked at the back of Draco's head, and to himself he said, 'Sorry, love.'

Hermione tried arguing, but as she did so, Harry cast a spell, tying Draco's shoes together without his knowledge, sending him to the ground unexpectedly. Pansy whipped around to him, mouth dropped.

"What the hell," he heard Draco say, and then everyone in the entire hall stopped walking and started laughing instead, as if it was the funniest thing in the entire world. Ron next to him doubled over and chortled.

"Okay, I guess that's funny," Hermione giggled, and Harry did indeed smile, let out a few chuckles, but that was it. He was too scared to laugh as much as he could. What if Snape saw this too? Maybe if he didn't laugh, Snape would see he had no interest in Draco other than being his enemy.

"Guess? That was brilliant, Harry," Ron exclaimed, and he high-fived him, and just as he did so,
Draco looked up to see it.

"Potter," he growled, sticking his jaw out and scrunching his eyes in anger at him. That's when Harry smiled, but then jerked his head to the side and flicked his eyes towards the hall, where they both knew a sheltered alcove stood abandoned. Draco blinked, rolled over and hoisted himself up, not even caring if his shoes were still tied and he hopped after him. Everyone pointed and laughed at him as he did so.

"You'd better run, mate," Ron suggested, "He looks furious."

"No, he looks like a bunny," Harry said, before taking off, leaving Ron to grasp him stomach, weak from laughter. As Draco sprung past him, he shoved Ron's shoulder.

"Shut up, Weasley," he sneered, continuing after Harry. Ron fell to the floor because his knees couldn't handle it.

Draco rounded the corner with his legs burning, and he hopped into the alcove where Harry waited for him in dark solitude.

"That wasn't funny," he snapped, leaning against the wall with heavy breathing.

"It was a little bit," Harry said with a ghost of a smile, pinching the air with wonder in his eyes.

Draco rolled his eyes and squatted down, trying to untie his laces, but his fingers went through them as he did so. That or they slipped off. "What the hell, Harry!"

"Ron said I should charm it," Harry bared his teeth in a cheeky grin.

"After you bloody asked him, didn't you," Draco raised an eyebrow, looking up at him.

"Maybe," Harry bit his lip. "Here, let me." He put his knees to the floor and started untangling Draco's laces for him.

"You're lucky I want to kiss you right now," Draco said through his teeth.

"Please don't," Harry begged all too quickly.

"Why?"

"I have my Occlumency lesson with Snape today. I don't want to be thinking of your mouth when he's searching my head."

"Oh," Draco said, and he stood as Harry finished tying his shoes. "You just need to stay calm and relax. To block him out, you need to take control and put up a wall. Legilimency is difficult, but learning Occlumency is harder. You just need to protect your head. Protect us."

"I don't know what else to think about. I think about you all the time."

"How about once he gets to the intimate parts, think about Chang, the bitch! That'll cover me up hopefully."

"Hopefully," Harry bit the inside of his cheek, and then frowned.

"You have Umbridge next, don't you," Draco resisted the urge to put his hand to his cheek in fear of Harry rejecting him, so instead he reached out to his shoulder and gave it a squeeze.
"How'd you know?"

"You look miserable," Draco made a face. "You look like you're going to hell."

"I am going to hell," Harry corrected and crossed his arms. He didn't look Draco in the eyes.

"Hey, maybe she'll forget you're there," Draco rubbed over his arms and biceps, massaging him.

"I wish she would. I wish everyone would so that I could be alone with you and no one would care and Snape wouldn't bloody invade my head and Voldemort wouldn't even know who I was and everything would be so easy."

"One day, Harry," Draco smiled at him, and Harry flattened his mouth back.

"I agree with you, by the way."

"Hm? About what?"

"I really want to kiss you right now."

Draco smiled at him, but as he leaned closer, he heard footsteps and "Where's Harry?" so as a reaction, he gripped Harry's shoulder much tighter and pushed him up against the wall. Harry just frowned and rolled his eyes before putting on a face of ferocity.

"Sorry," Draco whispered, and just as Ron and Hermione found them, he shouted, "That was bloody uncalled for, you stupid, annoying Gryffindork! I'm taking ten points: five because of your stupidity, and give because you're an arse!"

"And I'm taking five point from Slytherin for the use of profanity, Malfoy," Hermione snapped, "And hostility."

"Yeah, Malfoy, let go of him," Ron snapped, and they approached them, Draco only letting go when he had to, giving Harry a squeeze before pulling away.

"Touching other students isn't allowed, or civilized," Hermione reprimanded. Draco looked directly at Harry, Harry's eyes wide and head shaking slightly. Do not say anything smart about touching me, do NOT say anything smart about touching me.

Draco cocked his head to the side. "You might want to teach your friend here what respect is," he smirked, looking Harry up and down, really he wanting to say, 'Oh you have no idea how I've touched your little friend.'

"It was a prank, Malfoy," Ron snapped. "Leave it."

"He's the one who--"

"Malfoy," Hermione said, "Drop it."

Draco rolled his eyes and turned back to Harry. "Gryffindork."

"Git," Harry snapped, and Draco bumped his shoulder as he stormed away, leaving Harry to exhale and slouch with a frown. He missed him already.

"Did he hurt you," Ron asked.

"He never hurts me, Ron. He doesn't have the guts to," Harry shrugged.
"Come on, mate, let's get to class. Don't want to be late, do we. Umbridge'll kill us." Ron started back on their path, Hermione and he following.

"Harry," Hermione asked as Ron leaked out of earshot.

"Hm?"

"Did you tie Malfoy's shoes back to normal? He walked away and they weren't tied."

"What? Oh-- he made me," Harry lied quickly. "Said he'd take more points if I didn't." He bit his lip and walked quicker to catch up with Ron, heading to the hell that awaited him.

Hermione furrowed her eyebrows as she reached them.

"Control your emotions," Snape shouted at him. "Discipline your mind!"

Harry's head strained and he panted as Snape shouted 'legilimens' for yet another time. And then his life played before him.

Harry being shoved by his cousin at the age of 6. FLASH. Harry being abused by the Dursleys at 9 years old. FLASH. Harry meeting Draco for the first time. FLASH. Harry looking in the mirror or erised, seeing his parents. FLASH. Harry looking at blood on the walls, Draco saying 'you'll be next mudbloods.' FLASH. Hermione punching Draco in the face. FLASH. Harry seeing Sirius for the first time. FLASH. His name being called out of the triwizard cup. FLASH. Harry punching Draco at the Yule ball. FLASH. Harry hugging Sirius before summer vacation ended. FLASH. Dementors.

But suddenly Harry pulled away from his thoughts as professor Snape stopped. Thankfully he did or else his memories may have taken him elsewhere, such as the Chamber of Secrets, or his secret meeting area.

"Professor," Harry heard a voice from the entrance, "May Mr. Filch have a word with you?"

His eyes darted over to Draco, and they went wide.

"Yes, of course. I'll be back. Don't touch anything, Potter." Snape left the room, along with Draco who didn't dare make any acknowledgement that hinted they were anything above mortal enemies.

Harry looked around the vacant room, a glowing object catching his eye. The silver disk oh so familiar from last year illuminated a small corner of the room. Harry's curiosity, of course got the best of him. He plunged into the black liquid, looking at Snapes memories that were never supposed to be seen. Images of his dad and god father making fun of Snape haunted him. The torture reminded him of when he was a child with Dudley, or when he and Draco didn't date.

He wanted to know what happened, but suddenly he was jolted from the bowl from an arm pulling at him.

"Potter!" Snape cringed at the name. Totally off guard, all of Harry's memories flashed before him. Intimate memories, as if Snape wanted every part of Harry to feel insecure and self-conscious.

Harry eavesdropping on Pansy and Draco's conversation outside the entrance to the school. FLASH. Draco almost kissing him in the very beginning, scaring him off. FLASH. Flying together at midnight. They were laughing together, smiling. Happy. FLASH. Harry and Draco's first kiss in detention. FLASH. Draco sneaking into Harry's bed after the triwizard tournament.
FLASH. Harry and Draco meeting in the broom cupboard at the beginning of the year. FLASH. Draco and Harry cuddling in the snow at 3 in the morning. FLASH. Them in the broom cupboard making dreamless sleep potion, laughing at each others jokes. FLASH. Kissing in an empty alcove. FLASH. "I love you." FLASH. Harry and Draco heatedly kissing in the Chamber of Secrets-

The potions classroom came back to Harry despite his yearn for it not to, because now he had to deal with an explosion at hand. He felt sick. His knees felt weak and throat burned and closed; and his mouth went dry and eyes watered and stomach twisted.

Harry's eyes glued to Snape's black ones in nothing but undiluted fear. He waited for words, for screaming, for hitting. Instead, he got calm. He didn't want calm. He wanted death, because the calm before the storm meant a monsoon was coming.

"Get out." Snape barely even spoke, physically because he couldn't.

Just in the idea to save his own tail, Harry ran for it, but instead of going to his common room, he stopped in an empty alcove, pulled out his map, and searched for Draco. But what didn't make sense was that it said Draco was standing behind him. Harry had checked, no one was around when he left. Harry turned and-- oh.

"What happened in there," Draco asked with furrowed eyebrows and wide eyes. "You're all sweaty and flushed."

"I-I," Harry stuttered, unable to form words. He knew Draco was going to be angry with him. He just screwed their entire relationship. Snape was going to tell Mr. Malfoy, and Mr. Malfoy was going to murder Draco. "I...

"Harry, are you alright?"

"It's past curfew, shouldn't you be asleep," Harry rushed, turning away from him. His hands started shaking.

"I'm a prefect," Draco said slowly, walking around Harry so that he could face him. "I'm patrolling, well, should be on the 5th floor, but I wanted to make sure you were okay in there so I switched shifts."

"I.." Harry couldn't speak. "W-why would you do that?"

"Because I care about you," Draco answered suspiciously. "How did it go? Do you know Occlumency?"

Harry shook his head. "No. But Snape sure as hell knows Legillimency."

Draco furrowed his eyebrows and took his hand, guiding him to their usual broom closet for safe solitude. The hallway, due to their hidden nature, seemed to expose them.

The first thing Harry thought to do was to fling his arms around him, however he refrained from it because if he did so, he knew he would never be able to let go.

"What happened in there," Draco asked, looking into his wild eyes as he shut the door, locked it, and put a silencing charm on it.

"H-he knows," Harry's voice cracked. "He knows I'm your boyfriend. He knows that I love you and that we're together and that you care about me."
"What," Draco yelled, "You let him in?"

"I couldn't help it! He caught me off guard," Harry shouted back at him.

"Harry, you're at Occlumency lessons. There shouldn't be a moment when you're caught off guard! You should be on guard at all times no matter what."

"Thanks for telling me that now! Draco, I'm not trained in Occlumency. I don't know what I'm supposed to do and he snuck in when I didn't even know I was there."

Draco swallowed. "Like how the Dark Lord will."

Harry flinched. He shook his head and bit his lip, his eyes watering. "I'm sorry I screwed us. I didn't know that this would happen."

Draco paused, thinking. He was making this worse, so much worse on Harry. It really wasn't his fault. Snape shouldn't have gotten so personal to him. And how were they even supposed to know the Dark Lord would use Occlumency on him. Harry didn't even know what Occlumency was before he had those nightmares.

With a frown, Draco turned to him and wrapped his arms around him, leaving Harry to break in his arms and melt into him. "I didn't mean to mess this up," Harry said into his shoulder.

"This isn't you're fault. None of this is. How were you supposed to know what you were doing in the first place? I should have helped you more. He should have. Legillimency is a horrible thing. Can see into peoples heads, into their intimate thoughts. It's not fair."

"But that's why I should learn Occlumency."

"Not like that though. In a safe environment," Draco pulled him tighter.

"Could you teach me?"

"Hm?"

"Occlumency?"

"I don't know Legilimens well enough. Besides, I wouldn't want to see in your head. I care for you too much. You deserve the privacy of your own thoughts and memories."

Harry exhaled deeply. "Thank you for respecting me like that. I didn't know what it felt like to be... violated like this."

"You shouldn't feel like that," Draco furrowed his eyebrows in anger. "He shouldn't have done that. He should have stopped, he should have had self control. He's a professor. You shouldn't be violated."

"Should and do are two different words," Harry buried his head deeper into Draco's neck, enjoying his smell of vanilla, and warmth of skin. Draco felt his heart ping with sadness. He wanted to yell and scream because Merlin did it hurt to see Harry like this. "I'm sorry," he said again.

"Please don't say that. You didn't do this."

"I know but--"

"Worrying about it isn't going to help it, okay Harry?"
"Okay," Harry sniffed, and he kissed Draco's shoulder and Draco kissed his forehead.

"I want you to go to sleep, alright. Pretend this didn't happen, that you were dreaming. It can all be an awful dream. We'll figure it out tomorrow, okay?"

"No, I want to stay here with you!"

"Shh, Harry," he kissed his forehead again. "I'll be here tomorrow. We can go to the forest and hug all we want."

"Okay," Harry said, releasing.

"Good night, Harry," Draco pecked his lips. "Sleep well for me, okay?"

"I will."

"That's my boyfriend," Draco gave a small smile, and kissed him again.

"Goodnight, Draco," Harry said without much joy or happiness. Not like they say to each other Friday nights.

Draco undid the spells, and Harry left.

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Life would have been a lot easier on both boys if they didn't have double block potions first thing in the morning. They both arrived in the midst of their friends, hiding as much as possible but it was inevitable for the professor to see them. He, however, did not even acknowledge neither of them until the middle of the lesson. The class was about healing potions when Snape said something, quite out of context.

"If you were to add in unneeded ingredients or wrong ones, the medicine may turn fatal. Ignorance and incoherent actions may get your selves killed." He looked about both boys. The two went pale, and mirrored each other from opposite sides of the room.

"Harry what's wrong?" Hermione was sitting next to him, concerned. The Boy Who Lived was about to reply but Snape caught him in the action of opening his mouth.

"Potter, talking to fellow Gryffindor during my speech. Stay after class." Zambini snickered and the professor acted as though it was Draco.

"You too, Mr. Malfoy."

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The bell rang a while later, which only seemed very few minutes to the boys. They both sat at the front desk. Snape went to close the door and as the knob clicked, the man stared talking as he walked to his desk.

"I don't think you two realize how dangerous of a situation you have out yourselves into. Do you have any idea how serious this is?"

"Well sir-"

"You can literally get yourselves killed! Draco have you not thought about your father. Or the fact that he is the biggest supporter of Voldemort who so happens to live in your home has slipped your
mind? You're supposed to be an up and coming death eater and your dating the boy who everyone is after. I thought you were so much smarter than that."

"But-"

"Shut it Potter! What are you going to tell the Dark Lord when he uses Ollumency on you, Draco, and asks you what's going on. Im sure he would love to hear you explain the story over a nice dinner, and he might only use 2 of the 3 unbreakable curses before desert. Or you Potter? I'm positive he already knows! He is going to use Draco against you, drive you mad. You won't know which Draco is the the real one or not, he will lure you in and both of you could be dead in less than 20 minutes. What were you thinking? Was this all just a game to you?"

"Well," Harry started, "we really didn't plan in falling in love, sir, it just kind of happened."

"Well it doesn't matter, because both of you are ending this 'relationship' tonight. I won't tell anyone, especially your father, Draco. He'll have both our heads. But that's only if you stop it before it goes too far. It's for your safety."

Harry and Draco sat there, almost in tears. There was literally no way to get around it, No matter the angle the situation was viewed at.

"Can we at least say good bye?" Draco's voice cracked as a single tear shed.

"2 minutes." Snape paused then strolled to his supply closet. When the door closed they were both desperate to make body contact and the went into a hug right away. Harry was trembling and crying as Draco stayed calm.

"I don't want to say good bye! You're the best thing that's ever happened to me!" Harry cried even harder. Draco just say there, holding him. About a minute passed of them just caressing each other. Draco scooted back and wiped Harry's black bangs away from his forehead so he could see his favorite emerald eyes one last time.

"Just know that someday it will all work out. I promise."

"I love you!" They both leaned into a desperate kiss Draco slipping his hands into Harry's robe pocket, dropping an light object into it. They went on as long as they could until they heard the door click open again. Harry was gestured to leave, and instead of class he roamed the hallways to think.

Everything was ruined. The meetings, gone. having someone to hold when he had nightmares, gone. Having someone to kiss, gone. Having someone to actually turn to who listens and completely understands you is gone.

He was right next to the room of requirement when he put his hand in his robe pockets to feel the crunching of a piece of paper. He opened to find the note in Draco's handwriting, telling him something important. He crumbled the paper back into his pocket as soon as he read it.
Holding On

Harry lay in bed. Knowing he would never- could never get any sleep tonight. His heart was broken, and he couldn't help it. He crumbled the piece of paper in his pocket and played with it, repeating what it said in his mind.

"One last time. 4:30 a.m. Forest"

He didn't want it to be the end. He loved Draco. Plain and simple. Every single breath he took, every thought that consumed his mind was of him. The reason his heart beat so vibrantly, was because of Draco. The only person who could ever get through his dreams, was Draco. And now he was experiencing his worst nightmare.

Ron and Hermione, Harry felt bad for. He always blew them off and before bed he just pushed them away when they tried to help. It wasn't just those two either. All the Gryffindor family tried to comfort him in some sort of way, knowing he missed class after potions. Luna Lovegood, too, when she saw him in the corridors of Hogwarts.

The clock couldn't go by slower as Harry checked the pocket watch. The little device was wrapped around his palm and held closely to his heart. Having checking it every 5 minutes, time dragged on until he made his way down to the forest at 3:20, anxious to see his face one last time. The number dial at 384.

Draco Malfoy had somewhat gotten used to the feeling in his heart and finally broke his inability to love, ever since he met Harry and now that was gone from him. He sat on he black leather couch, Pansy (whom was supposed to be comforting Draco) fell asleep on his shoulder.

Why? Why must Snape have been so cruel. They weren't hurting anyone but themselves and they are happy to sacrifice. It wasn't like anyone knew. Sure their situation could be 'dangerous' but no one had taken the hit, until now.

Dried cheeks grew wet again when Draco thought about what he wrote on the note. "One last time." Quickly he shook the thought away and stated stroking his gold and silver chain, thinking that this meeting would never have the potential to be their last.

He wasn't going to let Harry slip away from him. Never.

Draco walked through the green ropes to find Harry crying and pacing. He looked like a wreak, worse than after the triwizard tournament. He was pale, completely opposite to his usual warmth, his hair was the messiest he's ever seen it, and he was whimpering.

"Hey you," Draco said as happy as he could at this state, which was about the tone someone would say to another at a funeral. Harry looked up to see Draco's perfect face shining in the moonlight. They were both in their school robes, still a completely mess. The blonde hair that lay on top of Draco's head looked like it went into a war, matted and greased with tears.

"Draco!" Harry cracked as fresh tears rid down his face. He broke into a sprint towards Draco, jumping and slamming into him. They reached in for a desperate kiss. They needed each other, as if someone dove into the lake for 3 minutes and they finally got to the surface, finally getting air to fill
their lungs. Harry jumped off of Draco as they were still kissing. Draco ran his fingers through the raven hair as Harry wrapped his arms around his waist. Their kiss was sloppy and full of tears. They sucked each other until there was absolutely no air in their lungs.

"Harry. There is no way in hell that i'm ever letting you go. Never! You're mine." Draco went into hug him, face burying in his chest, which was like a crane diving into a finches wing. Their height difference was fairly extensive.

"What about Snape?" Harry didn't want to be caught with something as difficult as this situation. Draco looked up into Harry's eyes, his hand caressing his cheek.

"Screw him! I'm not letting him take you away from me. You're my Scarface. He can't! He might be my godfather, but I don't give a damn! He doesn't know what's right and what's wrong for me! I live my life, not him. Just because he couldn't get a date doesn't mean I can't have one."

"So what are we going to do? If he catches us...we're screwed!"

"We have to act like we did break up. We can't miss dinner at the same time. We have to meet in the morning, or no time at all."

"And let's face the opposite way at all of our meals and act really sad. Oh and we should have a fight. A nasty one that will take us to the hospital wing. It has to be violent and draw blood. Make sure all your anger goes out on me. And we can shout things like 'you're so stupid and always have been,' or 'you know I've always hated that about you,' something to make it really believable." Harry was amazed at the idea he just came up with.

"And we do it outside the dungeon so he will catch us! Brilliant! And don't be afraid to use your wand."

"Let's do it. But we have to play it off really well. We can't be fighting one day and back to normal the next."

"Got it! I'm not going to let a stupid, greasy haired git withdraw the thing that I care about," Draco said determinedly and kissed Harry on the forehead.

A few hours later, Harry and Draco did as ordered and faced the wrong way. Hermione and Ron were confused by it but blew it aside. This was the least weird thing he's been doing lately.

Snape was closely monitoring them closely. It wasn't until Harry made the dirtiest glare he could muster at Snape when he got up to leave towards the dungeons, sending Draco the same look. He returned the favor. He let Harry leave and waited 10 seconds, sending Snape daggers. He got up and left towards the underground city as well.

He followed the maze until he met Harry outside the potions class room.

"Ready?"

"Game on." Draco threw a heavy punch and Harry let him, pretty much breaking his nose.

"Nice punch!" Harry said trying to hold his nose that really didn't hurt that bad. He was more focused on the fun in the fight. Draco let Harry throw the next punch which he didn't take. Instead he nailed Draco with a kick to the chest, probably bruising his ribs. It left him winded.
"Nice... kick..." He spat. Footsteps could be heard down the corridor which they both knew was Snape. They both shook their head signaling the start of it all.

"I HATE YOU!"

"YOU BASTARD!" Draco knocked Harry to the ground punching where ever he could as Harry tried to knee him in the stomach. Heavy footsteps were heard running down the hallway.

"ENOUGH! BOTH OF YOU!!!" At this point Harry was on top of Draco blood dripping everywhere, yellow bruises already forming. Snape went into the scene, pulling Harry away from him.

"I NEVER LOVED YOU," Harry screamed, struggling to get through Snape's arm which were trying not to fumble. Harry broke free of the professors grip and attacked Draco once more, giving him a bleeding nose of his own. Snape again dived for Harry again this time not letting him go.

"To the Hospital Wing! Now!" Draco got up and was escorted with Harry by Snape to the place of healing.

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"Please explain to me you two go from using... interment romantic practices to physical abuse in a matter of one day. " Draco was in Snapes office, all healed, while Harry was in the Gryffindor commons room.

"Well you see, Severus. We never really did get along. We fought a lot during our relationship. It's hard to explain."

"Physical?" Snapes raised eyebrow. Draco didn't want to lie about something so terrible, but he had to.

"Yes, sir."

"So I see its for the best that you two separated."

"I guess so. We were letting out our anger of our break up, I suppose. We are both two hot heads under a flame."

"I see. Very well, I won't be alerting McGonagal or Dumbledore seeing they will wish to know the reason for the brawl, so just go to your room and sleep it off. I know it's hard. It will be better by time." Snapes godfather In him finally showed after 15 years of nothing.

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Instead of going to his room, Draco went to the Forbidden Forest where he knew Harry would be, and of course he was right.

"We did it!" Harry picked up Draco bridal style and spun him around in the defrosted meadow.

"Of course we did!" Draco smiled and kissed Harry right on the lips.
Another month had yet passed and April approached. The DA meetings were running quite smoothly, patronuses on the agenda, and OWLS were approaching quickly. Stress had taken over the entire student body like a swarm of flies towards fresh fruit, encasing them in a black cloud of horror. Some were up until two every morning studying for the inevitable doom approaching at the beginning of June, Ravenclaws and Hermione included.

Harry and Draco woke at ungodly hours to meet with each other, that is if they got any sleep. Just the ability to see the person he loved made Harry stir with butterflies in his stomach, making sleep a very slim option. Most nights before a scheduled meeting, Harry would lie down on his back and stare at the noble red curtains, leaving him daydreaming until 2:30 in the morning, when he would eventually meet up in the forbidden forest with a blonde ferret. Draco however got as much sleep as he could, knowing his cranky meter would go up.

It was towards the end of the month when Draco and Harry met at their usual time and place. Draco walked through the usual green ropes to find the Gryffindor already in his robes. They took necessary precaution so Incase they were to get caught sneaking back into their common rooms, they could play it off like they had already gotten breakfast or wanted to study.

"Hey, you!" Draco repeated the saying every time they met. Harry walked up to Draco wrapping his arms around the other's waist, kissing him gently on the neck. This caused Draco to shudder to the touch of bare lips with pleasure, for the experience was new to him.

"Like that, don't you," Harry stated as he looked up.

"A little," Draco tried not to squeak, but ended up sounding in the manner of his 11 year old self. Harry put one finger on the other boy's white collar and pulled down, revealing the pale, untouched skin open to the world. He dived as that of a vampire to his prey, laying his lips on the newly open field. Harry proceeded to kiss down as far as he could when suddenly stopped to Draco's reaction. The blonde had his eyes shut and was shaking to the feeling he was getting. Harry attempted to experiment which was successful, causing Draco to yelp as his teeth bared to his neck.

"Okay, okay, a lot!" Draco rushed as he felt his voice break. The warm fuzzy feeling grew across his heart which Harry could feel beating under his chest, even if they were both in multiple layers of clothing, robes and all. He continued by licking over the mark he just made, and then began to suck violently. That would definitely leave a mark.

"Found your sweet spot," Harry grinned michevously, "I'll have to keep that in mind later."

Draco took his arms away from Harry's back and brought his right one up to grab Harry from his shirt, leaving him floating off the grass below.

"Just kiss me, you fool." Draco pulled him into a heart-stopping smooch, locking their lips as one. He felt a pair of warm arms enclose his neck and that signaled Draco's hand to grow weak, letting Harry land sloppily on his feet. Sparks ignited, exploding every sense in their body's. Their lips began to move into each other, sucking loosely but passionately.

"How are you," Draco asked as their lips puckered together one last time.

"Excellent now," Harry replied seductively. The two got the chance to look at each other in the stride of moonlight. Draco studied every aspect of Harry's face, speculating the reflection of the crystal lake
in Harry's glasses covered his eyes, Draco proceeded to take them off. Now Harry's orbs glistened a beautiful emerald, such as one found in a high-end muggle jewelry store.

"What can you see without them?" Draco acted as though the Gryffindor was blinded.

"Well I can see you."

"Obviously, I'm 2 inches away from you." Draco got a whack upside the head in response.

"Fine, I can see that your eyes are like liquid mercury mixed with unicorn blood- always a good sign. I can see your nose isn't as sharp as when we are in the hallway doing our usual insults. I can see your hair which looks like no color I've ever seen before and I can see your eyelashes which are as girly as ever." Harry too got a matching hit on the back of his neck.

"My turn. I see your green eyes, which I love by the way, and I can see your stupid yet adorable scar which has annoyed me constantly up until fourth year, from then on I found it cute," Draco move their foreheads together, hair strands crunching between them, "I can see your cheeks that are probably about to turn four shades redder if that was possible, and I see your desiring lips so longing for a simple, sweet kiss," Draco moved so close that he said those last words skimming Harry's own mouth. "But that will have to wait because I have a surprise!"

Draco pulled away abruptly just as Harry closed his eyes, waiting for his wishes to be granted, Draco's scent so close he could almost taste it. The raven haired boy opened his eyes to find the presence not there and seeing the back of Draco's Slytherin robes walking away behind one of the many trees bordering the field.

"What? Can't that wait for later!" Harry's complaining sounded like a 6 year old in a candy store.

"I'm sure you'll like this better," Draco said as he ducked behind the tall oak before him.

"Doubt it..." Harry mumbled. He crossed his arms and looked off to the lake, how it ended with a horizon of mountains and trees. He wasn't disappointed as the blonde walked up behind him, carrying the best thing Harry has ever known.

"You got my firebolt! How?" Seeing Harry's eyes light up was like Christmas morning in Draco's mind. The smile displayed on the boys face told him right of the bat that there was no need to answer.

"Well, I thought that you miss it a lot and, maybe we could go flying toge-" Draco was jumped by Harry who had flung his arms around his neck, almost knocking both of them down.

"Thank you" was all that was heard as they rocked back and forth.

Skipping to the evening, Draco was called up immediately after his last class to Umbridges office.

The Slytherin knocked on the door to hear a shrill voice squeak "Come in."

Crabbe, Goyle, Blaise, and Filch were already inside, standing and looking at him as he walked in the door.

"Ah Mr. Malfoy, I would like to inform you that our hard work has payed off." The witch gestured her hand to the left where Draco found a nervous Cho Chang, sitting in a chair in crying heavily. She must of been like that for a while, Draco guessed, because her eyes were too puffy to have changed
in a few minutes. She looked absolutely broken. Even a glass mirror being hit with a hammer seemed sturdier than her at the moment. 'Good' Draco thought to himself.

"Please take her, Mr. Malfoy, and would everyone please follow me." The horrid woman said as she got up from her pink-lemonade colored chair.

The group walked up numerous passageways, corridors, and stairs before they reached their final destination: a wall. That's it. A wall. Draco was utterly confused as he loosened his grip slightly on the Chang girl, whom he had dug his nails into the whole walk, probably resulting in bruising.

Umbridge wore a sinister smile as she ordered everyone to back up. It didn't make sense to anyone until he heard the road mutter a spell to see the wall cave in. What Draco saw shocked him- Harry and a group of his little idiot friends all huddled toward the back wall with dummy's to look like death eaters spread along the side.

"Get them," Umbridge ordered. Draco immediately let go of Chang and dove for Harry, grabbing him by the collar of his robes. He proceeded to drag him through the halls along with all the other members of the DA, wearing the largest smirk on his face he possibly could pull.

"Who knew that Chang girl would come in handy," Draco whispered into Harry's ear.

"I can't believe we got caught," He mumbled in return.
After Blaise and Draco dropped off Harry and the other kids from the DA to Dumbledores Office, they were ordered to leave to the Slytherin common room, along with Crabbe and Goyle whom instead went to the kitchens. The who went along the many corridors of Hogwarts, only starting conversation around the 4th level.

"So does that mean you won the bet, then?" Blaise said first, breaking the utter silence. His words echoed across the hallway, drilling itself into Draco's mind.

"To be honest," he said after a long pause, "I don't think he even remembers the bet. I'm the one who's always thought about it. I always have to win, and sometimes I think that's what makes me lose." Draco slowed down the pace, staring down at the ground. "He was helping people again, and of course I had to interfere."

"He always helps people. It's what he does. And don't you think for one god-damned minute that this was your fault. You were just doing what you were told."

"Yeah but I could have always stopped listening.... That's what Harry does. God I'm such a tosser!" Draco put his head in his hands, rubbing his temples. He no longer heard footsteps next to him, the vacant silence causing him to look up. "What?" Draco examined the Slytherin who had ceased walking with a disturbing look on his face; one of disgust.

"Oh stop pitying yourself! Would you stop thinking about you and think about him. Think about Potter! How must he be feeling now? Pretty bad! Umbridge came and ruined whatever plan he made. A plan to help people, and he can't even do that now and he feels the need to take responsibility for everyone. Every body dumps everything on him even though he doesn't want it. Do you know how much that can break a person?"

"You don't see it, you don't see him in The hallways, the way he looks at you. When he's not around you he looks like he wants to pitch himself off the Astronomy tower! But you wouldn't notice because you are so selfish, Draco. You really are. That's not how relationships work. You think of each other, not of yourself. You need to be with him, comfort him. This isn't his fault!" Blaise paused to catch his breath, "You know how we always joke about what Potter is gonna do to himself this year? It's not himself, it's other people, wether it be a stupid teacher or the Dark Lord himself. Be who you want him to be for you."

Draco was so shocked by the sudden speech just given to him, he couldn't even move. It took a while of hard thinking to process what the Italian just said. How could he be so stupid, so selfish? He knew what he had to do, courage and determination filling his heart. "Thank you" Was all he could say.

"Go find him, he needs you." Blaise gave a small smile and nodded his head, "oh and Draco, nice hickey." The blonde's eyes grew wide as he covered his neck with his hand and Blaise gave a large smirk.

Draco hid behind an alcove vacated by a suit of armor. The amount of space between the metal before him and the cold wall behind was beginning to make Draco claustrophobic. His green tie was caught on the silver nail to the armor and his robes stuck to the wall. He watched one by one as the DA members walked out with sad looks on their faces, but no Harry. Even Granger and Weasley
left, but no Harry. Draco subconsciously felt for his pocket watch, but he remembered Harry had it, so instead he placed his nimble fingers on the gold chain which stated 'I love you'.

Not more than 10 minutes later, Umbridge and the Minister came out, looking as angry as ever. Shouldn’t they be happy they caught the little bastards? Not long after Harry came out head hanging low as expected. The frown he wore was heart braking as the boy walked slowly. Draco waited a few steps to jump out and grab him by the hand.

"Draco?" Harry said as he was being pulled down the corridor. The Slytherin broke out into a sprint, dragging along the questioning lion. "Where are we going?" Suddenly the Slytherin stopped at the edge of the hallway, staying glued to the wall. He saw Umbridge and the minister down the right hallway and no one toward the left.

"Come on!" Draco pulled him through the hallway that was empty as quiet as possible. Draco kept his head turned toward the two at the other end who were nearing the turn to their side of the corridor. The blonde stopped waiting just until they walked along the hall and were out of sight until he took off again. They too followed the wall and turned into another empty hallway. They were halfway along she harry abruptly stopped next to a suit of armor. Harry heard a high pitched gasp as the two were breathing heavy.

"Draco calm down! Where are we going?" Draco wiped Harry's bangs away from his eyes.

"That is a secret!"

"But-"

"Would you be quiet! I don't want anyone to catch us and you don't have your invisibility cloak with you!"

"But-" Harry was caught off by Draco's sweet lips on top of his own.

"Can you be quiet now! Or else I'll have to kiss you the whole way there!" Draco's voice was harsh with concern as he shouted a whisper.

"I think I'd like that to be honest with you." They both heard a choke from somewhere in the hall and thought I'd be best to get out of there.

"Come on! Someone's coming!" Harry however stared at the suit of armor before he was dragged across the school. Stealthily the two went through secret passages (thanks to Draco for being a prefect) and empty hallways where they came to a blank wall.

"Why are we here?" Looking at the room of requirement, Harry saw that the castle had already repaired itself and the blank stone was put together again.

Draco paced back and forth thinking 'I need a place to be with Harry' A grand door appeared, and Draco smiled as Harry looked solemn.

"Because I want to talk to you!"

"Not here! I don-"

"Don't what? Want to be here? So what? Something happened here! Something happened in Snape's office, the worst thing in my eyes. Something happened on the quidditch pitch, and we flew last night. Harry, just because an incident occurred doesn't mean you can hide!"
Harry opened his mouth to say something but then stopped and flung his arms around Draco and kissed him full of chaste. He was right, he needed to get over his fear.

The two released and laced their hands together as they walked into what looked like a comfy room. It had a dark brown sofa right next to a large fire place which crackled as the boy walked in. The floors were carpeted with tan material which felt like Draco's hair in Harry's eyes. The walls were also dark brown with a large bed to the right with silk curtains plastering over the four posters.

"Maybe we can actually fall asleep in something that isn't snow," Draco commented.

They walked over to the couch, taking off their robes and leaving them on the floor. Draco sat down first at the very edge of the black leather and Harry lay down, his head on Draco's lap. Draco began to stroke Harry's hair after he took off his glasses and put them on table.

"I can't believe we got caught." He repeated from the earlier that day.

"Harry-"

"I mean I tried so hard help but all I did was make things worse."

"Harry-"

"And if I would have just changed the time or not told Cho or even just stopped it befor-"

"Harry!" The boy looked up into Draco's eyes. "You did help them! So much! Don't think that it's your fault, Umbridge is just a bitch! But don't worry, people like that lose in the end." Draco didn't say it because Blaise told him too, no- it was because he knew it in his heart.

"How do you know?" Harry lifted his head.

"Because they have every year!" Harry took a moment to think. He knew that sometimes that wasn't the case.

"Cedric! He was nothing close to Umbridge! He was such a great guy, perfect personality, wouldn't hurt even the tiniest of creatures!" Harry was now sitting on his knees staring at Draco who was facing him.

"Well... It happens... And if you talk about Cedric one more time like that I will have to make you shut up."

"Why is somebody jealous? You know he was pretty handsome too! He looked like a great kisser too-" he" The Slytherin was growing envious, even though he knew that cedric and him never had a thing. Draco launched himself at Harry, smashing their lips together as hard as he could. Draco moved his hand to the back of Harry's head forcing him to kiss him back (like he would object).

"I (kiss) am (kiss) the (kiss) very best kisser (kiss) you will (kiss) ever (kiss) know!" Harry moaned and arched his back. Draco then got an excellent idea as he grabbed Harry's red tie and pulled him up. Sloppily lip locking Draco undid Harry's accessory and threw it on the floor. Harry lifted his arms so Draco could pull off his vest and Harry switched to his neck as he worked his way to the green tie and undid it sloppily. Harry grew envious at how nimble Draco's fingers were, how fast and beautiful they are, which made him pull of Draco's shirt even faster. Meanwhile Draco was almost finished with Harry's shirt, Harry grew competitive and decided to rip off the blondes shirt, revealing only a gold and silver chain and his perfectly unmarked, pale chest. This led Draco with his mouth hanging open and Harry took the opportunity to shove his tongue into his open hole. Draco leaned back on the couch, Harry laying on him- bare chest to bare chest, hips to hips, legs
Harry stroked Draco's hair, messing it up to a completely un-Malfoyish. Draco wrapped his arms around Harry's back, feeling the moist skin. They began to sweat the more and more aggressive they became. They couldn't help it though, Draco at least. He was finding himself to become a very jealous character and needed to show Harry that he was his, no matter what.

Harry got a better idea as released and looked into Draco's eyes. The firelight made him look as angelic as ever which was pretty hard to do because Draco seemed like an angel the whole time. He quickly almost jumped off of him and grabbed Draco's hand, pulling him to come to the bed. Instead of Draco actually standing up, he was so surprised that he fell off the couch and since their hands were so tight, it just brought the Gryffindor to the floor as well.

What was supposed to be a very romantic, lust-filled night, it ended with laughter as Harry rubbed his now bruising elbow.

"If you wish to change locations I would like you to inform me first!" He said as Harry erupted with laughter. He too began to laugh until they looked at themselves and chuckled harder.

Their giggles blended into sighs as Draco got to his knees and grabbed Harry's hand. He used as much force as he could to help Harry up, however he lost his footing on a certain green tie, as he fell once more onto the carpet with a thud.

"You did that on purpose!" They both went into a fit of chortling as their abs clenched and tears were formed in their eye, good tears, not the bad kind as Draco thought to himself 'take that Cho Chang!' He too fell to the ground again, which was the only thing that was able to support the laughing boys.

This time when Harry got up he acted very cautious using the table and chairs as support when he finally got to his feet and spread his hands out for balance over dramatically.

This caused Draco to stand up, only to lose his footing on a red tie, but caught himself on couch. This event caused Harry and Draco to huff and smile as wide as their mouths would go.

Harry held out a hand and Draco took it. As they walked over to the bed they walked as if they were pretending their was lava on the floor, or they were in a tie factory.

They moved toward the bed, ready to cuddle the night away. Suddenly Harry and Draco heard a small cough.

"What was that?" Draco's face was stern and all laughter was away from him.

"I dunno," Harry whispered. They both grew quiet to listen for any unfamiliar sounds that didn't grow from either of them. "I think we're hearing things."

"Well I mean you are a nutter, I mean who slips on ties?" Draco broke out into a michevious smile.

"Hey you slipped on one too!" Harry took a pillow from the bed a whacked him with it, and to be honest, Draco didn't know what was coming!

The blonde's mouth dropped leaving Harry giggling. A red once to that, Draco's face grew angry as he took a pillow and threw it at his face.

"Hey that's not fair!" Harry rubbed his nose. Draco grabbed Harry by the wrists and three him on the bed, laying on top of him.
"Oh really Harry Potter, and why is that unfair?" Draco was a few centimeters away from Harry, their noses touching.

"Because it is! I know you're trying to sound intimidating, but it's not really working out for your image."

"What image? I'm in the room of requirement with my boyfriend with no one around, who am I trying to impress?"

"Hey! Don't hate the player, hate the game!" Draco grew from intimidating to confused in a matter of .7 seconds.

"What," he scoffed.

"Muggle expression. Now can you please get OFF of me!"

"Ummmm that would be erm.. A no!" Draco dived into a sweet kiss, one full of love, happiness even. He loved being here, alone with him. He loved that he could walk around in his trousers and no shirt on. He loved being Draco, not Malfoy. He loved to be able to let loose and laugh for a change. He loved that no matter how serious the situation, they could always laugh in the end. He loved Harry. And he loved that he loved Harry.

The Slytherin let go of his hands and moved his own onto Harry's silky black hair.

"I love you," Harry smiled.

Draco kissed him sweetly.

"Nice hickey by the way."

Draco flared his nostrils."You!" Draco couldn't say any more because Harry kissed the tip of his nose.

"I like it that way." He moved out from under Draco and lay his head on the full body pillow which wasn't a lethal weapon in the fight they just had. Draco followed as they both kicked off their shoes and got under the covers, still in their black pants, which weren't all that uncomfortable...as long as you have someone to focus on.

"Goodnight, Draco."

"Goodnight, Harry," Draco yawned.

It might not have gone as expected, but in their minds, it was the perfect night.
Hermione Granger was sent to the Gryffindor common room after the catching of the DA. Ron had already gone to bed, although it wasn't even dinner yet, exhaustion had taken over the students in the squad. The girl had found it courteous to wait up for her friend, Harry, however he hadn't been seen since Dumbridge captured them.

Hermione felt the need to go looking for Harry. It had been hours since her and Ron had been released, he shouldn't be taking so long. The girl was debating whether or not to use his invisibility cloak- something he let her use any time she needed (which there hasn't been any real reason to unless they were sneaking out together.) she eventually decided she didn't want another encounter with the pink lady, and took the magical cloth over her head as she walked to Dumbledore's office.

The girl worked her way though the labyrinth of Hogwarts, following the hallways. The curious brown eyed girl heard two pairs of feet running her way. Wondering who it would be, she watched two boys round the corner, but not just any boys, but a certain Slytherin and a courageous Gryffindor. Hermione was about to pull off the cloak until she saw joined hands between the two. She involuntarily let out a gasp and ran behind the metal armor displayed in a shallow alcove.

"Draco calm down! Where are we going?" Harry said breathlessly. Why were they holding hands? Since when did Harry start calling Malfoy Draco? Did he just wipe off hair from Harry's forehead?

"That is a secret."

"But-"

"Would you be quiet? I don't want anyone to catch us and you don't have your invisibility cloak with you!" How would Malfoy know about Harry's cloak?

"But-"

Draco did what Hermione found the unthinkable as he smashed his lips to the golden boy. She almost broke out screaming, but she stuffed her fist in her mouth and bit on her fingers hard to stop from squealing.

"Can you be quiet now! Or else I'll have to kiss you the whole way there!" Hermione didn't think she was hearing things straight as she checked her ear for blockage but she found nothing.

"I think I'd like that to be honest with you!" A small choke escaped her mouth causing the boys to immediately stop flirting.

"Come on someone's coming!" Draco turned to run but Harry stared at the exact spot she stood, making her whole face go numb. She didn't know what to do, what to say, but she found her feet following the two. She wasn't looking where she was going, she was just focused on the two running in front of her.

She ended up at the room of requirement, Draco pacing back and forth.

"Why are we here?" Hermione hid herself behind one of the supports, head sticking out, although it wasn't like they would know, the invisible blanket shielding her face. She read the upset expression from his face. She need to be with him, not Malfoy. A friend, not an enemy.

"Because I want to talk to you!"
"But I don-' Hermione could see the entertainment in his eyes. Oh great here goes Malfoy doing all the wrong things again.

"Don't what? Want to be here? So what? Something happened here! Something happened in Snapes office, the worst thing in my eyes. Something happened on the quidditch pitch, and we flew last night. Harry, just because an incident occurred doesn't mean you can hide!" Once again the two did the unthinkable as Harry flung his arms around the other boy, kissing him firmly. Her eyes grew wide again, heart speeding up. Why were they doing that?

They released and laced hands, walking into the room. Hermione found her feet once again having a personal mind. She watched as the boys took off their robes and positioned themselves on the couch. Something touched her heart seeing Harry lay down on Malfoy's lap. She didn't know if that thing was love an happiness or hate and distrust.

"I can't believe we got caught!"

"Harry-

"I tried so hard to help but all I did was make everything worse."

"Harry-

"If I would've just change the times or not told Cho, or even just stopped befor-"

"Harry!" Hermione cringed every time Malfoy said "Harry" and not "Potter." They locked eyes, which sparked a warm feeling in her heart. Seeing Malfoy with the absence of coldness in his orbs completely changed the way he carried himself. It was completely confusing. The compassion, the care present was maddening. ""You did help them! So much! Don't think that it's your fault, Umbridge is just a bitch! But don't worry, people like that lose in the end."

"How do you know?" Seeing Harry so hopeless definitely made her want high him, but it was obvious Draco was doing such a great job.

"Because they have every year."

"Cedric! He was nothing close to Umbridge! He was such a great guy, perfect personality, wouldn't hurt even the tiniest of creatures!" Hermione could see the hatred attempting to be masked by Draco.

"Well... It happens... And if you talk about Cedric one more time like that I will have to make you shut up," The girl took an inhale of breath, suddenly scared for Harry, but he kept provoking him. Draco could really hurt him and she didn't want to have to break apart a fight.

"Why is somebody jealous? You know he was pretty handsome too! He looked like a great kisser to-" instead of the punch ready to happen in her mind, Draco proceeded to make out with him.

Hermione's mind was so in shock she couldn't think logically. She couldn't picture them together like they were. What about the insults, the quidditch, the fist fights? It was all a lie? What did Harry see in Draco anyway?

As Hermione came back to reality as he heard a huge bump on the floor, making her jump. Finding the two shirtless wasn't the worst of it, it was that they were laughing on the floor, clothes every where, holding hands, shirtless. Yes that was the worst part. She was glad in the midst of it- anything to stop the kissing.

"If you wanted to change positions,
I would like you to inform me first!" Draco laughed. Hermione grew to see how different Draco was, how...perfect they were for each other. The two got up holding hands which fit perfectly together-Hermione noted.

'Of course the two would fall again' she though.

"Hey you did that on purpose!" She was off in a pool of her thoughts, how much they matched, how alike, how flawless they were together. The two got near her. She tried to walk away, inhaling a breath, holding it in too tightly that she had to cough, it was too much for her to handle.

"What was that?"

"I dunno. I think we are hearing things."

"Well I mean you are a nutter. I mean who slips on ties?"

"Hey you slipped on one too!" Harry threw a pillow at Draco.

'I shouldn't be in here. This.. This isn't right. It's their private time. They snuck to the room of requirement to be together. If Harry wants to tell me, he will." Hermione let the guilt take over. She knew she had to get out of there before the boys were quite, so the girl snuck to the door before she saw the Gryffindor and Slytherin ties lying much too far apart. For some strange reason she felt her feet carry her to pick up the accessories. She put them on the coffee table and formed a heart- one side red the other green.

And with that, she left the two alone to their own privacy.

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Harry woke up with the pressure of a heavy object on top of him. Oh yeah, Draco. They were chest to chest, legs intertwined and face to face... Somewhat. Draco had his mouth open and breathing on Harry's cheek, his chin digging into his collarbone.

"Draco," Harry mumbled as loud as he could for the time of morning but his voice cracked anyway. The boy tried to respond only breathing a little more air than normal, a small squeak escaping his throat which Harry probably wouldn't of heard if they weren't on top of each other.

"Draco get off of me." Harry shifted a little but found his muscles too weak to even move. Draco raised his head and splinted his eyes open as much as they could go.

"No." Draco dropped down on his cheek, not knowing

"Ew! You drooled on me!" Harry was more awake now. Draco looked up at Harry, half dazed. He moved his eyes where a small puddle of saliva, then dragged his tongue over it.

"EW!!" Harry tried to get up, move a little, but he was unsuccessful.

"What? Your fine with my tongue in your mouth, but the second I move out of the area it's disgusting?"

"Well it's definitely un-Malfoyish," Harry smirked. Draco moved his hands in the middle of Harry's pecks and rested his chin on them.

"You seem to have that affect on me," Draco smiled. "Good morning."

"Good Morning." The two leaned into a kiss that was slow and steady. It seemed like kisses were
better than any caffeine, their lips tingling with the soft touch.

"I have a question," Harry stated as they finally tore apart.

"And what's that?"

"Well two questions really." Harry looked slightly concerned. Draco raised an eyebrow. "I was wondering..."

Draco let out a small giggle.

"Why are you so nervous? We've been involved for over a year now."

"I know it's just... I'm not that..."

"I know you've been really insecure about yourself lately because your mind was invaded by Snape and Umbridge being herself and I just want you to know that I care for you and you don't need to be scared." Draco woke up after that, eyes full of seriousness and compassion.

"So I can ask you anything?"

"Of course you can. I don't mind."

"Okay well erm... Here it goes... I was-- erm-- wondering if you COULD GET OFF OF ME!"

Draco cringed at the shout.

"Ummmm let me think.... No!"

Harry took the liberty of grabbing Dracos wrists, mustering all his strength, flipping it so that he was on top.

"Somebody's strong."

"I'm stronger than you," Harry smirked.

"Not in this lifetime." Draco twisted the couple again so he was dominant.

"Now what was that you wanted to ask me?" Draco's platinum hair teased and tickled Harry's forehead.

He moved his head to the side, looking of into the distance, Draco following his head curiously to find out what the boy was looking at. Harry took the opportunity to flip them for the last time.

"Sneaky I see."

"Of course, I'm Harry Potter" Harry never gloated ever, unless he was using sarcasm to the Slytherin which this was one of those times. "Anyway I was wondering if you wanted to study, tonight, at midnight. In the library. It will be empty."

"Study? I never thought I'd live to see the day where those words would come out of that mouth," Draco tapped him on the lips with a stray finger. "And to be the ferret I am, midnight would be tomorrow. Not tonight."

"In my little head, it's tomorrow at 5:00 not 12:00"

"So you admit you have a little head."
"So you admit to being a ferret!"

"Shut it, scarface!"

"Fine by me." Harry released his arms and let his body free-fall on top of Draco nuzzling his face in his neck, receiving a grunt from the other boy. That's gotta hurt. Harry began to bit his neck and lick it over with his hot mouth.

"Would you stop kissing me there?"

"Never in my life will I ever stop kissing you here."

"You're going give me another hickey, and I swear to Merlin if someone sees a bloody bruise on my throat, we're done for. Snape would kill us!"

"It will be totally worth it." Harry dived back into the crook of his neck. "That's why it's so wonderful that your shirt covers it."

"You know I hate that right."

"No you don't. But I could try somewhere else." Harry moved his way down Draco chest.

"Ha-Harry what are you doing? Harry stop! Harry!" Draco squirmed as he reached his stomach. Harry stopped at the seriousness of his tone.

"What?"

"That feels funny! Like it tingles."

"Like tickles?"

"What? No that's absurd!" Draco found that word rediculous. Tickling was rediculous.

"Oh my god."

"What?"

"You've never been tickled before." Harry broke out into a wide grin.

"Of course I have!" Draco's lie shown though and Harry kept smiling. "Really, who would tickle me Harry? Think of anybody who would."

"They'd probably have their head cut off." Harry laughed about it but knew it was true.

"Exactly." Draco let out a sigh, thinking his threat would work, however upon looking up he saw a hint of mischief which formed into a smirk, and a very large one at that. Dracos eyes grew wide at the realization.

"No Harry! No! Nononononono! Don't you dare! Harry I swear to god if you tickle me I will punch you! I'm not joking Harry! Stop it!" Harry hadn't even touched him yet, just gave an evil smile. Seeing Draco so frazzled was rather enjoyable and entertaining. Draco felt like he was going to proceed into battle.

"Worth it." Harry rolled off of Draco as fast as his reflexes allowed him. He threw his hands everywhere, tickling him as ruthless as he could. Draco squirmed as much as he could kicking the air, punching around him, eyes glued shut. The whole time he was screaming profanities and pleas
trying not to laugh. The more and more he was tickled the funnier it felt and Draco HATED it. He hated the forced laughter, the inability to breathe, and the helplessness of it all.

Draco never meant to really punch Harry, it just kinda happened. He was breathless and needed to be freed so he kinda just threw his fist in the air hitting his lover straight in the lip. Harry immediately moaned, laying back on the bed covering his face with the pillow.

"Harry! Are you okay?" Draco tried to hug him and console him, but Harry threw his hands at Draco, knocking him off the side of the bed. There was a thud and a loud yelp.

"Harry please don't be mad at me! I'm so sorry! I- I didn't mean it!" Draco called from the floor. It grew quiet, waiting for an answer Draco's emotions triggered an excruciating amount of guilt. He waited and waited a few moments for anything from Harry until finally he heard a shift on the bed. Harry poked only his head and neck out, his mouth bleeding profusely down his chin.

"Is it bad?" Harry was plain yet sarcastic at the same time. Draco looked up at him full of concern and was caught off guard when Harry started laughing. "I didn't think you were serious. Remind me to never underestimate you again!" Harry chortled.

Draco started smiling to the angels of his laugh and then giggled a little bit too. "I warned you I didn't want to be tickled. Now help me up."

"No."

"What?" Draco was offended.

"Nope." Harry added enfases on the p. "You need to get up yourself." Draco rolled his eyes and grabbed the edge of the bed, helping himself up.

"Happy?"

"No. My mouth tastes like blood, how on earth would I be happy?"

"We need a bathroom." Suddenly a whoosh sounded and a door formed by the other side of the bed. They both looked at each other with curiosity and headed towards it.

The door revealed a marble bathroom with a glass shower and a granite sink. The mirrors were large and covered most of the room. They also doubled as cabinets, rolls of towels filing them completely.

"Did you really punch me that hard?" Harry examined himself in the mirror. The blood was dried down his neck but some still oozed from the corner of his lip.

Draco ran a towel under warm water and splotched his face with it. Little yelps came from Harry depending on where he was touched but it wasn't the worst pain he's ever felt.

"I'm sorry, Harry."

"Hey it's fine, don't worry about it." Harry was completely honest, he didn't really care. Harry threw the towels he used in a trash can and picked up a fresh warm one. Finishing his business, he looked up to see Draco with a deep frown on his face.

"Draco, what's wrong?" Harry lunged to hug him, hold him, whatever it took.

"Remember our really big fight when Snape made us break up?"

"Yeah?" Harry was confused.
"He talked to me after and asked me if we ever abused each other, and I lied said yes. He said it was best we broke up because it was unhealthy. I- I don't want to do that. I don't want to do that, Harry. I don't want to be like my father." He fought the hole tearing up his stomach. He looked almost sick.

"Draco calm down. It's fine. I promise I'm not mad and I'm not broken or whatever he said. It was an accident. I forgive you. We punch each other all the time, I'm used to it." Harry kissed him on the cheek.

"You just got blood on me didn't you."

"Sorry."

"That's disgusting."

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It was Saturday and all the students were outside in the springtime, enjoying the bright blue sky and playing in the sun...for about two minutes. Most kids were at the library renting books, studying for exams coming up soon. Some decided to stay in the common room, for example Ron, Harry, and Hermione.

They had multiple books splayed in front of them, past essays, anything to help them refresh on the subjects they've been studying their whole Hogwarts career. Harry would zone out sometimes zone out and hermione would have to snap him back in.

"Harry! Hurry up on your Potions. You've been on that page for the past 20 minutes."

"Sorry Hermione. I had a rough night. I have things on my mind."

"Come to think of it," Ron butt in, "I don't remember even seeing you in the common room last night."

"I crashed on the couch." Harry was a pro at coming out with lies lately. Hermione saw through him. Big time. She couldn't stop smiling at him the rest of the study session.

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Draco sat in the back of the restricted section library at around 11:45. He studied an ample amount in his own room earlier just incase him and the Gryffindor got a little carried away with their fun. He hated how he acted earlier. He hated being weak, but when you're weak you need someone to make you strong; and that's why he had Harry. He was saving him from his own destiny.

He spread out all his books and papers neatly, a quill and parchment in the middle of it all. He picked the book on top and began to read about the properties of gillyweed, quill in his left hand and his right hand was holding down the paper loosely, he began to copy down notes.

Halfway through the parchment he felt something lace between his fingers, catching him off guard. There was nothing there. He jumped and spilled his bottle of ink, resulting in a black paper. Suddenly he heard that angelic laugh and he turned to the invisible figure. He didn't know if he was staring at the right place, but he guessed it would have to do.

"Harry! I swear if you-"

"Over here," Harry sung like a 6 year old as Draco flipped around to see half of the boy.
"Melin, damn it, Harry! I swear if you scare me like that I will-"

"You'll what?" Harry didn't seem intimidated at all.

"I won't kiss you for a week."

"Really, that lame? Thought you had it in you," Harry faked a yawn, "Guess I was wrong considering I've going more that a couple weeks at a time without even talking to you. I'm sure kissing would be a piece of treacle tart," Harry joked.

"I will take your invisibility cloak and cut off from it so everyone would see your ankles." Draco couldn't come up with the right rebound.

"I'm pretty sure that'd be funny for everyone. Keep it coming, Ferret," he smirked, and Draco rolled his eyes.

"At least I don't think 2 in the morning is the middle of the night."

"Hey!"

"We should get to work. I don't know how long I can stay."

"What do you have an appointment?"

"Shut it scarface." Harry sat down taking out his quill and crumpled parchment. Draco turned back to his work only to have a hand turn his chin to face the other boy. Harry was caressing his cheek, leaning in for a kiss.

"No no no no no no! It's a study date not a kissing date." Draco pushed away Harry's hand even though he wanted to do nothing but lock fingers with him.

"It's still a date."

"I want what's best for you and if that means no kissing, it means no kissing." Harry just pouted. Why couldn't he have a crappy boyfriend so all they could do was snog all night and save the studying for later. "And by the looks of it you wouldn't survive that one week could you." Draco mumbled.

Harry began to write along with Draco, however when a right handed person and a left handed person sit together, lets just say it doesn't necessarily work out.

"Would you move your arm?"

"Why don't you move yours?"

"I'm already scrunched together edge of the table!"

"I'm against the wall!"

"If I move anymore I will be off the table."

"If I move anymore they will find my skeleton in a hundred years as a part of the concrete."

"Oh my Merlin, Potter-" Draco threw down his quill and began to stare at Harry and Harry did the same, "it's not my fault I'm left handed!"
"I know that's why you're so weird!"

"I am not weird, you're weird!

"No, you're weird, and you're an arse!"

"I'm not an arse," Draco recoiled. "I was bloody born with it! I can't just go about changing my dominant hand to make you more comfortable."

"Well, if we made out, we wouldn't have to worry about my comfort, now wouldn't we?"

"Harry," Draco grabbed his collar in a growl. "Get back to work."

Harry froze, his face hard. He eyed Draco's hand, and up along his arm, his throat slightly restricted. "Would you like to bloody tell me how I'm supposed to do that while I'm like this. It's like you're bloody asking for it."

Draco glanced down at his lips, enticed by them, slightly parted. "Maybe I am."

It wasn't less than a second more when Harry grabbed Draco's face and smashed their lips together, hard. He needed this. They both needed it. All their uptight emotions poured into the lip locking session, as the boys sucked and licked and bit each other. Harry forced in entrance and Draco wasn't one to object, encouraging it by wrapping his arms tightly round the other boys back. He wiggled his butt so that their chairs were almost connected, enabling him to wrap his legs around the boy. As Harry invaded his mouth Draco moved his hands into Harry's soft hair, but then down to his hips.

Draco pulled him even closer, and Harry threw and hooked a leg around Draco, and he was sitting on his thighs. Harry just kissed him deeper, their tongues rubbing along each others until their air ran slim. Draco moaned as Harry's glasses dug into his face, and finally, they released with heavy breathing and swollen lips.

As they let go they continued to rest their heads together, eyes locking. It felt like forever, and even that wasn't long enough. What broke them out of their trace was a book falling off the shelf an isle down.


"Yeah- yeah." Harry bit his lip.

"We should erm, probably get back to work."

"We should," he said with no meaning. "It's just," he leaned in, "kissing you," he rubbed their noses together, "feels so wonderful," he pecked him.

"I know," Draco smiled, dragging his fingers along his back, "I'm wonderful."

"Shut up, you cocky bastard," Harry caressed his chin and played with the sensitive skin on his neck. "Don't make me give you another hickey," he put his thumb over the fading one. "This one looks like its going away."

"Yes, and I'm bloody tired of how I have to wear my uniform until I go to sleep because if anyone sees it in my common room, I'll be hounded about it."

"It's not my fault, it's my job." Harry kissed him again, too short. Then, still sitting on him, Harry turned around and grabbed one of Draco's books. "This is for Flitwick's essay, right?"
"Yeah, they all are," Draco said, looking at him with furrowed eyebrows.

"Ah, good." Harry leaned against Draco's chest and fit his head against the side of Draco's, his arms over his shoulders with the book open in his hands.

"Erm, Harry..."

"Hm?"

Draco couldn't help but love the feeling of Harry's body against his own. "I'm not furniture."

"I'm not moving," he mumbled, fitting his head bent against his neck.

"Harry..."

"Nope. You're warm and soft."

"I'm not soft," Draco turned and looked at him, well, the back of him, his hair and his hood. It tickled him.

Harry just snorted, and pretended to be concentrated, but didn't read. He was too distracted on how hot his cheeks were and how fuzzy his brain was. He wanted more. More passion, more love.

After a few moments of hearing Draco scribble with a quill, his hand on the small of Harry's back, his thumb rubbing over the hoodie, Harry moved to press his lips into his neck.

"Harry stop it." He kept kissing him. And Draco couldn't deny he wanted more but these OWLS were important to him. "Harry, go away." He lied. He never wanted Harry to leave. "Harry stop, please. Harry... Harry... Please." By now he was down by his favorite spot on Draco's neck, and Draco tried to hold back a moan, biting his lip.

"You know you love it."

"I don't," he fibbed again.

"You enjoy it."

"You are such a pest--mphm--" Harry leaned back and captured his lips, and he arched his back against him. Draco automatically relaxed into it and put his fingers under the hem of his hoodie, but then he knew what he had to do. "Harry..."

"Yes," Harry purred, moving to his cheek and his ear and his neck.

"Damn it, Harry, we're going to fail these OWLS."

"I don't mind it."

"Harry," Draco snapped, and then he stood, Harry hanging onto him, wrapping his legs around his waist. "Harry, let go."

"No, you're warm," Harry whined, clinging to him, but he was slipping. Draco guided him to the table across the way. He hooked the leg of a chair around his ankle and pulled it out, leaning down so Harry had to sit in it, but Harry still had hold of him.

"Harry," Draco warned.
"No!"
"Harry."

"No, you love it!"

"Harry," Draco shook him a bit, and Harry's legs unhooked, him falling into his seat, but his arms were still tight against Draco's neck. "I'll tickle you."

"Do it."
"I will."

"You won't."

"Last chance."

"Nope," Harry smiled. Draco tickled him, Harry forced to let go, and he slammed back against the table. "St-stop! Draco! P-please!"

"That's what you get," Draco held back a smile. He marched back and grabbed Harry's quill and parchment, as well as a few books and he slapped them on his desk, ignoring Harry's pout. "You'll thank me for this," Draco smiled which made Harry want to attack the boy more. His smile always did that- that thing where butterflies flew in his stomach... Or more like had a fist fight because it was doing backflips.

Harry scribbled a note on one of his pieces of parchment and crumpled it in a ball, throwing it at the Slytherin.

It particularly landed on his left temple and fell on the floor next to him. As he reached down he rolled his eyes at Harry. Uncrumpling the note, Draco read the sloppy handwriting spelling out "I hate you." Draco reached in his shirt and clasped the necklace he alway wore, grabbing the silver chain. Harry, in response, reached into his sweat pant pocket and grabbed a silver and green pocket watch, making the pendant go back and forth in the air by its chain.

"What time is it?"
"1:02."

"Now would that be in the morning or at night?" Draco sneered at him as Harry rolled his eyes.

"In the afternoon, ferret."

"Well thanks for the time update Scarface! I'll remember to be that sarcastic when I take away points from you tomorrow!"

"Not fair. I should gain points for my dashing good looks and wonderful personality and of course my advanced kissing ability-- something you have a charm for."

"Would you shut up? I'm trying to study hypogriffs!"

"Well you know about as much as I do compared to potions on that subject. Buckbeak hated you."

"Shut it!"

"You brought it up!"
"Shh!" Draco turned to his books while Harry just stared at him. Draco felt the gaze and met his eye before the two went into a giggle-fit. It got to the point where they were banging their heads on the desk and getting muscle spasms.

This time when they finished they actually went to work, actually getting a lot done. Harry found out amazing facts about the black lake, and some of the creatures within it. Draco on the other hand improved his knowledge about dementors. Maybe he could finally cast a patronus.

At about 2:15, Harry saw Draco shivering. Nighttime did have some affects. He took off his own sweat shirt and placed it on Draco's shoulders, kissing him on the cheek.

"Goodnight."

"Harry I'm fine I don't need this." Draco tried to give back his jacket.

"No, keep it."

"But-"

"Draco, you're freezing. I can see your goosebumps from all the way over where I was. You need it. But then again, if you wouldn't have moved me across the way, you'd be very warm."

Draco scoffed and rolled his eyes. "Shut it. When can I see you next?"

"I dunno. I have so much studying to do and Ron and Hermione are already on my back about last night. We'll figure something out." Harry went in for a real goodnight kiss, on that caused his brain to spin. "Goodnight."

"Good morning."

"Piss off, I'll say what I want to say. Good night!" Harry started to walk away.

"But wait it's not even my color!" Draco held up the jacket. The pull-over was Gryffindor colors and had the lion symbol stitched on the front of it.

"Slytherins..." Harry muttered under his breath.

Draco rolled his eyes and laughed to himself, pulling on the jacket. It was oh-so warm and smelled like Harry. He continued to look at the spot where Harry just left until he said aloud:

"Alright, Granger. Come out, I know you're in here." It took a few second of hesitation before a bushy haired girl came from out behind a bookshelf.

"H-How'd you know it was me?"

"H-How'd you know it was me?"

"Honestly, Granger, use your head," he sat back in his chair, "and I know you can, you're not an idiot. It's not like any of his other friends are smart enough and Weasley won't ever figure it out even if we did and frenchie right in front of him," he rolled his eyes and played with the quill between his fingers.

The girl stood there confused. So many questions, she hadn't a clue were to begin.

"How... How did you... you? I don't..." she stuttered, her eyes wide.

"How did we get together," he finished for her. He could see her shoulders were tense, and she still hid halfway behind the book case. Draco bit his lip. "It's a long of a story."
"I-I could've guessed that on my own."

After a deep breath, Draco said, "I don't feel comfortable telling you it without his permission or him being here. You're not my best friend, you're his."

"No, I mean how did you know I was here?"

"How did you find out?"

"I was erm.. I was walking down the corridor and I saw you two holding... erm--"

"Hands." Draco, too, was nervous-- it was Harry's best friend, of course he was. But she seemed twice as bad. She felt as though Draco were to beat her up.

"Yeah..." she looked to the floor. "And, er, I was under the invisibility cloak and I hid because I didn't know what was going to happen. I just wanted to help Harry feel better."

"And what happened probably wasn't what you were expecting."

"No," she looked up at him with wide eyes. "Not at all. And I was pretty... stunned, you could say."

"Clearly," he dropped his quill and folded his fingers together. "And you followed us into the Room of Requirement. And you watched us do... things. Which, by the way, was quite rude of you."

"I didn't really watch," she said, swallowing. "I was trying to figure out why you two would be doing... what you were doing."

"Making out?"

"Laughing. Joking around. Being friendly, being friends--"

"I assure you, Granger, Harry and I are much more than friends."

"I can sort of tell that, considering he was on your lap half the night."

Draco ran a hand through his hair. Things were going so well for so long. It seemed like Harry's friends would never find out, and that was a wonderful thing... but now...

"To answer your question, you are quite the clumsy one. Knocking down books in a deserted library and coughing in a room that only two people know about. Oh, and the ties were a favorite."

"I-I didn't know what I was thinking," she rushed, "I'm sor-"

"Don't apologize. I thought it was cute."

"You what?"

"Yes, I get your confusion, but to clarify, I have feelings. Particularly for a boy with round glasses and black hair." He bit his lip and looked down at the desks in front of him.

She furrowed her eyebrows and stepped forward a bit. "I-I... I don't see it..."

"Don't see what?"

"What he sees in you."

Draco cocked an eyebrow, something in his stomach turning. He then relaxed himself. Harry loved
him. Granger wasn't going to change that. "You wouldn't."

"You're just so awful to him all the time."

"Most the time," he corrected.

"I don't understand."

"We plan it all out, Granger. Don't be thick. I wouldn't call him a bloody uneducated brute without his permission, of course."

"How do I know this isn't a trick?"

"You're just going have to trust me on that one, just like he did."

"Do you truely... you know... care about him?"

"Yes." No hesitation crossed his path.

She bit her lip. "Really?"

"Really. Very much."

She looked him up and down. "What did you do to his lip?"

"I-I," he tensed. "I accidentally punched him. It was a complete accident! I promise! We were... he tickled me, and.. Merlin, it was stupid of me, but it was a reflex, I've never been bloody tickled before and--" he put his hand over his face and rubbed it. "I'm so stupid."

"What about outside of this," she asked, abandoning the subject. Harry had forgiven him, she should, too. She began playing with her fingers.

"What, when we fight? I hate it. I hate it so much. It's the worst feeling in the world. It just makes my heart crack when I see his face sometimes. Last year we had a fight over fighting and what was too far or not. Quidditch this past year was one of those examples. And calling you two by blood. But like I said I don't want to tell too much."

"I understand."

"Oh and don't tell him about this. I don't want him knowing you know. He'll tell you when he's ready."

"I swear if this is some little game and you hurt him-"

"I won't. He means too much to me."

She read him. "You seem so different."

"I am, when I'm with him... definitely."

"Good. One last thing. How long?"

"A year and 3 months."

Her eyes went wide. "And it's been kept a secret?"

"Yes with a few exceptions. What we are doing is very dangerous, and I don't want anyone,
especially him, getting hurt."

She nodded and was quiet a bit before speaking again. "Thank you."

"For what?"

"Making him smile again." She grinned at his protection and loyalty. It made her open her eyes to the new Draco and close on the old Malfoy.

"Thank you for letting me. Good night, Hermione."

"Good night, Draco."

"Call me that again and I'll push you in the black lake next winter." All seriousness was taken from him, he was basically smiling.

"Call me Hermione and I'll make sure to do the same."

"And do teach Harry the time of day. He has a little trouble comprehending that. Good night, Granger. Someone actually outsmarted us. You really are the brightest witch of your age."
To Feel Safe

“I don’t understand how out of all the people in the entire school that could go missing, it had to be my boyfriend,” Draco snapped as he paced back and forth in his room, Pansy and Blaise watching him as they sat on his bed. “Him of all people.”

“Isn’t it always Potter,” Blaise anticipated.

“Of course it is, but for once he can’t take the time off and, oh I don’t know, let someone else intervene!” He let out an exasperated groan. “Seven hundred students in this damned school and it’s always one person who disappears…prat…”

Pansy was about to open her mouth and speak, but Draco cut her off again. “It’s been twelve hours! How do you lose someone-“

“A mass group of people,” Pansy corrected but Draco didn’t care to notice, “And a head master.”

“-for twelve hours without a search party-“

“There is one…”

“Merlin, I’m going to have to do it,” he threw his hands up in the air, “Is this what this world has come to? Harry Potter’s worst enemy-“

“Boyfriend-“

“-has to conduct a search party because everyone is too caught up in their stupid exams to even care!”

“If you’re forgetting,” Blaise said, “Umbridge is missing, too-“

“Oh, don’t even get me started on her!” Draco stood in full stop, anger arousing in his eyes and in his chest. “That bitch touched him. She laid a finger on my Harry! The audacity! Does she not know who his boyfriend is?”

“Nobody does,” Blaise muttered, which again, Draco didn’t hear him, too lost in thought.

“I swear if I so see her in the corridor and I’m blessed enough to where it be empty, I’ll wring her neck. She’ll be dead and I’ll be gone before anyone can even blink! Or maybe I’ll get her fired first so I don’t get expelled! And on her way out she might just accidently slip on a rock over the cliff and whoops! She’ll be gone for good.”

“I don’t think anyone would mind that, mate,” Blaise snorted, “She’s bloody awful.”

“Oh she’s worse that awful! She’s pure evil! I don’t even think I have to worry about going home this summer; stupid Umbridge’ll already prepare me for Voldemort! Ugh! I swear I’m going to kill her!” He kicked his wardrobe, causing the wood to dent, although it’s not like he cared. Suddenly it got quiet. “What,” he bit.

“What if it was the Dark Lord,” Pansy said quietly. Draco softened from anger to remorse. He too went silent, and he went to sit down on the bed next to them.

“I was trying not to think about that.”
“It’s a possibility. A big one.”

“It’s not a possibility. I know exactly that’s what happened to him,” Draco swallowed and put his head in his hands.

“You think he’ll make it?”

“He has to,” Draco’s voice cracked. “He always does. He wouldn’t leave me.”

“Maybe he’s in danger-“

“Pansy, I don’t want to talk about it. He’ll show up. I know he will.”

It went quiet until there was a knock on the door moments later. “Come in.”

It was Snape, a look a solemn on his face, and Draco’s eyes widened at the look of it, cheeks heating.

“You two,” he barked, “Out.” Pansy and Blaise did as told to do so, leaving an anxious Draco standing, and suddenly his palms started sweating. “I have good news and bad news.” He expression remained as normal, nothing but monotone.

“Is he okay or not,” Draco said in impulse, not even giving Snape a chance to speak.

“Alive: yes. Okay: possibly not.”

“What do you mean by possibly not,” Draco shouted, stomping his foot like a ten year old.

“I will not answer you until you calm down.”

“How am I supposed to be calm when my boyfriend isn’t okay?” At this point, Draco didn’t care. He didn’t care if Snape knew they were still together, in fact, he couldn’t care less if Snape knew the whole time.

“I told you. You needed to end it before anyone got hurt. This is real life Draco, this isn’t some fairytale, and for you to think it is, is potentially putting your precious ‘Potter’ as well as you in serious jeopardy. I thought you were smarter than this.”

“I don’t need a speech as to why I’m such a horrid human being for actually loving something, not like you would know,” Draco bit, “I just need to know where he is, and what happened, and what’s wrong with him: three simple questions. Can’t you just give me that? We’ll work out the details later. What happened to Harry?”

Snape gave him a glare made of daggers, but then realized he wouldn’t be saying it, or moreover, he wouldn’t be saying it in that way if the only thing he had cared about was in a risk of peril. “You listen to me. You should have ended it when you had the chance. Voldemort got to him in the Department of Mysteries. Somehow Potter snuck out and he was founded in the Ministry of Magic.”

“And how’d anybody let that happen,” Draco’s eyes went wide, anger flooding over him, pumping in his veins. “How can just a bunch of fifteen year olds get into the Department of Mysteries without anybody stopping them?”

Snape ignored his question. “His god father is dead.”

The words rang in the air and froze it.

“Sirius Black?”
“The Dark Lord got into Potter’s head, just as we predicted and he couldn’t defend himself—”

“You stopped the lessons,” Draco above screamed.

“Draco Malfoy, if you do not give me respect I will not tell you where he is.”

“Right,” Draco spat, “Respect. He’s probably in the Hospital Wing, like he is more than he’s in his own common room, and they’re probably poking and prodding at him like he’s a freak, which is the last thing he probably wants right now!”

“You’re missing the point. Voldemort saw into his memories. You think he doesn’t know about your silly affair?”

Draco went pale, his face stone cold, heart stopped and blood ceasing to pump. “He knows?” He didn’t realize he even said that out loud.

“I don’t know what he saw. You chose to be fools, and I cannot tell what he knows or not, nor can I control it,” Snape said dangerously. “Potter isn’t your main concern right now. It’s your life on the line. What do you expect when you come home for holiday? A lovely gossip session with a murder?”

Draco swallowed and took a deep breath, for once following his heart. “Harry is my main concern right now,” he spoke calmly. “If anything, the Dark Lord has touched Harry more than he’s touched me, yet. I will deal with him as he comes. If I die, I die for him. Nothing more or less than that will I expect a greater death.”

“This is war now.” Snape looked at him the same way he looked at him when he walked in, almost with sympathy. “If I can’t change your mind… he’s in the Hospital Wing, probably sleeping.”

“I knew it,” Draco pushed passed him and took a break for it with wobbly knees and a dry mouth. He made it to his destination out of breath and unseen. He peered through the open door to find a head of bushy hair kneeling next to his bed, Harry’s back facing him.

“I just don’t want it to be real, Hermione,” Harry’s cracked voice echoed the empty room. It was almost a whisper, but Draco could hear his sniff loud and clear.

“I know, but you’re going to have to comes to term with it.” She glanced up at Draco and they locked eyes for a second. Hermione nodded and he walked in, looking around for any other residents, but he found it empty.

Draco walked to him quietly, the only thing lighting the room was the moonlight through the colored windows. When Harry saw Draco, his tear-filled eyes lit up like a Christmas tree, but then he realized who was next to him, it being Hermione, and he snapped into a very fake anger. He stood, although woozy.

“What do you want, Malfoy?” Hermione didn’t react, unlike Harry’s expectations.

“Just shut up and come here,” Draco ordered in his ‘I’m an overly protective boyfriend’ voice, wrapping his arms around Harry tightly.

“What about,” Harry tried pushing him away, but Draco cut him off.

“She’s known,” he mumbled into his shoulder.

“What? How?”
“It’s been a few months, just give it a rest. I told you to shut up didn’t I? Stop thinking,” he said somewhat softly. “Be thankful you’re here right now.”

Harry finally relaxed and just squeezed him as much as he wanted, taking deep breaths. Draco smelled like his usual cologne, and Harry fresh linen. Draco had his eyes completely shut, and when he opened them, he had waterworks in them, small ones, but enough to notice from Hermione’s standpoint. He swallowed at the thought that he’d almost lost Harry again.

“I-“ Harry started, but Draco knew he’d try to explain what happened and that’s not something he should be doing right now.

“Shh,” he silenced him. “Not now.”

A noise escaped Harry’s throat as they rocked back and forth.

“Why is it I almost always lose you, but then you somehow come back. It’s like you’re a dog. I can never get rid of you no matter how hard I try.”

Harry laughed slightly as his lip quivered. “Guess you’re stuck with me,” he looked up at him. “Maybe next time you pick a boyfriend you should crosscheck their nicknames. They don’t call me The Boy Who Lived for nothing.”

“Oh see, I was just so hooked on scarface, I couldn’t bare letting you go,” Draco hugged him tighter, and then released only to pick him up and place him on the bed where he was. He kneeled next to Hermione, and gripped Harry’s fingers.

“If you don’t want it to be real, it won’t be real,” Draco whispered, kissing the top of his hand.

“Malfoy, saying it’s not real doesn’t make it untrue,” Hermione said.

“You’re thinking too scientific right now. For the sake of tonight, it’s not real unless he thinks it’s real.”

“You can’t just put him in denial.”

“Do you not want him to sleep at all tonight,” Draco glared at her, and then looked back at Harry, who had a tear slipping down his cheek. “Hey now,” he wiped it away with his thumb, “Everything’s okay. You’re safe now.”

“Relatively speaking,” Hermione muttered under her breath. “Harry, would you like to tell Draco here about his father.”

“Hermione not now,” Harry said, grasping Draco’s hand firmly.

“Rule number 7 of dealing with Harry Potter: You don’t talk about a major crisis’s happening until the morning after- wait my father?”

Harry hesitated slightly. “Draco, I-I got your father… he was down there at the department of mysteries. He got arrested.”

Draco was silent a bit, and Hermione waited for an uproar, a fight to disprove Draco actually being nice. It was too much like a dream, him being pleasant. And for his father to be at the Ministry only meant danger to Harry, and Harry needed to be protected at all costs. And, of course, Draco did the exact opposite. He got up from the ground to kiss Harry’s lips slowly, savoring his wonderful, glorious taste. Hermione didn’t know whether to watch or look away.
“You’re not mad?” He looked into Draco’s eyes when they pulled apart.

“Of course not,” Draco almost smiled. “I’ll finally have a decent holiday.”

“That’s right,” Harry said as Draco knelt back to the ground again, “You will.”

“Now if only you could arrest my father every summer.”

“You’re seriously not angry,” Hermione looked at him in shock.

Draco took a deep breath. “My father is a cruel man, Granger. Surely you of all people should know that. Why would I want to deal with someone I hated for eight weeks?”

“You’ve been dealing with me for five years now,” Harry snorted.

“Yes, but you’re different. Special.” This caused Harry to involuntarily smile, although not widely as he kept the memories from surfacing.

“You do realize you’re putting him in danger, right,” Hermione said, turning to Draco.

“I’ve had this conversation three times today, two with Snape- right when you lot took Umbridge to who-knows-where, just now and here with you. I get it. We’re idiots, fools. We’ll deal with the details later, and I assure you there isn’t anything we haven’t heard. Rule 7, Granger.”

“Wait, seven,” Harry asked. “What’s one through six?”

“1.) Scarface is your nickname above all others. 2.) Stroke behind your ear to get you to calm down a.k.a. seduce you. 3.) Disallow kissing on the neck, it’s your favorite means of attack. 4.) Hugs before kisses make the kiss longer. I don’t know why you do that, but you just do. 5.) When cuddling, it depends on the mood as to which spoon you want to be, but your favorite is face to face. 6.) Whenever having a picnic, bring treacle tarts. They’re your favorite. Rule 8.) When dancing, wear steel toed shoes.”

“How many rules are there?”

“A lot. Rule 9.) When holding hands, fingers must be combined or else it means nothing to you.”

“It’s like grabbing any other limb! If the fingers aren’t there, then that means they aren’t interested, not for me anyway.”

“Hey, I’m not judging you,” Draco smiled. “I prefer it that way anyhow. Where’s Weasley?”

“Went with Ginny to the Common Room with the others,” Hermione answered, “No one’s badly injured. I told him I’d meet him there after Harry fell asleep.”

“Go now,” Draco said almost rudely.

“Excuse me?”

“I have him. He’s safe now. I’ll make sure he sleeps. Can you please just leave us alone? You get a whole summer with him, I don’t. You get to sit with him at breakfast, I don’t. You don’t have to make fun of him constantly so people stay off your back.”

“You don’t either,” she stuck out her jaw.

“Trust me, I wish I didn’t.”
“It’s fake anyway, Hermione,” Harry defended. “We plan out mostly what we’re going to say to begin with.”

“Merlin, what happened to ‘Thank you for making him smile?’”

“That went out the window when your father was at the ministry,” She argued.

“I can’t control what he does. Only what I do. I can’t control who my parents are.”

“All I know is that my best friend is in a hospital bed right now,” she bit.

“And all I know is that my boyfriend is in a hospital bed right now.” He evened her tone, in fact went darker.

“Can you two please stop arguing,” Harry said, discontinuing them. “I have a headache.”

“Sorry,” they both said.

“Hermione, go,” Harry said softly, making her jaw drop slightly.

“You’re really picking him over me?”

“You’re not even supposed to know about him! I haven’t picked either of you over each other for over a year now. It’s been working perfectly fine. I just need some time alone with Draco. Please. I need him right now.”

“Right,” Hermione said. She kissed his forehead. “I’ll come by to visit in the morning before hours incase this one,” she looked at Draco, “decides to lollygag. Take care of him. If you hurt him—“

“Yes, because that’s on my to-do list right now,” Draco sneered. “Kick him while he’s down.”

She gave on last look at him and left the room without another word, however hid behind an archway out of view to where she could hear them. Just a reassurance Harry was safe.

The two left locked eyes, and Harry’s voice shook as he spoke, and it was if he was completely breaking down. “Please lay with me.”

“That’s the only thing I want to do right now,” Draco said whilst Harry scooted over to make room for him. The blonde not only intertwined their legs, but also enclosed Harry in his arms, and Harry clung to him like a koala. “How are you feeling?” It was a stupid question.

“Okay.”

“Good, now you’ve gotten that lie out of the way,” Draco reached to take off Harry’s glasses and setting them on the table next to them. “How are you feeling?”

“Like I’m going to vomit,” Harry’s throat closed and lips quivered. “How are you feeling?” He spoke as if it was a conversation, trying to make what’d just happened as humane as possible.

“Like I never want to let you go.” He didn’t. “Like I want to trap you in my arms and keep you here forever. So you’ll always be safe.”

“I don’t even know what safe means anymore.”

“Me,” Draco said. “Safe is with me.”
Harry didn’t answer right away, but just nuzzled deeper into Draco’s neck. “I know,” he whispered. His eyes welled at what he was about to tell him. “It was all my fault-“

“Here you go again-“

“I’m serious. It was. If I wouldn’t have let Voldemort in, Sirius wouldn’t be dead right now,” he choked but held it back, and Draco knew he was.

“Let it out, Harry.”

“I just tried to be strong, I’m trying, and I couldn’t… I can’t,” he let out a wet sniff. “I wasn’t. He saw right through me. He knew I was going to fail from the start.”

“How rude of him,” Draco pulled him closer, “He’s too stupid to know what’s in front of him. You’re the strongest person I know.”

“Right,” Harry scoffed, “I’m the one who’s crying right now.”

“Oh come on, Harry! No one in the world can be strong all the time, and if there’s anyone on the entire planet that deserves a moment to cry, it’s you. Please just cry.”

Harry bit his lip and a few tears cascaded along his hot face. He shook his head, then nodded, and then cried into Draco’s embrace, his body shaking and bobbing to his sobs. Draco had to admit, hearing his weeping broke his heart a little bit… or possibly a lot. Again, he could have lost Harry. And in this specific moment, he was contemplating whether or not losing Harry was his greatest fear or not.

But then he realized what he told Snape. He wouldn’t die in any greater way than for Harry. And seeing him completely broken as he was, sobbing against his shoulder in utter despair and grievance, Draco understood he absolutely hated seeing Harry this way. His own eyes welled against the thought.

He let a tear slip, but then he flung it off his cheek as Harry cried and cried and cried. But then he realized he loved Harry being in his arms in the time of need. In no one else’s but his own. And if Voldemort was to break through the Hospital Wing doors, Harry’d be safe, because what kind of sociopath would murder somebody in the other’s arms?

Possibly Voldemort. Who also possibly knew about their love affair… sure he’d show mercy, right?

Draco kissed Harry’s forehead and ran his fingers through his hair, stroking just behind his ear. He calmed moments later and Harry raised his neck so their eyes could meet. “There you go,” Draco whispered. Harry sniffed and swallowed. “Feel better?”

“No,” he choked.

“Hey, shh,” Draco held. “You’re okay now.”

“Sirius isn’t! He’s dead, Draco! Bellatrix killed him!” He broke down in a sob again, tightening his grip around his waist. Draco grew more and more angry at the fact his aunt was the one to put Harry through this pain, to end the life of an innocent man. He let Harry end his round of waterworks patiently, however it was in a sour silence. “He should be here right now!”

“Harry, it’s not like you could help it-“

“I could have! He didn’t want me to fight! But I wanted to, and I-…If I would have just turned
around and saw her, I could have disarmed her or something!"

“How do you think he would have felt if the positions were switched?”

“It doesn’t matter now!”

“Harry, you’re safe. That’s the only thing he wanted,” Draco guessed convincingly. “Please, Harry, you have to realize that.”

Harry didn’t speak but sniffled, and Draco rubbed small circles on his shaking body. “That’s not all either,” he said harshly.

Draco kissed his forehead. “Shhh, just breathe. Just breathe.”

“He-he saw into my head, Draco, I couldn’t stop him!”

“Can you recall any memories he saw of us?”

“No, it’s just I know there was a lot of you in there.”

“We talk more than we kiss, thankfully in this case.” He let out a nervous laugh.

Harry shook in fear. “What if he knows?”

Draco took a deep breath. Silence. “No idea.”

“What if-“

“Shhh, Harry, we don’t need to talk about this right now. It’s not real, for the sake of tonight. We’ll worry about that tomorrow. You need to sleep.” Draco said calmly, ignoring the heavy beating of his heart. “Harry, I doubt he saw anything. He couldn’t have. You have too many memories with your friends. We only see each other once a week at most. You’re with them all the time. I know for a fact he didn’t see anything. You’re just imagining he did.”

“Really?”

“Absolutely. And even if he did, he wouldn’t understand it. That’s his disadvantage.”

“That’s the thing. If he did know, he’d go after you, and I can’t… If I lose you…” He trailed, not even knowing how to say it. “What if he questions you?”

“I lie.”

“And if he catches you?”

“He won’t, Harry. Like I said, he probably doesn’t even know.”

Hermione’s heart melted a bit, and she realized he was okay being alone with Draco. She left without a sound, while Harry was silent for a bit, but then a fear that made him sick his stomach arose. “Do you think he’ll make you take the mark?”

“Harry,” Draco sat up and grabbed his chin, “He won’t. Why would he ever want help from a fifteen, going on sixteen year old? I’m just a kid. I have no value to him. I still have the trace. You’re blowing this out of proportion.”

“It’s by biggest fear. That and loosing you.” Harry took a breath. “I couldn’t bare you becoming like
“I would refuse, simple as that. But we don’t have to worry about it because he won’t.” Draco kissed him. “I could never do that to you. If it’s your biggest fear, I won’t. I’ll stand up for what I believe in, and I believe in you.”

“Promise? Promise me you won’t go to their side. You’ll fight for me no matter what?”

“Of course. I promise,” Draco said as if it was the most certain and unbreakable promise he’d ever tied himself to. “That’s the easiest thing I’ve ever had to promise to. You’re the only thing I care about in this cruel world.”

Harry blushed although it was unseen in the moonlight. “Thank you,” he sighed, relieved, the reality of how tired he was hitting him. “So much for rule number seven, huh?”

“Rule number 19.) All rules are invalidated if Harry Potter requests it.” Draco kissed his forehead, and the grabbed his limp hand and kissed it, and then kissed up his forearm. “You know what I just realized?” He kissed his neck, and then his cheek.

“What,” he was kissed by Draco.

“We never completed the bet.”

Harry took his empty hand, which had Draco’s slobber on it, and ran it through his black hair. “You’re still on about that? Can’t we just forget it?”

“No,” Draco kissed his temple. “Rule number 22.) When shaking hand with Harry Potter, there is no turning back.”

“I’m not going to kiss you right now,” Harry said. “I’ll do it some other time.”

“What are you talking about? You won.” He kissed his lips.

“No I didn’t,” Harry sniffed.

“It was that I had to catch you by March and if I didn’t, I had to give you 1000 kisses.” Draco grabbed his open hand and kissed the fingertips of each and every finger; then the midsection of each and every finger; then the base of each and every finger, slowly, and lingeringly. “I caught you in April.”

“Draco,” Harry wiped his eyes, “I’m not going to hold you accountable for some stupid bet we made months ago.”

Draco ignored him and scrunched up the sleeve of his nightshirt, kissing his wrist and then up his forearm again, just slower, with less than a centimeter apart. “I want to do this. I want to make you feel good. And if not good, than okay again.”

“Draco, just stop!”

He did. He stopped dead. “What?”

“Stop being so good to me. I don’t want your pity.”
“You think I’m pitying you,” Draco almost sneered. “You seriously think I’m pitying you by kissing my boyfriend? You think I pity you because I’m actually there for you. You finally have somebody who understands you and you think they’re pitying you?”

“It’s not that it’s just…”

“Then what is it Harry,” Draco retorted. “Please tell me I’m not obligated to caring for my sou-boyfriend.”

“It- wait, what? What were you about to say?” Harry’s eyes snapped up to him.

“I just find that ridiculous. You said it yourself when we started this, that if I want to kiss you, I can. What, do I need a warrant now?”

“No… I’m just really tired. And I’m sad. And I feel so lost,” Harry swallowed.

“I want to find you,” Draco kissed him full on the lips. Short, unmoving, but laced with passion. “You found me remember. Now it’s my turn.”

“Trust me, I really want to kiss you a thousand times, but I don’t think I could even suffice ten.”

“That’s completely fine, Harry,” Draco climbed on top of him so Harry was laying on his back, looking up at him. “Not just your lips, Harry,” Draco dragged his thumb over Harry’s bottom lip. “All of you. Wherever you’ll let me. Your hands, your feet, your ears, your eyes, everything my lips could possibly touch without going too far. I want to do it right now. And if you fall asleep, I’ll still do it. And I’ll do it again when you’re awake. Just because I want you to be okay again.”

Draco went along kissing his chin and then his jaw. Harry grabbed his cheek and forced him to look him in the eyes. Their noses touched as they spoke. “Why are you so good to me,” Harry whispered.

“You deserve every second of it. You deserve someone who treats you right.”

Harry shook his head. What had he ever done to deserve Draco? “No.”

“Yes. You deserve more than this too. I’m sorry we have to do this in a hospital wing and not in my bedroom or the room of requirement. I’m sorry I can’t bring you flowers every day, or chocolates from honeydukes, you know, you’re favorite ones. I’m sorry I can’t surprise you the way I want to.”

“And what would you do to surprise me?”

“If I could, I would serenade you across the Great Hall every morning. I would sneak into the kitchens during class and bring you food of you were hungry. I would hold your hand and kiss you in the corridors if I could. Show them all how astonishing you are. Just let me kiss you at eleven o’clock at night in an abandoned hospital wing before your friends who don’t even know about me come to see you. A thousand kisses are nothing compared to what I want to do for you.”

Harry stared into his eyes, and Draco could tell, despite their closeness, that Harry’s filled in despair. “I love you,” Harry whispered. “You don’t have to say it back. I know how you feel about me.”

“Oh, Harry,” Draco breathed before capturing Harry’s lips between his own. His heart hurt, Draco’s. But he couldn’t tell if it was the right pain or not. But it was. It was most definitely the right pain. The pain when you feel so deeply about something- well in this case, someone- to where it burned just looking at them.

It burned. It burned like a wildfire: eager, uncontainable, and revolutionarily. No force on the earth
Their tongues met briefly, but Draco released and started kissing everywhere along his face, small and fast, small and fast, peppering them on his skin. And then he was on his throat, kissing each seam, right side, left side, up and down, however not aggressive. Slowly. Lovingly.

Harry had his eyes closed, head lolled back in a form of trivial bliss. He tried forgetting about the happenings he just experienced, and he did so successfully as Draco reached his collarbone and began to unbutton his nightshirt calmly, savoring each knob. He kissed over the new patch of skin each time he opened one, ending at his lower abdomen. Then he went back up again.

“Draco,” Harry breathed, his consciousness already beginning to slip away to the good, safe tranquility. He opened his eyes and put his hand into Draco’s hair, petting it softly. His nerves heated and relaxed.

“Why must you always go for the hair,” Draco gave a slight smile, resting his chin on Harry’s pecks, breathing in his scent deeply as their eyes met.

“It’s the softest target,” Harry beamed. Draco couldn’t help the flutter in his chest, and he positioned himself to kiss his lips yet again. “Do you know how many that is?”

“No idea,” Draco kissed his lips yet again.

“You don’t have to keep going,” Harry yawned.

“No,” he whispered, “I want to kiss you until my lips fall off.”

Harry snorted, “That’ll be a bit, won’t it.”

Draco inhaled and exhaled deeply, “Yeah.” The gryffindor laughed. “Do you feel okay?”

“I feel safe,” Harry said, wiping his bangs from his face, “I feel very safe.”

The blonde smiled widely at that. “Good,” he whispered. “You are. With me. You always will be.” He grabbed Harry’s hand, which was lingering on his face, and kissed the top of it. “I wish we would have made it 100 kisses instead of 1000.” He spoke the truth, and his lips were already tired.

“Then let it be 100 kisses. I won’t ask for more than what you’ve already given me.”

“How about 100 and I owe you a massage.”

“Deal,” Harry gave a slight laugh. Draco kissed him sweetly, this time letting it last, and then kissed down to his chest again, spreading the material apart so he had more room to work. Harry sat up and let the sleeves fall off of him, and while doing so, Draco kissed just below his ear and then sucked on his lobe gently. Harry shivered, discarding the clothing.

Draco examined his body in the moonlight, speculating the blank canvas and small frame. He picked apart each ridge and bend and layer of skin before diving in smoothly and kissing anywhere he could possibly reach softly; he made the moment last.

I mean, they had nothing but time, right? It was eleven thirty at night. Everyone was in bed. No visitors allowed.

He kissed along his hips and up his sides and back down them again. He kissed his abdomen and sucked on his nipples slightly (causing Harry to shiver) and then he kissed below his belly button,
finally skipping down to his legs, where he raised Harry’s pants from the bottom, revealing his calf all the way up to mid-thigh. He kissed all over there, too. And when Draco went too far up, he knew, because Harry would suck in a sharp breath of air and jerk his hips.

Of course Draco wanted sex, and actually was planning something for the end of the year, however due to recent events, he thought it back over. There was no way Harry would be up for sexual affairs; and he kept that in his mind when he stopped at the thighs and went back to adoring his arms.

Harry would moan sometimes- just barely- but enough for Draco to hear it. His eyes were closed and his head tilted back. When Draco finished, he did so by kissing Harry’s mouth, his own lips burning from all the effort despite the gratification from knowing he kissed almost all of Harry’s body- the fact he’d explored it.

“Are you tired,” Harry asked as Draco buckled next to him, enclosing his arms around and pulling him closer so all body parts were touching and Harry’s head was on his shoulder.

“Yes,” Draco kissed his temple.

“You did a fantastic job. I would recommend you for a job in kissing but that would mean you’d be kissing other people, and I swear I’d go crazy.”

“Like when you kissed Chang-“

“She kissed me,” he shoved him. Draco didn’t fight back, but tugged on him tighter. “Thank you,” Harry said after a few moments of silence.

“Just as long as you feel safe tonight,” Draco whispered in his ear. “All I care about is you feeling safe.”

“I do.”

“You’ll always be safe with me, Harry Potter. Always with me.”

Harry’s breath evened out in the trust of his words, and despite how believable they sounded, little did he know Draco would be breaking every single one of them within a fortnight.
Dinner with the Dark Lord

Few days after school was released for summer holiday, Draco was getting Harry's birthday present together when a soft knock chimed at his door. Telling the visitor to come in, Draco saw his mother, Narcissa Malfoy, slowly walk through the door, heels clicking to the floor, echoing the cold walls that he called home. Draco continued wrapping his present, for its not as through she knew who it was for, or what it was.

"Draco," she butchered the name with pain and hurt. This caused the young boy to turn his head and look at her in the eye. Instead of her perfect figure, glowing skin, and flawless hair, she was replaced with pale maybe even sweaty face and hands, her hair was a bit messed up, only a true Malfoy would notice that, and she looked like she hadn't eaten in days. He'd never seen her so weak. And in that word, in his name, he gained too much respect for the woman. He didn't know she could feel, could act as her own human being.

"Yes mother." He was monotone and emotionless.

"The Dark Lord wishes your presence at dinner." She looked as though she was about to cry, her eyes growing glassy. "Just please, tell him what he needs to know. Don't weave around it. There is a price for lying, and I don't want you to have to pay."

"Mother, what is this about?" Draco sat up pushing away his present before he finally stood from the bed, curiosity fueling his thoughts. His heart pumped so hard he could feel it him his veins. Narcissa swallowed hard before giving her only son the news.

"He knows. He know about...him." Draco's heart stopped, mind stopped, muscles stopped, everything went numb. He wanted to scream, cry, move even, but he couldn't. His body refused. He knew what it meant, he knew he would be tortured every secret out of him, and then killed. He would have to betray Harry right then and there on the spot. There was no getting out of it. Harry. Oh god what would he do to Harry once he found out everything sacred?

He didn't feel a pair of delicate, fragile arms wrap around him, he didn't feel warmth and comfort she was trying to give, he didn't feel the motherly love-not that he could before. The first time of ever showing him some affection, he couldn't feel it because he was trying to remember what Harry felt like, what he smelled like, the touch of him, the taste. Anything. But he couldn't. All he could conjure was one of his last words: Please don't go to their side.

"Remember, what he needs to hear, he wont understand. He's waiting," she whispered in his ear. Remember what he needs to hear, he won't understand. The worlds echoed thought his mind until he reached a large table, only 7 seats filled, 9 plates set up. Draco's spot was in between Snape and his mothers vacated one. Across from him was his evil Aunt Bellatrix, and for some strange reason Pansy, Blaise, Crabbe and Goyle. Oh god, not them too. And of course at the head of the table, Voldemort himself sat intensely watching Draco.

"Good evening Draco, please take a seat." His voice soft but sinister. Draco followed instructions, nodding his head at the other two teens, who didn't dare show anything other than strength and silence. His mother and he both took their seats, palms getting damp.

"How are you, Draco?" The question was a challenge to see how vulnerable he was, and he wouldn't allow himself to break. He kept his voice strong and consistent.

"I'm doing well, and you my Dark Lord?" He mustn't forget manners. No matter how much he hated
calling him that, he had to. He was forced to. He couldn't think about not wanting to obey, he just
had to do it. If he thought about hating his name he would show disgust and that would be crucial in
itself.

"I'm doing quite excellent, just curious."


"I was just wondering what your relationship with Mr. Potter is like? You see I was using legimency
when I found some interesting things in his brain, interesting things involving you." Draco
swallowed and looked away from him unable to answer. He wasn't strong enough for this. Before he
could come up with an explanation he felt like he was taken under and had no control over his body.
Imperio. He was forced to take his dinner knife in his hand and slice his other, leaving a large cut,
blood dripping. He remembered that was one of the places he kissed Harry, on his scar from
Umbridge.

"Answer me."

"I-I hate him." Draco cringed but suddenly a pain of a thousand burning knives controlled his body,
making him move crazily around in his chair.

"Do not lie to me."

"I-I-"

"He does hate him, sir." Pansy took over, an insane amount of courage empowering her. Draco
didn't know what she was saying or why she was saying it, until it hit him. Tell him what he needs to
hear, he won't understand. His mom was telling him to lie because he doesn't know how true love is.
"You see it was all part of the plan." She stopped him at his wand raised, ready to strike.

"What plan?"

"A plan to make Potter vulnerable. To make him trust us," Blaise continued. The realization affected
Draco as much as the curses flown at him. They were telling him the start of it. The idea was
brilliant!

"I'm listening." The snake said, eyes as sinister and unforgiving as his heart. Draco spoke up with his
new valiance.

"You see, we figured if we could seduce him, that he wouldn't be able to focus on the tournament,
he would be to in to his love interest to care about what he was doing."

"And did it work?"

"Well, somewhat sir. When the third task came along he was too concerned about me to focus and
that's how he ended up with you in the graveyard. He didn't notice where he was until you captured
him. We were simply aiding you."

"And why Draco Malfoy of all people?"

"Potter never hung out with girls. He seemed to never like them, and when we went through the
choices of the 5 of us, Draco would have been the best choice. He and potter hated each other for
years and it would be easy for him to change their passion to love. That and they are perfectly alike,
yet exact opposites." Pansy told.
"We were simply compatible. Everything was perfect. And we kept it going so that we could use the vulnerability whenever needed."

"Your whole relationship was a lie? When you told him you loved him?"

"Pansy, Blaise and I planned that, Crabbe and Goyle helped ensure no one got us caught. He said it first, finalizing that he loved me first and for most. I've never stepped an inch away from hate his guts."

"And when were you planning on telling me?"

"Actually we are quite thankful you organized this dinner, now was the perfect time if not sooner. We apologize for not telling you before this." Pansy came up with the times spontaneously. The 5 children had just completely lied to the dark lord who was now silent.

"I know every secret, every weakness of his."

"How long are you planning to continue this."

"As long as needed for your destitution." Draco lied.

"And who came up with this?"

"Pan-"

"Draco. It was all his idea." Draco was cut off by pansy, which he didn't know if that was a good thing or a bad thing. And by the look of Voldemort's face, it looked like a very bad thing.

"Very well. Parkinson, Zambini, Crabbe, Goyle. Out. Go home." He was blant, plain, and ruthless. Oh god, he was gonna kill Draco. Right then and there he was going to torture him into a new world, alone where no one can hear him screaming the endless nightmare.

"Bellatrix. Get him ready," He slithered with a large smirk and malicious smile on his face that made his spine tingle.

Draco sat in his room, eyes watered, he didn't dare let one tear escape. There was a soft knock on the door which immediately opened. It was Snape and his mother. Her eyes were also filled with tears and Snape wore a deep frown of sympathy.

"He's gone." Draco broke out like he'd never had before. Violent sobs, heartbreaking screams, and brutal shaking. His mother let her tears escape and Snape looked more depressed than ever. Narcissa walked over and wrapped his arms around her son, while Snape stood at the end of bed.

"I told you, you needed to break up with him while you could. Now he's in more danger than ever." Snape tried to sound as sympathetic as he could.

"Just please don't let him find out! Let me be with him until we have to be apart!" Draco said between sobs.

"Is this from him?" His mother looked at the chain around his neck which was now accessorized by a pendant made up of a scar complimenting in red and green jewels. Draco didn't answer.

He just cried. Cried for him. Cried for Harry. Cried for their relationship, and cried for his now stinging arm, which will eventually ruin everything they had. He cried because he had been branded
with the Dark Mark.
Harry sat in his compartment along with Ron and Hermione, itching to see Draco again. Something else had been on his mind besides their upcoming workload, it being: why was he following death eaters in Nocturn Alley, and why was he acting so weird.

Rumors spread among The Order and Harry refused to believe them. Draco promised him. Besides, he would never betray him like that. He trusted Draco and he trusted their promise at the end of last term. He wasn't about to go mental asking him to show his arm or anything. Draco's word is his word and there were no further questions.

The thought of Voldemort living in the same house, even stepping foot in the mansion in which his boyfriend lived was already nerve wracking in itself. It was obvious he was still alive, Harry received his birthday present, but there was no note, no writing, just a small box containing a small accessory for his pocket watch. The item was small but special: a charm of a snake and a lion together, wrapped around another. It hooked onto the chain and added a precious meaning to his already perfect gift. He couldn't ask for more.

Upon realizing how much he truly missed Draco, he knew he had to see him, look at him, know he was physically there and healthy. Harry needed it more than a fish starved of water until it was on its last inch of life.

Harry snuck out, under his invisibility cloak of course, to find his lovable ferret. Searching the endless pit of trolleys he finally found the snake pit to find Draco at the last seat, facing away from him. He could only find Pansy and Blaise who looked fairly dismal. He had to get closer, see his face, so being the reckless Harry he was, he threw a chunk of Darkness Powder into the trolley, enabling him enough time to escape onto the metal balcony above.

Once hovering over Draco, he let him self drink in every feature of his beautiful face. The summer had definitely weathered him, giving the blonde a mature, manly look, which Harry was In favor of. His hair was still a pristine white, his eyes seemed to harden some, silver shining with small lines of his original mercury. Maybe it was just the aging? Or stress. Harry wasn't all too worried about it right? What could happen in one summer? His nose was sharper which Harry couldn't form an opinion of, it made his whole face a spectacle, but individually he didn't find it too compelling, although Draco was with his Slytherin friends, not with Harry. Finally his mouth, which Harry found disappointing, looked kissable, but also seemed as though he didn't smile. What could of made him so demised?

Draco, on the other hand, didn't want to see Harry, didn't want to confront him. What if Harry knew? What if Harry hated him? Every time he envisioned telling Harry, they ended bad. All of them. Because Draco promised.

Maybe they grew apart over the summer, lost feelings? Hopefully. It happens to a lot of couples, and that's when they don't want it to. What about when they wanted to? Well, Draco wanted to drift. That's what Draco always hoped for, so it was easier to break up with him. Harry never had to know. But was Draco really ready to sacrifice their relationship for a stupid mark?

Everything depended on Harry.

And Harry didn't notice the train stopping, and he didn't notice how his hand accidentally moved the luggage enough for Draco to become aware of it. He was too lost in his own world, dreaming of touching his cheeks again, kissing his lips, loving him. Draco came to the conclusion that they had to
grow apart for their own safety and heard something above him, watching his luggage move a bit. Draco's arm started stinging at the sight, well the invisibility of him. *Speaking of the bastard...*

The train emptied until it was just him and Draco, and Harry occupied himself by looking through Draco's luggage without him noticing.

"Didn't anyone ever tell you it's rude to eavesdrop, Potter?" Draco said, and he spelled shut the blinds. Harry wouldn't peel off his cloak until they were closed. Every single one.

Before answering, Harry ran and jumped on him, ignoring the fact that his arms weren't even open, and Draco had to catch him to keep them from falling over. He stumbled a bit. "I'm sorry. I just needed to see you!" Harry held him tightly, and Draco cursed in his head. He didn't realize how much this was supposed to hurt until he had him there, against his chest, his scent and his smile all together in one package. Holding Harry again was magic in itself, just knowing he was there in his arms, untouched by the Dark Lord. "I can't believed I lasted so long without you."

Again, Draco cursed mentally. Harry wasn't supposed to be so excited. Harry wasn't supposed to kiss his cheek. "God, I've missed you," Harry smiled. "Waited this whole summer to see this wonderful face," he grabbed the sides of his cheeks and look him dead in the eye, a great big smile plastered on his mouth. "I can't wait to kiss you and kiss you--"

"Potter," Draco bit, regretting the name choice. He couldn't help but use it, he was so used to it by now.

"And kiss you," Harry growled in his ear and he put his feet on the floor, his arms wrapping around his waist, and he had to look up at him-- damn Draco had a growth spirt-- and he moved his hands to a place he'd always wanted to: his arse. Draco gasped as Harry took it in his hands and squeezed it, "And kiss you..."

"Har-Harry," Draco jumped, putting his hands on Harry's shoulders to push him away.

"Have I told you how much I've missed you," Harry said, his hands still resting there, however footsteps outside the car of the train caused them both to freeze. "Shit."

"What do we do?"

"Er-- oh, punch me!"

"What?"

"Punch me! Someone's coming, come on, do it-- wait no don't do it yet! I want to see you tonight! Can you make it?"

"Er--"

"Awesome. I'll see you after the feast. Forest. Now, go!"

Draco nodded without hesitation, and did punch him... hard. His fist wailed at Harry's nose, and he could feel the crack beneath his knuckles as he did so. It made his skin crawl. Harry yelped and groaned at the pain of it, but he was almost out of control, so, using his newly owned Death Eater logic, Draco took out his wand and hexed him, then froze him. He could see the blood dripping out of his nostrils, the bone of his nose sticking out, but he didn't even say sorry. He just winced, looking him straight in the eye.

Draco stepped over him and ran to the other side of the trolley, exiting through the opposite door. He
didn't know what hurt more: the fact that he hurt Harry without remorse, or the sting on his left arm. He chose the latter.

Draco sat on a rock. It was a big rock, good enough to make a seat, by the sand on the edge of the shore. "Nice face, Potter." He watched the calm of the lake fold over itself, remembering how much he really missed this place, the calm serenity of it all, the beautiful sky, no Dark Lord running amuck, teaching how to kill, how to commit crime and murder. Well, any place without the Dark Lord was a good one.

Harry walked past the ropes with the same great big smile on his face despite his throbbing nose. Harry didn't even clean it off completely. Draco was more important.

He ran to him, dropped to his knees behind him and threw his arms around his chest, burying his face in the back of Draco's neck. Even though Draco's current sadness swallowed him, he gave a small smile, which, to him, seemed like a miracle these days. It was the first time he'd smiled at all since receiving his Mark and his mission. But he missed being loved, and, even though he 'hated' him, he bloody missed Harry, too.

"Hey, you," Harry's voice was deep, loving. Draco's heart jumped. "Doesn't your nose hurt," Draco clenched as the burning on his arm returned. Was this supposed to happen every time he saw Harry? If it was, Draco craved to break up with him this second.

"It's throbbing," Harry said, laughing. "That was the stupidest idea you've ever had."

"Mm, I can be pretty stupid sometimes," Harry hugged him tighter, moved to kiss his ear and his neck. Mhm, so this is what it felt like to be warm and safe, Draco thought.

"Really," Draco said, his eyes falling closed, "I had no idea."

"Really? It's quite common," Harry mumbled into his neck, and he bit it, knowing it would bruise. "For one, giving you a hickie the first day back is bloody stupid, but it's also very lovely."


"Been waiting to do this, mmm, all summer," Harry sucked on the skin, and for some dumb reason, Draco let him. No, Draco, you're supposed to be pushing him away.

"Off," Draco untwisted their arms. He stood up and grabbed Harry by his hand to bring him up as well. Draco opened his mouth to speak but Harry lunged at him, and hugged him. And it just made Draco feel so nice and warm and safe and everything was so wonderful and maybe, just maybe, Draco could start drifting away from him tomorrow, he could start his plan tomorrow, because, damn it, he needed this.

"I can't tell you how much I've missed you," Harry smiled into Draco's shoulder, "you've gotten taller."

"And you've gotten shorter. How?"
"Shut up," he rolled his eyes jokingly. "I stopped growing. You're a giraffe now. At least I won't have a cramped neck when I kiss you here. It's easy to reach." Harry went back to his spot on his neck.

"Would you stop doing that!"

"What, I'm just marking my territory," Harry winked, and again, his hand roamed to his lower back.

Draco rolled his eyes, then grabbed Harry's face with both of his hands on his cheeks pulling Harry to his own lips again. Because he missed him. He allowed himself to miss him. The hope and happiness he got from just kissing Harry could not compare to anything else in the world. Old sparks flew as they always had, creating a surge between the both of them. Harry's hands were all over the place, touching Draco wherever he could, roaming from his chest to the lower abdomen, past the hips and stopping right not the top of Draco's arse. "What are you doing there?"

Harry just laughed. And Draco loved Harry's laugh. And he loved hearing it.

"God I've missed you, Harry," Draco moaned in between kisses, Harry opening his mouth to allow Draco to explore. Their hormones were running wild, leaving them like that for a long time, until their lung capacity was completely empty. Once separated, Draco moved his hands to Harry's lower back, the Gryffindor moving his up to Draco's mid back. They rested their foreheads together for a while cherishing each others heart beat and breath.

"Now I've marked my territory," Draco finally said, looking him up and down. Definitely tomorrow he'd start his plan. Now was just too wonderful.

Harry brushed his nose against Draco's, however it hurt him to and he pulled away in a yelp.

"Weren't you healed?"

"Luna healed me," said he. "Fixed my nose but didn't make it hurt less. It should be fine in a few days."

"Good," Draco said genuinely. Harry should never be in pain. But Draco knew that wouldn't be the case this year.

"How was your holiday," Harry asked, taking Draco's hand and lacing theirs together, and the contact made Draco's arm burn even more. He bit his lip, hard, to keep from showing Harry.

"Alright," he spoke calmly. He'd rehearsed this. "Nothing special went on. Rather boring really."

"No fancy galas where you could show yourself off to everyone?"

"Er-- no. None. It was rather empty without my father."

Harry had forgotten about that. "Oh. I'm sorry."

"No," Draco said immediately. "No, really, Harry. Don't be remorseful. He only would make everything worse--"

"Everything?"

Shit... That wasn't the best thing to say. "Oh, erm--"

"Draco," Harry frowned. "I've been meaning to talk to you, I wanted to write but I didn't know if I could, so I didn't and--"
"Harry--" Draco interrupted, but he was glad Harry ignored him because he didn't have an excuse for 'everything.'

"--it drove me mad not being able to--"

"Harry."

"--because I wanted to know if you were safe."

"Safe? Of course I was safe," Draco lied.

"You were?"

"Yes, Harry," he put an arm out and stroked his shoulder. "Why wouldn't I be?"

"You-- b-but you didn't-- you didn't... you weren't around Voldemort," Harry stuttered and his face went pale at the thought of Draco being within a one-hundred meter radius of the awful being.

"What? No, not at all," he looked him directly in the eye. "He was never around, that I know of. If anything he was on the other side of my manor, and that place is huge. I slept most the time, I didn't leave my wing. My mother normally sat in her room all day, she's not used to my father not being around. I stayed with her."

"So you were safe?"

"Yes, I was safe," he frowned, but he brought his fingers to Harry's ear and stroked the hair behind it. Then he moved to his bangs and wiped them away from his scar. "Stop making such a fuss, your scar is going to jump off your forehead with your eyebrows all wrinkled like that."

"So then why were you in Borgin and Burkes?" He furrowed his eyebrows.

Draco's face turned to one of anger. "You've been stalking me?"

"No, it's just I haven't seen you in months, and then Ron said something about you and being with bad wizards and you were going into a dark ally--"

"What the hell, Harry," he stepped back from him, shoving his fists in his pocket.

"Damn it, I was curious, Draco, calm down," Harry snapped.

"I was browsing for furniture," he lied, pretending Harry was being stupid.

"What," Harry furrowed his eyebrows. "You're joking!"

"Bloody hell, Harry, they have quality leather and Persian rugs. I wanted to get a matching set--"

"But there was a cabinet--"

"Yes and it was huge a bulky and gross so I went on looking at the dragon's hide in the back, you ignoramus," he hid his nerves with the fabrication.

"Oh, thank god!" Harry just about jumped on him, throwing his arms around his neck, and he hugged him oh so tightly. It made Draco sick to his stomach. "You were safe."

_No. I wasn't. "Yes, Harry."_
"You're not one of them," he mumbled into his shoulder with a smile on his face. Draco was still safe. Draco was still his safety.

"What was that," Draco furrowed his eyebrows. He didn't hug him back.

"You're not a Death Eater," he said a bit louder, and Draco pushed him away, because, damn it, Harry already pissed him off.

"That's all you care about?"

"What?"

"All you care about is whether or not I became one of them?" *I am one of them.*

"No, Draco, it's just--"

"You don't trust me," he sneered.

"It's not that! I--"

"You don't trust me. You think I would betray you like that?" *I have. I did.*

"No, Draco--"

"You're such an arsehole," he snapped, turning away from him.

"Why are you making such a big deal out of this?"

_Because my bloody arm is burning, you dumbarse, and I can't even be comforted by you because you would bloody freak._ The horrific feeling in his stomach didn't go away. "Well, I'm sorry if I just wanted to see my bloody boyfriend who supposedly cares about me unconditionally, but I guess only when he finds out I'm not a Death Eater--" the name made him gag. "You don't trust me and we've been dating for a year and a half."

"No, no no. I wasn't trying to insult you or anything-- I just wanted to make sure! Nothing more than that!"

"What, so if I was, you'd bloody freak out," Draco rolled his eyes and stuck out his jaw.

"I... I dunno... but you're not so I don't have to worry about it. Everything is okay, I'm okay."

"That's all you care about, you," he crossed his arms. Was this working? Was fighting working? Would this push him away if he kept it up?

"Draco, where is this coming from?" Harry swallowed. He just wanted to hug his boyfriend and kiss him and... do other things to him. He just wanted to conflict to end.

"You think I'm a bloody Death Eater and I'm looking at a matching set of Persian furniture! Did you ask all your friends if they started serving the Dark Lord, or am I just special?"

"No--"

"No I'm not special? You complete bastard!"

"No, you are, I promise," Harry almost wanted to laugh. He saw what Draco was doing. He saw right through him. Over reacting to a dumb statement Harry made. Getting defensive. Open body

Draco wanted to make out.

"You're wonderful and very special to me," Harry said, realizing not to take Draco as seriously. Then, Harry took his index fingers and hooked them through two front belt loops of Draco's trousers and pulled him close, their hips together. "One of a kind."

"Harry," Draco said a lot light, his voice cracking.

Harry's eyes dropped to his lips. "Sexy."

Draco's eyes widened in confusion. What? "What?"

"You're very special to me. I've told you how much I've missed you, right?"

"Might've mentioned it," Draco swallowed, suddenly terrified at Harry's proximity. He cringed at the burn on his arm.

"I can't wait to mark you as mine," Harry growled. "I've thought about it all summer." Draco coughed. "That look in your eyes, I know what game you're playing."

"What!?"

"The 'let's get my boyfriend angry over something petty and then have angry make-up--""

"Harry," he gasped as Harry's hand made it's way along his hips and his arse.

Harry bit his lip. "You know, it's a good thing that you didn't have a gala this year. The dress robes showing off this arse, and we wouldn't want that, would we."

"Harry!" He put a hand on Harry's chest and held it there firmly.

"Hm?" Harry analyzed him. "Wait, you're really upset about me assuming you'd be recruited? That you'd be a Death Eater."

"Yes," Draco swallowed, his frozen body disallowing him to move. Harry had never... they had never talked about... "I mean not so much anymore, you've sort have gotten me off the subject." Draco looked him up and down. "Bloody hell, Harry, let me breathe."

"Hm," Harry furrowed his eyebrow, and then he let go of Draco's hips and shoved his hands in his pocket. "Oh, right. Sorry. I've missed you," he mumbled. "And I'm sorry for accusing you. I just... I'm being paranoid."

Draco flattened his lips in a line before frowning, and he turned to the lake, walking away a from him a bit.

"I'm sorry," Harry said, quieter. "I didn't mean to offend you in any way."

Draco looked to the grass. "You really think I would do that to you," he asked, almost genuinely. It hurt. It did. It's not right Harry would automatically jump to that. Didn't he trust him? They'd been dating for a hell of a long time, and so what, Draco betrayed him and became a death eater. But that doesn't mean Harry needs to be an arse about it.

"I-I... I didn't think about it. I didn't think it would bother you, I just wanted to talk to you before I heard anything else... I wanted to be responsible," he spoke unconfidently.
"What about respectful," Draco said. "I thought you trusted me."

"I do," Harry put a hand on his shoulder, and the Mark on his arm stung in contracting waves. He stuck out his jaw. "Can we forget I even asked? I just want you. It's been an entire summer."

Draco swallowed. To allow him to continue or to continue fighting? What would not-Death-Eater Draco do?

Well... Not-Death-Eater Draco would take off all his clothes and have his way with him because fuck... it's been too long, and Harry with his hair all messy and his face all frazzled-- and damn! It would be so easy, because Harry wanted it, too, and they could have each other and they would be okay.

Or maybe Not-Death-Eater Draco would tell Harry to get some self control with a laugh on his face, but he would still kiss him mad and ensure that, soon, maybe they'd do it. And maybe they'd have 'the talk' and they'd get to know more about him and what turned him on and what turned him off, and if they were to do it, how Harry would want it. And Draco would be excited. Really excited.

And he'd see a new side of Harry and Harry would see a new side of Draco and everything would be wonderful and they'd be able to kiss each other and love each other, and Draco would tell him he loved him and everything would be amazing.

But Death-Eater Draco. He hates it. He hated the way Harry was looking at him and hated the way Harry stood close to him and how he smiled and the look in his eyes, and any idea of sex made him want to puke.

Because Harry could find out. Harry could see his arm. And Draco didn't want Harry to see his arm.

Every thing about Harry was innocent and lovely and the Mark was poisonous and deadly and everything about it made Draco burn with hate, and he hated Harry and damn it-- he didn't want Harry anywhere near such an evil.

"I'm really sorry," Harry said again, "I have loads to tell you about my summer. I want to share stories and hug you and kiss your neck. That's what we should be doing right now, isn't it?"

_Think like Not-Death-Eater Draco, Think like Not-Death-Eater Draco._

Draco cocked his head to the side and smirked, turning to him. "How is it you always manage to start off the year with pissing me off one way or another?"

Harry smiled. "It's my job, remember."

Draco rolled his eyes. "Mhmm, seems to be." _There you go..._

Harry started laughing and he grabbed Draco by his waist and picked him up, his feet barely hanging off the ground slightly. "Harry, Harry, Harry! What are you doing," Draco flung his arms around him in scarce to keep his balance.

"Dunno, but I wanted to do it."

"You're too short," he complained.

"You're too tall." Harry let him down. "Actually, no. You're the perfect height, hugs are always wonderful." He threw his arms around his waist and fit his body up against Draco's chest. His head hooked into the crook of his neck and stayed there, feeling so wonderful. Everything felt so
wonderful for Harry.

But it felt so wrong for Draco. So so wrong. Because Harry was warm and safe and sound. And Draco didn't deserve that.

He didn't deserve Harry's arms around him and he didn't deserve to be able to put his arms around Harry. He didn't deserve Harry's laugh or Harry's smile or his eyes or nose or neck or lips.

Tomorrow. He'd start drifting away from him tomorrow.

"So tell me about those stories," he said.

But as he sat there, holding Harry, he realized that he needed to tell him sooner or later, but he also realized what he just said was lies, all lies. He should have told him.

He should have told him.
The first day of classes were spent in yawns, as Draco didn't get any sleep the previous night. What was he supposed to do about Harry? All he could think about was the events of the previous night, the kisses, the laughs, the way Harry's thigh was warm up against his, hands held, touches, tongues, stories.

But how could he be so dumb to let things go well? They were supposed to be drifting. That was supposed to work. Harry wouldn't care about him any more. Harry wouldn't pester him or question him or ask him if he was okay. His arm wouldn't burn anymore because he wouldn't go near Harry because everything would be awkward between them and they would want to avoid each other.

And staying with Harry meant he'd have to lie, and he'd lied plenty before, but not to Harry. He told Harry everything. He trusted Harry. For the most part. And there was no denying, Harry had become his best friend, and no one would ever replace that. Ever.

And no matter what, Harry wouldn't be anymore. They had to break up. Draco would lose him one way or another. That thought made his stomach turn over.

Draco thought all of this through in his first advanced potions class. Slughorn rambled on about different potions and safety procedures that pertained to his class, but Draco couldn't care less. But then--

"Harry meh boy! Welcome! Thought you weren't coming. Grab your things and join us all," Draco heard Slughorn say.

When Harry spoke, chills went up Draco's spine. His voice did something to him-- his voice-- "Actually professor, I didn't think I was eligible to take the course and I'm afraid I've come unprepared."

_Idiot_, Draco rolled his eyes. Wait... does this mean that Draco and Harry had a class together? That means he gets to see Harry! That means he gets to see Harry...

Which means he's going to have to see his face after the break up. And it'll be awkward.

"Well that's fine, just take what you need from the cupboard. Now class can somebody please pick out what this potion is." Slughorn continued, but Draco didn't pay attention-- He was more interested in the pair that wrestled in the corner for a book. Draco caught himself checking out Harry's arse with a smirk and immediately stared at the floor, swallowing guilt.

_Damn it, don't get close to him._

But then Draco couldn't help get close to him because damn it, he smelled so good. He smelled so wonderful and safe and musky and Draco had to think of his Mark to keep himself from smiling. Merlin, it was so strong and beautiful and it was Harry. Just like Harry in the matter. But the strength was what got Draco. Harry stood all the way across the room, and even when they had their shirts off-- which thinking about made Draco's stomach jump--and were kissing each other-- _mhmm, Harry's lips_-- the scent was never _that_ overwhelming.

Draco didn't realize he let out a whimper, and that Harry was staring at him with a smirk. And that's what brought him back to reality. There was an open pot with pink liquid oozing from the top, air
above it swirling in a magenta tornado.

"This is a love potion, and it works according to ones' smell that attracts them. For examples smell freshly mown grass, and spearmint toothpaste." Hermione explained, secretly helping out Draco. It was weird to think about, having your boyfriend be your favorite scent out of all the different odors in the world.

Draco glanced back at Harry, and Harry winked at him, causing Draco's skin to stand on edge. He had to bite back a moan in hope to go unnoticed. No one had, for they were all enticed by their favorite smell.

Thankfully Slughorn covered the cauldron or else his ability to concentrate- well there would be none.

"Sir you haven't explained that one to us yet." A Gryffindor said, which Draco didn't really have the name for, nor cared. All he worried about was Harry who was standing on the exact opposite side of the room. Poor kid is going to get his heart broken...

"This is Felix Felices, also known as-

"Liquid luck."

"Exactly Ms Granger. The results of the perfect brew will endure all endeavors successful." Draco didn't listen to rest of it, all he could focus on was how to get a boat load of it. If he had any of that potion of his mission, he wouldn't die! Or maybe he could tell Harry about his Mark and he wouldn't care-- even though he made a promise at the end of last year never to even talk to Voldemort himself. Maybe everything could be okay!

Suddenly everyone in the class was running to their work stations, gathering ingredients and starting their potions. Draco just stood there, confused. What was everyone so hyped up about? A broad, familiar shoulder bumped into his.

"Watch where you're going, Potter!"

"You better hurry up Malfoy, you won't even get your potion done by the time he's handing out the Felix Felices!" Harry said almost teasingly. He winked again and it just did something to Draco that drove him mad...

Handing out the Felix Felices? What? He could have even a drop of that tiny vial!

"Blaise? What's going on?" Draco was switching on his cauldron and pouring in 2 cups of the base liquid.

"Did you not just listen to the speech Slughorn just said? Whoever brews the perfect Draught of Living Death wins the vial of Felix Felices. Draco I suggest you get going! I think you'd be in favor of that more than anyone else." Draco didn't answer, he just worked, and worked and worked and worked until the timer rang and everyone was forced to cease their concoctions.

Everyone waited for the professor to test all the potions and Draco was quite proud when he checked his own. Slughorn approved of his individual talents and sorted them as exceptional. He was a shoe in.

"And the winner is Harry Potter!"

Draco's mouth fell open along with most the class. Harry was terrible at potions especially in such an
advanced class. He even beat out Granger! He even beat out Draco himself! And Draco was a
damned genius!

It set Draco's cheeks red.

He left the class stunned, walking alone in the dungeon hallway. It was empty, and lonely. How did
the lucky bastard do it?

Speaking of the lucky bastard, a hand held onto his wrist and pulled him into the broom closet closest
to him. He should of gotten used to this by now.

"Hey, you," Harry sung, grabbing Draco by the hip.

"That's my line," Draco snapped.

"You weren't quick enough," Harry flaunted and his kissed him, grabbing his hip.

"You pulled me into a broom closet, and I don't know who it is or whether to punch them or not
because it could be anybody, how fast do you want me to be?"

"I was talking about the potion," Harry pushed him back against the concrete and pressed his hips to
his and Harry was... Harry was...

Holy shit...

And then Harry pressed his chest to Draco's, the entire length of his body up to his, warm against his.
Harry kissed him hard as Draco froze in shock, and it took a few seconds to register that Harry was
kissing him... but Harry wanted more than kissing. He had to get on his tip toes to reach Draco at
such an invasive angle.

And without thinking, Draco draped an arm around Harry's neck and buried one in his hair, pulling
on it, because fuck it felt so good to. And Harry was so warm and safe and warm... hot even... and
the way Harry kissed him-- fuck! His tongue felt so nice. Draco felt his robes fall off his shoulders
and hook along his arms, but then Harry found his way to Draco's belt and started unlooping it--

"Harry," Draco squeaked, breaking the kiss out of shock.

"If anyone takes you into a broom closet without my permission," Harry gasped for air, and then
kissed his neck, leaving Draco to throw his head back against the brick. Fuck, Harry remembered
that spot so well. "I'll be sure to hex them into the lake. Do you know what broom closets are for?"

At this point, Harry had undone the belt-- Draco's breath rapid and nervous, and Harry too was
shaky-- and he gripped the seam of his trousers, suddenly his nerves overtaking him. So to delay the
touch, Harry grabbed Draco's sweater vest and button up, pulling it out from his neat and orderly
tuck.

And then Harry fell to his knees because he wanted Draco so badly...

And Draco almost let him before the sting on his left arm cause him to cry out and bite his lip.
"Harry, we've never talked about this," he strained.

"We can talk about it now. Or in a few minutes," he said almost innocently, and Draco looked down
into his eyes. It was a sight he had wanted to see in a damned long time.

The only way you're going to spare him, Pansy had said, is if you push him away. And it'll be hard,
but it'll benefit both of you in the long run.

All Draco wanted to do was grip his hair and push him towards his hips and make him--

"We should talk about this," he panted, his hands balling into fists at the pain.

"Do you want this? A-are you ready for it," Harry asked, the grip on Draco's hips almost bruising.

Draco swallowed past the lump in his throat. Yes, for a long time now. Part of him wanted to push him away, to punch him... something to stop the madness because things were a hell of a lot more complicated now and sex would only make it worse, and the other half of him wanted to scream suck me off before I bloody orgasm at the sight of you on your knees.

"No, Harry. Not yet," he said. "Bloody hell, we've just gotten back. I haven't seen you in months--"

"I know, that's what's making me so..." Harry trailed off, his eyes dilating. He looked Draco up and down as if he was the hottest damned thing in the entire world.

"Desperate?"

"Horny."

Oh. Draco's eyes went wide, taken aback.

"I'm sorry," Harry said, standing. "It's just your bloody face. It's gorgeous. You're gorgeous," he spoke in awe. Draco nodded, pulling his robes up over his shoulders. The pressure made it so hard to move, and the sight of Harry's messed-up hair make it ten times worse. "We can talk about it Friday if you want. Until then, I'll try to contain myself," Harry joked, bumping his shoulder playfully. "Or maybe I'll just get lucky," he winked, taking a small bottle out of his pocket and dropping it back in.

"How'd you do it," Draco asked, trying to get his cheeks to stop blushing. "Win? The potion. You suck arse at potions."

"I got lucky." He cocked his head to the side with a smirk on it that made Harry look so bloody wonderful.

"Funny," Draco spoke with no humor, "Really how did you make the perfect potion?" You stole that from me, you arse. You're making everything so hard.

"Hard work and dedication."

"So you cheated."

"I actually didn't this time."

"Cheater."

"Shut it."

Damn it, Harry was asking for it-- how could Draco resist? Plus, he wanted to make Harry feel better after his rejection.

"Make me, Potter," Draco growled in his ear. Harry said a breathless 'fine' before plunging their mouths together. His hands moved to Draco's arse and stayed there only to receive an enthusiastic Draco who was now fighting Harry's tongue. Since the response was so positive, Harry moved onto Draco's hair, running his hands throughout it... if he could.
"Draco, how much gel do you use now?" He didn't get a response right away, just a small, almost fake laugh. *Say what Not-Death-Eater-Draco would say.*

"That's none of your business."

"I'm going get splinters from the back of your head," Harry chuckled, which caused Draco to laugh for the first time in who knows how long. When they finished chuckling there was a silence, almost extending into an awkward length, and Harry panicked, finding his mouth moving without his consent. "I was thinking now that I have a bit of luck for a change, maybe we *could* get lucky one day? If you want, let me know. I'll happily use it to make our first time... to make it good."

Without thinking, he reached out and grabbed Draco's arse, squeezing it and pushing him forward so their hips met.

"Merlin, Harry," Draco squeaked, his eyes going wide and cheeks blushing, but he didn't look aroused at all, rather scared-- terrified even.

"Right, sorry. I haven't flirted in a while," Harry played it off laughing and backed off of him a bit, however kept his hand on Draco's arse, holding it. Damn, it felt good. Draco's heart beat quicker and his mind went blank. He bit his lip.

"You look really tired," Harry stepped back after looking at him closely, after practically feeling his nerves. "Are you alright?"

"Hm?"

"Sorry if I'm making you uncomfortable," he took his hand off. "You look tired... nervous, but tired."

"Thanks these bags are designer." Draco pointed to his lower eyes.

"These bags are... what?" Harry furrowed his eyebrows. "You're such an idiot," he laughed. "But, hey, don't feel bad. You're my idiot."

Draco swallowed, the need to scratch his left arm itching at him. "Are we still on for after dinner," he rushed, putting his arm behind him.

"Erm-- actually Dumbledore wanted me to have a meeting with him, something about Voldemort's past? I don't know but I will let you know. Could we possibly change it to Saturday?"

"Sure, I'll find something to do."

"Thank you," he kissed his cheek. "You're the best!" Harry then kissed him on the lips, squeezed his arse again, Draco jumping to his unusually but pleasantly strong hand, and walked out to go to lunch.

"No. I'm not," Draco said to himself, closing his eyes and letting out a deep breath. He scratched his arm before he made his way to the Room of Requirement, mapping out where he had to be in the upcoming night.
Draco found himself in front of the large door connecting to the Room of Requirement. He was hesitant to enter at first. He didn't want to do this. He didn't want to openly defy everything him and Harry had ever created together, but on the other hand he didn't want to die. He didn't want to leave the earth so soon, and he didn't want to leave Harry. Even if the Gryffindor did find out about his mark, his disgustingly ugly mark, they would still be alive, and Draco would be able to see if Harry made it or not. Maybe he could even help him, tell him the plans, what's dangerous, how to act against.

But he knew he couldn't. That would be open defiance to his father and the Dark Lord and that would result in termination.

With that thought in the back of his mind, Draco leaned against the solid wood door and turned the handle. A rush of cool air welcomed him to his worst nightmare. The entire room seemed like the size of Hogwarts itself, or at least every room combined. Clutter. So much clutter. Not an inch wasn't used up for storage like chessmen, potion bottles, statues, carpets, chairs-everything in the whole world could be found in there.

The difficult part was actually finding the cabinet. He only had a small clue on what it looked like, and the amount of items in there was barbaric. Could not being able to locate the tool be a good excuse? 'Not bloody likely' Draco answered his own thought.

He approached a large mirror with a dusty golden archway surrounding it. Draco moved closer to it, making out only a few letters, considering the fact it was layered with miles of spiders webs. It was probably written in some other language he didn't care to understand. He moved his eyes down to the reflective region of the mirror.

Upon looking in it, he saw himself walking forward to where he was the same height as in real life. He wasn't wearing his suit in the mirror thought, but his normal Slytherin robes complimented with a smile. The man in the mirror lifted his left sleeve to reveal a flawless, unmarked arm, like how it used to be. Draco then looked at his own arm, lifting the sleeve of his black suit, revealing the horrid mark that continued to cause pain to him constantly. He looked back up in the mirror to find another figure next to him, a figure in Gryffindor robes and silly rounded glasses. Draco looked to his side, quickly covering up his mark, to find no one there, leaving him sort of empty inside. looking back at the mirror, their hands were connected and the mirror-Harry smiled at the mirror-Draco. The look in mirror-Harry's eyes were loving, embracing even. It made Draco wonder if that's how Harry looked at him in real life.

Draco finally understood what Pansy meant when she said that the two looked so cute together, as Mirror-Harry kissed mirror-Draco on the cheek. This caused both Dracos to smile and blush profusely. Draco touched his cheek where the mirror-Harry left his lips on him. There was a small tingle, but nothing compared to the real thing. Mirror-Draco turned his head to mirror-Harry, their lips connecting. At first their kiss was soft and sweet, and Draco admired them. If this was truly how the look, how beautiful they connect with each other, Draco couldn't want anything more.

The kiss they were sharing in the mirror grew heated as mirror-Harry grabbed mirror-Draco's tie, pulling it loose and ripping off his robe. Mirror-Draco moved his hands through mirror-Harry's hair and within a blink of the eye, they were both naked, pressed against each other, and mirror-Harry jumped on mirror-Draco's waist, wrapping his legs around his hips.

The mirror wasn't very giving in terms of exposure-- it left a lot to the imagination.
Their lips took a break from each other as the both turned their heads to the real Draco, who didn't know whether to look away or not, but his eyes could only focus on the magnificent sight in front of him. Mirror-Harry smiled like he always does when Draco laughs, a special twinkle in his eyes.

The mirror-Draco turned to the real-Draco dead in the eye before he winked, and dropped mirror-Harry to his feet. Lost in each others arms, Draco's heart couldn't help but hurting. The way mirror-Draco's arms were positioned mesmerized him. It was like he was holding him, not hugging him. Mirror-Harry turned his head which was on mirror-Draco's shoulder, to face the real Draco, smiling at him graciously. "Love you."

Frowning, the real Draco left, feeling as though he should let the two have their moment, which sounded pretty strange considering it was a mirror. Maybe it was because he knew he would never have that with Harry.

He then walked on to explore more of the 'warehouse' as he liked to call it. Upon reaching a table full of trinkets and knick-knacks, Draco found himself exploring a strange box. It was a deep burgundy with a golden clasp that egged on Draco to open it. Hoping to find gold or jewels or something of that essence the box reveled a tiny dancer on a spring with an oval-shaped mirror behind it. The rectangular object was shallow yet had a deep appearance.

Playing with the spring, the girl wobbled back and forth slightly, the spring bouncing and causing a quiet ruckus. Finding it quite amusing, Draco pulled her as far as she could go before releasing her, the girl hit the velvet below her before jumping back up. This time Draco heard something small, like a chime. It was quite hard to decipher what instrument it was, or even how the noise appeared.

Discovering something new, Draco experimented by playing with the girl, twisting her round until three small clicks sounded. That was odd, where were these noises coming from? His curiosity got the best of him as he started searching the whole table for the missing sound, however he found absolutely nothing but a bunch of strange muggle items: a small treasure chest, a flat looking object with wholes in the side, and a circle with string and beads wound around itself, only to have three small tails with feathers attached coming from the circle itself.

The further jumped to the conclusion that muggles were weird.

Draco continued on to what he thought was the original cabinet. His heart sped and his palms began to shake. He walked closer to the large chest and felt along the door. It did not feel like it had magic in it at all, rather any dark. The boy opened the cabinet to have a large rush of air knock him back, causing him to drop his want he immediately sprang for.

A large black object came out of the doors twisting and turning in mid air when suddenly it took shape of a human, or a snake like human rather. Lord Voldemort had his red eyes staring down at Draco, a sinister smile complimenting his wicked laugh. "You're a fool, Draco," his voice was soft yet painful, "and you will lose him." All Draco remembered was screaming 'no' as the Dark Lord raised his wand pointing at Draco's chest. He moved into a somewhat fetal position covering his head.

"AVADA KE-" Draco waited for the fury and the death but upon looking up, Voldemort was gone in replace of Harry.

"Harry, thank Merlin! You saved me--"

"Don't call me that!" His horrid tone made Draco furrow his eyebrows.
"What?"

"I told you, don't call me that you repugnant Death Eater trash."

"What? No-- Harry! You don't understand!"

"I know what's on your arm. Don't lie to me, after all I gave you, after all we had together you betrayed me the second you got out of my reach."

"Harry, I didn't mean to!"

"I told you don't call me that!" The fake Harry said with nothing but anger and disgust in his voice.

"Potter, then. Listen I made a mistake and-"

"Don't call, me that either! Don't even talk to me. Don't even look at me. You're nothing but a coward. You're trash, you're scum! You couldn't have stood up for me, for the one thing you want most, the one thing that's ever loved you. You had to betray me."

"I didn't have a choice," the back of his eyes watered and he was choking, unable to breathe.

"Pathetic." Harry spat, "There's always a choice. Always. But you're too much of a coward to take it."

"I'm not a coward."

"Yes you are. You lied to me. Over and over and over, you're nothing but a coward, Malfoy. You're a filthy Death Eater and a coward!"

The boy continued talking as Draco went for his wand, grabbing it loosely in his hand he cried out "redikkulus!" The horrid Harry twisted itself back inside the false cabinet, shutting the door on its way in.

Draco sat there is shock. He didn't feel like moving, he didn't feel like working on the cabinet, hell he didn't even feel like looking for the cabinet. He just sat there, back against a large concrete support beam, shaking uncontrollably and sobbing and sulking to himself, letting it sink in that Harry Potter was his worst nightmare, and best dream.

A day or so later, Draco sat along the water, playing with a washed up stick, as he waited for Harry to arrive. Harry. Harry was the reason he'd been up all night, the reason why he'd been distraught, the reason why he regretted any of this dark magic. Draco didn't know whether or not he wanted to see Harry or he never wanted to see Harry again. It was like Harry was a drug, intoxicating him, forcing him to make bad choices, question everything, yet with all the hassle, he just couldn't get enough of him.

It wasn't a few minutes past 5 that Harry wrestled his way through the thick vines that was cutting them off from the rest of humanity. Draco didn't look up, he just continued drawing in the sand as Harry walked up to him. Harry lay down on his stomach his elbows propping him up, digging in the sand. They were so close Harry could put his chin on Draco's knee, who was in a crisscross position.

"Whatcha drawing?" Harry looked at the markings he made in the sand. The real Harry was so much different than the boggart one, and relief swam over Draco in an instant.
"No idea to be honest with you," Draco responded sounding depressed compared to Harry's happy tone. The squiggles were strange, nothing making a prominent design.

"Well, that could be," Harry pointed to a weird circle which really didn't look like a circle, "a whale."

"Out of all the things in the world, you picked a whale," Draco smiled and let out a small laugh while looking down at Harry who was looking up at him with the brightest eyes in the world. "It doesn't even have a tail."

"Okay fine, how about... a duck."

"It doesn't even have feet!"

"Fine! It's a really deformed quaffle which looks like it'd been punched repeatedly to where it looks like an unknown shape. Happy?"

"No, not really, but whatever you wish." Draco was laughing now and so was Harry before they both met halfway for a 5 second, sweet kiss. "How was your lesson with erm..."

"Dumbledore," Harry finished without second thought. "It was interesting. Nothing to really talk about, but interesting none the less. How was whatever you did?"

"Oh it was okay. I didn't do much, just homework." Draco refused to look Harry in the eye.

"Okay. Now what did you really do that kept you up all night," Harry turned to him, and Draco's eyes went wide as he turned his head to meet Harry's. "Draco, we've been together for almost two years now. You could put up a brick wall to cover your face and I would still know something bothering you. What's wrong?"

Draco took a bit to answer, trying to conjure up some excuse. Thankfully he thought of one before Harry grew impatient. "My mother sent me mail last night and she was telling me how hard it is for her to run the house without me or my father. I just hate seeing her suffer." Harry took Draco's hand and played with it, lacing their fingers together, massaging them, rubbing them.

"I'm sorry I put your dad in Azkaban but I couldn't save him anyway, he's working with Voldemort." Draco cringed at the use of the name.

"I know. It's okay, really. It's just hard on her." He felt disgusted with himself. Lies upon lies upon lies, and they had only been back for almost two months now. He needed a change of subject. "You know you're going to get your shirt dirty right."

Harry looked down at his elbows, which were covered in moist sand. He was only wearing his white shirt, leaving his sweater and robes back towards the vines. Draco was wearing his sweater vest and white long sleeve, careful to not get any of it wet from the grass.

"I'll deal with it. That water looks tempting." Draco raised his eyebrow at the mesmerized Harry, whom was now staring at the water.

"Are you mad? It's the middle of October, I'm expecting the snow to come soon, and you want to go swimming in the lake?"

"No, I don't want to go swimming in the lake. I want to go swimming in the lake with you."

"No! There is no way in hell I'm going down there! It's too cold. I refuse to get my clothes wet, so
you go alone, or you don't go at all." During the resistant speech Draco had, Harry was already standing up, kicking off his shoes and socks, throwing his glasses to the side.

"Take them off," Harry said.

With wide eyes, Draco looked at him wildly. "Excuse me?"

"Strip. I don't care."

"Is that all you want from me," Draco almost sneered. Maybe if they fought, then they could start drifting.

"Oh, don't be such a coward!" Draco hated that word every since last night. If you were to say it in front of him, it would be like starting off a fire cracker. Draco raised to a standing position as fast as possible.

"I'm not a coward!" Draco was forceful and stern. "You want me for my body now, is that it?"

"Quit sounding catty. I fell for your 'stunning personality,' remember?"

"Damned right it's stunning."

"Come on, coward."

"Don't call me a coward," Draco bit.

"Then let's go," Harry equalled his tone with a bit of sarcasm in it. He didn't realize how much that word meant to him.

Harry unbuttoned his shirt and threw it to the side, revealing his muscled back, the curve of it, the rips. Draco stopped dead, that funny feeling climbing into his abdomen. Harry then unbuttoned and unzipped his bluejeans, throwing them to the side, revealing his navy briefs that... that were... bloody... lovely...

Draco looked away before he attacked him, swallowing back the extra saliva in his mouth. Harry turned back to check and make sure Draco was checking him out, but he wasn't, and Harry frowned.

"Are you coming or not?"

He bit his lip, turning back to him. The look on Harry's face changed his mind. *How am I supposed to hurt him?*

"Fine, but I'm not taking my clothes off." Draco wouldn't dare. He couldn't even think about daring himself to take off his shirt, but he did have to take off the sweater vest. That would inevitably get ruined. At least he could wash out his trousers and button up.

Maybe his Dark Mark would wash away as well.

The Gryffindor already stepped foot in the water, it stinging him. It was freezing... but possibly that was a good thing. He stopped at knee height, waiting for Draco. Looking back, he found him taking off his socks.

"Could you possibly take any longer?" Goosebumps formed along his arms and legs.

Draco rolled his eyes, folding the socks. "Are those pants too tight for you or do you just have a stick
up your arse?"

"Why don't you come find out," Harry said suggestively, but Draco didn't joke back, and again, Harry frowned.

As Draco ventured into the water, he tried to keep from drooling at the sight of Harry's body. Damn it was nice. Small, slightly too thin, but nice. And it had it's quirks, but they were all lovely. "What are we even doing in here? The water is freezing." Draco moved his hands around his waist in attempt to stay warm.

"Come on, you bloody fairy," Harry smirked. Draco rolled his eyes at the comment and made his way to where Harry was standing.

"I don't want to go any further." Harry rolled his eyes back and bent his knees. "What are you doing?"

"Get on my back."

"What?"

"I said get on my back," Harry skimmed the water with his fingers letting a few drops hit Draco. "Jump. I'll carry you."

"Don't splash me!" Draco pushed a little bit of water on Harry. It landed on his chest, making him look stunning with the light of the setting sun. It made Draco want to do nothing but kiss his brains out.

"You know you find me irresistible," Harry cocked his head.

Draco scorned, "sometimes."

Harry bit his lip and looked at the water below him. How had things become so different? In the hospital wing, just before summer, Draco had kissed him all over, touched him all over, made him feel so wanted. But now it was as if he didn't even want to look at him.

Frankly because Draco didn't. He didn't want to look at him. Because if he did, he wouldn't be able to keep himself from taking him into the ground right then and there and having his way with him. And that was bad.

The blonde stepped over to Harry in defeat and jumped on his back where Harry hooked his arms around the back of Draco's knees. Damn it, Harry smelled so good! And the goosebumps on his skin made Draco's head go fuzzy.

Harry went deeper into the water to where Draco had his almost his thighs covered and he himself had it to his chest.

"Ow I think I stepped on something."

"Harry-"

"I don't think I can support our weight!"

"Harry, don't you dare-"

"Oh no!" Harry dropped them both in the water, heads going under. It was quite visible and Draco gave Harry the death stare. Harry just laughed and signaled for them to swim deeper. He kicked off
and began to paddle with his feet, leaving Draco the ability to see his untouched, unmarked bottom of his foot, which hadn't stepped on anything. The Slytherin went up for air and Harry did the same, confused on what was wrong.

"What-" Harry's mouth was full of water from Draco who splashed as much as he could. "Hey!"

"You got my hair wet, you arse," he shouted.

Harry swam to Draco, only to have him scream as he pushed them both under water, going deep to the bottom. They both went in to kiss each other as their hair and clothes sloshed around. The weightlessness made everything so surreal to both of them. The inability to breathe was hard enough as they released. They could have gone longer if Draco hadn't torn his left sleeve on a branch from the bottom and insisted they went up, well he went up. Harry just looked up at him confused as he started swimming as fast as he could away, causing too much splashing to enable Harry to see his Dark Mark.

Harry furrowed his eyebrows, confused as he saw the Slytherin swim away. He surfaced, calling his name, going after him. "Draco!"

Draco already hit land and broke out into a sprint, ignoring all the shouts coming from his boyfriend. Grabbing his robes and nothing else, he went through the heavy vines and ran through the long hallway made of trees. He weaved through the first 4 trees only to have arms wrap around his waist pulling them both back, knocks them to the ground. Draco got up and grew on his robes as he started to sprint again, but Harry caught his foot and he fell to the leaves once more.

"Draco, what has gotten into you?" Harry inched closer to him, soaking wet. Draco was at least happy he covered his arm with his robe, but still, he hid it behind his back.

"I'm sorry, I j-just saw a grindylow," he spoke with wide eyes. Shaking. "You almost saw what I did to you."

"I-I didn't see anything."

"You had your bloody eyes shut," he stood with a sneer.

"Yes, because I was kissing you. That's what you do when you kiss someone, you close your eyes. You should try it sometime."

Draco ran his right hand through his hair, wiping his face. The comment made his stomach boil. He didn't know whether to be happy Harry made it or not. Harry stood as well, Draco realizing how close to naked he was. His briefs were soaked and clung to his skin and-- fuck...

"W-Where did your glasses go?" Draco's throat closed and it seemed to hard to swallow.

"Bloody lost them chasing after you," Harry said. His breathing at this point had calmed down a bit, but Draco's was still heavy. He reached out and touched Draco's cheek, forcing Draco to look him in the eye, the first time in a while. "Are you okay?"

Draco couldn't stand the innocence in those eyes. "Yeah. I'm fine."

"You're sure?"

"Yes," he almost bit, but restrained himself from it. Harry didn't let go of his cheek, in fact, he stroked his thumb over his cheekbone. Draco wanted him off, to stop looking him in those eyes. He grabbed Harry by the hip and snaked his left arm around his waist so Harry didn't have a chance to
see it. He would fix the sleeve with a spell later. But it made his Mark burn.

"Are you sure you're fine?"

"Yes," he clenched, guiding Harry back into their meadow.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know you were so scared of them." Harry wrapped his arms around the now shaking boy.

"Hm?"

"Grindylows."

"Yeah..." he took a shaky breath. "I was eight," he lied. "I went swimming and one attacked me. I haven't been the same ever since."

"I didn't know that about you. Next time, tell me."

"I-I'm sorry, Harry," Draco said, trembling. *Fuck, this is so hard.* He wasn't shaking for the reason Harry thought, he wasn't that cold, but he was shaking. Draco threw himself around him, Harry, although caught off guard, hugged him back. "I'm a coward." *I have to fucking tell you but I can't!"

"No, you're not. It's not a big deal, Draco, really." He held him tight.

"I'm so sorry, Harry. I'm such a coward. I'm so sorry." He mumbled in his shoulder.

"No, you're not, I was kidding earlier." Guilt was surfacing on both boys, but Draco started convulsing like he did last night, alone. But this time he had Harry. And Harry was warm and safe, but he was also the most dangerous man in the entire world besides the Dark Lord.

"Draco?" Harry by now knew he was bloody terrified and held him tighter. Draco couldn't control himself, no matter what he did. All he could do was repeat "so sorry" over and over again into his shoulder.

"Draco, it's okay, it's okay." Harry had no clue, that, indeed, it wasn't.
The Mission

The rest of the week the two didn't get a chance to see each other, except for the Friday during breakfast. Harry needed to talk to Draco, so he headed down to the Great Hall bright and early to gobble down his food. The tables began to fill and he began to get nervous as every seat but one had a student sitting on it.

Harry hadn't brought up the incident at the lake, it seemed as though Draco felt extremely uncomfortable with the subject and he didn't want to hit the wrong nerve.

Breakfast was about halfway through when the Slytherin walked in, ending Harry's worry, but it sparked back up when he studied the boy. His face was sunken in, hair a wreck, he looked completely unhealthy and sleep deprived, and that made Harry feel sick to his stomach.

He watched as Draco went to his seat, not missing a beat, his eyes filled with pain and misery. He immediately looked at his plate full of food and shoved it away as if he were to throw up. Harry kept an icy glare, hoping it would send Draco a chill to look up, and thankfully it did. He looked him in the eye, trying to send a dirty glare, but it didn't happen, couldn't happen. He was too 'under the weather' as he told himself.

Harry motioned his eyes toward the door and back to Draco twice, then cocked his head slightly, motioning them to meet outside.

"I'll meet you at charms, I forgot my books," Harry told Ron and Hermione as he left before they could protest. Even if they were to, he would have left anyway. Draco waited a few minutes before telling Pansy and Blaise he'd meet them in herbology and leaving to the hallway.

It was vacated and Draco made a choice on where to go: the stairs or outside. His decision was made as he heard the door leading to the outdoors click shut. He went with his gut and followed the echo, leading to the courtyard decorated in overcast.

"Psstt." Draco knew that 'psstt.' He knew he went to the right place.

"Harry," Draco whispered. Harry was leaning on the cement pole, his uniform looking extensively cute and his smile very cheeky. "You do know where we are right?"

"Erm... the place where I played exploding snaps with Ron?"

"No you idiot.. It where me and Pansy did our first part of the plan."

"Plan? That's what you called it?"

"Yes, that's what we called it. The plan to 'seduce' potter."

"Of all the clever things you've come up with, that's the best name you could think of? 'The Plan'?"

Harry crossed his arms and smiled sarcastically.

"Shut it. What are we doing out here?" Draco attitude was sour but quiet, but Harry made sure to note he hadn't smiled once.

"I figured if we should talk before class it'd be in a place that meant something to us and not a stinky old broom closet." This made Draco smile very little, like a careless whisper carried by the wind, inaudible to anyone... Anyone but Harry.
"So what do you want to talk to me about? And make it quick," Draco snapped.

"Right because you wouldn't want to be late for herbology," Draco rolled his eyes and crossed his arms as Harry stood from the wall. "Anyway I was going to ask you about this weekend but something else came to mind."

"And what would that be?" Harry walked over to him, grabbing his hands softly, thumbs across his palms. Seeing the shade difference was memorizing, Draco looking as white as a blank canvas.

"Why haven't you touched food in a week. I-I've noticed," he swallowed, because the look on Draco's face was angry. "Or why you look like you haven't been sleeping at all. Or why-" Harry was cut off by Draco pressing his lips to his own. His lips were loving but still, a form of hesitation within them. Harry relaxed to them right away, letting his eyes fall and hands loosen. It wasn't long before they split apart reluctantly. "I'm fine," Draco said, as genuine as possible, but nothing about Draco this year had been genuine.

"Were you crying? After you saw the gryndlow?"

"Hm?"

"You didn't... you looked really upset and I dunno if it was because of the Gryndlow or if it was because of something else. It looked like you were crying. Have I done something wrong?"

"Harry. Harry, Harry, Harry. Really, it's fine. You've done nothing wrong. I was eight when I almost drowned because of a gryndelow. It just freaked me out a bit, that's all. No I wasn't crying." The lie made him want to claw his eyes out.

... that was the dumbest lie he could have ever thought of. "You've been lovely, except the almost dying because of a devil creature part."

"I'm sorry about that," Harry said. Draco kissed him.

"Now what about this weekend," Draco immediately tried to change the subject and seeing the Gryffindor looked almost knocked out, drunk even, to the beauty of the kiss he continued, "I'm not going to Hogsmede. Snape has been wanting to talk to me about my mother, and I think I need sleep as well."

"You're sure you don't want to go. I was hoping to meet up with you at the Three Broomsticks, like a date. We could eat behind the building, I'll bring my cloak."

"It's fine, Harry. I'll see you afterwards though?"

"Can't, Ron and Hermione and I are eating at the Three Broomsticks."

"So why would you invite me on a date there, If you would have gone out later to the exact same place?"

"Because I'm like that." Harry tightened his grip on his hands pulling on him so Draco's weight shifted into his arms.

"That is the worst excuse I've ever heard," Draco breathed into his shoulder, "but it also covers everything." They hugged for a while, enjoying each others comfort, Draco stealing Harry's warmth and kindness.

"I think we should go to class now," Harry mumbled with dismay.
"I don't want to leave."

"You don't have to, we could stay here forever, but we wouldn't pass our exams. Wouldn't graduate. Just stay here, holding each other." Draco felt his breath tickling his ears, the pricks of Harry's hair leaving a spark on his skin.

"I'd like that better than what I have to do," Draco said thinking about his horrid task.

"Relax. I'm sure you'll ace your test today. You'll be fine." Harry said as amiable and reassuring as possible. He didn't even think about the test, but why would he care? He knows he'll refuse in the end. He'll be killed within the hour of his repelling, and he'd never be able to see him again.

Never.

That afternoon Draco received a package. A strange, disgusting package, attached a note, displaying the rules of said package, along a reminder that the clock is ticking and if Draco wasn't to move accordingly, his own time capsule would stop. Forever.

Looks like Draco will be going to Hogsmede after all.

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The Slytherin left later than anybody else, ensuring maximum safety, not even telling his friends where he was going. The air was dry, snow pouring down from the skys in a whirled flurry. It made Draco's throat burn, and the lump that was present feel even worse. He could definitely sense a virus approaching, whether it be from the snow or the dark lord himself, only a matter of time could tell.

He tried, he truly did, to find a way in from the back, but there physically was no door built to such a place. "Idiots," he thought, "how could anyone escape if one needed. What if a death eater came and....oh wait. I am a death eater."

Fantastic.

That only meant he could go in through the front entrance, where people were. It only created a bigger risk, a risk Draco didn't know if he should take, but he had no choice.

He had to use the imperious curse on someone, there was no way around it. He opened the large doors to the three broomsticks- where he would be if he had accepted the date from Harry. Oh god, Harry. What if he was in here?

Draco scanned the large crowd quickly, only to meet eyes with electrifyingly green ones through round glass frames. His entire body went numb as he turned away at lighting speed, pushing away all guilt that could surface. He'd just come up with something later. He needed to focus.

The boy slipped behind the bar, sighting his target: a poor, innocent Gryffindor he remembered from quidditch. She walked into the bathroom, and Draco quickly followed, slithering like a snake, camouflaged by the miraculous amounts of people. Shifting past the door, he found Katie Bell fixing her hair.

"You can't be in here! What are you-"

"Imperio!" Draco felt as though his brain was connected to hers, controlling it as if he was a dictator. "Take this package, don't touch anything inside of it, and deliver it to Albus Dumbledore. Don't speak to anyone, and if you get caught, don't you dare tell them it was me. Go. Now."
Immediately the girl left and Draco slipped out as well a few minutes later. Then, he ran as fast as his feet could carry him, not even feeling the floor beneath. He didn't care if his legs we numb, or he couldn't breathe. He just ran.

He reached the outskirts of the trees only to be stopped by a shriek coming from behind him. Turning around he found a poor innocent Gryffindor, hanging in the air, suspended by nothing, and four heads surrounding her, one of them being Harry Potter.

Draco paced in the hallway outside the room of requirement, not to open it, but because his mind was racing and he knew Harry had his map. Harry would find out.

Draco screwed up, big time, knowing he should have hexed that girl who was with her, whoever she was. There shouldn't of been anyone, not a witness. He shouldn't of been so careless, he should of hurt that filthy blood traitor before anything could have gone wrong. Wait...did he just say blood traitor. Damn it! All the Dark Lord talk was getting to his head, that's all. He's tired...right?

Wrong. He hadn't made that mistake of calling anyone by blood since fourth year, not even in his mind. Not since he and Harry broke up for about month. Then a sudden though occurred. What if Harry touched the necklace? God, how could he of been so stupid! He could have killed the only person he cared about.

It was like telepathy when he heard fast footsteps down the vacated hallway. Draco chose to ignore them, but a whisper escaped the lips of the owner and Harry was there, calling his name. Draco looked up in a flinch and broke out into a sprint, thanking a lord he didn't even believe in that Harry was alive. They both collided, Draco wrapping his left arm around his lower back, right holding his head, just like what the mirror-Draco did.

"Thank god you're alive," Draco said shakily.

"Draco they think its you! They think you poisoned her! Ron and Hermione saw you at the Three Broomsticks and they think you did it! What the hell were you doing there?"

"Shhh, not here." Draco took his hand and ran into the Room of Requirement, slamming the door shut. Harry could barely say half of a word before Draco threw his lips onto Harry's dry ones. This time, the Gryffindor didn't melt or even soften to Draco's touch, he just waited until he had his reassurance.

"What the hell were you doing at the Three Broomsticks when you specifically told me you weren't even going to Hogsmede," Harry whisper-shouted, his face firm and angry.

"My mother," Draco said in a normal voice as realization hit Harry that they were finally alone, "owled me last minute in need for a potion for her anxiety. I had to use the loo so I went into the restaurant, and I saw you. I was going to smile or wave or acknowledge your existence in some form or another but Weasley and Granger were there, and frankly the Weasel looked like he was going to murder me. I was just in the wrong place at the wrong time. What happened?"

"Someone cursed Katie Bell," Harry said, panicked. "I dunno why."

"Maybe it was a prank?"

"No," he shook his head. This is way to serious to be a prank."

"I'm just glad you're safe," Draco said. Harry took a moment to consider it, take in that Draco was
okay, that he was still safe. Face relaxing, he leant into kiss Draco passionately.

They hadn't kissed like that in a long time. It was strange, but it felt so damned good.

"I was so worried." Harry rested his forehead on Draco's, eyes closed, enjoying his company.

"Me, too. You have no idea."

"So what happened in here? It looks like someone forgot to clean up." Harry turned to examine the room, it's size compelling him.

"Guess it's just changed to storage."

"Let's go look around." Harry grasped Draco's hand, pulling them through the rows of garbage. It seemed as though the piles got taller and larger in the blonde's opinion. Harry lead him thought the labyrinth, some small talk along the way about Draco's mother who 'he was so worried for'. It seemed like hours until Harry finally gasped at an old golden mirror coated in cob webs.

"What is this?"

"The Mirror of Erised."

"The what," Draco asked, confused beyond belief.

"Desire is erised backwards. It shows what you want most, like your deepest want you could ever imagine. I was lost in first year and I found it."

"What did you see?"

"My parents. That was the first time I ever knew what they looked like, and they smiled at me, like they wanted me."

"Harry, I'm sure they would have cared for you," Draco wrapped his arms around him from behind, following the image shown in the reflection he was seeing right now.

"Yeah but...you never know..." Harry frowned at the thought of his parents not wanting him, but thankfully Draco was there to kiss him on the cheek to make his heart hurt a little less.

"What do you see now?" Draco's curiosity activated as he rested his chin on his shoulder. He ignored the burn on his arm, which, for some reason, wasn't too awful.

"I see us, and my parents and they're smiling at us. Do you think they would have accepted this? You know, if they were alive?" Harry turned his head to face Draco, locking eyes.

"I think they would have wanted to be happy."

"What do you see?" Draco moved his head towards Harry's, their noses touching, closing his eyes just to sniff his intoxicating scent.

"This," he said slowly pressing his lips towards Harry, who actively responded.

They stayed there for a while, letting their tastes combine as their tongues met as if they were starving for each other, moaning in arousal. They pulled apart gasping for air, sweat barely forming on their brow.

The two decided to continue to walk until a table familiar to Draco's memory appeared. The same
trinkets lay there untouched, waiting to be played with.

"I remember this. Dudley used to have one." Harry picked up the rectangle, examining it closely, "here, blow into the holes," he ordered. Draco looked at him like he was crazy but eventually blew a large puff of air into the toy, which was too much considering it sounded like nails to a chalk board. It caused Harry to laugh at him supportively.

"Merlin, what is that horrid sound!?" Draco looked at the toy in disgust, as Harry laughed.

"It's called a harmonica, it's supposed to sound pretty but I'm sure if a tornado was put inside you, you wouldn't be so pretty either!" Harry put his lips to the holes and gently let out a string of air, sounding much better, but it still wasn't the prettiest instrument on the planet. Draco grabbed the ring with the string wrapped over it and held it up so Harry could diagnose what it was.

"That is a dream catcher. It's supposed to keep away nightmares."

"Does it work," Draco asked trying not to sound so desperate, but he hadn't slept properly since before summer. "You are the muggle expert."

"I don't really know, I never had any toys growing up." That left the box with the tiny dancer inside, which Draco was most curious of.

"This is a music box. My aunt use to have one and I always played with it when she left the house. She'd kill me if she knew I'd touched it."

"What does it do?" Draco was anxious for the answer. Harry didn't say anything. Instead he picked it up and twisted a small key on the back the Slytherin didn't even know was there. It sounded as though he broke the thing before he opened it up and the dancer began to spin. A tune began to chime delicately, a pattern unrecognizable.

"Care to dance?" Harry held out his hand. Draco easily took it, standing in the proper posture as He towered over Harry. Their height difference was truly impeccable. They twisted and twirled and moved to the music, not missing a beat. As the song slowed down, Draco dipped Harry for the last time.

"Do you love me?"

"Yes," Harry said out of breath.

"Do you trust me?"

"Of course."

The song ended just as the words peeled from his mouth.

"Don't."

Before Harry had time to question it, they were both on the floor kissing like crazy, leaving the question in Harry's mind unanswered: why?
"Draco, we need to talk." Blaise's tone was serious, a little too serious. They were in the common room, Draco sleeping on the couch, waking up from yet another nightmare.

"What is it Blaise," Draco said groggily, wiping off his drool and tear stained eyes.

"I just came back from Slughorn's dinner party. It's not going to sound good. You won't like it."

"I really don't need this right now," Draco said sitting up.

"Potter was there. And so was the weaslette."

"And?" Draco's heart began to race. He knew Harry would be there, but the girl Weasley?

"They were flirting. All night." Draco's eyes widened at the thought before he then took the pillow which was sitting next to him, and nailed it at the Italians face. "The hell was that for!?" He said covering his nose.

"That's what you get for lying to me about something so ridiculous," he said, face full of anger.

"I'm not lying! He stood up for her and everything! She kept looking at him the way you look at him."

"Harry wouldn't cheat on me! He loves me! He wouldn't che- would he?" Draco put his face in his hands, his voice turning silent as he thought about all the times they shared. Harry seemed definite he loved him, but then again he himself had been a sorry basket case lately and how could Harry want to be with someone like that? And him and the weaslette always spend time together, more than Draco and him ever had. He and Harry have only seen each other what? Five times this year? For Salazar's sake they practically lived together! Was Harry getting tired of him?

"Here mate. I think you'll need this." Blaise tossed him the pillow before walking off to the boys dormitory, hoping sleep will find him before tomorrow's quidditch game. Draco took the pillow and threw it down where it was before, laying down and screaming in it until his voice was hoarse and tears fell to his cheek.

That damned cabinet is ruining everything.

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Draco woke up from a frantic Blaise who was already dressed in his uniform. "Draco wake up! It's time for the big game!"

"No," he mumbled into the pillow. He felt like mud, mud that had been run over by a dump truck that is. He hadn't really gotten much sleep that night considering his mind was practically on fire due to the mission and the dark lord and Harry- mostly Harry.

"It's against Gryffindor. Potter will be there, and so will the Weasley girl," Blaise whispered in his ear, receiving an immediate reaction from the blonde who was now halfway into his Slytherin quidditch attire. They made their way down to the pitch, snow blowing through their hair, chilling their bodies to absolute stone.

They had already missed the pep talk, which Draco initially didn't care about. It was same old same old every year and frankly he'd rather get his sleep than listen to whomever decided to give it this
game. The team lined up, seekers in front, waiting for their names to be called. Draco looked across to the Gryffindor stand, which he initially regretted seeing that the girl weasel couldn't take her hands off of his Harry.

Ginny took her hand and swiped away bangs from Harry's face to which Harry said thank you before a smile covered his face. That bastard! This couldn't be happening, this couldn't be happening. Draco will kill her.

Draco didn't realize he was hyperventilating before Flint turned to him and stated "Good Malfoy, make sure to use that hatred towards the gryffindorks during the game." And that's exactly what he intended to do. He would kill her if it was the last thing he'd do.

The rest of the game went by in a blur, the only thing on his mind was killing that Weasley. It was about halfway through when he finally stole a bad from a beater and slammed a bludger towards her, only to be redirected by another beater from the Gryffindor team and boos coming from anywhere in the crowd. And then there was Harry who was flying into the clouds, probably because of the snitch, oh but Draco had no intentions of winning, no intentions at all.

He followed the path the Gryffindor went through, the icy clouds cracking his skin. The spectators were not in view anymore, the sounds of the crowd were not heard anymore, it was just Harry, Draco, and the snitch.

The blonde was catching up his hand in front of him, almost as is he was reaching for the snitch but suddenly last second when the two were neck and neck, Draco turned his hand and took a handful of Harry's shirt, smashing their lips together forcefully before he then turned towards the people below in defeat as Harry wrapped his hands around the snitch, yelling "don't forget, you're mine" leaving him completely speechless.

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The music was loud, the common room was filled, and the romance was present the night of the Gryffindor party. People were laughing and cheering at a job well done for Ron who was now riding a sea of people. Harry and Hermione were laughing together and chatting about the days events, however it took all he had to not spill about Draco. It had been bothering him so much since he kissed him and then threw the game. But then Again, he had too many questions for Draco nowadays, questions he knew wouldn't be answered.

He was pulled from his deep thought by a loud commotion as Ron received his first kiss. Harry smiled, happy for his best friend, and turned to see Hermione leaving the common room. Curiosity fueled him for follow her down the many hallways she did go through. He actually lost her once or twice, only to walk down a stairwell to find her sobbing silently- almost silently.

He decided to comfort her, sitting down and wrapping an arm around her shoulder.

"I'm just practicing," she sniffed, "how does it feel, Harry? How does it feel when you know you can't be with Draco?" Harry automatically stiffened and looked at her with wild eyes, trying to conjure an excuse. "I know Harry. I have known. You're my best friend. You love him."

Suddenly Ron and Lavender walked in as if they owned the place and Harry couldn't tell what the girl was saying through all the giggles. God he's happy he wasn't dating a girl. All he saw was a bunch of paper birds straight up attacking Ron on command from Hermione herself, shooing the couple from the room.

His mind was somewhere else. Well on someone else. Draco. The pain, the hurt, the confusion all flowing back to him. Why was he acting so weird? And of course the horrific rumors of him being a
death eater Harry absolutely refused to believe. His heart was injured just looking at the boy nowadays. He looked like he was dead to be honest with you, and Harry didn't know how much he could handle before snapping.

"It feels like this."

"Go find him. Please. I'll be okay." Hermione wiped her tears and half smiled.

"But Hermione-" Harry stood only to have her agree with his inner thoughts.

"Go."

"Thank you." He could finally find Draco, explain things, talk to him.

Harry immediately set off, not knowing where he was going but his feet carried him straight to the astronomy tower, figuring that he could see the whole grounds from there, hoping he could catch a peak of blonde hair before he maybe went into the forest, or maybe he could check the room of requirement afterward.

He climbed the rickety old stairs to the top of the tower to find a blonde very close to the edge. Too close to the edge.

"Draco!" Harry sprinted to the man who was about the jump, wrapping his arms around his waist, shoving him as far back to the wall as possible, slamming his head against the concrete. The Gryffindor had his legs straddled on either side of the Slytherin who's eyes were red and puffy. "What the hell was that?"

"Harry! I wasn't gonna-"

"You scared me to death-"

"-I wasn't going to jump-"

"Why were you so close to the ledge? You could have slipped-"

"Harry!"

"You almost committed-"

"Harry please!"

"Why-" Draco cut off Harry and smashed their lips together for the second time that day, but this time Harry scurried away and stood up, back against the opposite wall. "Why do you think kissing me makes it better? That it covers up that fact I almost lost you!"

"Harry I-"

"And why did you kiss me in the middle of the match! We could have been caught! Then what would have happened? Snape could have seen us! Rita Skeeter! We would be on the front page of the daily prophet in hours, your family would find out, Voldemort! He'd have a right good one on us now wouldn't he! You'd be dead the second the ink was splattered on the paper!" Harry was pacing the whole time, Draco finally stood in the middle of his speech, anger flowing inside of him.

"At least you have backup."

"What," Harry scoffed.
"You've got to be kidding me! That Weaslette had her hands all over you. I now you two are dating behind my back. How could you not be? The way she looks at you, the way you look at her. I should have known."

"Ginny? This what you're on about? This is why you've been acting so weird these past few weeks? Because of her!"

"No for a completely different reason!"

"I'm listening! Go on, spill!"

"No."

"Draco!"

"No! I'm not going to tell you!"

"Why not!"

"You've just got to trust me!"

"I've just got to trust you? You're the one who told me not to trust you! And you're sneaking off all the time, I never get to see you anymore! When was the last time we were together? Oh that's right! A month ago, in the room of requirement, the place you refused to go all year and the second we go near a stupid cabinet you sprint out the door to leave me by myself, won't even talk to me for a MONTH! You tell me not to trust my boyfriend of almost two years and then shove me to the floor to make out with me because kissing makes everything better for you, and then abandon me half naked, alone, in the room of requirement! And you think I'm the one with the secret girlfriend? How do I know you're not cheating on me? Oh that's right, I'm supposed to trust you, but I'm not supposed to trust you! And then we can kiss and live happily ever after!"

"Harry! I'm not cheating on you! How could you think I would do that!"

"How could you think I would do that? You're the one breaking dates all the time, using pathetic excuses to get out of everything! And you refuse to tell me what's going on!" Draco began walking to the door, It isn't his bloody fault he was chosen. He put his hand on the doorknob and was about to walk out before an arm was shoved in front of his face, hand placed against the wall. "Like bloody hell you're leaving."

"I don't need this right now okay! Just leave me alone!" Draco turned the door handle only to have it ripped away from him as Harry mustered all his strength and shoved him against the wall. "Harry!"

"Don't you 'Harry' me, Draco Malfoy. You're keeping your arse right here and hearing me out."

"Harry just let me go!"

"No," Harry said with as much force as he could muster, tightening his grip on the other boy's shoulders.

"You're so stubborn!"

"I'm not as bad as you! You refuse to tell me anything anymore! You know you can trust me right? You can tell me anything!"
"I wish I could Harry, I really do!" Draco was about to start crying but he sucked it up.

"There you go again! Getting all choked up over something that I don't know about. How am I supposed to help you if I haven't got a clue what's going on!"

"Because you can't help me! No one can help me!"

"Because you won't let them!"

"Because they can't! It's impossible!"

"Nothing's impossible, we're the perfect example of it! We absolutely hated each others guts for almost 4 years and now you're only thing think about every damned waking moment of my life! You're driving me insane, Draco! And I'm worried sick about you. I'm so scared for you because you are crying all the time and you look sick, and I swear to god that I haven't seen you take a bite of food since last year! Have you looked in the mirror?"

"No and I'm not going to!"

"Why not? You refuse to take your shirt off around me and I'm pretty sure I can see your ribs even with your robes on! You're weaker than a fairy!"

"I didn't come up here to be criticized by you so can you please let go!"

"Never! I'm never going to let go of you! No matter what!"

"Damn you, Potter," Draco said through his teeth.

"Oh so we're going back to surnames are we? I'm just trying to help you!"

"Well stop it because I don't need your help! I can do this on my own. Alone."

"Just please tell me! I want to be there for you!"

"I don't need you there!"

"Draco please just let me fix you!"

"I'm not a stupid toy!"

"But you're broken!"

"No I'm not, now get off of me!"

"Tell me right now and I'll let you leave."

"I'm not saying anything!"

"Please!"

"No! I'm not telling anyone, not even you!" Harry stepped off of Draco and shook his head.

"I'm leaving," Harry said, not letting his eyes meet Draco's anymore.

"What?"

"I said I'm leaving, would you like me to spell it out for you?"
"You can't leave!"

"And why not! You were just about to walk right out that door!"

"Because...I-..we-.. UGH! Fine! I'm sorry I'm not good enough for you anymore. Just go to your stupid ginger weasel girlfriend!"

"Fine I will! And don't you dare think about going towards that ledge again because if you die, know that I'm going to wake you up so I can personally kill you again, myself." Harry slammed the door behind him.

Draco stood there, silent tears streaming down his face. He really went. The let the best thing of his life walk out the door. Stupid Voldemort. Stupid cabinet. Stupid Dumbledore. Stupid Harry.

He had to find him.

Upon opening the door, there stood Harry, his eyes full of sadness and pain, face pale. Like he wanted to cry but he couldn't.

"When are you going to get it through your stupid, thick skull that I love you and only you, and you're the only one for me?"

Happy Friday. Forest?

Harry glanced up from the note that plopped from an owl seconds before. He glanced up at Draco with a raised eyebrow, of course after assuring the coast was clear throughout the Great Hall.

"Are you going to come this time," Harry mouthed. Draco flattened his lips to him, and then mouthed yes, only to receive two raised eyebrows in return. “It’s been four weeks you’ve canceled.”

Draco furrowed his eyebrows, confused as to what Harry was trying to say. He was never a good lip-reader “What?”

Harry mouthed it again, Draco the same reaction. Harry rolled his eyes before grabbing a quill from his bag, scribbling on the back of the note. He mouthed, “Potions,” leaving Draco to wait impatiently for the reply. Merlin, he’d been screwing up.

For the past four weeks, he’d either been called to meetings with the Dark Lord, or had been working on the cabinet. And if that wasn’t enough stress, he and Harry’d been fighting within the month. Just small petty things, nothing intense, but enough to keep the fire going: Draco didn’t eat dinner; Draco skipped class; Draco went to breakfast late, and even when there, didn’t eat anything; Harry watching Draco on his map, him being out too late. The list went on and on, and it wasn’t like they had the time to properly argue.

Draco- nonstop- worked on the cabinet. He skipped all his electives just to fix it, and sometimes, when the demons lurked in the night, the Dark Lord would call him and tell him things to tell Harry, to make it seem like all was well, all was happy. However words have different meanings when spoken in different ways.

So when he was ordered to compliment Harry, he sounded as if he was mocking Harry, which would, initially, start a fight. Harry would get angry at anything Draco did out of the usual.

The met in the dungeons just before class started, and not one word was spoken between the two. Harry just shoved the note in Draco’s hand, and he walked away before Draco could say anything. The back of his throat burned as he read the note.
“Be there tonight. We need to talk.”

“So you actually showed up,” Harry bit, staring off at the dark water as Draco approached him. “What a surprise.” Draco was quiet and eyed Harry, and for some reason this pit of anger just developed in his stomach.

“You want to talk,” Draco evened his tone, “Talk, then.”

“I don’t even know where to start. I don’t know whether I want to punch you because I haven’t seen you properly in a month, or hug you.”

I prefer a hug. “We’ve never seen each other properly, Harry, we hide in the woods like some mutant creature in secret,” Draco sneered. “Like a caged animal.”

“You know what I mean,” Harry snapped. He stood in irritation, making himself level to Draco so he could see him properly. In the moonlight, Draco’s cheekbones poked out slightly, and he had dark dark circles under his eyes. Harry put his hand to Draco’s cheek. “God, look at you.”

“Would you relax? I’m just… I’m ill,” Draco said unconvincingly. Well, technically he was.

Harry let go and raised both his eyebrows, easily seeing through his lie, “You’re ill,” he crosschecked.

“Yes.”

“What is it, then?”

Draco stood quietly under Harry’s stare until he conjured something. “Influenza.”

“Shouldn’t you be in the hospital if you have the flu?”

“That’s where I have been.”

“Every Friday. And only Friday. Hmph.”

“What, you don’t believe me,” Draco intimidated.

“Well, frankly, no. I don’t.”

“You’re such an arse! I could be dead tomorrow because this virus could eat my lungs out. How would you feel then?”

“I have a few reasons,” Harry crossed his arms. “One being influenza can only last up to two weeks, from then on its severity is the same as the common cold. Two: the common flu cannot eat your lungs out, just make them flemmy.”

“What, are you a healer now,” Draco bit at him.

“I had it when I was nine,” Harry snapped back. “The third reason that I know you’re completely fine.”

“I’m not.” It wasn’t a lie. He wasn’t fine. Harry ignored him.

“Is that I have a map of the entire goddamned school and the first thing I do when you stand me up is
check it. You’re never on it. That’s how I know you skip class.”

Draco’s chest heated in scarce, in fact so did his arms. He opened his mouth to explain but then closed it immediately.

“So. Please. Lie to me again. I want you to.” Harry swallowed furiously.

“So what, you’re stalking me now?”

“Oh, don’t you dare pin this on me, Draco Malfoy,” he pointed his finger at him and stepping forward, causing Draco to step back.

“Have you ever heard of free will,” Draco sneered. “Do you have to know everything I’m doing every single second of the day? It’s none of your business what I’m doing during classes or any other day of the week for that matter.”

“It most certainly is my business! I’m your boyfriend, damn it, I love you! I know you don’t have much credibility with love, but you have me. And if you’re hurting, it’s my business.”

Draco grabbed his collar. “You don’t own me, Potter,” he spat, dangerously close to him. “I’m not hurting.”

Harry wasn’t afraid. Draco wouldn’t hurt him; that was that. “Would you stop lying to me! What did I ever do to you to earn you lying to me constantly?”

You didn’t do anything. “I don’t lie to you constantly,” he lied.

“Right,” he scoffed breaking from Draco’s grip and turning towards the water and then back to Draco. “You know, you can tell me anything right?”

No I can’t. There are a number of things I can’t spit from my mouth, like what happened to me over summer, or what I am or what I have to do. Or those three words. I just can’t. “Of course I know.”

Harry flattened his lips and breathed deeply. “Then why don’t you?”

You’d hate me, and I can’t live to see that happen. Draco didn’t want to answer, so instead he changed the subject. “Are we really going to spend this whole time attacking each other,” Draco asked.

“Fighting is the only thing that gets anything out of you,” Harry said, turning and looking at him. “It’s like we can’t talk like normal people.”

“We aren’t… Harry, maybe we’ve just… hit a rough patch.”

“You call a rough patch not speaking to each other, not seeing each other, not even being able to think about each other without getting angry.”

“I don’t get angry when I think of you,” Draco snapped, “If anything you calm me down.”

“Really,” Harry scoffed, “Right.”

“You do!”

“If I calmed you down, you would be with me, just like when I had nightmares all last year. You calmed me down then. I don’t know what’s happening now. Is it because I locked your father up, or is it something else? What are you hiding from me?” Draco began to walk away, because in his
head, Harry’s voice said something different: death eater, death eater. He was going crazy. Death eater, death eater. A pit of fire ignited in his veins. Death eater, death eater.

“Maybe we’re just drifting apart,” he erupted, throwing his hands out to the side before putting them in his hair. “It’s what couples do! They drift when they realize they aren’t right for each other!” Death eater, death eater. LIAR.

Draco turned around and walked towards the lake, the back of his eyes stinging.

“When did you realize that,” Harry spoke softly, his throat burning. He walked over to him.

“Why haven’t you yet,” Draco’s voice cracked.

“Do you really feel like that?”

No. “Maybe. Yes. I don’t know.”

“Draco, either you know or you don’t know,” Harry bit. “Just tell me what’s going on in that head of yours. I can’t read you mind.”

I’m afraid of losing you. “I don’t know if it’s right that… that we’re together.” I want to protect you.

“Morally?”

“Yes.” Death eater, death eater.

“Draco, it’s never been morally right for us to be together. Ever.”

“So maybe we should stop this now.”

“Oh, don’t tell me you finally have a conscience. If you did, you still wouldn’t be treating me like this. And even if you somehow grew one over night, then you’d have to tell me right now and give me evidence as to how it actually happened because I wouldn’t believe you.”

Draco let out a dry, emotionless laugh. “Right,” he whispered to himself. “Me with a conscience.”

Harry took a deep breath, and he realized how much it hurt, the thought of him and Draco breaking up. “Are you saying you never wanted this,” he choked.

“I’m not saying that.”

“Then what are you saying,” Harry shouted, his voice shaky and volumes higher than what’d it been. “Stop shutting me out! Please. Please just tell me what wrong! I want to fix you! I want to fix us.” He had tears of his eyes thinking back to the day in the hospital wing. ‘Safe is with me.’ But he didn’t feel as safe with Draco anymore, no, he felt Draco was a time bomb; holding it all in, waiting for the worst possible time to explode.

Harry put his hand on Draco’s shoulder and Draco shoved it away. “Don’t touch me. Not now.”

“Please just tell me what you’re thinking.”

Draco put his head in his hands and wiped his face. “I can’t.”

“Yes you can! Yes you can, Draco! You can tell me any thing! Please, why can’t you tell me? I won’t hurt, I promise,” he lied to himself. He would hurt. He would hurt very much.
Draco didn’t answer, but a tear stripped his face, and he wiped it in haste. Harry wanted to clear it. He wanted to hold him and hug him, but he felt so much disgust he couldn’t. “Are you one of them,” he whispered.

Yes. “Oh stop being stupid!”

“Draco, please tell me, I wouldn’t be mad,” Harry plead, “I can’t be with you like this anymore! I can’t see you every day knowing that I can’t wipe that look off your face.”

Draco didn’t know which Harry to trust: the one right before him, the boggart, or the heartbroken one he made the promise to six months ago. He chose the latter. “I’m not.”

“Then would you at least tell me what happened to you during summer. This is when it all started, isn’t it? Our downfall. Voldemort.”

“It’s not because of him! He has nothing to do with anything! This is between you and me.”

“You’re different that what you were last year,” Harry said.

“I grew up,” Draco sneered.

“Did he torture you?”

“It doesn’t matter what he did to me!”

That was Draco’s fault: admitting he was even near Voldemort. Harry felt sick to his stomach.

“He… he touched you?”

“Harry that’s not… Harry, just forget what I said.”

“Did he torture you,” Harry demanded, grabbing his arm as Draco began to walk away. “Draco. What did he do to you?”

“Let go of me!”

“Draco!”

Draco struggled to break from his grip as Harry kept pressing and pressing. Death eater, death eater.

“Draco,” Harry practically begged.

“Twice,” Draco lied, just to get Harry to shut up. “Harry, let go. I can’t… I just can’t.”

“Does he know about us?” Harry’s grip got harder.

“No, he doesn’t,” he tried to sound as reassuring as possible. “He doesn’t and I won’t let him. And maybe that’s why we need to just let go.”

“What, you think just breaking up will solve everything?”


“You’re stupid and you’re barking!”

I love you. “Maybe I just don’t want you anymore. Have you ever thought about that?”
Harry went silent. “No,” his voice cracked. “I’ve never thought about that.”

“Have you ever thought there was a reason I missed our dates?”

“Draco,” his voice cracked.

“You want to hear what’s on my mind, here, you’ve got it,” Draco said quietly. He braced himself, looking Harry dead in the eyes, however not seeing him. “I don’t want to be with you anymore.”

“Why?”

“I mean, how could you have not seen the signs,” he acted as though Harry was stupid, “I avoided you, loss of apatite, couldn’t sleep, all because I didn’t want to hurt you and I had to find a way to make sure I didn’t, but it was impossible.”

Harry stuttered, his heart breaking. “W-why didn’t you tell me this before?”

Please, Harry, can’t you see I’m lying. “I didn’t know how,” Draco almost whispered. “I wanted to spare you by pushing you away in hopes you’d lose feelings for me too, but that backfired and you feel even deeper, and I’m so sorry.” A tear fell from his eye, and Harry wiped it with his thumb, Draco letting him. Harry I’m a liar! Please, this isn’t the truth! Call me out on it so I can stop this.

Harry was silent a bit and just stared into those deep mercury eyes, swimming in them. His throat burned and eyes watered. “I mean if that’s what you want. It’s not like I’m going to keep you in a relationship you aren’t happy in.”

No, Harry. Don’t. Don’t honor me. Disrespect me. Beg for me to take you back. “You deserve so much better than me. I hope you find some one who treats you right, and I’m sorry this has to end like this. It’s about time, huh? Almost two years.”

Harry swallowed, looking out onto the lake. “Huh. Here I thought we’d be together forever.” Draco wanted to vomit. Me too. Come on, Harry, fight for me! Why aren’t you fighting for me? “Are you sure being unhappy is the reason?”

No. There is no reason. I’m a fraud. A fake. Fuck, Harry. Why does this hurt so much? “Yes.”

“Oh,” he swallowed. “I thought we were really happy.”

We were- we are! “It’s not your fault.” Draco wanted to scream. He wanted to punch himself in the face. Repeatedly. “We were. It’s just we’ve changed.” I’M A FUCKING IDIOT.

“I’m sorry,” Harry said, and that face is what made Draco let out a choked sob. “Draco, aren’t I the one who’s supposed to be crying?”

“It just hurts a lot.”

“I know,” Harry agreed, letting a few tears slip. “Like a knife in your chest.”

“Like a sword,” Draco corrected and Harry let out a dry laugh.

“Always have to beat me.” He sniffed. “I’ll miss you.”

“I’ll miss you too, Harry.” Draco was breaking, and he knew it. Their break up was supposed to be nasty. It was supposed to be painful for Harry, not for him, because he knew in the back of his mind he was protecting Harry. But he wasn’t. He was destroying him. ‘Safe is with me.’ Because even if Draco were the one hurting Harry, he wouldn’t let anyone else touch him no matter what.
“If you ever need me, let me know. I’ll be there for you,” Harry said.

“Likewise.” Draco realized as he kissed Harry’s cheek and started on his path back to the castle that this was a special kind of torture. The kind that hurt worse than any unforgivable that ever existed. This hurt like the flames at hell. It hurt like freezing in ice. It hurt like being choked with the bare hands of his lover.

And when he reached the ropes, he leaned up against the tree that Harry swung down from almost two years previous. And he swallowed. And he realized he couldn’t do this.

His lips quivered, and Harry watched him from where he was standing. “Draco, I-“

“I can’t do this,” Draco almost whispered.

“Please stay,” Harry shouted, ignoring any of Draco’s requests. “Please, Draco! I love you. I’m not losing you!” Harry started walking towards him. “I’ll do anything to make you happy again, just please.”

Draco turned his neck so he could see Harry almost sobbing. That’s when he broke down and practically ran towards him, jumping on him and hugging him as if he was the only water in a desert, his only source of life.

“I’m a liar,” Draco wept into his neck. “I’m fake, I’m a liar, and I’m lying! I can’t let you go.” He grabbed Harry’s chin and spoke into his eyes. “You’re amazing and charming and you’re the only thing I care about. You make me happy, Harry, you make me so happy!”

“Why would you say-“

“Because I’m the biggest fucking ignoramus in the entire world!”

Harry gave a few shaky breaths and then nodded. “Yeah, yeah you are!”

“I need you Harry, I need you so much!” Draco kissed him desperately, in hopes he would never have to let go of his lips, never have to leave Harry’s embrace. They hadn’t been in contact with each other in a month, and just being with Harry made everything better.

When they were out of breath, they released and Draco just continued hugging him until his arms physically couldn’t handle it anymore, Harry hugging him back and silently crying into his neck.

“Do you want to go to the room of requirement or your dorm or something?”

Draco shook his head. “No,” he mumbled. “I want to stay with you, right here. Only with you in our cage until we starve.”

“Okay, you can stay here, but when I’m hungry, sorry but, I’m going to get my biscuits before Ron eats them all.”

“Oh what a wonderful boyfriend you are,” Draco laughed, kissing his cheek repeatedly. “I’m never going to do something this stupid again.”

Harry shoved him, “You’d better not, or I’m coming after you.”

Draco just pulled him right back into a hug, and they stayed like that for a long time.

“Sometimes I absolutely hate your guts,” Harry said. “And sometimes I want to punch your stupid face.”
“But?”

“No, there’s nothing else. I just wanted to let you know how crazy you drive me.”

Draco kissed him.

Never going to hurt you like this again.
The next few days had been a bit awkward after that, but eventually the fight ran its course and everything turned back to somewhat normal, as they flattened their lips to each other in the hallway, or Harry would wink now and then in potions.

They made sure to meet with each other at least one more time before holiday, so that's how Draco and Harry found themselves in the Room of Requirement at eleven o'clock. The room itself was transformed into the same one it had been the previous year, only a giant tree replaced one of the many sofas and the entire room was filled with jolly goodies and Christmas trinkets.

Harry and Draco sat across from each other, legs criss crossed on the floor near the fire place, chatting about their week and how things were going before exchanging gifts. There was a plate of tarts, pasties, and treats laying on the table next to them, complimented by two cups of hot chocolate.

"Okay," Draco took a big breath as he began, taking the half eaten cookie in his hand and playing with it, "so this year I wanted to be sentimental." He said trying to hold back a smile, and Harry noticed, only cracking a smile of his own, a small scoff escaping his throat. "What's so funny?"

"Draco Malfoy being sentimental, somebody record this," he laughed some more at Draco's facial expression, one split between shock and a sneer.

"Hey! I've been plenty sentimental!" Harry just continued to laugh as Draco launched a throw pillow from the couch at him. "Shut it!" He did stop but the smile continued. "Anyway, as I was saying, I decided to be sentimental this year so I wanted to give you this.

Draco reached behind his back and handed Harry a flat object, wrapped in silver and green. The Gryffindor's eyebrow raised as he questioned what it is.

"A book? You got me a book? Are you telling me that you actually think I would read?"

"Just shut up, you wanker, and open it! Honesty do you think I'm that dumb?" Draco rolled his eyes as Harry snorted and began ripping open the paper. He began playing with his silk pajama top as he grew nervous. "I was debating on giving it to you because I didn't know if you would like it or not..."

"A diary? I don't understand. What would you like me to write in it?"

"I don't want you to write anything," he stated frankly. He took a large breath before saying," I want you to read it."

Harry took the fiery-black book and opened to the first page to see neat, cursive writing in green ink. Draco's handwriting. The date was scribbled the top right corner of the paper: November 16th 1994. Directly below that was an entry that took up the entire page, sitting there, ready for its secrets to be revealed.

Diary,

Even if that's what I should call you, although it seems far to girly for my taste, Pansy insisted that's what I refer to you as, whoever you are. I honestly don't know who I'm talking to, she told me muggle girls use it to express feelings, however, I am not a muggle, nor a girl so I find this absolutely pointless. Pansy told me that I should keep this documented just to humiliate him further, Harry Potter that is. Potter...that obnoxious Gryffindork prat! Of course he would get chosen for the
trivial tournament, he's got so much luck up his sleeve he could donate his robe to all the disgusting muggles in the world and they would get a letter from Hogwarts.

And that's why I came up with this plan...well Pansy and Blaise barely helped me, and Crabbe and Goyle voiced and opinion, but I thought of it all myself. A plan that would go down in the record books, a plan that would ensure the name "Draco Malfoy" would be remembered as the genius who fooled the famous Harry Potter. I am going to seduce Potter. It does sound ridiculous, yes, but it will not fail, I can ensure of that. He will be so distracted in loving the brilliant and talented me, how could he possibly pay attention to the tasks in front of him. Plus he would be an absolute laughing stalk of the century. Potty-Potter, savior of the wizarding world, falling for the son of a death eater. Brilliant.

Today Pansy and I completed phase one. It was so ruddy simple I'm sure a house elf could have convinced the prat. You should have seen his face, he looked like he was going to throw up! I said some bullocks about his eyes and he actually bought it. How thick could you get? This is going to be the easiest task I've ever done.

There is no possible way that this plan could fail.

DM

Harry sat motionless a few seconds, just staring at the writing, eyebrows furrowed. He could basically read the hate, the obnoxiousness of the old Draco just in that small manuscript.

This whole time he's been writing it down? It made him wonder, did Draco really record everything? Every little detail?

Harry grew curious, glancing up at Draco with an eyebrow raised. The blond bit his lip, his leg shaking in anticipation. He couldn't read his facial expressions.

"H-Harry," Draco almost whispered, his voice cracking. He was immediately shushed by the Gryffindor who had flipped through a few more pages, and he began to read the words out loud in a snobbish tone, one that reminded Draco, well, of Draco-- young Draco; the one he wasn't anymore, except in public.

December 26th, 1994

Diary,

That bastard. That. Bastard. I have just been kissed by a bloke! A bloke! Bloody stupid Potter! That bastard stole my first kiss. I was saving that! That was very important to me! And he stole it. Just like he stole everything else from me. The fame, being the quidditch star, the fortune, my bloody dignity. Bloody stupid annoying Potter.

I hated it. I hate him. I hate him so bloody much! I hated how I had no control, no power as he basically controlled me-- he always does! But Merlin his stupid mouth! Slimy and disgusting and gross and bleh! I shall never wish to experience it again! And the worst part is that no matter how many times I scrub my mouth out, I can still taste him. It's still bloody tingly.

And yet I find myself wanting to know what it's like to really kiss him. Does the bastard always kiss like that?

No no no scratch that. Excuse my while I wash out my mouth with soap again.

DM
"Harry..." Draco said again, unsure of Harry's feelings. Did Harry really want to read about how much he hated him?

Harry flicked his eyes up to him, his lip between his teeth. He raised both his brows, watching Draco fluster and stutter over his actions. He watched him wipe his hands on his pant legs. "You wrote this," Harry asked.

"Well, y-yeah," Draco swallowed, and Harry opened his mouth, however Draco babbled, and Harry bit back a laugh. "But you have to understand that that was before I fell for you. I know I said some bad things and thought some even worser ones, but it gets better, I promise. I-I was only 14 at the time and I didn't know you as I do now and... and," Draco faded away, losing confidence in everything he was saying. "It was a stupid idea. I shouldn't have even told you I had a diary... It was a mistake. I should have gotten you the diamond bracelet, it would have been way less awkward--"

"Diamond bracelet," Harry asked.

"Yeah, well... it was nice... had diamonds on it, it was gold, 24 karat..."

"God, Draco!"

"Would you prefer that instead?"

"Hell no, that'd be too expensive!"

"No it wouldn't, it would have been fine. I'm just an idiot, I should have thought it though--"

"Hold on, wait a second, stop sulking while I think this through," Harry reached out and put a hand on his wrist, stopping his leg from shaking. Draco looked up at him, rather than the ground, wide eyed. "You wrote down every single memory we had together?"

"Y-yeah. Listen, I'm sorry I said all those things but I just thought that you would like to see what really happened and... and how you've changed me... once you move on to the bit when we start dating, it gets better, I promise. But I can go get you the bracelet over holiday and give it to you when we get back--"

"Draco," Harry started.

"Or I can send it to wherever you're staying. The Weasley's, right? Of course, I would have to do it under an alias, most likely 'your secret admirer', but then that would cause question from your fami-- mph--"

Harry had crawled over to him as he babbled, and kissed him hard. Draco, although caught off guard and startled upfront, dropped his forgotten cookie and put his hand on Harry's cheek, smearing crumbs along it as his eyes fell closed. His lips tasted like peppermint and sweets, and Harry's tasted like hot chocolate, which was enough to distract the frames of Harry's glasses digging into his cheeks.

"Thank you," Harry whispered against his lips, and then kissed him just a bit longer, Draco hypnotized by just the feeling of him so close and so sweet. And then he let go, sadly, because the time with Draco's lips would never be enough. "I can't believe you would give me this," Harry sat back on his feet. "This is the most intimate present I've ever gotten in my life," he whispered, his eyes full of compassion, dilated. "No one has ever cared for me this much. Thank you, thank you so much."

"You're welcome, Harry," he whispered back with a blush. Harry looked at the diary a little bit
longer, the cursive, the ink, the pages, before closing and putting it next to the drunk hot chocolate. "Make sure you read it from start to finish chronological. The ending won't make sense. Promise," Draco stuck out his pinky.

"Now I'm tempted to--"

"No! Promise you won't," Draco's face turned serious, his finger stuck out for Harry to take.

Harry smirked a bit, just at the innocence of him, and then he reached back, his hand on the back of Draco's neck, and he kissed him yet again. "Promise," he grabbed Draco's pinky tightly.

"Your turn," he said, sitting back, pulling out a medium-sized, cube shaped box from behind his back and placing it in Draco's lap. "I thought of it when we were in the Room of Requirement last. You were just so fascinated in the muggle things, I couldn't resist."

"What is it?" Draco looked at the contraption in front of him oddly. It was a strange little object, all black with a small glass like structure in the front, a few buttons on the top. It was shaped like something he had never seen before, who knew muggles could be so complicated!

"It's a camera."

"A what? That does not look like a camera."

"A muggle camera. Here," Harry took the object, opened a small latch, and inserted a thick batch of black rectangles into the bottom. "Look." Harry took the box-like object and put it to his face. He then pressed a small button on the top and with a click he took a picture of the fire. One of the small black squares came sliding out of a paper-thin entrance. Harry immediately took the paper and shook it, which added even more to the quizzical look on Draco's face. "See?" Harry handed the photo to Draco.

"How come its not moving?"

"That's how they work," Harry smiled down at him. Draco read the card along the top of the paper, _Every moment I'm with you I wish I could capture and hold forever. Merry Christmas, I love you._ "Do you want to take a picture together," Harry asked, scooting over to Draco already implying it would be a yes. He placed the machine on top of the table and faced the lens towards them. "Ready?" Draco nodded with a tiny look of concern before looking into the lens. Harry smiled and Draco mirrored and he pressed the button.

There was a large flash and Draco blinked repeatedly, not aware of where he was looking; all he could see was black. He heard Harry laughing and he began to laugh too, and suddenly another burst of light went off and another photo was captured to the boys ignorance.

Harry kissed him on the cheek and a third flash went off and Harry released only to have Draco turn his head and smile at him, and another flash went off. Draco let his heart race as he took Harry by the chin and pressed his lips to his lover, and a fifth and final flash, ending the accidental sequence. They, however, continued kissing vigorously, Harry pushing Draco back to the floor, tongues intertwining together. Harry was in a push-up-like form when his foot slipped on the carpet, letting his body land on top of Draco, who then broke the kiss to groan in pain from the wind getting knocked out of him. Harry found himself laughing as he rolled off of him.

"That's not funny," Draco retorted, and Harry snorted in response, and he smacked him in the stomach.

They both rolled over onto their sides, facing each other, their bodies so close they were practically
touching and they could feel each others breath caress their faces.

"What kind of magic made it possible that I could ever feel something so great for someone so much," Draco whispered as Harry tucked his hair behind his ear, letting his fingers linger and his touch rest on the Slytherin's cheeks.

"I have no idea, but it seems like I'm under the same exact spell."

"That is the most clichè comment any wizard has ever said to me."

"That's the only chance any wizard has been able to say it to you," Harry said as he tapped Draco on the nose. "I think the picture is ready."

They both sat up, going to the exact place they were before things got... PG 13. Harry was right, the photos were revealed. The first one was of the two smiling...somewhat. Draco more looked like he swallowed a tart lemon and Harry's eyes were half closed. They both laughed at the sight of it.

The next one was of them laughing, which was Draco's favorite. He never knew he could smile like that. The third was a photo of Harry kissing him on the cheek while he was smiling and looking in the direction of him. The fourth was of them looking at each other in the eye in an eternal bliss. If you could sum up 'perfect' in one photo, that would be the one to use. The final one was of Harry kissing Draco, both their eyes closed, passion in the crease of their eyebrows.

They took a bit to look at them before Harry duplicated them and added a charm for its inability to tarnish.

"You know, even if everyone did know about us, they'd all be too jealous of us to function," Harry started, and Draco leant his head against his shoulder as they stared at the blazing fire.

"So it's best that we don't tell them. For their sake I suppose."

"Don't you wish we could tell everybody. We could hug in the hall, hold hands." Harry took Draco's hand and locked their fingers together loosely, rubbing small circles on them.

"Yeah, I do... I mean every time I see you in the hallway I just want to kiss you, just show the world how lucky I am."

"Do you think we could ever tell the world? You know, when the war is over."

"Maybe. If we wanted a billion angry letters on why The Chosen One can't marry them and why it's not fair he's in love with a death eater- a death eaters son, I mean. I don't deserve you. Draco sat there frozen waiting for Harry to catch what he just said, question him, but it never came.

"I think you'd be worth it."

"Are you sure, Harry?"

"For the last time, yes, you are worth it."

"But I just don't understand. You could have anyone you wanted to. Why me? I mean, there are girls sending you presents all the time, why don't you pick them? Or I'm sure that if anyone knew you were into men, every man would be totally after you."

"Because I don't want them. I want you, Draco. God, I want you so much." Harry pushed Draco to the floor again, this time laying on top of him completely, letting his emotions do the work. And
Draco could feel him.

They stayed there for a while, snogging each other, tasting each other, loving each other. Draco felt all hot and Harry felt all hot and it was just so hot...

And Harry couldn't get enough of it. He had to have Draco, take him as his own. Harry lifted Draco by his shirt, rushing over to the bed, and he practically threw Draco on the mattress by his hips he continued sucking his tongue raw.

And then Harry took his Gryffindor bravery and brought his hand down Draco's chest, and down and down and down to the hem of Draco's pajamas, and finally, with a last dose of courage and brought his hand down further, and he cupped his inner thigh, just where it met his hips, and Draco jumped and jerk his hips.

"I could take you right now," Harry growled in a husky voice, eyes full of lust. He moved his hand to his crotch and Harry kissed his neck and Draco shouted, throwing his arms around Harry. He'd never been touched this way, never imagined he would for a long long time.

"Harry," Draco moaned, arching his back into him, and the material of his button up rid up slightly. But then his shout of pleasure turned to pain because the Mark on his arm started burning.

"Ah," he gasped, and just as Harry reached to unbutton his shirt, Draco pushed him off completely. "No, Harry! No no no no no no," he said, slipping away from Harry, tugging back down his shirt back down. He backed away so fast, he hit his head against the backboard of the bed. "Harry no, j-just no. I'm n-not....I don't- I mean... I do-" Draco trailed away.

Harry, watching the crazy man with wide eyes froze, afraid to move. "You don't want it?"

"H-Harry I do, it's just..."

"You're not ready?" *My bloody arm is stinging and I'm debating on cutting it off..."

"N-no, Harry," he lied. "I'm not."

The Gryffindor's eyes transformed from lust-filled to their normal compassionate ones. His facial features let a wave of disappointment go over them, only to be masked by one of love and understanding. He crawled over to Draco and pressed a soft kiss to his forehead.

"I understand. If you're not ready, then that's fine. I don't want to make you uncomfortable, push you into something you don't... you're not ready for." He swallowed, all flustered and almost embarrassed. "I-It's not me?"

"What? You? No, Harry, I just... I'm not... I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry," Harry crawled next to him. "It's fine, really. Like I said, I'm not going to make you do something you're not comfortable with. Lay down with me? We can fall asleep together."

Draco nodded trying not to clench at the pain of his arm. "Please."

"Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," Draco swallowed back the pain.

"You sure?"

"Yeah." He scooted forward and laid back, running his hand through his hair. *Almost...*
"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to frighten you," Harry whispered, almost afraid to speak. "I just lost control, you make me lose control... You just... you're very attractive, v-very lovely."

Draco wanted to reply but his arm worsened and the back of his eyes suddenly watered. He turned away from Harry so that he couldn't see him. Harry crawled behind him and wrapped an arm around his waist.

Sticky silence rang in the air. Draco felt as though he was betraying Harry's body by saying no- hell they'd been together much past long enough- just because some stupid genocidal Dark Lord had to ruin everything.

"I'm sorry, Draco, for making you uncomfortable," Harry said softly.

"I'm sorry, Harry," Draco whispered, not knowing what he was intending; their screwed up lives or the fact that they couldn't even go all the way.

"Please don't be. It's not a big deal. I'll wait. But I want you to be my first."

"That's for another time, I guess," Draco put up a fake smile and turned to kiss his forehead. "Good night."

It was a bit long until Harry's breathing evened out, and finally his Mark stopped hurting a bit after he fell unconscious. Draco rolled over so he was propped up over Harry's body, possessively. His smell came in lingering waves, and the blonde inhaled it deeply, wondering what his sweat- not just normal sweat, but sex sweat- would smell like.

And what Harry would look like. And how it would feel.

But then Draco realized, as he was like this, he would never be able to know, and there was a sting in the back of his throat at the thought of that.

**Why haven't we had sex anyway**, Draco wondered. **Surely we love each other much enough.**

Fourth year: *eh- too soon. It would have been too much of a shock from enemies to shag mates.*

Fifth year: *Harry went through a phase of depression and nightmares and Draco didn't want to push, although he did think about it from time to time. He was actually sort of thankful for that, considering the Dark Lord saw Harry's memories... that would have been... ahhh I don't want to think about that...*

Sixth year (a.k.a pending): *Oh yeah, a sociopath tatting Draco's arm to express he was now in a colt after said boyfriend he wanted to have sex with.*

He examined him, his soft features, and felt his heart burn. Merlin, he wanted him. What would his eyes look like? His face when he finally released?

*Stop it, Draco!* he thought. *The worst thing that could happen right now is your boyfriend wake up, just after your refused to have sex with him, to find you as hard as a bloody rock.*

"Harry," Draco whispered so lowly, he wasn't even sure if he said it at all. Harry didn't stir. "I'm a Death Eater. There I said it, I told you. Are you mad at me?" He bit his lip. Harry didn't move. "Good. Now we can have sex."

Harry, still completely passed out, said Draco's name in his sleep, and his heart melted on sight.
Draco searched Harry's body, his eyes ripping him apart piece by piece, not knowing what to look at first or last or in between or for how long. The hem of his shirt was risen just enough to expose a small patch of Harry's skin. Draco reached down and stroked his thumb over it, the rest of his hand caressing his hip.

"I wish I could touch you. Touch you just like you touched me. Merlin, that was wonderful."

Draco wanted to wake him up and devour him right then, however refrained himself and did the opposite, completely taking his hand away.

He could, if he so desired, which he didn't, take advantage of him right there. At those words, he found himself disgusted at his own thoughts. He would never- could never take advantage of him. "I don't deserve you. Not good enough for you."

He bit his lip as his words gnawed at him. Draco, snuggling close to Harry, closed his eyes and attempted sleep, however, he couldn't fall unconscious to save himself. He just stayed up thinking, playing out scenarios of him telling Harry about the Mark, but all of them fell bad and ended in flames.

It was two a.m. when the demons were hunting and stalking, he felt Harry shift and a squeal escaped his throat. The boy opened his eyes and Draco watched him do so. Harry, upon looking at him, smiled immediately.

"Hey, you," he said all groggy as he stretched a bit, that patch of skin coming up just a bit further.

"Hey," Draco put up a fake smile.

"What time is it," he voice cracked in the misuse of the night. Draco swore he was going to take him, to hell with the Mark, if he kept speaking like that.

"Early in the morning. Very early."

"It's still dark?"

"Yes, Harry."

"Why are you awake," Harry settled back down in to his almost fetal position up against Draco. He seemed to have slightly forgotten about the night's earlier disaster. Draco expected it to be awkward.

"Thinking."

"What were you thinking about," Harry smiled.

"You." He said it so that Harry could smile even more than he was, and it worked.

"What about me," Harry grinned.

"I had a dream about you last week."

"What was it about," he whispered, pulling the blankets tighter to him.

"A nightmare really," Draco whispered and Harry's smile dropped. He furrowed his eyebrows. "I lost you."
"You lost me?"
"Yeah."
"How so?"
"You left. I was frozen, I couldn't move, couldn't find you."
"Hm. That's strange. I had a dream about you just now," he smiled again.
"Really? And what happened?"
"We were in a garden, and I lost you as well, but you found me and had a rose in your hand and you kissed me and it was really sweet," he said in a sleep drunken voice.

Draco smiled. "What color?"
"Red. Like a ruby. Like love," he yawned.
"That was very sweet of me, huh?"

Harry shoved at his shoulder softly. "Don't be so full of yourself."

Draco snorted and smirked, practically relieved that Harry didn't bring anything up. Without thinking, he went for Harry's lips and sucked on them, almost startling Harry in the process. They released with a smack and Harry looked at him with curious eyes.

"What was that for," he asked.

"I felt like kissing you," Draco answered, and he lay back down and snuggled into the pillow, up against Harry's shoulder his head rested. "Go to sleep, Harry," he skated an arm lazily across his stomach and pulled him close.

Again, silence came across them and the drowsiness of the night fell over Draco. He was just about ready to pass out when Harry's voice woke him.

"Draco, not that I'm angry about it or anything, but why won't you have sex with me? I mean, I understand if you don't feel comfortable doing it, but I'm just wondering why you feel uncomfortable with me."

Draco's heart beat turned rapid, and he bit his lip. There wasn't really any reason except his Mark. "I don't want to hurt you."

"It wouldn't hurt though," Harry furrowed his brows.

"I don't want to talk about it, okay?"

"Okay," Harry swallowed. Draco could tell that there was something going on in his head that we wasn't sharing. There was silence. "Is it because you're scared it'll hurt? I mean I've heard that it does at first but-"

"Harry don't press. And don't think about it. Good night." Draco turned over, away from Harry's warm, soft embrace.

"Wait, no, I'm sorry! I didn't mean to upset you, I was only curious."
Draco rolled back over. How could he ever deserve someone like Harry. "Harry. Stop worrying about it. It's fine."

"You're sure there's nothing more than that you just..."

"We're too young, Harry. I'm not ready." His palms started getting sweaty. Harry was assuming.

"You're sure? That's it? Nothing else?"

It didn't make sense, though. If Harry was assuming about his Dark Mark he would have gone out and said it already. He would have asked if his reason was because he was Marked. How many times had Harry pressed him about it? A lot. How many times had Draco lied? A hell of a lot. But Harry never spared his feelings when he asked, just ripped off the bandaid. "I'm sure," Draco said.

"Okay," Harry swallowed.

It still didn't make sense. Harry didn't sound upset at Draco, but Harry was upset, he could tell-- he could always tell when Harry was upset. But if it wasn't towards Draco, it had to be towards himself...

"Harry?"

"Yeah," he bit his lip.

"Is there something bothering you?"

"Why would you say that?"

"You just seem... your tone of voice, it's not happy... you don't sound like you. I mean, I know this is hard because we haven't talked about it, but I just feel like you're... upset." Draco eyed him, but Harry refused to look at him. Yes, there was something definitely bothering him. There have only been a few times where Harry avoided his eyes completely.

"I just... Is it because you don't want me in that way?"

"What?"

"It's been two years... and--"

"I know how long it's been Harry," Draco bit, and I've wanted you so much...

"I feel like, even if you don't want it, I feel like we should be at each other more, if that makes sense..."

"Erm... I guess maybe it makes sense."

"I just..." Harry swallowed.

"Have I done something wrong?"

"No, no," Harry said reassuringly. "You've been wonderful, it's... Can I talk to you about something?"

"Of course, Harry," Draco sat up a bit, turning to face Harry, and then he lay back down so they could be face to face, if Harry chose to look at him. He still was on his back, his eyes fixed on the ceiling.
"You won't judge me at all?"

"No, of course not," Draco said softly.

"Okay... I... I don't feel," Harry swallowed, "desirable, I guess you could say?"

"Like how you act? So what, you're a goof ball."

"No, not like that."

"Desirable meaning?"

He inhaled and exhaled deeply. "Attractive."

"You don't think you're attractive?"

"...I don't know... Forget it, I'm being stupid."

"No, Harry, you're not. You brought it up, obviously you care about it. I'm not judging you and you trust me. Talk to me." Harry took a bit before speaking. "Take your time."

"My body," he said quietly. "I feel like it looks weird..."

Draco furrowed his eyebrows. "Looks weird? How so?"

"I... I think my shoulders are too small and my collarbones don't stick out enough and my neck is too thick and my chest is just strange... And my hips are too small. I have ugly feet. You know how you look at yourself in the mirror when you're alone?"

"Yeah?"

"And you act like... you act out how you want to look at someone or something?"

"Mhm-hmm."

"Well, I acted like how I wanted to look at you and I tried looking attractive and nice and I hated it. I didn't feel... I don't feel like I'm sexy at all," Harry frowned. "To anyone, not just you."

"Harry--"

"No, just hear me out. I... whenever you walk into a room, or whenever I get to look at you completely... God, you make my mouth water. It's like you're bloody perfect. You're in proportion to your body, you have nice shoulders and a thin neck and a long torso and you're amazing and then there's me who has discolored skin and a stumpy chin and a weird nose and a big forehead and knobby knees. I think that my arse is shaped weird..."

"Harry-"

"And I mean it's everyone else too, you know. I'm attracted to other people, not just you. I think other people have flaws, except you. I'm not in love with them but I think that Dean has a nice neck-- I love yours more and I love how it feels when I put my nose into it-- and I like Hermione's lips, I think that they're shaped nice and they have a good color and I think mine are too thin and look ugly. I like Ron's build, he has broad shoulders and nice arms-- hell no I'm not sexually attracted to him, don't even go there, Draco-- I just think that it looks nice. I think other people have nice attributes and is it a crime to look at them and appreciate them? Like I said, I'm not sexually attracted to them, I'm just attracted to how they look. It's sort of like a 'hey, that kid has a nicely shaped nose,' it's
something you notice.

"I like Ginny's eyes, I think that they're warm. I think Pansy's hair looks really soft, mine looks like a bloody bird's nest. Blaise... Blaise has a nice torso, too. I like Theo Nott's biceps. I like Katie Bell's eyebrows. I like Hannah Abbots leg to arse ratio. I think it makes sense and whenever I look in the mirror I don't see that. I don't see any of that. I see a little scrawny boy who could never please anyone.

Draco had so much to say he didn't know where to start, but of course he started off with the wrong thing. "Harry you understand girls follow you ever five feet, right?"

"They follow the name, not my body. They couldn't care less what I look like. Besides, I don't care about them anyway. I care about you. And I just... I don't think that you're attracted to me in that way. I know you care about me, hell, maybe you love me. But you know me, you know my personality. I don't think back in 4th year that you thought I was attractive, I looked like the end of a burnt broom."

"Hold on, what makes you think I'm not attracted to you in that way?"

Harry went silent a bit and he swallowed. "You know when I... earlier when I... I touched you," Harry finally, finally, turned to look at him.

"Yes."

"You didn't... you weren't... hard," Harry whispered as if it was taboo. "And I just feel like I'm doing something wrong and I don't know what it is. I mean we kiss all the time and it feels good, at least it does for me. It feels really good, very good actually. And I was... turned on, you could say, but you weren't and I can't help thinking that either you're just that bloody fantastic that I physically can’t tell if I suck or not or you're not turned on because I'm not sexually attractive. I'm scared that I'm never going to be. And you've been avoiding me, so I just thought that maybe if you tried stopping anything it would be because you don't want me in that way.

"And... It's... Ron and Hermione, they look at each other and they talk about each other and how they're attracted to each other-- God, Ron went on for hours about her skin the other day-- and Hermione talks about his height compared to hers all the time and how he gives such great hugs and you have to wonder when someone looks at you yourself do they think like that? Do you like my skin? Do you see that my lips are shaped weird or that my neck is thick or do you just see them for what they are: lips and a neck?

"Remember when we went swimming? I took my clothes off and I looked back to see if you were... checking me out and you weren't. After two years, you'd think that you would be looking at me but you weren't... I thought maybe if I touched you then that would get you going, maybe if you saw me wet then that would change your mind, but it didn't. And then you saw a Grindylow and you swam away, which was fine, but after that you wouldn't touch me and I just thought that you thought that I was ugly.

"I can't help but wonder if you see all my flaws or if you see me as another person. Honest to God or Merlin or whatever, are you sexually attracted to me? Do you think I'm sexy?"

Draco stayed quiet for a while, thinking. He bit his lip. He had no idea in the entire world that Harry thought this way, that he had these insecurities, and they'd been so entirely close for so long that it was like being slapped in the face.

"Draco," Harry said after a while, his voice scratchy, "Are you still awake?"
Harry felt a hand on his chest, and suddenly that hand balled into a fist and pulled on his shirt aggressively, causing Harry to fly forward into Draco's body. "Do I think you're sexy? That was the question," Draco smirked, bringing his hand under the hem of Harry's shirt, and he felt the skin along his lower abdomen. "Before I answer that, I would just like to point out a few things, first being, you know there's a spell to hide that, right?"

"Hide what?"

"Hide when you're turned on."

"There is?"

"Yes. Everyone gets morning wood, it's natural. And it's awkward having to walk across an entire dorm with bunches of people all about the place. Didn't you say that all you Gryffindors sleep in one room?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever seen anyone in your dorm have morning wood, or at least try to hide it?"

"Well, now that I think about it..."

"No, Harry. Everyone uses them. I use one practically constantly. Would you like to know why?"

"Why," Harry swallowed.

"I don't know if you've noticed, but my boyfriend is the downright sexiest man in the entire school," Draco smirked in a growl, "And he just drives me crazy because I want him every time I see him. I can't help it, it's just that he gives me this look and I can't stand it. His bloody mouth makes me want to scream his name the second it touches me. But you know what sets me off?"

"Hm?"

"His arse," Draco grabbed his arse and pulled him so that their hips were together and he squeezed it. He didn't let go of it for the rest of the night. "It's bloody lovely. He says it's misshapen but I think its bloody gorgeous. But you know what's funny about arses?"

"What?"

"That the arse is in the back of the body and the eyes are in the front, meaning that I most definitely check you out, Harry, you just don't see it. I scare myself sometimes as to how much I look at your arse. I've probably memorized it by now."

"Really?"

"Of course. Now, getting back to your body, I disagree with everything you said. I don't think your body looks weird, I think it looks bloody perfect. I think that your shoulders and your hips are perfectly aligned. I like how your collarbones are. I think that when I see your collarbones stick out, it seems like you haven't been eating enough, you look malnourished, and that rips at the overprotective boyfriend side of me. I think that your feet are fine, they're bloody feet. All feet look weird. I don't think that you have knobby knees and I don't think you're scrawny."

"I think your skin is wonderful; it's yours, how could it not be It's soft and warm and gentle and vibrant. And your hair, although I joke that it's a rats nest, it's still bloody silky. And think, if your forehead wasn't that size it wouldn't have room for that obnoxious scar of yours," he kissed his
forehead and then kissed his scar. "And if you didn't have a scar, I wouldn't have a target to kiss. You lips aren't too thin, I don't know what you're talking about, they're bloody amazing. You're the best kisser in the entire world, yes kissing you turns me on, yes thinking about kissing you turns me on. In all seriousness, I do think that you are very desirable, and I am sexually attracted to you.

"I think you're not giving yourself enough credit. I don't think anyone does. But think of it this way: if everyone found themselves attractive, no one would want to marry anyone else and then no one would fall in love with anyone else. No one could reproduce. There wouldn't be families because everyone would be to into themselves and then there would be nothing left. Maybe we're built that way to think we're all ugly so that we don't want to marry ourselves, it's a survival instinct."

That made Harry smile.

"And I don't think you're stupid for being insecure about you body, I don't think any insecurity you have is stupid. Insecurities are valid. I have them. We all have them. But don't let it control your life Harry. You have other stuff to think about than if I think you're attractive at every moment of everyday.

"But I think that you being desirable has nothing to do with you being sexually attractive. I think that I don't have time to worry about the shape of your lips because I'm too busy listening to the sound of your laugh, I think seeing you smile is incredible and I think it makes you more attractive. I think that you're more sexually attractive when you're laughing than when you're in the Black Lake in nothing but boxers. I think you're more sexually attractive after you've eaten dinner because you look healthier and I know you're safe for the rest of the night, you've had enough nutrition.

"Do I think you're sexually attractive? Yes, completely. All the time? No. Because you don't need to be, and I enjoy the times when you aren't probably twice as much because thats when we're connecting and we're together in a way unobtainable by sex. But desirable? Do I find you desirable? All the fucking time, Harry.

"For example did I find you sexually attractive the night you got back from the ministry last year? No. Did I find you desirable? Completely. I want to be by you constantly, I want to be at your hip through the ups and the downs and the lows and highs and I want to be by your side every triumph and fall. And I think anyone who doesn't is an idiot who deserves a thank you note from me because that means I get to spend more time with you. Do you feel better? A little bit at least?" He put a hand in Harry's hair and the other one still rested on his arse. It wasn't going to move. Voldemort can go jump off a cliff right now.

Harry nodded and kissed him softly. "Thank you."

"Don't thank me, thank you. It's your body and it's a wonderful body whether or not you think it is." Draco smiled and kissed his forehead before closing his eyes. "Anything else you would like to talk about whilst it's two-thirty in the morning, only six hours away before classes start?"

"Erm... no."

"If not, wake me up."

"Okay, I will," Harry snuggled closer to him and Draco loved every second of it. They hadn't been like this in a while, vulnerable around each other. They both shut their eyes and started to drift however Draco woke them both.

"I think you're beautiful," he whispered, and he kissed his lips, Harry letting out a sweet sound.
"I think you're beautifuler," Harry whispered back before kissing him again.

Draco just laughed into his lips, hanging on just a bit more before letting go and resting his head on the pillow. "Harry, I want to wait until marriage," he whispered into the night, "to make love."

Harry frowned. "You know that means we might never get to do it, right. This isn't going to last forever, your family won't allow it. There's too much going on."

"Maybe."

Harry practically laughed. "We won't get married. There's no way."

"Hm, I wouldn't place any bets on that," Draco smiled, squeezing his arse.

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"Hey, Pansy," Draco asked blatantly. They were both in his bedroom so they didn't have anyone around.

"Yes?"

"Is it possible to have sex with clothes on?"

Her eyes widened and the book she was carrying fell from her arms.

"Me and Harry want to have sex, well I told him if we get married, but just in case I want to know, I'm not taking off my clothes... well, shirt, but is it possible?"

"I'm not answering that question."

"Damn..."
The holiday break was excruciatingly slow for Draco. Not once was the Dark Lord at his house, although his father made up for it. Lucius did escape from Azkaban on the 26th of December, and not only was he proud the Dark Lord chose him for such a crucial task, but he was more than disappointed when he heard the news about it.

Draco wasn't doing well, and he made sure to make it crystal clear whose lives were on the line. So the so-called brilliant mind of Lucius Malfoy sent Draco back to Hogwarts with a bottle of poison and a large set of specific instructions.

It was currently 2:30 a.m. The second week of term. The only thing fueling his conscious state was his high heart rate, and huge capacity of adrenaline. He could feel the small bottle beating against his leg carelessly in his pocket.

Castle was still. Almost too still. The only thing audible at the moment was his own cold, bare feet dancing on the floor, and the obnoxiously loud heartbeat that seemed to vibrate the walls.

It's seemed as though time stood still as he reached the wooden door that awaited his task.

Slughorn's office.

"Alohamora," he whispered like a mouse, but personally he sounded like a lion who hadn't been tamed. Please don't open, please don't open!

His prayers weren't answered as he heard a click of the door and a squeak of the hinges.

The professors office was humble and warm, especially for a Slytherin, but he still felt a queasy sensation overcome him.

Draco's legs went numb and he couldn't feel his feet carry him, but somehow he reached his destination: a wine cabinet. With shaky hands he unlatched the handle and pulled the door open. There were bottles upon bottles of various alcohols some of which Draco had never heard of. His eyes scanned the area until they stopped dead at a priceless sherry with a red tag with the words 'To Albus' in black ink.

With a gulp of his own saliva, Draco reached for the bottle and grabbed the cork. It took a few tries for his hands were clammy and sweaty, but he eventually loosened the top. He shakily grabbed the small vial in his pocket and unscrewed the cap. Slowly, Draco raised the poison to the top and attempted to pour it in but his hands were too unstable and his anger was boiling.

"Damn it," he muttered before bursting into tears for the umpteenth time this year, "why can't I do this!"

He could hear his fathers voice, in his head, taunting him. You don't have the guts. You're just a coward. He echoed throughout his mind. His voice grew louder and louder, repeating that line over, coward, coward, until Draco dug his nails into the wood of the table.

A second voice came into the mix.
Don't do it Draco. You're not that type of person.

Harry.

Don't be a coward, Draco, Lucius took away from the angelic voice.

"No! Harry. Go back to Harry," Draco begged as he shut his eyes and focused on his thoughts.

He can't save you. No one can save you. His laugh echoed through his head, driving him completely mad. Do it, Draco.

"Fine!" He reached his breaking point, grabbing the glass vial once more and slamming the tip of the bottle to it before raising the end, letting the clear liquid slip down the neck. Without a second thought he whacked the cork on the top and practically threw it on the shelf where it belonged, sprinting out the door with hot tears rolling down his face.

Wiping water drops off his face furiously, a hand covered his eyes and another pulled him to the ground, a body cushioning his fall.

"Let me go! Leave me alone! I didn't do it!" Draco screamed as a first resort to freedom, but the hand wrapping around his stomach was now covering his mouth.

"Shh! Keep screaming and you may as well wake up the entire castle and get us caught!" The familiar voice calmed him slightly but he looked to the side to find a pair of electrifyingly green eyes behind a glassy frame of lenses.

"Harry? What are you doing here? It's 3 in the morning! Why are you covering me eyes and knocking me to ground? And why do you smell like chocolate?" Draco half-whisper shouted.

"You ask too many questions! If you're wondering," he enclosed his arms around his lover, letting him rest on his chest and wrapping his legs around him, "Yes, my name is Harry, I'm heading back to the Gryffindor common room. I knocked you down to the ground because I wanted to scare you, which obviously worked, plus I wanted to see how you would react, and I smell like chocolate because I was hungry and I snuck out to the kitchens and grabbed myself a snack."

"But wh-"

"No, my turn. Why are you crying?" Harry rested his head on Draco's shoulder, his hair nestled on Draco's ear and tickled it. He began kissing his neck softly and Draco could feel his hot saliva from his lip's touch.

"Erm...," he was thinking of an excuse, "my father is back, and he..I-I just, I'm f-fine." Draco lied.

"No you're not, I can see it in your eyes," Harry whispered gently. Draco began to stutter with tears leaking down his cheeks until eventually he turned around in his arms and let the waterworks flow.

"I-I c-cant do this anymore! I just, I can't," he sobbed. Harry just stroked his hair softly, holding him, letting him unwind in his arms. Once he calmed down slightly, enough for Harry to whisper sweet nothing's in his ear.

"Draco, You know I hate seeing you like this. I hate seeing you so pale and I hate that you aren't getting any sleep. I hate that you never eat, only do when I force you to. I hate that I can feel your rib age right now. And I hate that you are so weak, and that you cry constantly. But you know what I hate the most of it all?"
Draco mumbled a single word into his chest but Harry couldn’t understand it. Figuring he responded to his question, he continued on.

"I hate that I can’t help you because you won’t tell me what’s wrong."

"Yes I am telling you," Draco lied in a large voice. He ripped himself from Harry’s embrace and backing up to the other side of the hall.

"Bollocks! No you’re not! There’s no way, Draco! You cry, Draco! You never used to cry. I understand your family is having problems but there is no bloody way that that can effect you that much!"

"How would you know? You don’t have a family!" Draco covered his mouth immediately, trying to shove the words back in that fell out unexpected, but they were already vanished in the air.

Harry pushed out his jaw and swallowed, furrowing his eyebrows.

"Harry I-" Draco immediately regretted, but Harry cut him off.

"Shut up," he bit.

"Just please-"

"I said shut up!"

"Harry-" Harry ran across to the other side, slamming Draco against the wall, covering his mouth. Draco waited for an outburst, a lecture, an explosion even, but it never came. Harry looked Draco in the eyes but his focus seemed somewhere else. Although he was scanning his face, Harry didn’t seem to be there and he furrowed his eyebrows to one of question, not anger. Draco, on the other hand, held wide eyes in wonder of what he was doing, and what he was in for.

But then her heard it. Footsteps.

They both turned their head towards the end of the corridor where a light was growing brighter and brighter.

"Who’s down ’ere," Filches voice echoed through the deathly still hall. Harry grabbed Draco’s hand and sprinted. The Slytherin had trouble keeping up with him, only due to the fact Harry ended up being much stronger than him with the continuation of Quidditch- that and he ate more than Draco did.

They stopped in an alcove behind a suit of armor. It was slim fit and they had to stand with their chests touching- not that it was all so bad. Harry once again covered Draco’s mouth and his own to muffle the heavy breathing. They waited until the old man stepped thought the hall and was far into another corridor before they even started breathing properly.

"We need to go." Harry took Draco's arm and they started climbing stairs. They continued on until they reached the clock tower and sat next to each other, legs criss crossed. They watched the flurry of snow fly through the air. It was silent for a while, as well as excruciatingly awkward. Every time Draco wanted to open his mouth, his confidence contended and decided against it.

"We never used to fight," Harry said after a while, softly. "Not like this... never like this, " he bit his lip and took a breath. "I don’t know why it’s happening, and I don’t know what it is, but the only thing that is holding us back is you. So I’ll ask you, because you’re the only one who can answer this. What is happening to us?"
Draco didn't talk. He looked like he was going to, however he kept his mouth shut. Again, his confidence shut him down.

"Can't talk, can you? Seems as though before this, whatever this is, happened you couldn't ever stop talking. You always were a talker... used to annoy me day and night last year. By the way, you started this, whether it started out to be a joke or not. I have it all in a journal. I read it all the time, you know. And yet now you can't even say a word. And I know that there is something going on, and you won't tell me it. I thought you could trust me. I thought you loved me."

"Harry, you know how I feel about you."

"Not so sure about that anymore... How come you've never told me you've loved me?"

Draco's heartbeat quickened. "I-I... Harry I thought we agreed I'm not obligated to say it. You know how I am with things like this."

"So what, you've never been in love. I get it. I haven't either. It's not that difficult. You're in love or you're not."

"I didn't think that you needed me breathing down your neck every day like another one of your bloody fans. I thought you wanted me to be special."

"You are," Harry frowned. "It's just, it's been almost two years. I don't need you telling me every day, but it would be nice just to hear it coming from you. I hate assuming."

"It's not assuming if you know it." Draco kept his eyes glued to the floor the entire time, but looked up at Harry at that. "Do you?" Harry turned to him, and his voice broke as he asked. "Do you know it?"

Harry stared at him, thinking. He hesitated, and Draco felt confused and frustrated. Sure, he never told him, but damn it, it's not that hard. "You're hesitating."

"Don't I have a right to," Harry asked. "I'm not obligated to understand how you feel."

"Oh don't play that game with me, Harry," Draco's voice elevated.

Harry evened his tone. "What do you mean by 'don't play that game with me, Harry.' I'm not saying you have to say it, but I just want to know what you're feeling. Don't I at least deserve that?"

Draco swallowed and paused, thinking. "You deserve it. But how am I supposed to tell you have I feel if I don't know myself."

"Draco, at this point you should know. You're in love with me, or you're not. Yes or no. It's simple."

"Harry, what ever this is isn't simple," Draco said. "You're not simple."

"We've always been simple! That's the first thing we talked about before we started this. Besides, I'm a simple person! It's me you're talking to, no one else. Just me. Just Harry, your boyfriend. Not Harry Potter, he's not here right now. Just Harry."

"Oh please, you're the most complex human being I know," Draco said, almost jokingly, although he wasn't joking.

"Draco," Harry rolled his eyes at him. He stuck out his fingers and counted them off as he spoke. "I like Quidditch. I hate Snape. My favorite food is treacle tart. Every single year I escape death in
some way or another. You make me happy. That's it. That's me. I'm not some stupid essay on the moon or something. I don't understand why you don't tell me things."

"I tell you a hell of a lot of things, Harry," Draco recoiled.

"Such as?"

"I tell you my feelings. I've never done that with anyone really before."

"You won't tell me you love me."

"What if I don't?"

Harry's face tightened blankly as fast as he blinked, but then he voluntarily, almost forcefully, turned it soft. "Then it would be fine."

Inside, Draco's stomach boiled. "What? Fine? What do you mean by fine?"

"You feel what you feel and that's it. I'm not going to hate you if I feel differently than you do," Harry crossed his arms, but the face Draco pulled told him that his claim wasn't true. "I'm not going to hold it in that it's bloody confusing, you are, how you can go from breaking up with me because 'we're not right for each other,' to 'never leave me, Harry, I can't live without you,' to 'kiss me, kiss me,' to 'I don't want to hurt you,' within a bit of a few days. I just want you to tell me things so I'm not so damned worried about you."

"You don't need to worry about me."

"Yes I do. I'm your boyfriend. And even if I wasn't, I still would care about you." Draco bit his lip and stared at his feet. "Look, I just want you to be comfortable around me."

"I am comfortable around you," Draco lied.

"Are you sure," he clarified, although he couldn't believe him.

"Yes, Harry," Draco huffed.

"And you can trust me?"

"Of course."

"Alright then, fine. Tell me if you're a Death Eater right now, yes or no."

Draco shot to him, his mouth dropping, and his heart burned. Did Harry really care how he felt? Did he care if he was really comfortable? Or was he just trying to get Draco to admit to it. "This is what this is all about," Draco hissed. "Whether or not I serve him!"

"No, it's just... you've been acting so strange! Just answer the question, Draco!"

"I've told you a million times: no! Why can't you just believe me!" Draco stood and so did Harry.

"Everybody thinks you're one, Draco. That's not something someone would start a rumor about. This is serious!"

"Since when do you give two shits to what anybody thinks! You're Harry bloody Potter! You couldn't give a damn what everybody thought if you tried!"
"I think you are one," Harry said abruptly quieter. Draco looked up into his eyes. *God, it hurt to lie to him.* But then Draco remembered his father's instructions, directly from the Dark Lord: *convince Potter you're not a death eater and that your loyalty lies with him. Fail me and I'll kill you and your family.*

So the question was, how could he tell him? If Harry let him go, he'd be swimming alone, lost in the deep, confused and angry and scared and lost with no support and that would only be for a little until the Dark Lord got a hold of him. And then Dumbledore.

"You don't you believe me every time I tell you?"

"Draco just please! Prove me wrong."

"What, you want me to show you my arm again? Harry, I've shown you a hundred times! You know there's nothing there. Stop acting like a child!"

"Acting like a child, says the one who always hides from me! Says the one who throws little tantrums like he's throwing one now," Harry sneered, and Draco felt as though he was being swallowed whole through the deep again, hope drifting away with no reach of it. Harry, his anchor, was causing him to drown, and that's why he crossed his arms and began to walk away, but Harry stopped him by his nightshirt. "I'm talking with you!"

"Damn it, Harry! Would you just stop it! Can't you see what the hell is going on?"

"No, because you won't tell me!"

"No, stop looking with your ears, look with your eyes. Anyone would half a brain could figure this out!" Draco turned to him, his eyes watered with no tears falling, but his throat was closing and it was getting harder to breathe. Harry searched him thoroughly finding any hint or clue, but he was biased and oblivious of his own horrors.

"You're not one," Harry relaxed.

"Harry," Draco choked, wanting to scream and stomp his feet, but his sheer shock of it kept him from it.

"What?"

Draco couldn't answer him, but he searched his eyes. *Are you really that stupid?*

"Damn it, Draco. I'm tired of playing the guessing game! You're so hard to figure out, and I'm trying, I really am trying to make this okay, but I just don't get you! Tell me what you're thinking!"

"You want to know what I'm thinking? Fine! I'm thinking about how I'm scared to death right now because of you! You-Know-Who lives in my house, Harry! Every single day I wake up knowing he's with my family and he could hurt them at any given moment. Think about going home this summer! He might look through my mind and see I'm with you and I would be dead in minutes after he tortured me into giving up all information possible about you! And if I fail him. you don't know what its like! If you fail him, you die. You don't get it.

"My mother writes to me and asks me how I'm doing and I can't tell her about you because I'm too scared the Dark Lord will find it and come after you. I'm scared because he is *already* after you! And I ask my mother how she's doing and she can only lie to me, knowing that I know she is! And on top of it all, I have a boyfriend who is completely oblivious to everything and keeps accusing me of something I refuse to become."
"Wait, refused? He's talked to you about it?"

"Harry. Are you serious," he ran his fingers through his hair. "Is that all you care about?"

"I'm trying to make sense of your behavior! That's the only thing that could cause you to act like this!"

"Because family isn't good enough, is it," Draco said dryly, but he was thinking you are my family and one day I can prove that to you. "Maybe if you had parents, you'd understand."

"Yes, thank you again, Draco Malfoy, for the daily reminder that my parents are dead and that I'm all alone with abusive relatives," Harry growled.

"Harry, I," Draco tried, but the look on Harry's face made him stop.

"Can you just for once not bring that up! You always have to pick at that!"

"I wasn't thinking."

"You never do anymore! Draco, if you haven't guessed it already, you're the closest thing I've got to family besides the Weasley's and Hermione. Even then, you're someone I see a future with."

Draco swallowed. "You see a future with me?"

"If you would stop being such a tit, yes, I do!"

"Serially," Draco asked, his heart skipping so many beats, the thought he'd pass out. "You want forever."

Harry nodded. "Maybe. But this has got to stop, the fighting, the miscommunication."

"It will," Draco ensured. "It will, I promise. One day."

"Good."

Draco swallowed. "Harry," he said, "Say hypothetically I was, which I'm not, a Death Eater. Why would that be so extreme to you."

"Because... you promised me last year. You promised me you would always be my safety, and if you became a death eater," Harry ran his fingers in his hair, "I wouldn't be safe anymore no matter who you were, boyfriend or not. It would be a constant fear of whether or not it was real what you were feeling, or you being controlling me like a puppet master."

"Say what I felt was real and I was forced into it," Draco bit his lip and put his hands in his pockets, the prickle of his nerves taking over his body.

"See, the thing is, Hermione has a theory."

"A theory," Draco asked with a frown. Granger...

"Yeah, a theory that if you were to become a Death Eater, maybe it was all part of the Plan to Seduce Potter. That this whole time I was feeling everything for nothing and you were laughing on the sidelines as I destroyed myself."

Draco didn't say anything.
"It's a strange theory, but realistic. And when I love you and tell you I love you, it's because I truly truly mean it. I don't throw the world love around as if it's nothing. Like I said, you're almost family to me. I wouldn't want to lose you. You'd be owned. How could I even know what you feel if you're a Death Eater. You said it yourself, Voldemort influences too much. I would never be able to trust the only person I trust.

"That and, not to be boastful about it, but I do love you very very much. I could never bear to have you betray me like that. Like you promised, I find you as my refuge, and if you went behind my back and stabbed me with a knife and got the Mark, I would have to rewire my brain to hate you again because it would be so hard knowing it was either fake, or not enough. I just don't want to get heart broken. I would want you to stand up for me no matter what, even in the face of death."

Draco swallowed, and walked to him, and hugged him tightly. "I never want to see that happen," he mumbled in his neck, and Harry pulled him tighter. "I never want any of this to happen ever and I'm never going to hurt you like that." Draco's heart burned.

"I love you, Draco, and I always will. I want... need to you remember that. Can you please do that for me?" Draco looked up at Harry, his eyes red and puffy, yet shining a beautiful mercury.

He nodded and kissed him.
Draco’s stomach acid had found a new way to make him sick. It was February 25th, meaning it was two years since he and Harry were officially together and Draco found himself huddled next to the fire, alone.

They decided to meet in the forest at 8:00, but Harry hadn't shown up, and Draco knew it was well past 8:00. The sun was down, hiding from the world, stars not even shining as bright as he could remember. Or maybe he just couldn't see the light anymore.

He heard rustling coming from behind him and quickly stashed the small box in his pocket.

"Hey you," the all too familiar voice said. Draco got up from his spot and went to greet his love. Harry immediately accepted him in open arms, wrapping his arms around his waist and kissing him chastely.

"I thought you weren't coming."

"Draco, it's one of the most important days in the world, how could I miss it," the Gryffindor said, burying his face into Draco's neck. They stood there for a while in each other's embrace, letting a feeling of serenity and peace fall over them. "I'm sorry I'm late," he mumbled, "Ron's in the hospital wing."

"What? Why," Draco asked, almost concerned. What did the idiot weasel do now to keep him from his Harry?

"I was going to get ready tonight when I went into the dormitory and I saw Ron, who had eaten chocolates with love potion injected in them, which was supposed to be slipped to me." Draco clenched his jaw in a small wave of envy, but let Harry continue. "Hey," Harry stroked bangs from his face, "I didn't have them. Besides, I only eat chocolates if they're from you. No one else."

Draco flattened his lip line and let Harry continue.

"I took him to see Slughorn and, well, he cured him but we decided to celebrate with his bottle of sherry and before we had a chance to drink ours, Ron was on the floor. I gave him some bezoar though, Ron's in the hospital as we speak. He was poisoned, Draco," he said gravely, "He could have died."

Draco went solidly numb, all colors draining from his face. His eyes watered but he refused to let them fall. Not yet, anyway.

"Harry," he said breathlessly, "you almost died."

"Relax, I'm okay. How many times in my life had I been that close to death? A fair few. Don't worry about it." Harry hugged him tightly.

"A fair few," Draco sneered, "Why are you playing this off like it doesn't matter!" I almost killed you."

"Hey, calm down. It's not like you tried to kill me, or anything. It was just another close call."

A wave of nausea spread over Draco. Oh my...

"But-" Harry cut him off by grabbing his face and forcefully shoving their mouths together. Draco
was stiff at first but began to loosen up, feeling along Harry's back. He simply lost himself, forgetting everything’s that had to do with Voldemort or Ron or Katie Bell even. It was just he and Harry. And that's what he wants to happen. Forever.

"I'm here," Harry said simply as he released slowly. They looked deep into the others' eyes, trying to figure out what was going on in their heads. "I am. I always will be. Okay?"

"Okay," Draco breathed, and then he suddenly couldn't feel his feet. "H-Harry, I need to ask you something."

Draco's heart beat at an immeasurable rate and his stomach did backflips.

"Okay," Harry said modestly kissing the side of his face, "Go for it."

"It's not that simple." Draco reached out of Harry's embrace, but Harry pulled him back again, holding his hips so their bodies were touching.

"Try me," Harry smiled, kissing his neck, and despite his efforts to keep composure, Draco found himself melting to his touch.

"Mmmm," he put a hand on his bicep, leaving Harry to kiss him deeper, and nip at the skin. "Oh..."

"Is it what I think it is," Harry said in a husky voice. He hooked his index fingers through the belt loops on Draco's trousers and pulling. "You know, you look ravishing tonight."

"Harry," Draco whimpered, and Harry moved to bite his ear and suck on his lobe, causing him to shudder and bite his lip.

"Two years," Harry smiled into the side of his face, and he kissed right next to his ear, and then below it, and then back to his neck, and then to his lips. "Two years," he said hungrily, and he kissed him there as well, wildly, lovingly. "Mm," he bit his lip and moaned, then flicked his tongue against Draco's lips. "Two years."

"Harry, bloody hell, control yourself," he laughed.

"Sorry. I just really want you," Harry bit his lip and a blush ran across his face, leaving Draco's entire body to warm. "I mean two years with you. That's incredible. I thought we'll bloody kill each other after a month. But two years."

"I know," Draco smiled. "Two years."

Harry beamed, running his fingers along Draco's hips, looking him up and down and staring into his eyes when he finished checking him out. "I love you."

He wanted a reaction out of him. He wanted Draco's eyes to light up and he wanted him to smile uncontrollably, and he wanted his face to flush. Just like the first time when Harry said it to him. But most importantly, he wanted Draco to say it back.

He didn't.

"Well erm--," Draco swallowed, and suddenly he forgot how to think properly.

"Right," Harry whispered under his breath.

"May I ask you," Draco bit his lip.
"Draco, yes, you can, just spit it out," Harry played, simply to get his mind off of his unspoken words.

"Like I said, it's not that simple to just spit it out. It's got to be careful and modest and precise."

"Okay," Harry softened from his smile, and furrowed his eyebrows. "What is it then? Take your time."

Draco nodded. "Here, stand here," He grabbed a hold of Harry's shoulders and placed him where he wanted him-- a few feet away, however close enough.

"Okay," Harry smiled, embracing how nervous and bashful Draco was.

Draco took a breath and then looked into those wonderful eyes of his, the way they filled with curiosity, how alive they were. "For one, happy two year anniversary," he smiled nervously.

"Happy two year anniversary, Draco," Harry grinned warmly, however then he lost his breath. "Wow, two years. Two whole years." Harry grabbed his hands and pulled him closer so their bodies were almost touching.

"The best two years of my life. And even though we've been fighting recently and we almost broke up... but that's what couples do a-and I would only want to do that with you. Only you. Forever. And maybe I'm calling into the void right now, but I think I want you forever, even if I never imagined I'd ever be saying this."

Draco got down on one knee.

Harry gasped, and his eyes went wide. "Are... are you proposing to me?"

He swallowed. "Somewhat. It's a promise. I want to one day do this for real. I guess you could call it a proposal. I-If you would want a proposal. If you want marriage, I'll give you it. I'll give you my heart."

And reached deep in his pocket and grabbed a small velvet box, opening it to reveal a stunningly beautiful, custom silver ring. "Will you promise yourself to me?"

Harry looked like he was going to be sick, and a single tear slid down his face.

"Harry, you're crying," Draco smiled, his voice cracking. He looked into Harry's eyes, which were still gazing at the ring. Draco closely examined his face, how beautiful it was, seeing it was one of shock.

But then it turned- oh it turned. The features on Harry's face changed from one of shock to one of what looked like disgust... wait... that wasn't right...

He was supposed to be happy. He was supposed to be elated, and his eyes were supposed to be bright, just as they were when they talked about forever, just as when they fought and Harry argued forever was what he expected out of Draco. They weren't supposed to be dark.

"I know we're young," Draco started, trying to make sense of why Harry was looking at him the way he was, but Harry cut him off before he could even think of a valid excuse.

"Is this some sort of game to you," he growled. It wasn't a question. It was a statement. And his lips quivered as he said it. Tears slipped Harry's eyes involuntarily. They weren't happy tears.
"No," Draco's eyebrows furrowed. "I'm on one knee. I'm getting my nicest clothes covered in mud for you. This is very much serious."

Draco remained in eye contact with Harry, but Harry didn't even move his eyes from the ring. It appeared to be that he wasn't even listening at all, as if he hadn't heard a word Draco was saying.

"You're one of them."

"What," Draco whispered, still trying to figure him out. This was deeper than a proposal. This wasn't right. "What are you trying to..." he trailed, looking at the ring. Surely it was the most beautiful one he could get his hands on, and engraved with the three words Draco couldn't even spit from his mouth.

But then he looked back up at Harry, who was staring fiercely back at him, face so pale it was if he was practically dead. "What's wrong," Draco whispered again, not even sure that he'd even said it due to his throat closing, and burning.

Harry's eyes searched Draco's face, as if he was trying to map out all of England. "You're a liar," his voice cracked, he not even realizing he was saying it. "You said..."

"I'm not lying. I want forever with you-"

"You're one of them," Harry abruptly shouted. But as Draco clued in about what he was talking about, he looked back down at the ring, but then below the ring, to find that when he reached into his pocket, his sleeve scrunched, and on the skin revealed was the very shy end of his Dark Mark.

Harry clutched Draco's wrist to keep him from moving and he forcefully wrinkled his sleeve back further to reveal all of it. A tear slipped from his eye and fell on the snake, leaving it to move and hiss in hate towards him. Draco clenched at the burn it brought.

"Harry, please," Draco cried, trying to get him to let go, but Harry's eyes were glued to it, and the grip on his wrist was so strong Draco's hand was turning numb, and his clasp on the ring box was faltering. "Harry, it's not what it looks like-

"Not what it looks like," Harry glared at him in revulsion. But then his face softened to one of horror as he looked anywhere but Draco while he connected it all. "Katie?"

Draco said nothing. He couldn't even remember his name, the inexcusable horror of this nightmare filling his veins- each and every one. He figured if he weren't already on one knee, he would have fallen.

But Harry looked at him with even more terror. "Ron?"

Draco said nothing.

But then Harry's eyes widened. "Me?"

Draco tried to say something but Harry wouldn't let him.

"Y-you said you were my safety," Harry spat as he threw Draco's arm down, Draco losing the ring to the grass below. "You said you'd never hurt me!"

"Harry-

"And I believed you," he said in cold blood.
Draco stood as Harry backed away from him. He could see his hands shaking. "Harry, please, let me explain!"

But how was he to? His throat was closed; his stomach twisted enough to feel like a knife did the deed, his heart shattering, his lungs refusing to hold air.

"You almost killed them! You-you liar! You lied to me!"

"Harry," Draco walked towards him in attempt to put a hand on his shoulder, to keep him from running, but Harry swatted his hand away.

"Don't touch me," he thundered, his voice wavering. "Don't you dare touch me!"

The hand he used to slap Draco's away shook so violently, it was almost as if he was being electrocuted. His knees were about to give.

"Harry," Draco cried, tears slipping his eyes. "Please! Listen to me!"

"No," Harry didn't even know he said it. He just kept backing away from him as if he was a monster. "Y-you said that you'd never go on his side! You said you'd be there for me!"

Draco swallowed and cringed as Harry said his next words: "I let you in."

But, as if it all wasn't enough already, a new demon crawled in the back of Harry's head. "You never told me you loved me," he shook. "Was..." he swallowed, or attempted to rather, "Was this all part of The Plan? None of this was real."

"Harry! No!" They looked at each other in absolute horror, and Draco swore his heart split into two. Draco stepped towards him.

"No, stay there! Just s-stay away from me," Harry hiccupped, backing away and putting his arms out so Draco couldn't get near him.

"Har-"

"Don't! Just don't talk! Just don't!"

Harry felt his heart being ripped slowly from him, the burn too much to handle. He saw red as he cried.

"Please Harry!"

"Don't," Harry screamed, looking anywhere but at Draco, knowing that if he did, he would run to him and God knows how much destruction could be done, whether sprung from love or from hate; whether a kiss or a punch.

And then the venture through the forest brought to him the hit of realization that it completely made sense. It completely and wholly made sense.

*He didn't take off his shirt anymore.*

*He didn't want sex after two years of a passionate relationship.*

*He didn't say the word love without cringing.*

*He broke dinner dates to plan murders.*
He planned murders.

*But they failed.*

*And so he cried. That's why he cried.*

*He wanted marriage.*

*Marriage was a death sentence.*

*Voldemort was the one who signed the marriage certificate.*

*Hugs were floggings.*

*Kisses were grenades.*

*Nights spent together were massacres.*

*Death is the price of love.*

*Love is the execution.*

*He is the executioner.*

It all added up.

But as he found himself sprinting thought the trees, Harry heard his name being called from behind, and he wanted to turn around in the hopes it was all a dream, that this insane, sick, toxic night was fake. That Draco was the real one.

But Draco wasn't the real one.

He made it out to the field between the forest and the castle, and in the distance, Hagrid's fire lit his cabin, and smoke cleared into the night sky as snow discharged down to the ground where Harry's feet crunched on it.

His face spun numb and the tears that leaked from his eyes made them sting even more. He couldn't see. He couldn't breathe.

If the footsteps weren't so close behind him, he would have stopped to try and get any oxygen available to him.

Draco behind him had completely lost any sense of anything. It was as if he was a wolf hunting prey. Nothing else but the smell of Harry lingered in his lungs, nothing else but the back of Harry's head and his broken heart drove him to keep going.

"Harry," he screamed, "Harry, please!"

But Harry kept running, that is, until his foot tripped over a root hidden in snow, and he collapsed on the ground, only trying to get up when Draco caught up to him and, without thinking, he basically dove on top of him, both bodies slamming into the white slush.

"Harry, please, j-just listen to me!"

"Get off of me," Harry struggled. Draco clanged to him tightly, arms around his waist.
"Harry," Draco begged, almost bawling his eyes out, "Please, Harry! You don't understand!"

Harry grabbed at his hands in attempts to force them apart, but Draco still forced them around his chest. Eventually, after a bit of hostile intensity, Harry broke free and grabbed his wand, standing, and Draco stood as well.

"You don't expect me to believe you're going to hex me right now, do you," Draco scoffed. He knew Harry.

... But obviously not well enough because Harry, indeed, did hex him, however missed a little to the right due to his shaking hand. Draco dodged it by throwing himself to the side and landing in the snow. The bead of light withered away in the darkness.

"Are you insane," Draco screeched.

"Don't," Harry said between heavy breaths, "touch," he was gasping and the cold air didn't help his raw, closing lungs, "me!"

He took off running again, his wand in hand. Draco took a few breaths and then got up and sprinted after him calling his name. Adrenaline is what drove the both of them.

Harry made it to the bridge, his pace not faltering, however he was used to running away from Dudley, and Draco's body was much smaller and faster. But what was making Draco catch up was the fact that Draco's will to get Harry was greater than Harry's will to get away from him.

"Please, Harry," he begged. They reached the courtyard, and Harry opened the door to enter and slammed it shut before Draco could sneak in with him. It gave him enough time to get to the grand staircase before Draco even reached him.

All he thought was Death Eater, Death Eater.

Step by step: Death Eater, Death Eater.

He wanted me to die during the Triwizard. He was in on it. He wanted Cedric Diggory dead. That's why he didn't want me talking about him.

One staircase down, and he heard Draco reaching the base of it. "Harry!"

He was angry after the dementors attacked me over the summer because they didn't succeed in my death. Death Eater, Death Eater.

Which one to take? Forward or a right? Where did he want to go? What if one of them moved? Harry chose right and went up the second staircase, it leading to either another to the left or the first floor corridor. Take it step by step.

He hated kissing me.

"Harry," Draco shouted breathlessly, and he swore he and Harry were both going to wake up the entire castle.

No, he enjoyed kissing me in the sense he had power over me like I had power over him in detention all those years ago.

When he reached the fourth floor landing, he picked the left staircase and Draco wasn't far behind him, however far enough to where Harry could get to the 5th floor landing and Draco was stuck on
the staircase when it moved.

"Damn it," Draco shouted and he tried to judge the jump where Harry was standing, and he almost did it, but the staircase had turned so far there was no way possible, and before he hurled himself over the edge, he grasped the railing to keep him from falling.

"You little shit," Draco shouted, maintaining his balance and awaiting the staircase to reach the opposite landing. Harry almost laughed at it, but then he remembered Death Eater, Death Eater.

He never cared about me losing Sirius.

That made him cry more. He blinked away the tears in the way of his vision, but he couldn't blink away the memories surfacing. Safe is with me. Those words in his voice made Harry stop on the staircase of the 6th floor corridor and clenched his chest.

How could this hurt so much?

Draco was watching him on the opposite side of the stair well. "Harry," he breathed. Tears fell from his eyes fiercely. "Why didn't I just tell you," he whispered. Harry didn't hear it over his sobs.

Harry watched Draco watching Harry, and the fact that Draco could see his tears made Harry even angrier. So he kept sprinting.

He hated cuddling. Well... he always hated cuddling whether or not he was faking the entire relationship... but that's besides the point.

Take it one step at a time. Harry reached the 7th floor corridor and finally he knew where he was going. Draco found a connecting staircase to the same corridor and was catching up to him.

With his last shot of adrenaline, Harry dashed down the hall and paced three times, a door appearing across a blank wall. He opened it and Draco was just behind when he slammed it shut, and without the will to stop, Draco crashed into it, and as he bounced back off of it, the door disappeared to leave a blank wall of stone.

"Harry," Draco called to it despite his newly hurting head. "Harry, please! Please, Harry!"

He banged his hand on the wall repeatedly. "Harry, please, open up. Please! I won't hurt you! I could never hurt you! It wasn't fake!"

Harry couldn't hear him.

"Harry, please," he whispered, and he started sobbing. He put his forehead against the cool stone in the hopes that it could calm him down. It didn't.

"Harry," he shouted abruptly, slamming his hand again, trying to keep his heart from completely exploding.

But it already had.

He slid down the wall, his legs weak and unable to hold on anymore. Pulling his knees to his chest, he sobbed into them in the hopes that that was the only thing he did tonight. Crying himself to death wasn't the way he wanted to go.

But then again, dying for Harry, as he said himself, would be the greatest death.

Harry, on the other side of the wall, slid down the door, his knees giving way. He hyperventilated
and sobbed and wept and tried to get the image of Draco's arm out of mind but it was burned into it.

*Death Eater, Death Eater.*

"Draco," he cried, clutching his heart in life-threatening agony.

*Death Eater, Death Eater.*
When morning struck and Harry woke with a sticky face, he clutched his heart in wonder why he was doing so. He opened his eyes, his glasses imprinted into the side of his face and askew. Through the corner of them, he could see his wand around ten feet away from him.

"Draco," he said it before he could think about it, and then suddenly his eyes watered at the immediate thought of Draco's arm. That horrifying vision stuck in his face.

Ron. Ron was in the hospital because of Draco. He tried murdering his best friend, almost murdering Harry in the process. Harry tried to keep down the need to vomit as he stood up from the cold stone floor. He found the Room in ruins.

Harry had done it, went on a rampage, that is. He put that in it's state with too many reductos to count. He remembered setting something on fire- possibly furniture. Who knew? The entirety of the room stood in shambles.

"Draco," he growled again, feeling that hate that he had felt the previous night. He'd felt deceived and angry and hated and tricked and cheated and- God, this hurt so bad.

When he stood, his knees felt weak and feet bore heavy. He didn't want to move, but Ron was in the hospital and needed him. Draco did that. No. Malfoy did that.

What else had Draco done?

Visions of Katie Bell up in the air filled his head, Draco sneaking into the girls' bathroom, not the boys'.

But what else besides that? Surely there had to be more. He'd had to poison more. The mead was in Slughorn's cabinet. That's a teacher. What if Slughorn had drunk it, or shared it with Flitwick? What if on one of his dates with Draco, Draco poisoned him, or hexed him when they slept.

They shared a bed together before Christmas. Harry slept next to that man. Harry remembered his hand in his hair, next to his neck. His neck. Draco could have choked him, suffocated him with a pillow. He could have used Avada Kedavra- had Draco ever used an unforgivable?

Or was he waiting for his first to be on Harry.

'Safe is with me,' Draco had said, and Harry, so vulnerably, had believed him. Harry's heart scorched.

Harry felt the back of his neck, his migraine making it even sorer. He fixed his glasses, picked up his wand, breathed, and set his shoulders high. Ron. That's whom he'd worry about. Not his broken heart, but his best friend. That's what mattered right now.

When he cracked open the door, the first thing he saw was a cold eye staring at him. He gasped involuntarily, immediately moved to shut the room off, but Draco's foot moved to stop it from shutting all the way.

"Harry, listen to me," he shouted, trying to hook a hand around the door so he could push it open, but the angle did him no good, and he lost grip easily. "Harry!"

"Get away from me," Harry yelled back at him, and with all his might, he kicked Draco's shin and
shut it, the only thing he could hear was Draco howling in pain, and then nothing at all. He didn't realize how much seeing him would hurt. But then again, he was stupid enough the think Draco would have gone away. Had Draco been out there the whole time?

 Probably ready to strike him.

 Harry put his forehead against the door, and his lips quivered. What if Draco was going to kill him now? He took the chance and opened the door just a crack, and he heard Draco choke.

 "Does Voldemort know about us," Harry's voice cracked, and he bit his lip to keep from trembling, but his limbs were shaking. Draco tried to put his hand in the door, but Harry shut it too far so he couldn't. All they could do was talk. "No," he said, his hand tightening on the handle, his eyes staying on it. He could see his hand go white.

 "Harry-

 Harry shouted, "Does Voldemort know?"

 Draco didn't say anything.

 "Does he?"

 Draco swallowed and banged his head against the other side of the double doors.

 "Does he know I'm in love with you?" Harry slammed his other hand on the door and his eyes watered when Draco didn't answer and Draco flinched. "When? When did he find out?"

 "Harry, you don't understand-"

 Harry scoffed. "He's known this whole time, hasn't he?"

 "Har-

 "Does anyone else know? The rest of them? Your Death Eater friends-" Harry started, but the need to dry heave made him stop talking.

 "No, Harry, you don't get it," Draco cried.

 "Ron is in the hospital! He almost died because you poisoned him," Harry swallowed. "Was that for me? Did you mean to poison me?"

 "Har-

 "You're supposed to kill me, aren't you? This was all to get close to me so you could kill me at your discretion."

 "No, Harry! No, not at all! How could you think that-

 "This was all apart of the Plan to Seduce Potter, wasn't it? Everything was prearranged so that you could have the upper hand on me," Harry almost bawled. "I let you touch me. And kiss me. And hold me. I trusted you," he bit with venom. Draco had his head in his hands and leant against the wood, trying to hold back sobs. "I told you all my secrets, and all you did was lie to me to get an upper hand."

 "Harry," he begged, "No, Harry, that's not right." He felt too frail to even speak words.
"Fuck you," Harry barked, the pain too great to continue. "Leave me! Leave me alone and never talk to me again."

"Harry," Draco started sobbing.

But he slammed the door shut and fell to the ground again, his head in his knees, arms around his legs.

The next time Harry tried to leave, Draco wasn't there. Harry peaked behind the door and surveyed what he could see. He crept out of the room with his fingers wrapped firmly around the handle of his wand. Step by step, his cautiously walked down the empty corridor with the hair on the back of his neck standing tall. He didn't feel like he was physically walking as he did so. His body felt numb, except the constant pull of hatred and deception at his stomach.

But it was when he was swallowed in his own self-pity, he suddenly found himself on the floor with a body on top of him, holding him down by his wrists and a familiar scent filled his nose.

He grunted and struggled and tried kicking out of the restraints, but Draco's grip held too strong.

"Harry, you have to listen to me-"

"Let go of me!"

"Drop your wand, Harry," Draco tried to keep his eyes from watering, and the fight to keep him down got more and more difficult. "Drop it."

"No," Harry shouted, and he cast a spell that hit the wall behind him.

"Drop your bloody wand," Draco forced, his hands tightening around Harry's wrists, and he started losing circulation. Harry whimpered and gritted his teeth. "Please, Harry!"

He still refused, and Draco dug his nails into his skin, leaving Harry to yelp at the pain of it.

"I won't hurt you anymore, just let go of your wand," Draco almost begged. He could feel Harry's pulse.

"Is this what you do,' Harry growled through his teeth, his face pulled in anger and in pain. He whimpered a bit and continued. "Is this how you treat your prisoners back with Voldemort? You torture them until the give into you, until you're vulnerable enough for you? Or am I different? Would you treat a lover like this?"

Draco crumbled at his words, and his grip turned into a touch and eyes did, in fact, water, and his heart split in half. "H-Harry-"

"Would you? Would you treat a lover like this?"

"Harry, you are my-"

"Bollocks! I'm your slave, aren't I," he looked him dead in the eye past his own filmed over ones. A tear slipped his eye. "You used me!"

"Harry, you don't know," he started hysterically, but Harry cut him off.

"What, that you negotiated my life to get on his side?"

"Harry! That's not what happened!" Shit, yes it was.
Harry just scoffed and writhed beneath him. "I don't care what happened! You betrayed me. You said you'd protect me and all you've done was hurt me. It just took me long enough to realize it. Lucky you! Fuck, you used me."

"I didn't use you-"

"Shut up and get off of me! I never want to see you again! Not with that thing on your arm." Harry looked over to it, and Draco's sleeve had ridden up- not enough to see the mark, but enough to see the skin under it. "Show me it."

"No, Harry, I won't," Draco cried.

"Show me it, Malfoy," Harry struggled under his grasp again. "Show me what you are."

Draco stayed almost petrified. He was too afraid to move, too afraid to see it himself. He was lucky he got to wear long sleeves all day and night, and he'd come up with a way to avoid it in the shower and in the mirror. "Harry," Draco whispered with a quivering lip.

"Don't call me that," he bit. "Don't even talk to me, don't even look at me. Fuck, I'm so gullible."

"What's that supposed to mean," Draco was taken aback.

"It means I believed every single lie you ever told me. It means I believed that you were in love with me," he started choking. "It means that thought we were going to spend the rest of our lives together- fuck!"

Draco drooped his head on Harry's chest, because he physically couldn't take it anymore. He couldn't take the pain. He started sobbing into Harry's shirt, his hands still holding onto Harry's and keeping them down. Harry felt disgusted at the thought of Draco's body touching his own, so he kneed Draco in the crotch, causing him to howl and let go, collapsing next to him.

Harry moved away from Draco as if he was fire, and at a second thought, instead of running, he hoped to take out the flames. He grabbed Draco by his arm and lifted him to his feet as Draco tried grasping his groin in the pain of it. Placing his hand on his sleeve with so much hatred, he scrunched Draco's sleeve to reveal his hissing Dark Mark, and it started sweltering leaving Draco with the sting.

Harry almost threw up at the sight of it. It looked so ugly. It made Draco look so ugly.

With a pit in his stomach, Harry grabbed Draco by his collar and shoved him up against the wall. The hand on Draco's neck retrained him from moving anywhere, although it had little pressure on it.

Harry got in his face, lifting Draco's chin to make sure their eyes connected and Draco got the point.

"I hope he kills you. I hope Voldemort kills you like the pawn you are," he spat, and as a goodbye present, he punched the side of his face hard enough to send him to the ground with the corner of his vision black and blurry. The last thing Draco saw was a pocket watch being thrown to the ground next to him, and Harry's shoes as he walked away.

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Draco wanted Harry to hurt. He wanted everything to hurt so much, just so he could understand what pain was, what he was feeling constantly. Because, fuck, this hurt Draco so bad, everything hurt him so so bad.
"I can't stop thinking about him, Pansy," Draco said. "Every second of the day, right now. Fuck, right now." He buried his head in his pillow, trying to hide the Harry's smile from his thoughts.

"Draco, we have classes," she sat on the edge of the bed, stroking his calf, which was layered in blankets and sheets.

"I don't want to go. I don't want to move," he growled. "I'm failing anyway."

"You skipped half of last week because you're working on the cabinet," she argued. Draco just shook his head. "You weren't?"

"It's not working, Pansy! Nothing is working, no matter what spell I use, no matter what manual labor I use! I'm going to die, Pansy, I'm going to die, he's going to kill me and my family and Harry, and I-I can't do this," he started shaking out of fear, his hands clenching his pillow to try to calm him down but nothing of that sort ever worked.

Only thoughts of Harry calmed him down before he realized he wanted to choke him with his bare hands because he hated him so much.

"Did you get any sleep last night," she asked, and she moved closer to him so she could stroke his hair.

"I had a nightmare, couldn't sleep."

"What happened in it?"

"Harry and I... we were... w-we were making love, a-and he told me he loved m-me and I woke up because I knew i-it wasn't real," he started sobbing but tears didn't fall, in fact his eyes didn't even water because they couldn't anymore. "And t-the way he kissed me- fuck! I want him back!"

"Draco, maybe that's the problem. Maybe you should try moving on. It's not like you don't have someone-"

"I'm not dating Astoria Greengrass, Pansy."

"I'm not saying that, Draco. Maybe you should just hang out with her a bit. She knows about the Dark Mark, and hey, maybe you spending time with her now-"

"No, Pansy! I want Harry! The old Harry. The one that didn't know I was a Death Eater. The one that loved me!"

"It could make him jealous," Pansy raised an eyebrow. Draco opened his mouth to argue, but then closed it again and swallowed. "Think about it. If you held hands with her, maybe kissed her in front of him. And hey, maybe you can get your mind off of him."

"No. I just want him to be jealous. I want him to hurt, Pansy."

"I know you do. So hurt him here," she put her hand over her heart. "If you really wish to hurt him. But maybe you should try new things, open up a little more. You haven't said one word for weeks. At least try."

Draco sniffed, swallowed, wiped his nose with the sleeve of his night shirt, and then got out of bed with a heavy chest and aching legs, well, aching everything. His head throbbed, and he tried his best to ignore it, but Pansy put his hand on his forehead anyway.
"You're working yourself to death on that thing," she frowned. "The cabinet."

"It's not because of that, Pansy," he ran his hand over the side of his face and put his fingers through his hair. "It's because of my bloody stupid ex-boyfriend."

"You're going to have to get over him. It's been a month"

"A month, four days, Pansy."

Pansy flattened her mouth to him in pity, examining his face. Sunken eyes, dark circles, cheekbones sticking out, all complete with a great frown. "One day, things will be okay again, maybe even with Harry." She kissed his forehead and walked to the door in an echoing silence, and as she put her hand on the doorknob, she was interrupted.

"Did I tell you what Harry told me when we broke up?"

"You refuse to tell me anything about that day." She didn't turn around, but looked at her feet instead.

"H-he told me that he wished I were dead."

"What," she spun on her heels with wide eyes to find Draco standing, his arms crossed. "He said what?"

"He said to me 'I hope Voldemort kills you like the pawn you are,'" his lips quivered. "I really don't think things with Harry are ever going to be okay again."

She bit her lip and walked to him, wrapping her arms around him. He didn't react at first- Pansy little to never hugged him- but then he hugged her back and let her hold him. What angered Draco was the fact that she and Harry were almost the same height, except she felt so much different than Harry.

Draco took that as a good thing.

______________________________________

Astoria Greengrass, a fourth year, sat on the edge of a sofa, her legs crossed over each other, twirling her hair and laughing at a first year's hair with her giggly friends.

When Draco walked up to her, he felt sick, and he wore a frown. Pansy had to push him slightly. "Astoria," he said, well, barely said. "May I t-talk to you? Alone."

She turned her head to him and they all stopped laughing. "I guess," she rolled her eyes. They walked to an empty corner of the Slytherin Common room. Draco crossed his arms and leaned his hip against the wall while she put her hand on her hip and rocked to one side.

"I wanted to say that I'm sorry how I've been acting, and I'm sorry how I've treated you," he said, but didn't mean. She didn't say anything back, but raised her eyebrow. "I've had a lot on my mind, with... the mission," he swallowed, "but I've decided I wanted to worry about my personal life a bit-"

"You mean you finally want to let me in?"

"You could say that." Draco breathed in an out twice. "May I take you to breakfast and walk you to class?"

She chewed the inside of her cheek, and he expected an argument, because if this was Harry he was
talking to, he would face an argument. Harry would fight about how he was only allowed into Draco's life only when Draco chose it, and how Draco treated him like crap and how Harry wasn't a toy that Draco could pick up and throw away whenever needed and- damn it he wanted it to be Harry! He needed a quarrel, craved it.

"Sure," she smiled and dragged her hand along Draco's shoulder and she reached to play with the ends of his hair. Draco wanted to set her on fire.

"Don't touch my hair," he growled. She giggled at it, and Draco wanted to set her on fire twice. He pushed her hand away and then grabbed her wrist and held her hand- not how he used to hold Harry's, with their fingers laced and palms pressed so hard that they could feel each other's pulse, but he held hers with stiff but loose muscles.

He wanted to cut his hand off.

Three weeks later, Draco found devastation in his endeavor with Astoria: not because it was working, but because it was working too well. He not only was convincing Astoria that he was in love with her, but also Harry as well.

The first time Harry saw them together was that first morning Draco asked if he could talk to her. He was carrying on a conversation with Ron and Hermione outside the Great Hall, and his stomach dropped at the sight of him. It was the first time Draco had been to breakfast in a month, the first time he made eye contact with Harry. When Harry followed along his body to his arm, he found it locked with Astoria's and his world came crashing down.

The piercing pain of a bullet going through the flesh of his heart seemed to reach Harry despite the fact there were no guns within over a hundred miles of the place. His knees felt weak, and he had to lean against the wall with parted lips and his eyes physically glued to Draco's hand in someone else's.

"Are you alright, mate," Ron asked with his back to the couple, "well, I mean, you haven't been alright in a long time, but you look really pale."

"I-I... I," Harry stuttered, ripping his eyes from Draco's body. His skin gone cold, Hermione discreetly turned her head to see the two as they walked into the Great Hall and she grasped Harry's hand under his robe. He squeezed her hand as hard as he could. "I..."

"You look totally spooked," Ron furrowed his eyebrows, and he turned around, but Draco and Astoria had already made it into the hall.

"S-saw a ghost," Harry spat out, and he looked at his feet.

"Mate, surely you'd be used to those by now. We've been here for six years," Ron said. "Are you sure-"

"I've just forgotten that they were here," Harry's eyes snapped back up to Ron and he almost growled, trying to keep his feelings from surfacing; he couldn't, "I've remembered now and I've just remembered also that I forgot my Herbology book, Hermione can you help me find it."

"We don't have Herbology today-"

"Ron," Hermione stepped in without a plan, and she started cringing at the pain of her hand, "He's right. He lost it in the Green House. I'll go help, Ron you go ahead or all the toast will be gone."
"You sure?"

"Yes, we'll meet you in a second," she strained quickly, her hand going numb and her body cowering in the pain of it. Harry stormed away with Hermione at his side before Ron could argue, and they headed someway somewhere until they found someplace desolate and empty.

"What the hell was that," Harry shouted.

"Harry, you're hurting me," she grabbed his wrist and tried to yank it off of her.

"What?"

"Harry," she whimpered.

"Oh!" Harry immediately let go. "I'm sorry."

"You need to calm down," she scolded, rubbing her wrist.

"Calm down," he sneered. "The first time I've seen him in a month and-and he shows his face holding hands with... with whoever the hell that was!"

"It was Astoria Greengrass, Daphne Greengrass's sister," she corrected him.

"I don't give a rats arse who he's with! It's not me." He started pacing.

"Isn't he gay?"

"We've talked about it before," Harry's mouth suddenly ran dry at the thought of Draco kissing someone else, "He said that if it wasn't for me, he wouldn't have even thought about being with men. He said that he would have only wanted women."

"So is that bisexuality... no, more like pansexuality, I think. I would have to re-read to brush up on my knowledge of sexuality-"

"I don't give a damn what sexuality he is. I don't even know what I am and I've been doing damn fine my entire life... until now," he ran his hands through his hair and continued pacing while Hermione leaned up against the wall of the empty corridor. "I haven't even had sex yet-" he cut himself off, regretting even bringing it up to Hermione.

"You two never-"

"Did it? Did the deed? Made love? Banged? You want to know if we fucked each other into the mattress," Harry clapped his hands together and paused his pacing in front of her. "No. We never did. I wanted it. He didn't. He never loved me anyway. I'm bloody thankful we didn't because at least I can have my first time with someone I care about."

"You care about him," she crossed her arms with a frown. "You wish your first time is with him."

"Stop it, Hermione," he begged as if he was literally in pain—and emotionally, he was. He began pacing again.

"You think he did that because he's a Death Eater or because you think he wasn't really into you," she asked out of curiosity, but she mentally scolded herself for being so intrusive.

"He didn't want it just like he didn't want this relationship and because he didn't want to give away his virginity to a stupid little plan. When he first started messing with me, I heard him say at the Yule
Ball that he'd never give away his first kiss to me. I kissed him so that he couldn't have that privilege of his first kiss being with someone he cared about. You think he'd want to have sex with me?"

"Maybe he did but he wasn't ready," Hermione suggested.

"After two bloody years, Hermione," Harry shouted. "Two years!"

"Some people aren't ready in two years time, Harry. And that's fine," she said softly. "You two were young-"

"Stop treating him like a human being and start treating him like a Death Eater, Hermione! He tricked me. He bloody tricked me and he tried to kill my best friend and me and now he's holding hands with bloody Astoria Fucking Greengrass."

"As much as you like to think it, he's not your property, Harry. You were never married-"

"Don't bring up marriage," Harry bit.

"What I'm saying is that you two broke up, whether he is a Death Eater or not, whether you are in love with him or not, whether or not you didn't want to; you ended it, and that's that. You let him go. He can do what he wants, just as you can do what you want. It's been a month."

"Hermione, don't you get it! He never cared about me! He's probably been screwing around with that Greengrass bitch this whole time! They probably have four babies already, they're probably sexually active and-"

"Harry! He's not marrying this woman! He's trying to get over whatever the hell just happened between you two, and maybe dating someone else is how he is going to cope, and you're going to have to, too," she said strong and firm.

"He doesn't need to cope. He didn't lose anything."

Hermione breathed deeply for a bit, letting Harry walk it out, and then suggested, "Maybe you could get back in the dating field. You said you don't really know your sexuality. Maybe you could find out. Are you attracted to anyone?"

"Him!"

"Besides Draco Malfoy," she put a hand on her hip and he covered his ears.

"Don't say his name!"

"It's not like it's You-Know-Who! You can say his name but not your ex-boyfriend's."

"You want me to go back in the dating field? Are you mad?"

"What? That's what some people do after a relationship-"

"So I can fall in love with another Death Eater? So I can have my heart ripped out of my chest again! So-so I can bleed out this time from the pain of it? So Voldemort can have two sources of my weaknesses instead of one? No thank you, Hermione. I'll pass on this one."

"I'm not saying looking for your life partner, I'm saying having a chat with someone of interest. Maybe you could find a girl, or maybe another boy that you find yourself drawn to. You could try kissing a girl to see if you like it."
"I don't. Cho Chang, remember?"

"That was different. You didn't want to."

"I don't want anyone else, but what he used to be."

She bit her lip. "Try, Harry. Maybe. At least try. And who knows? Maybe he wasn't holding her hand in a romantic way, maybe it was because... she was lost or something?"

"Lost, Hermione," Harry stormed. "Lost!?"

"Okay, okay. Maybe it was romantic, but hey. Maybe you'll find someone else that can make you forget all about him."

"Not bloody likely," Harry muttered, and he walked away.

The first time Astoria and Draco kissed, Harry was there, too, but Draco made sure it was that way. He planned it that way. Plan to Seduce Potter 2.0, he liked to call it. Different mechanics, hopefully same outcome.

Harry had fallen behind from his group of friends. Ron had been entertaining Dean and Seamus with a joke Fred and George had taught him, Hermione had straggled along to listen, leaving Harry a few feet away. He preferred being alone.

Except he didn't, because those five seconds between his friends walking into the Potions classroom made all the difference, because if he was at the start of the group, he wouldn't have seeing Draco's body and Astoria's so close, and he wouldn't have stopped, and he wouldn't have seen him play with the tips of her long, brown, curly hair.

He wouldn't have seen him smile, and laugh at something she said, and he wouldn't have seen him reach down and press his lips to hers, and Harry wouldn't have seen Draco put his hand on her hip, and Harry would be breathing right now. Harry's heart wouldn't be on fire. Harry's brain would be working somewhat properly. Harry's hands wouldn't be shaking and his limbs wouldn't be numb.

Draco wanted to burn his own face off.

Harry stumbled backwards, unable to physically stand upright, and he ripped his eyes from the scene to the closest place of solitude he could find, but instead of finding loathing the old broom closet that Draco and he used to make out in, he found comfort, because those memories pushed out the ones of Draco kissing another human being that wasn't Harry.

It was going to be a very bad day, Harry could already tell, those three weeks after the first time he saw Draco and Astoria holding hands. It was going to be a very awful day. Although, most his days were already awful, this one was going to be so much worse.

The day started off horribly bright and early. After sleeping in late, he missed his friends going down to the Great Hall, leaving him to sloppily do his tie, alone, and walk to breakfast, alone. He made a mental note to remember the next time he wasn't with his friends to never come at all, because what greeted him just before entrance made him want to throw up.

Draco had his hand on Astoria's breast, and he was moaning and so was she but Harry couldn't hear
it because Draco was moaning—

It had taken Harry almost a year to make Draco moan.

Draco's tongue was lazily playing with Astoria's— fuck, it took Harry and he three months to use tongue— and she had her arms wrapped around his neck, just like Harry used to. She was on her tip toes, just like Harry used to do.

But Harry didn't have breasts, and Draco seemed damned well to enjoy those. Probably a push-up bra...

"If you two will stop making out, there's a walkway here," Harry said, although it wasn't as strong as he intended, in fact he sounded weak. He seemed proud of himself that he could even speak. They stopped kissing and faced him. "By the way, Greengrass, if you're looking for his tongue you can stop searching his mouth, it's probably down your throat."

The two released, but Draco put an arm around her, drooping it so dramatically that Harry had to see it.

"What's the matter, Potter? Can't take tongue," Draco bit nastily. He was flushed, and if Harry hadn't been in so much agony, he would have seen how nervous he was, and how much he hated it.

"You're disgusting," Harry swallowed down his broken heart, and he pushed through them, breaking their embrace. He shoved Draco with his shoulder just so he could touch his body again. Draco almost grabbed his arm and kissed him just to get the disgusting taste out of his mouth.

"Draco, I have to go get notes from Daphne. I'll see you at lunch?"

"Whatever," Draco said, didn't even look her in the eye, and left without another word into the Great Hall. His eyes watered as he did so, and his hands shook. He'd never felt so uncomfortable in his life.

A big group of Gryffindors crowded around Harry's table, but Draco paid no attention to it, that is, until he moved closer to see Katie Bell staring right at him with her mouth open, as if she knew.

Draco's bloody ran cold and stomach turned sick. Get out, he said in his head, get out before she can do anything.

So he did. He got out before anybody important could even see him, and as he ran, his burdened tears grew thicker. The look on Harry's face-

Draco's heart was cracking, his soul, too, because Harry was breaking, Harry's soul was. He could feel it. This was getting to be too much for Draco to handle. Sure, he wanted to hurt Harry. He wanted to hurt him so much. He wanted Harry to bleed and to cry and to sting and to just hurt. But not like this, not— this is too much, everything is too much. As he walked down an empty corridor, he wiped his mouth clean of Astoria's saliva.

He wished it were Harry's. Harry's lips, Harry's mouth, Harry's face and nose and cheeks and hands. Harry's hands, God, Harry's hands. His touch.

Suddenly Draco couldn't breath. He loosened his tie and rounded the corner to the second floor corridor. Harry's soul. He could just feel it. His soul, just so pure and good and genuine and authentic and fuck this hurt so bad...

He wanted- needed Harry. He need Harry so much, craved him so much, and all Harry wanted was
to hurt him. It made Draco clench his shaking fingers into a fist. An unwanted tear slipped his eye without him even knowing it, and even if he did know it, he couldn't even try to fight it.

How could he do that? How could he even do that, kiss Astoria like he did, like he loved her. He didn't, he hated her, he loathed her. He wanted to peel himself out of his body and burn the skin in a furnace just so he would never feel anything that touched that disgusting mosquito of a creature.

He felt sick, so incredibly sick. When he got to the girls bathroom, he attempted to breathe again, but he ended up choking on his own sobs. Choking. Choking on his shirt and his tie that wasn't even there anymore and his sweater. Choking.

With shaking hands, he pulled off his sweater vest and threw it to the side, only to collapse onto the stone sink with tears uncontrollably falling down his face.

And he weeped, and weeped and weeped.

He hated this. He hated everything. He hated Astoria. He hated Voldemort. He hated the Dark Mark. He hated his father. He hated his mother. He hated Snape. He hated Dumbledore. He hated Yaxley. He hated Bellatrix. He hated Katie Bell. He hated Ron Weasley. He hated Slughorn. He hated Blaise. He hated Pansy. But he especially, absolutely, surely, most definitely, certainly, confidently, unthinkably fucking hated Harry Potter.

"Your plan not working for once, Malfoy?"

The silent room poisoned with Draco's sobs stood absent of anything sentimental, and Draco blinked through his tears and looked in the mirror to find Harry's sad reflection staring at him in hatred. It felt as though someone had ripped out his heart with bare hands and chopped it into little tiny pieces.

"Get out," Draco snarled. He was surprised he even managed that.

"Make me."

"I said get out, Potter," he sniffed, and tears slipped his eyes just at that voice—

"Make me," Harry repeated.

Draco gripped his wand, so much anger and loathing in his stomach— because Harry was the reason he was crying, Harry was the reason he had to put himself through the pain of kissing Astoria, Harry was the one who wouldn't understand; Harry never listened, he never cared enough about Draco to listen as he begged and cried for help— and with the will of wanting Harry to hurt, he threw a stinging hex at him, however he missed to the side on purpose.

Draco's hands were shaking and lip was quivering and why was Harry here? "Get. out!"

"That was weak," Harry sneered, and he gripped his wand and cast a spell at him, but Draco dodged it, leaving it to hit the sink behind him and water to spray from the tap. Harry figured that if he and Draco weren't making out by the end of this, then... hell, they were going to be making out after this. Draco's white shirt was already soaked and his hair started getting messed up, just as Harry loved. "If Astoria were here, you wouldn't have missed."

"You don't talk about her," Draco shouted. Another hex came Harry's way, except this time, it was aimed for his face. Harry ducked, and as he did so, Draco ran to him and fisted his shirt pulling his body closer to him. "You don't ever mention her name."

"Why? Can't take it," Harry egged. "Can shove your tongue down her throat but can't take it when I
talk about her."

"Harry," Draco looked down at his lips involuntarily, "Don't."

Harry looked in his eyes and then down at his mouth. His entire body was numb to the running water that was spraying on both of them, the memory of Draco kissing that bitch. "You kiss her with that mouth."

"Harry," he growled and tightened the fist holding his shirt collar, and he put his wand to Harry's throat. His lip still quivered.

"Do it," Harry howled. "I dare you to."

"I hate you. I hate you so much," Draco sneered, and he smashed his lips to Harry's before he could even think about what Harry really wanted, and that was a hex, but you know, kissing worked too. Harry dropped his wand: his fingers went numb, sending it clattering to he ground in an hollow echo, and everything that he had thought had cleared his mind, because Draco was kissing him again, and he was kissing Draco back.

Draco too dropped his wand, and he put his hands on both sides of Harry's face, feeling along it, kissing him fiercely and unapologetically. And then he moved his hands to Harry's back, and he felt Harry wrap his arms around him, and suddenly his knees felt weak and toes curled.

But then Harry let go, leaving Draco to open his eyes in question, and Harry was staring at him as if this was the most morally wrong thing to do. "Does she kiss you like I do?"

Out of anger, Draco grabbed Harry by his hips and pushed him backwards until he was against the wall, his head crashing into the stone enough to make Harry groan in pain. He then captured Harry's lips between his own and bit down, causing him to yelp and his mouth to open. Draco took the opportunity to touch his tongue with his. It was soft. Too soft for Harry.

This wasn't how Draco kissed Astoria, and that thought made Harry green with envy. He reached to fist Draco's hair but Draco took both his hands off his hips and gripped Harry's forearms where he slammed them against the wall and pressed his body impossibly close to his.

But he still kissed him tender, and Harry suddenly couldn't breathe, and his eyebrows creased in ecstasy and his shaking hands fell limp and his limbs warmed and heart pounded through his ears. Harry whimpered as Draco used him, and suddenly, he forget all about Astoria Greengrass and the kiss and the hand holding, because Draco never kissed Astoria like this.

It was like they were loving again, it was like their souls were together again as if they'd never been separated before. Their minds went completely blank and bodies responded to each others as if it was their only soul purpose to do so.

"I love you," Harry mumbled against his lips without even realizing he said it, and Draco didn't even hear it because he was so caught up in Harry's lips, but his heart heard it and sped and skipped a beat and it seemed like everything was okay again.

Out of breath, Draco let go, but kissed down his jaw and his neck and he sucked on it as his hands let go and moved to his hips. His fingers found their way to the skin of Harry's abdomen, untucking Harry's shirt, but he stopped when Harry kept talking. "Is that what it's like to kiss Astoria? Is that what it's like to love her?"

Uncontrollably, Draco filled with rage. Draco didn't care about Astoria. Draco didn't want to hear her name. He didn't want to hear it from Harry's mouth because Harry was pure and his and meant to
be his and Astoria was forced on him and fake and brutal. Harry's kisses were soft and warm and happy and hers were cold and lifeless. When he touched Harry, Harry was warm and Astoria was cold and sad and dead and like a bloody fish, while Harry kept him alive.

He didn't want Harry thinking about her. He didn't want Harry to know about her or to see her face because he didn't deserve that kind of hell. He didn't want Harry jealous of her because Draco treated her like shit while he treated Harry like he was his bloody King. And he hated that Harry was so vulnerable to even think that Draco could love such a horrid creature.

Draco pushed away from Harry, seeing red because it hurt so much. He got his senses back and grabbed his wand in the pooling water, and headed toward the door when Harry grabbed him by his wrist and pulled him back in. "No, you're going to tell me what it's like falling in love with Astoria."

"I hate you," Draco shouted, his heart caving and blinding and putting up walls that Harry had broken down.

"Have you told her you love her? Have you finally said it to someone?"

"Potter--"

"Answer me," he said through his teeth, and Draco hexed his foot, leaving Harry to let go of him and lunge for his wand. He aimed for Draco but missed, hitting the mirror behind him, causing it to shatter. Draco thrust out of the shrapnel, into the hall of bathroom stalls. Harry chased after, dodging a hex and sending one himself.

"I hate you so much," Draco cried, sending another and another and another, Harry blocking each one, and Harry ran to him, trying to get his wand out of his hand manually, just so he could touch his skin again, and Draco punched him, leaving Harry hurling towards the ground, but he caught himself. "I hate you!"

Then, Draco remembered what Harry had said to him. 'I hope he kills you.' That thought changed everything, because as they were fighting, Harry must have wanted Draco dead, he wanted Draco hurt and to bleed, and he had already caused him enough pain to send him to another lover because it hurt so bad and he wanted Harry to hurt so bad, but nothing worked, nothing was working.

Blind, completely blind, Draco raised his wand at him because he just wanted Harry to hurt, "CRUC-"

"SECTUMSEMPRA," Harry shouted out of defense, and Draco flew backwards, into the pool of water, screaming. Harry's stomach dropped the second he realized Draco wasn't going to get up, and without even feeling his feet, he walked forward to find Draco lying on the stone floor, blood everywhere. His own blood. "D-Draco?"

Harry couldn't register if he was crying or begging or screaming but sounds of pain shot out of his throat and Harry fell to the floor next to him. Out of his chest, blood— so much blood— poured from two splits in the porcelain skin, and Harry's hand shook so violently when he reached to touch him. It seemed like he was dreaming, but that idea crushed by reality proved itself when he pressed his hand to his chest, took it off to look at the blood dripping down his palm and wrist.

But when Draco grabbed Harry's hand and locked their fingers together, Harry finally reacted to the monstrosity that he caused. His eyes filmed over as he looked at Draco's face, and he blinked away tears to find Draco sobbing. Harry couldn't feel Draco squeeze his hand harder, with the most strength he had.
"Draco, I-I didn't— Draco, oh my God," he choked in a panic, and he started hyperventilating. "Draco, you're dying, y-you're— I didn't— Draco, please! Please don't die." Draco started choking and coughing. "Draco," Harry cried, tears rushing down his face out of control. "Draco! No! No no no! Please don't!"

Searching for a solution, he saw Draco's sweater vest floating in the water, and grabbed it, putting it over Draco's chest and holding it down to try to clot the blood but there was too much. Draco's skin turned white and ghostlike and cold.

"No," Draco begged, "L-let me go! Let me go!" He grabbed Harry's hand again and laced their fingers together even though his whole body was shaking. He was fighting to keep his eyes open. "H-Harry. I forgive you, it's okay," he choked.

"No, you're not dying! You're not. Please," Harry begged, trying to push the sweater onto the cuts, but it was already soaked in blood and Draco refused to let go of his hand. "Please, Draco," Harry kissed his hand and he sobbed and sobbed, "P-please! You can't die! You can't die!"

Draco couldn't keep his eyes open anymore and he felt air headed and separated from his body. His only way to hold onto the world was Harry's hand. The pain had gotten so bad, he couldn't even feel it. Everything was in doubles, and then everything went dark, but he could hear Harry begging and sobbing and screaming.

"Help! Please! Somebody! Anyone, help us! Draco, no! Please don't let go! Please don't! Draco, I need you, I love you, please! You can't let go!"

Draco felt lips on his forehead and lips on his lips and lips all over his face and a hand on his cheek. There was no use in putting the sweater against his cuts anymore. Blood was everywhere: all along the length of Draco's body and on his clothes and on Harry's clothes and Harry's hands and it was in Harry's hair for when he put his hands through it; Draco's blood pooled down his sides and in the water surrounding them.

"HELP! PLEASE," Harry was shrieking. "Please, my love! Please don't die! I'm so sorry! I'm sorry! I didn't know what the spell was going to do! I promise, I promise," he kissed his limp hand and held it against his face just so he could feel it, but it was so so cold. Harry thought he was going to throw up, but he held it back so he could call for help. "HELP ME! SOMEONE IS DYING! HELP!"

Harry couldn't do anything else but shake and sob. He hugged Draco's body. It was so cold. Cold. Unmoving. Unmoving.

"Get off of him, Potter," he heard someone call from behind him, and he was pulled away from him, but Harry refused to let go, and Draco's world was so close to slipping away into white. He had stopped breathing. "Move Potter!"

Harry turned to see Snape kneel next to him and he cast a spell that Harry couldn't understand through his own sobs. He still didn't let go of Draco's hand, but he did get off of him. "Please, Draco."

The blood around them was being sucked back into Draco's body, and the color came as well, but he was still ungodly pale. Harry couldn't see it through his tears but he could feel Draco's pulse getting stronger as Snape kept casting and casting. "Draco!"

The blood, besides the cells staining their clothes, had soaked back into Draco's body, and he started breathing again. Harry started shaking when he heard Draco gasp and cough, and he started crying even harder.
"Potter, he needs to get to the Hospital Wing. Shall I?"

"No," Harry shook his head, and ran his fingers through Draco's damp hair. "I'll carry him."

"You expect me to trust you with him," Snape said.

"I don't care," Harry said, and before he could argue with him, he picked Draco up bridal style. He felt so weak and light, like a feather. A few of Harry's tears fell on Draco's body and he started walking with Snape by his side to the Hospital Wing.

No one spoke the whole way, and Harry had to keep himself from breaking down, but somehow he managed. The Wing was empty, not even Pomfrey was there. He placed Draco on the bed that Harry normally stayed in when he faced Voldemort, and he did so gently. Harry kissed his forehead and grabbed hold of his hand, placing his fingers on his weak pulse to make sure it was still working.

"How could you be such an imbecile?"

"I didn't know what the spell did," Harry croaked.

"So you decided to use it on your ex-boyfriend," Snape sneered.

"I didn't do it on purpose. He tried to crucio me! What was I supposed to do?"

"Not let him crucio you. Not provoke him enough to evoke that much pain out of him."

"So this is my fault," Harry's eyes went wide in disgust at him. "I was protecting myself."

"By hurting him."

"He could have used any other spell on me!"

"You know the training he goes through, Potter," he snapped. "It's second nature to him. He's supposed to be a killing machine by now."

"It's my fault that he's a Death Eater, isn't it. I'm hindering him, I'm hurting him, I'm in his way. He tried to kill my best friend! It's not normal to kill people! You don't understand who he was to who he is now."

"You think he wants to kill people? You think anyone wants to kill people?"

"Voldemort killed my parents without a second thought," Harry bit.

"You think anyone normal wants to kill someone?"

"You don't get it," Harry snapped, and he played with Draco's hand subconsciously.

"You almost murdered someone in the bathroom. Don't be too hard on him."

"I didn't know—"

"You think he knew the necklace was going to end up in Katie Bell's hands?"

"He put that there!"

"And you almost murdered him in the bathroom. Look who's so innocent now," Snape said. "I'm not
going to argue with you about him. I'm going to get Poppy. You stay here and watch him, and the second she's here, you leave. And you don't visit him."

"You can't keep me from him-"

"You will not visit him," he commanded.

Harry swallowed and frowned. "Do you think he's going to wake up?"

"He'll be out for days if he's lucky."

Snape left, leaving Harry to kiss Draco's hand and watch his subtle breathing with red, puffy eyes.

That night Harry snuck into the Hospital Wing, anyway, under his cloak. Draco was still pale, and the moonlight didn't help that, but he looked faintly better. His breaths were shallow and fast, but hell, Harry was happy he was even breathing.

"I'm sorry," he whispered next to Draco's ear and he kissed his cheek before sitting down next to the bed. He just wanted to watch him, make sure no one came in to hurt him, which was irony within itself because Harry was the one who put him there in the first place. He grabbed Draco's hand under the blankets and locked their fingers together. He could have sworn he felt Draco's thumb stroke his, but then again, Harry had been numb the entire day, there was no way of telling.

Harry was almost passed out when he heard footsteps, and his eyes split open and he turned his head to see Astoria walking in with flowers. Flowers— why didn't Harry think of that?

"Draco," she cooed and ran to the other side of the bed, not even knowing that Harry was there, holding his hand. He felt Draco squeeze his hand. "Baby, no! Are you alright?" She reminded Harry of a shaking Chihuahua.

He heard Draco grunt, but Draco was supposed to be asleep. "I'm okay," he said. Harry could see the lower half of her body. She wore pink pajama bottoms and slippers that had ribbons on them.

Harry got an idea, and Draco felt Harry's hand relax and let go. He thought he was leaving.

"Who did this to you," she asked, and she sounded like she was crying, well, fakely crying.

"I didn't see their face."

"Do you have any idea?"

"No."

"Someone is going to have to pay for this," she said and Harry swallowed in guilt.

"It's fine, Astoria."

"They almost killed you!"

"I know."

She crossed her arms, and by that time, Harry had already tied her ribbons together and rolled back to where he was, unseen and unheard.

"Listen, Astoria," he said, and it seemed like it was taking him a lot of effort too. Harry wanted to
hold his hand again. "Can we take a break?"

"What? Why!"

Harry smiled to himself.

"The mission," he strained. "I need to focus on it." Harry's stomach dropped as he said it.

"You almost died and you're going to work on the mission!?"

"Not now. I'm going to rest, but I need to work on it. It's almost time."

She swallowed. "Okay."

"We can focus on 'us' when it's done, I promise."

Why would you promise that, Harry snarled in his head. He frowned and a pit in his gut grew.

"You're breaking up with me," she verified, and Harry didn't like her tone, but then he remembered how he and Draco broke up and that wasn't pretty.

"For now," he replied. His voice sounded so weak, so vulnerable. Harry just wanted to hold him for a while, forget what he was.

"You know I'm supposed to be—"

"I know. One day, Astoria, one day everything will be okay again," Draco said. Harry tried to push back his anger. "Will you kiss me?"

Harry's mouth dropped under the bed, and he had to bite his fist down so he couldn't make a sound.

"Yes," she whispered, and then it got really quiet, leaving Harry to wish he could rip his hair out. He could hear their lips moving together, and he could hear Draco strain, and the feet next to Harry's head lifted off the floor. She was on the bed with him, on top of him. Harry gripped his wand, but Harry knew Draco knew he was there, and so he let it go and shut his eyes and pretended it was just a nightmare.

"I can't breathe," he heard Draco whisper, and it reminded Harry of when he used to say that to him, when they kissed until they physically couldn't breathe. They did that for the fun of it, so they could laugh about how much they kissed. Fuck, he missed him.

Astoria giggled, and Harry heard her peck Draco one more time. "I'll visit you in the morning," she asked.

"Don't. Isolate yourself from me, okay. Bad things are about to happen and I don't want you caught up in all of it," he croaked. "For your safety."

"Okay," she said, and Harry saw her feet touch the ground next to him. As she lunged to walk away, her feet kept her from it because of her tied ribbons and she fell face first to the floor. "Did you do that," she stormed.

Harry could hear Draco laughing a bit, and Harry smiled at the thought of making him laugh again.

"No, I didn't I promise," Draco bit back a smile.

"Draco, you're the only one in here," she snapped.
"You must've done it, I swear I didn't."

"But—"

"Shh, don't be so loud. I have a headache," he frowned.

"Whatever," she rolled her eyes and stomped away.

Harry waited a bit until he came out from under the bed, and Draco had his eyes closed. He looked like an angel, Harry concluded. An angel that he was so lucky to have alive and so stupid to lose. He took off his invisibility cloak and put it to the ground next to him. He kneeled next to him and grabbed his hand and kissed the top of it.

Draco opened his eyes. "That wasn't funny."

"That was bloody hilarious from my point of view," he smiled down at him.

Draco smiled a bit. "You're right. It was pretty good."

There was an awkward silence but Harry played with his hand some more. They looked into each other's eyes. Harry was so speechless when saw how colored Draco's were.

Draco seemed too weak to move, and God Harry wanted to kiss him, so he leaned in and closed his eyes, but just before Harry's lips touched Draco's

"Get out," Draco said.

Harry's eyes snapped open, "What?"

"I don't want you here," Draco frowned, leaving Harry to furrow his eyebrows. His eyes watered. "What? Why! You can't be serious."

"No, Harry, I'm joking," Draco said sarcastically, but Harry didn't get it, so he sneered, "You think I want you here."

"You let Astoria stay, and she's bloody awful," Harry snapped, and he felt his heart tug at him.

"Astoria didn't try to murder me," he said firmly.

"Draco," Harry shook his head, "You don't understand, I-I didn't mean for this to happen."

"You said you wanted me dead," his voice cracked and he felt his throat close on top of all the pain he was feeling, "You said you wanted the Dark Lord to kill me and since he hasn't yet, you tried to."

"No," Harry said, swallowing. Every nerve in his body heated and his hands started shaking and eyes watered. "No, Draco, I-I... I can't believe I said that."

"I wish we were back together so I could break up with you," Draco said truthfully.

"Draco, you can't mean that!"

"I do. Get out." His eyes went towards the door.

"Why did you let her kiss you?"

"Get out, Harry," he said as loud as he could, but he was still so weak so it wasn't very swaying.
"Why? Please, just tell me that," Harry whispered because he couldn't do anything else. He still stroked Draco's hand, but Draco didn't seem to mind.

"Because I wanted her to," Draco croaked.

Harry's heart cracked and shattered. He closed his eyes. As he did so, tears ran down his cheeks, Draco able to see them glisten in the moonlight. "No," Harry cried, "No, you couldn't have wanted —"

"Harry, please," Draco croaked. "I can't see you right now, I just can't look at you—"

"I have my cloak," Harry hiccuped and he opened his eyes, but they were still filmed over with water enough in which he couldn't see. "You don't have to look at me."

"Harry—"

"I want to make sure you're okay."

"I am," he said. "Please go, Harry. I-I don't want you here."

"If it's because I—"

"Harry. Leave."

With a quivering lip, Harry sniffed, swallowed, nodded, kissed Draco's hand, let go of it, grabbed his cloak and stood. "As you wish."

They gave each other a lingering look, and Harry walked away in the hopes that Draco would call for him, but step by step, it got quieter and quieter and Harry hated it. He hated everything. He should have listened to Snape, he shouldn't have come.

"Harry," Draco called.

"Yes," Harry spun around on his heels as fast as lightning.

"Don't come back."

It was if Harry's hopes had shattered all around him like an unlucky mirror. He couldn't breath, so he nodded.

"I won't."
Draco stayed in the hospital wing for another day, only because Snape was forcing him to. He'd been pulling his hair out about his mission and it was stopping him from thinking about anything else, including Harry. Severus gave him instructions, offered help, but he never took it. He was going to do this. He had to save his family. He had to.

And now that Harry was gone, the mission was the only thing Draco had in his life, because truly, it would be the end of it.

The Slytherin couldn't feel his feet hit the cold, stone floor, his chest aching and sore. He limped out of the Wing clutching his upper body. His heart hurt, too.

Every step dragged on longer and longer, each echo to the floor wracking with his brain. Of course, despite his pain, he felt he deserved this. That was another price of being a Death Eater. No, it was another price of hurting Harry.

But then Harry hurt him. Harry hurt him so much.

Draco had to bite his lip because of how much pain he was in. When he climbed stairs, he whimpered.

After what seemed like an eternity, he reached the familiar blank wall, and after doubled over for a bit to catch his breath, Draco met the door, the ugly, ugly door.

What seemed longer than the journey to get the Room of Requirement was the journey to the bloody cabinet. Because on his way there, he thought of Harry. The bastard.

He worked the entire night, the sting of Harry in the back of his head, but more importantly the images of his mother being hit by Voldemort, and his father cowering in fear from so much pain of a crucio.

Because even though he wished he had different parents, he had parents. He knew them and lived with them. Because parents are still parents. His mother held him and kissed him when he was young, and his father used to take him out for treats before his heart got so cold.

From the hospital visit, he was still exhausted, as passed out during the very early morning.

Footsteps woke him, and he sprung to the shadows just in time with his teeth gritted. It was a boy and a girl, laughing, as if they didn't know the darkness sitting in the room they were inhabiting, as if they didn't know it was evil. They didn't know there was a death eater, a monster, in the room right there behind them.

Draco's curiosity overtook him so he began leaning on a table and attempted to get a peak at the vulnerable students. However by doing so, one of the items on the table fell over, leaving a small crashing noise.

"What was that?" They both said simultaneously. Draco stepped back behind the barrier and silently begged the two wouldn't check out the noise.

"Close your eyes," The female of the two said, and Draco heard footsteps walking in the opposite direction. He took this opportunity to look at the second of the pair. He maneuvered himself to a different pile of junk to get a better view, and there stood Harry. His Harry. Just standing there with
his eyes closed.

He felt a wave of sorrow and his chest began to hurt more than it already did.

But then the other of the party came back, the weaslette, and the sorrow turned to amped hate and he clenched his fists. She was way too close, and when she began to lean in and press her lips to his he put the fist in his mouth to keep him from screaming out, his other hand searching for his wand.

Draco found his heart shattered into millions of pieces, ground into a fine powder and burned in hell. His stomach felt as though it was twisted like an animal balloon one would find at a muggle carnival. His throat felt he swallowed an apple whole, and his eyes stung as if he were stabbed with a dagger.

She released and the only thing keeping Draco from killing her on the dot was his numb body.

"I can stay hidden up here if you like."

'Right so I can use the cruciatus curse on you with no one watching,' Draco thought to himself.

But his stomach almost burst when Harry smiled. He smiled.

And then the weaslette walked away and left the room. For no particular reason...maybe to add to the mystery? Girls are so complicated...

Draco stepped out from his hiding spot and walked up to his exlover examining his face slightly.

If the weaslette bitch could make him smile, what could the Slytherin himself do?

He decided he was going to do it.

And Draco lent in and pressed his lips to Harry's.

--------------------------------

Harry was in the Gryffindor common room, depressed as usual. He couldn't peel his eyes from what he called the demon book, nowadays.

Ginny walked up to him. She was getting on his nerves, annoying, and well, too flirty and girly, and fruity for his tastes.

"Hey you." The phrase made him sick to his stomach. It reminded him too much of things that happened, too much of someone who hurt him so much.

"Can you refrain from saying that please. It just reminds me of something." Harry refused to look her in the eye and let his vision turn to the window.

"About what," she pried.

"Something I don't want to talk about," he bit adding the word obviously mentally. He turned his eyes back to the book.

"I know you almost killed someone, but you didn't. It was an accident. And besides it was Malfoy, that wouldn't be the worst thing in the world. But you need to hide that book." Harry sent a dirty glare her way at the statement about Malfoy, but then agreed with her. Together the left and Ginny guided them to the room of requirement, a place Harry wished he could forget.

She led him deep into the room, a place Harry recognized and wanted to leave. Eventually he had to stop avoiding it, so he just kept going with it.
The two gryffindors heard a bang.

"What was that?" They said in sync.

"Close your eyes," Ginny ordered and Harry went along with it. He really should be at least nice to her, she was the only one helping him through this depression of his.

He heard footsteps and soon enough they came back. But before he could open his eyes, he felt a pair of lips to his.

Harry voided all technicalities and let himself feel again. He had been shutting out all memories, all emotions from his mind to avoid pain.

The kiss wasn't anything like he'd felt before, because he'd only kiss one person. This was too pristine, soft even. It didn't have that firmness and certainty he was use to. It wasn't as warm and inviting, but girly and weak. There wasn't that passion he'd always had, no tingle.

And then like that the sensation was gone. He smiled to himself it was over, and footsteps led away from him. He was going to move when suddenly they were coming back and another pair of lips were capturing his and he felt himself melting in pleasure.

They were now warm and passionate and everything Harry loved in a kiss. He was home. He let his arms wrap around Ginny's waist and pulled her closer. This structure did not seem make up Ginny's body. It was small, but not as curvy as she looked. He stepped closer and by then his chest should of touched her breasts, but the air was vacant.

He felt a pair of familiar hands feel his back and he froze. Harry realized his head was tilted up instead of down like it was a few seconds ago. The only person with that much height on him was Draco, the last person he wished to be kissing right now. The person released, and moved his lips next to Harry's face, but Harry was too paralyzed to even open his eyes.

"She will never be able to love you as much as I do," a hot whisper hit his neck before the owner of the voice kissed Harry right below his ear.

"She will never be able to betray me like you did either," Harry whispered painfully, then shoved him away from him by his chest and Draco howled in pain.

"What are you doing," Harry shouted as Draco regained his strength.

"I'm taking back what's mine," Draco said breathlessly, "what are you doing kissing little ginger sluts?"

"Don't you dare call her that! And I'm not yours! You don't own me, I'm not your little property! You lost that right to call me yours a long time ago!" Harry was beyond angry and Draco was starting to shake and tears leaked from his eyes.

"Why'd you let her do that," he barley said, his voice cracking. "I knew you loved her!" His voice raised.

"So what if I do? Am I not allowed to love anyone?"

"I won't let you!"
"You aren't my dad!"

"You don't have a dad, Harry!" Draco knew he was taking it too far. He was awaiting a punch but Harry just verbally fought back.

"Well even if I did have one he'd be a hell of a lot better than your deadbeat! Oh but that's right you have your precious little Dark Lord to guide you," Harry spat before turning and walking away.

"You're daft! He made me-" Draco spat, however Harry interrupted him.

"I'm glad to be daft! Because everyone has a choice! It's whether or not you're strong enough to take it, shows who you really are. And you chose to be a coward."

"Harry just please let me explain!"

"No, Just...just forget everything we've ever had."

"I'm not going to! Why can't you just deal with the pain like I am?" Harry ran over to Draco and pushed him up against the cabinet in a ball of fury.

"Deal with the pain?" Harry was so close that Draco's nerves were on fire. "Deal with the pain! Maybe it hasn't occurred to you that I physically can't deal with the pain and I'm trying to forget it so I can move on with my life! And maybe I just can't because you keep reminding me everyday you what I felt with you and it's taking all my will power right now to not walk away and get this point across to you!"

Draco stopped crying, and he became furious, and an idea came across him.

"Tell me you don't love me and I promise I will be nothing but the cold bastard I use to be in 4th year, worse even, and I promise will never bring up anything about us ever again. It will just peter out of existence just like the memories we shared, replaced with ones of hate and malice. I'll make you forget. Just tell me you don't love me." He had Harry wrapped around his fingers.

Draco was silent for a few seconds as Harry went into deep thought and then a sour twist engulfed his face. "Exactly, you can't," Draco said before shoving his lips onto Harry with such force that it almost knocked him backwards.

Harry fought back, shoving him once more. He looked at Draco in the eyes.

"I don't love you." Draco stopped all movement and watched as the Gryffindor started to walk away.

"Har-"

"You promised, remember?" Harry kept walking until Draco couldn't see him anymore.

He thought he'd be crying considering he was feeling his heart shatter like broken glass, but he just grew numb. And numbness grew to anger, and anger grew to hatred. Love was nonexistent anymore.

Draco didn't think Harry would say it.

He didn't think he would say it.

But he did.
Death

Harry's mouth felt intensely sour ever since that day, as if he needed to scrub it with soap hundreds of times. Ever since he told Draco the terrible lie, everything had been at a constant. He constantly felt the sting of tears in his eyes he refused to fall. He constantly felt his throat closing up, and he rather didn't talk anyway. He constantly felt his heart burn with regret and sorrow, but something else that was constant, was the insults and bruises received from one, Draco Malfoy.

If the two were to run into each other in the hallway, Draco would not only stare him down more hateful than an angel to a demon, but physically abuse him such as shoving him against the wall so hard Harry heard a bone crack, or punching him so forcefully Harry would find himself knocked out for hours. The blonde brat would spew the meanest statements that he knew that would sting him hard, calling him a mudblood lover, torturing him about his family's death, along with Sirius's, finally screaming 'I hate you' before walking away, no turning back.

He never made fun of his friends though, as if back in fourth year still haunted his brain.

Harry would never fight back. He would just scurry away, as if he owed Draco something enough to keep him from fighting. This wasn't what he wanted. Harry just hoped Draco would leave him alone, give him a chance to move on, but the opposite occurred, The Gryffindor constantly kept his thoughts on Draco involuntarily, trying to figure him out.

Draco's physical appearance was practically gaunt, skeletal even.

This wasn't the Draco he knew and loved...no this was what filled his mind when he told him he didn't love him.

And to this date, it was the hardest thing he's ever had to do.

------------------------------

Draco felt absolutely sick to his stomach. It was a fine spring evening, untouched by the horrors about to take place. The Slytherin had skipped classes for the whole week, hiding in his room, and finally Professor Snape sensed his anxiety and sent him to the hospital wing for some calming draught, and dreamless sleep potion, which never worked anyway.

Every time he shut his eyes, he would envision the look on Harry's face when Draco told him he didn't love him. The words relayed in his mind over and over until he couldn't take it anymore and he would shutter, and open them once more.

And when he did fall asleep due to exhaustion, pictures of Dumbledore and Voldemort consumed his mind and he would wake up in a cold sweat.

And then the would think of Harry. Oh the pain he would receive when he thought of Harry. There would be a shy sliver of time where he was heart broken but it was masked with hatred and anger from the last words spoken to him.

It was if Harry ripped his heart out. And Draco couldn't hate him more for it. How could he not. How could he still love him? How could he ever love someone who hurt him so much.

How has he been doing the impossible?

The clock in the hospital wing chimed, and Draco knew what he must do. He slid out of bed, the tiles under him as lifeless and cold as he. Numbness was an understatement. His knees were already
quivering, and hands sweaty and shaky.

Draco slid on his shoes and snuck away from the hospital wing. The empty corridors of the castle reminded him of his heart, barren and rural. Unknown almost.

It was almost smooth sailing until he reached the seventh floor.

The silhouette of Harry stood before him, a sad but determined face upon him. Draco ran up to him, only feeling his heartbeat, and shoved him against the wall again, holding him by his shoulders.

"What the hell are you doing here!? Where are you going," Draco bit, spit flying against Harry's cheek. The raven-haired boy hesitated, his face not coated with hate and betrayal.

"It's none of your business, Malfoy." They were so close Harry could feel the radiation of Draco's nervousness.

"Probably just going to see your ginger girlfriend."

"She's not my girlfriend. You know that... Draco...what's wrong?" Harry squinted his eyes as if he were trying to see through Draco's mask, numb to what he was saying. It just sort of popped out, like a though one wouldn't know they spoke it. Draco looked away and loosened his grip, before tightening it sharply.

"Shut up. Listen Potter, you better be going to your common room. Go there and stay there. I swear to god if you are not in your dormitory I will personally find you and kill you myself. Don't think I won't. You know what I am. You know what I can do. Got it?" He spoke through his teeth.

"Draco what's going on?"

And that's all it took for him to crumble. His hard mask started to fade his eyebrows pointed up, his skin becoming translucent, lips quivering. Tears stung the back of his eyes, but that's all they went to. Draco swallowed, and remained silent, loosing himself in Harry's green forests.

And without thinking, he smashed his lips to Harry's with the thought that he could die tonight in the back of his head, driving him to lean forward. A last kiss.

Harry didn't respond, however, he didn't reject, until finally he let his lips mold to Draco's. It had been months. A lifetime, it felt.

Harry licked Draco's lower lip, begging to go home, but some loose wire snapped back into place and Draco shoved himself away from Harry.

"What am I doing," he mumbled to himself.

"Draco?"

"Just go back to your dorm! Now," he shrieked. Harry slowly began walking the way of his common room, stumbling over his feet, but before he reached the end of the corridor, he heard a broken whisper, "I'm so sorry Harry."

And if he knew Harry was headed to the place where the assassination would take place, he would of stopped him right then and there and told him everything.

But he didn't know.

Draco proceeded to the room of requirement, a place considered hell to him now. He went directly to
the cabinet, and recited a spell he knew all too well.

Harmonia nectera passus

He stepped back, his heart racing. And there they were.

An evil laugh crackled from Bellatrix, his mental aunt. A growl from Greyback.

Draco felt As if he were to throw up.

"Let's kill tonight," Bellatrix said maliciously.

Draco felt his legs wobble as he climbed the rickety stairs of the astronomy tower, voices echoing. What seemed like a second and an eternity at the same time, Draco reached the top of the stairs, a deep breath, wand up.

"Good evening Draco, what brings you here on this fine spring evening?" Draco felt as though he was being taunted by the old man. Didn't he understand it was his dying day? Or was Draco himself that good?

"Who else is here? I heard you talking." He was surprises he could even separate anything.

"I've been talking loudly to myself. I find it extraordinarily useful. Have you been whispering to yourself?" Dumbledore was playing with him. Harry was below, silent, the roof of his mouth sour. He didn't know what Draco was going to do. "Draco, you are no assassin."

"You don't know what I am. I've done things that would shock you."

"Like curing Katie Bell and hoping that in return she would bare a cursed necklace to me. Replacing a bottle of meed with one laced of poison, forgive me Draco, I cannot help feeling these actions are so weak that you hardly tried at all."

A wave of heat swelled over Draco, followed by chills. He knew. Harry was frozen in fear, and pain, and realization that he had missed all of this while he was dating Draco. All the tricks, the rumors were all true, and he was too stupid to believe them. Harry subconsciously felt along his lips, where the hit man had last touched him.

"He trusts me. I was chosen," Draco said hastily. He lifted his sleeve and everyone, all three people, in the room felt a wave of nausea flow over them.

"I shall make it easier for you," Dumbledore said, raising his wand. Draco was supposed at how fast his reaction time was, and the headmaster was now unarmed, causing Harry to raise his wand.

"Draco. There are others. How?"

"The vanishing cabinet In the room of requirement. I've been mending it all year." It all seemed to make sense to Harry now.

"Let me guess, a sister, a twin."

"Borgan and Burks."

"Ingenious. Draco, many years ago I knew a boy who made all the wrong choices. Please let me help you."

"I don't want you help. Don't you understand. I have to do this. I have to kill you, or he's gonna kill
me." Draco was crying now, and Harry felt his heart breaking. How could he be so stupid and abandon him without question like that?

Harry turned his head as he heard the click of the heel to the flooring. Bellatrix.

"Well look what we have here. Well done Draco." The blonde was shaking now, and Harry's sympathy went out to him as the death eaters started to taunt him. "Do it!"

"He doesn't have the stomach, just like his father," Greyback said viciously.

"No." Snape came up and pushed Draco to the side. Slight relief came over Draco and Harry.

"Severus, please."

And just like that, Albus Dumbledore was dead.

Harry was paralyzed, his only father figure, dead. The death eaters were already halfway out the castle when pure hatred kindled inside of him and he felt his legs moving. Snape.

As he was running, a certain blonde popped into his thoughts. He was forced to do it, and Harry was determined to fight for him, save him from the awful future that lied ahead. They could run away together, for a while at the least.

He was through the forest when he began screaming Draco's name. Harry reached Hagrid's hut and when he saw the blonde. Bellatrix turned around quickly before Harry could reach Draco.

"Awh well if it isn't little lover boy coming for his little death eater boyfriend," she taunted as the smell of stale smoke filled the air. Confusion twisted Harry's face.

"What," the Gryffindor scoffed, turning to Draco.

"You did a good job on the boy, Draco. He's following you like a lost puppy," Greyback complimented.

"They knew," Harry spat, rage filling him,"It was all just a game?"

"I told you not to trust me," Draco cried. Harry flicked his wand out and aimed for his ex-lover, but Bellatrix was too fast, casting a hex and sending Harry backwards, his body losing its air as he fell onto the wet, grassy floor.

"NO! He belongs to the Dark Lord," Snape shouted.

Harry was furious, he was just a toy in a silly play pen. This whole time Voldemort had been laughing at him, taking advantage of him. Hate fueled him to stand and he aimed a hex towards Draco.

"FIGHT BACK YOU COWARD, FIGHT BACK!" Draco turned around, tears filling his eyes, mouth dry and unspeakable.

Snape sent him back again, and that's all Draco saw of Harry as more death eaters sent him on his way through the forest, back to headquarters where his punishment awaited him. Failed missions always come with a price.

Harry was enraged with Snape, all the anger building up inside, he stood and sent a sectumsempra curse toward him, only to be knocked backwards.
"You dare use my own spells against me? Yes, Potter, I'm the half-blood prince."

And like that they were gone. Snape was gone, Greyback was gone, Bellatrix was gone, and other death eaters were gone.

Draco was gone, leaving Harry feeling like a used up toy from an abusive owner, a single tear streaking his cheek and heart burning, only to look up at the Dark Mark dancing in the sky, haunting him.

Just like the memories of Draco Malfoy.
Draco lay in his bed, his heart pounding, sleep practically nonexistent. It was 2 in the morning, the day that the Order was moving Harry to a safe house. His 17th birthday. He'd only known due to the fact he was forced to go to the horrid meetings the Dark Lord called upon. They were terrible. Most of them included plots on how to kill Harry, which made Draco's stomach twist and turn inside out, his throat close up, and eyes sting with tears.

Throughout those meetings Draco would be asked questions about Harry and his weaknesses, which in Draco's eyes there were none, but he would lie anyway, saying he was very deceived and trusts people too easily. Things that would go along with his so called "plan to seduce Potter."

If they caught Harry tonight, the Draco would have to watch over him in the cellar, a job he didn't think he could handle, for watchmen of the dungeon would have to torture their victims, but at the same time Draco wished he could do it so that one of the other Death Eaters couldn't bring pain upon him.

He just prayed that Harry wouldn't get caught.

There was a knock at the door and Draco sat up immediately. He'd been waiting for this. If Harry was caught, it would be Greyback, telling him to report to the dungeon and watch the captured. If it was his mother, everything was okay.

The handle took an eternity to turn as the door revealed Narcissa Malfoy in an all black cloak. Draco stood and ran to his mother, burying his face in her chest. She wrapped her arms around her only son and stroked his back.

"Please tell me he's okay," Draco mumbled in her neck. Narcissa closed the door behind her and shh-ed him. She pulled away and grabbed Draco's cheeks, forcing him to look her in the eyes.

"The good news is that we didn't catch him. However the order was smart. They made decoys out of him. I'm sure the used poly juice potion so that the Dark Lord didn't know which one was him. That's the problem. We don't know which Harry was the real one, so they attacked them all. A few of them got hurt very badly, but none the less there were no Potter casualties."

Draco just shook his head, and was about to say something, but there was a loud bang downstairs which interrupted their thought process.

"That must be the Dark Lord. He must be furious. Stay here get some sleep. I promise everything will be alright...someday." She kissed his forehead and left the room quickly. Draco was about the follow her when he heard his door lock, probably a precaution his mother wanted on him.

Thousands of scenarios filled Draco's mind. Which hexes did they use? Did they hit the real Harry?

He had to know.

He sprinted to his desk, almost spilling over his ink in the process, and began to write.

---

Dear Harry,

I understand you absolutely hate my guts right now, but I need to know if you're okay, if you're safe.
I'm so sorry this had to happen to you, to us, but it did. Despite everything I've put you through I just need you to know that I really do love you. Maybe one day we can work this out, maybe one day you'll understand. Just know I'll be waiting for that day.

Happy birthday.

Draco

—

He opened his window and put an owl treat on the sill, waiting for his owl to fly to him. The night brought in cold air and a musky smell that reminded him of the forest he and Harry use to meet up in. He began to think about all the times they shared together, exchanging gifts, kissing, holding each other, sleeping even. The laughs, the smiles all flooded back to him, but a fluttering of wings knocked him out of his trance.

The bird swallowed the treat and awaited instructions.

"Bring this to Harry Potter. Avoid being seen at all costs, drop off the letter, then come straight here."

And with that, the owl flew off into the night, leaving Draco hoping that Harry was safe.

———

Harry was just fixing his collar, ready to put on his bow tie when there was a rapping at his window. He opened it to find a black owl drop a letter on the floor before him, and fly away without a thought. He stared at the envelope, bewildered. Taking a deep breath, he opened it to find that neat, cursive handwriting that he knew all too well.

Anger flowed through each And every single vain placed in his body. He crumpled it up and threw the paper across the room which coincidently bounced back and landed right in the doorway. He yelled in frustration and took a pillow and launched it at the wall. He then picked it up and plopped it on the bed where he then dived face first into the pile of feathers and shouted profanities.

There was a soft knock on the door and Harry got up from his lingering tantrum to find Hermione with the ball of paper placed between her fingers. She shut the door behind her with a concerned look on her face.

"Are you okay?"

"No I'm not Hermione, okay! He sent me a letter! That bastard sent me a letter! He has the nerve to send me a damn letter!"

"What did it say?"

"I don't know! And I don't care! He's making this so hard on me. I'm trying to forget him and he's making it physically impossible!"

"Maybe you should read-"

"No I shouldn't! He's just trying to have another laugh at me!"

"Maybe he's not laughing. Maybe he is generally concerned about you," Hermione said while skimming the words on the crumpled letter.

"Hermione, all the death eaters know! I'm sure you-know-who does too! I'm just a laughing stock to
them! And now watch, he's gonna try and lure me in again just so I can fall for him and hell, he'll wanna meet me somewhere and then he'll capture me and send him to his precious dark lord."

"Or maybe he does care about you. Have you ever thought about that?"

"No! He doesn't! Hermione, he's a death eater! Why are you siding with him!"

"I'm not siding with anyone, Harry. I'm just saying that I've never seen you or him happier then when you were together."

"That's the point! He played it off well!"

Just then Ron walked in, a confused look on his face.

"What's with all the shouting, is everything alright?"

"Everything is fine, Ron. Can you go out into the garden and get me 14 tulips to put on the tables. Your mother wanted me to ask you," Hermione improvised.

"Not the tulips! They are all the way in the back!"

"Then you might as well get a move on. It starts in an hour."

"Yeah.. Right," Ron said before running out the door. Hermione turned back to Harry.

"You need to tell him," she said quietly.

"No Hermione! There is no way in hell he'd ever look me in the eye again!"

"He is your best friend, Harry. He has a right to know."

"No absolutely not! His family and the Malfoys hate each other more than the Dursleys hated me!"

"At least tell him you're gay. That he deserves to know." Harry went silent for a little bit, his voice smaller than before.

"I never really felt like I was gay. I just loved him for who he is. Whenever we kissed I never thought to myself 'oh, I'm kissing another man.' It was just him and me." Hermione patted him on the shoulder. "You don think he'd be mad at me?"

"No Harry! I think he'd be angry if he found out another way. I think he'd prefer to hear it from you. At least voluntarily you can control what your saying. What if someone told him that you dated Draco? At least if you told him you were gay then it might be easier to hear."

Harry out his head in his hands then pretended to rub his imaginary facial hair which he shaved away.

"You're right....I'll tell him after the wedding."

"Good! Now let's get down stairs and help set up! I need to go find Ron and tell him we don't need those tulips," she laughed and Harry smiled.

And to his ignorance Hermione placed the balled up paper into her purse.
The wedding was hectic along with the aftermath. After the death eater attack, the trio found themselves at Grimmauld Place waiting for Dobby to return with Mundungus.

Harry's hands were sweaty and his heart was beating fast and hard. He was gonna tell Ron. He had to.

Oh come on, let's face it, he would rather battle death eaters than tell his best friend his only secret. But that's the thing, it was the only secret Ron didn't know.

Harry was standing in the hallway while Ron was in the kitchen. he took a deep breath and as he did so, Hermione walked up to him.

"You can do this, Harry. I believe in you. he's your best friend, you'll be fine. It might be a shock to him at first, but he'll come around. I promise."

Harry nodded and with heavy footsteps, went into the kitchen and sat across from Ron.

"Hiya mate," he said while munching on a piece of stale toffee he found in the cupboard.

"Hi," Harry replied nervously, "Ron there's something I need to tell you."

"Okay, what is it?" His tone was playful.

"It's something rather serious. something I've been meaning to say for a long time."

Ron nodded his head, "go on."

"And I can trust you? You'll support me?"

"Of course, I'm only your best mate, Harry."

"Okay," Harry said with a deep breath, "here goes nothing. I'm gay," he said slowly.

Ron went blank faced, no emotion shown which angered Harry and made him ill tempered. he sat there for a while before Harry spoke, clarifying his last statement. "As in I like boys. like I'm romantically attracted to them."

"I know what it means. Just give me a second."

And that left Harry imagining millions of events that could happen at any second. Ron could explode, could flip out, hate him forever. what seemed like an eternity, the ginger finally spoke with a confused look on his face.

"I thought you were into Ginny?"

"No, I love her, but as a sister. Don't get me wrong she's brilliant, just not for me."

"Of all the things of the world you could tell me, I think this was on the bottom of the list," he said while rubbing his chin.

"Are you angry?"

"No of course not, Harry. I just wasn't expecting it. Wait you don't like me do you? I mean, I'm flattered and all, and you're wonderful, but I'm sort of on about Hermione."

"No! No no no no! I mean your dashing, but definitely not." They laughed. "I think you two will be
happy together."

"I hope so," he took a deep breath and hid a smile. "Good for you, then. I hope you find a man that will make you very happy," Ron said.

"If I make it that far," Harry laughed.

Ron let out a chuckle. "I hope you do. Did you ever like someone back at Hogwarts?"

"Erm well yeah, I did, actually--"

"So that was your girlfriend! I knew there was something fishy about it. You never wanted to talk about her in detail. Now I know why, because it wasn't a girl."

"Err-- yeah... I'm sorry I lied about it," Harry said with a frown. "I shouldn't have, I was just so scared that you'd hate me--"

"Hate you? I could never hate you," Ron furrowed his eyebrows. "You're my best friend."

"But I'm gay."

"So? It's not like you've murdered anyone. It's not like you've tortured anyone, done an unforgivable. You've never harmed anyone. You're a great man, Harry. Gay or not gay. It doesn't matter. Your sexuality could never affect our friendship. Now come on, mate, tell me who the lucky guy is."

"I--," Harry started, but the swell in the back of his throat kept him from it. "Draco Malfoy, the motherfucker. "It's kind of a long story."

Ron could tell Harry was in pain. "You don't have to tell me what happened right now. Did it end bad?" Harry nodded, staring at the floor. He swallowed heavily. "Okay, mate, just tell me when you're ready," Ron pat his shoulder and relief flooded over Harry like the first wave of a tsunami. "I'll always be here for you."

Draco had gone into a deep depression. He wasn't needed by the dark lord at the moment, and hadn't been for a while. At least whenever he was on a mission to capture someone, he would forget. Just for a little while.

At the moment he was curled up in a ball on his bed, a place he had grown attached to since it was the only place in the house where he was somewhat safe. Somewhat.

He'd seen enough death and tortures across the house to make him sick to his stomach. To make his home, a house, not a home.

Draco was playing with he chain on his neck, something he refused to take off. The room was dead silent and all he could hear was the ticking of the Malfoy pocket watch which was located on the night stand.


The second hand kept inching forward until another minute passed, and another. It sprouted Draco's curiously as to what time it was. It had to be late, for the moon was shining high in the sky.

He rolled over and picked up the small trinket. The glass covering the clock itself was cracked down the middle of when Harry threw it down. He could barley see the hands however in the only place
that wasn't cracked, was right over the dial on the clock face. Just as the stroke of midnight rang, the number changed from 999 to 1000.

He remembered when he and Harry were confused as to why the dial was there in the first place, and then they connected it to the day of their first date. But if it was based off of how long they dated, the counter should have stopped ages ago right?

And that's when it hit him.

He ran to his desk and slammed the quill into the ink so hard that drops splashed everywhere. He had to tell Harry.

He was mid-letter when he heard something slid under his door, causing him to jump. Footsteps led away from the door and he found it safe to get up and see what it was.

A newspaper.

The Daily Prophet was bent and messy, but he could still read the headline printed across the paper:

Potter Gone Wild: The Golden Trio Breaks into Ministry

"On this afternoon on August 31st, Harry Potter, Ronald Weasley, and Hermione Granger broke into the Ministry of Magic to the ministers ignorance, under poly juice potion of 3 different ministry workers. During said unexpected visit, Potter had stolen a locket of Dolores Jane Umbridge. The attack on the Umbridge was hostile and didn't make any sort of sense, suspect telling her 'one mustn't tell lies.'"

Draco smiled to himself. And whispered into thin air "God Harry, you're such an idiot."

He skipped to the last paragraph.

"This leaves the world wondering if Harry Potter and his friends will be returning to Hogwarts, where Severus Snape will be crowned Head Master. 'I don't wish to see him back at school,' said Snape, 'he is wanted by he ministry and I highly doubt on his return."

Harry, not at Hogwarts? He'd have to face 7th year alone? Draco was hoping to make it up to him this year. It didn't sting that much that Harry wasn't going, subconsciously he realized that the Gryffindor wouldn't show up. What hurt was that he had to go back to Hogwarts and face the term, knowing he might never see Harry again, unless he would be in the arms of the Dark Lord.

And that was scary enough as it is.

Anger. So much anger. Irritation and hate filled his veins as the chains of the locket beat down on Harry's neck. He couldn't take anymore of that damn radio, so he went outside to get some fresh air in hope to ease the gnawing buzz, but alas it almost seemed to increase it.

But what was truly aggravating was the envelope sitting next to him, mocking him. He looked up into the moonlight to see the last flutter of the black owl take off once more. It had been the 12th letter this month. They were practically coming every day, or every other day, and it was driving Harry mad.

He hadn't opened one, not one. He was too afraid, of what, he didn't know. It still flabbergasted him on how the owl had even found him, how it penetrated their protection charms, how the dark magic
hadn't exploded in the shield. From that point on, he grew frustrated. His pain was flowing out of him and he didn't hear footsteps behind him.

"Take it off," the girly voice said forcefully. Harry didn't listen, he just sent daggers to the letters, hoping his eyes would slice through them. "Harry, I said take it off! It's making everything harder on you!"

"No, I deserve it...I was so stupid... He could never love some gullible disgusting loser like me. Nobody can."

"Harry James Potter if you do not take it off right now-"

"No!" He held it to him. Why, he didn't know. The anger was addictive, like a drug, like alcohol, like Draco.

Hermione knocked him on his back, holding his hands to the ground with her left forearm, grabbing the necklace off of Harry despite his wrestling. Once the locket was away from him he instantly relaxed but a look of worry and despair.

"Better?"

"Yeah," he said breathlessly, "now give it back!" He flipped her over and grabbed the chain, attempting to get up and sprint, alas Hermione latched onto his ankle and kicked the chain out of his grasp.

"Why are you so obsessed with that thing?"

"Because I am! Okay?"

"No, not okay. Me and Ron are worried sick about you! You need to stay away from it."

Harry took a deep breath a sat up, and Hermione mirrored him and stated wiping off dead leaves from her sweater.

"Hermione, you don't understand," he said shaking, tears springing to his eyes, "I-every time i look at those letters I want to forgive him and I'm so scared that if I read one of them I'll fall in love with him all over again and I know that's wrong. He betrayed me, Hermione. He did it voluntarily, but yet I still find myself scared to death that he's with you-know-who and despite how much a hate him, If he gets hurt I know I couldn't handle it. I fell I love with a man that doesn't exist, an imaginary person, yet I can't let myself get over it! That's why..because it blocks out all this," he pointed to his heart," and it lets me be angry so maybe I can get over him!"

She scooted next to him and he buried his head onto her shoulder and violently sobbed. Hermione pulled Harry close and hugged him for a bit.

"You need to talk it out. Everything. From the minute you liked him. It's been 2 years..no wonder you need to explode. And you need to read the letters." He looked up into her eyes and she read the vulnerability, the innocence in his eyes. He just wanted to love and to be loved, and now he was stabbed with hate because of it.

"No, I can't handle it Hermione. I just can't. This is too hard, it hurts too much."

"Harry, it's your first love, your first break up... Of course it's going to hurt."

"I don't want it to," he whined like a 13 year old boy.
"I know. Come to me when you want to talk about it," Hermione said softly. "And no touching this!" She grabbed the locket and went back inside the tent to be with Ron, something Harry wished he could do with Draco.

So he began walking.

——————————————————

There was a rapping at the door to Draco's quarters. He was elected head boy since death eaters practically were the new faculty. It was a nice room but it wasn't home...no where was home anymore. He never got into trouble, but then again he never talked. He was finished taunting the gryffindors. Only his remedial group of friends could get a peep out of him. The absence of Harry was maddening. Sure he wouldn't get much sleep at night, and sometimes the nightmares were horrific, but who would be at the door in the middle of the night?

He got out of his plush bed and ignored the icy sting of the floor as he wrapped his silk robe around him. He had a sleeve on when the door opened itself.

"Can't you knock," he snapped before seeing who it was.

"Didn't think you'd care considering it was me," an all too familiar voice said. Draco's head bolted up to see those green eyes, that known frame, that lightning scar.

"Harry," he whispered breathlessly and his heart skipped a beat, letting the robe fall to the floor.

Harry bolted over to him, in need of contact.

"I'm so sorry I didn't believe you," he pleaded before he plunged his mouth upon Draco's. The blonde was in so much shock he couldn't feel the heat, couldn't feel anything. Harry began saying 'I love you' between each kiss and he violently ripped off Draco's night attire to the point in which he was bare naked, and Harry cupped his ass after he tore off his own outfit.

Harry threw himself and the latter on the bed and Draco rotated himself on top, kissing every patch of bare skin until he was breathless and they lay together on the bed.

"We can run away together, Harry. We could live together. Nobody would exist. We could pretend this never happened."

"No we can't," seriousness conquered Harry's face.

"Why not?"

"Because it was all just a game, Draco. I don't exist."

"What the hell are you talking about Harry, you're right there."

"No I'm not. I hate you, remember? Because you didn't trust me enough to ask for help. How could I ever love someone like that? I'm just a ghost of the person you deceived."

"Harry...please just- please don't say that. You love me remember?"

"Open your eyes."

"They are open!"

"Open your eyes," Harry repeated over and over until he finally did. He was back I'm his room,
alone.

Another nightmare.

It wasn't the first one, but it was one of the worst, yet.

Draco was sweaty and there were tears on his pillow. He looked around the room, focusing on a poster of Harry- one that the ministry made. "Undesirable no. 1" it read.

It constantly reminded him that Harry was missing.

Gone.

His eyes traveled down to his left arm, covered in silk. He slowly lifted the sleeve, tickling his own skin, hoping the horrid mark wasn't there. To his disappointment, it was still existing on his pale flesh.

It always will.

Harry knew it was a bad idea. He knew that he was digging himself in a hole that was going to be hell to get out of. But he was bored and curious and lonely, and damn it, something had to work. Something had to destroy this thing. Something had to get him off of his mind.

"Open," Harry hissed in parseltongue, awaiting the ferocity of what ever he was about to face. But nothing happened. Not some fancy spiel made up of smoke and dancing figures, or hissing, or even any face of Voldemort as Harry was expecting.

The locket was barren and dry and almost dead. He waited. Nothing happened.

He waited for ten minutes. Nothing happened.

He waited for twenty minutes. Nothing happened.

Maybe the locket was broken? Maybe he hadn't said it right? Surely it'd opened, it'd responded. But why wasn't it working?

He spent the next hour wondering the same things, examining the locket, it hissing when he touched it, until he'd almost fallen asleep in a pile of sodden leaves painted in cold dirt. But what woke him to
a dead freeze was the screaming of his name.

"Harry!" It wasn't Hermione; she was asleep in the tent over on the other side of the hill. It wasn't Ron; he'd been gone for weeks now.

He sat up and looked immediately to the locket, which still hadn't done anything. It wasn't coming from there.

"Harry!" It came again, and Harry stood this time, attempting to pinpoint where it was coming from. Footsteps stomped in the distance, coming closer, and Harry drew his wand, pointing at the direction that they were coming from. Closer and closer, Harry glanced over at the trees across from him, when suddenly a boy with white hair and mercury eyes stood next to.

"Harry." The words were a whisper as Draco laid his eyes on him. Harry immediately perked up, his hands sweating and heart beating through this chest. "It's you! I can't believe it's you."

"Draco," Harry mouthed, but then shrieked it, "DRACO!"

He ran to him, Draco sprinting as fast as he could and they met at the bottom of the hill, Harry with open arms, Draco, too, but despite their momentum, Harry didn't feel a thing when they connected, he was so numb.

"Draco, what are you," Harry started but realized that Draco wasn't wrapped in his arms, rather behind him. "Draco?"

"Harry," Draco smiled as Harry turned around, "You're alive."

Harry frowned. "You're not real."

"What are you talking about, Harry? I'm right here," Draco complied.

Harry reached out to touch Draco's cheek, however instead of the skin stopping him, Harry's hand went completely through his face.
"You're not the real Draco. You're fake."

"I'm not fake," Draco still smiled.

"Then why are you smiling," Harry said in a tone of sadness. "I hurt you. You shouldn't be smiling right now. You should hate me."

"I don't hate you! How could I ever hate you?"

"Because I broke your heart," Harry's voice cracked. "I broke you like you broke me."

"I forgive you," Draco grinned. "I'm with you now."

Harry swallowed as tears formed in his eyes. But then he got angry. "I ripped your heart out! You wanted marriage and I gave you hell."

"We all make mistakes, Harry. How could I not love you," Draco beamed.

"Don't tell me you love me!"

"Oh, but I do! I always have. I know I should have told you, but I wanted to make it special."

"Any time would have been fine," Harry growled, thinking back to the memory.

"But why not when I asked to marry you. You remember that night, don't you?"

"Every second of it," he swallowed. His heart burned like it was being skinned like a fish. The very sight of Draco made him want to throw up. "Every damned second of it."
"Are you sure? I could play it all out for you." Swiftly, Draco's clothes changed to those of that night. Draco went on one knee, reaching in his pocket to grab a stunning silver ring.

"Don't," Harry barked.

"Oh, but Harry, don't you ever think about what could have happened if I just was a little more careful? If I'd just have buttoned my cuffs with different clasps?"

Harry backed away from him slightly. "Stop it." This was a special kind of torture.

"We could have been so happy," Draco smiled, standing and stepping towards him, before frowning. "But you ruined it."

"You ruined it," Harry lied. 

"You know I'm innocent, Harry," Draco said. "You've always known I was innocent. We were just too happy to be true because everything you've ever had has been taken from you and you thought if you threw me out before I could get taken, too, you wouldn't have been so lonely."

Tears slipped Harry's eyes, and the fake Draco tried to wipe them but couldn't. That was true. That was completely true.

"Remember how happy we were?"

"Yes," Harry's voice cracked.

"Oh look, there we are now," Draco smiled, putting his hands on Harry's shoulders and spinning him around to where the locket was. Up from it came green smoke, framing two boys dressed in school robes, laughing and smiling.

"Draco," Harry whispered involuntarily. It hurt so bad, looking at the sight in front of him, remembering the exact joke they were laughing at. It was Trelawny, Friday the 13th: the very beginning that started two years of complete, laughable bliss.
"Remember that?"

Harry nodded.

"Do you remember what it was like to kiss me?"

"Draco, please don't." Harry shut his eyes, not wanting to see what was in front of him.

"You've forgotten already," Draco sounded disappointed, "I haven't. I loved kissing you."

Harry opened his eyes to see the two completely wrapped up in each other, making out so languidly, so lovingly; Harry biting Draco's lip softly, Draco pulling him closer in a need that they both constantly had.

His heart ached. "Please, Draco, make it stop."

But it didn't stop. The fake Draco had started taking fake Harry's robes off, undoing his tie sloppily but kissing him in the process of it to make it look like an art.

"Do you ever wonder what it would have been like? Making love?"

"I..." Harry trailed, examining the two in front of him in awe. Harry's shirt was gone and Draco's was hanging loosely on his shoulder, Harry moving to take it off. They looked naked now, due to the fact that the smoke cut them off at their waists.

"I would have treated you so well. I would have been so soft. I would have been so soft, it would have hurt you because of how loving it would have been."

The fake Draco kissed the fake Harry's neck, so tenderly the real Harry thought he was going to puke. He kissed down his neck and then chest, going lower and lower until Draco completely disappeared, and the thought of what he was doing under the smoke made the real Harry's imagination run wild.
"You would be so beautiful. So beautiful making love to," Draco purred in the real Harry's ear. Because of what the fake Draco was doing to the fake Harry, the fake Harry threw his head back, his mouth opening as if he was moaning and eyebrows creased in ecstasy. "Look at you."

A hand was placed on fake Harry's stomach, it looking erratic within itself grasping his abs like it was a source of breath.

"But just think about the make up sex after we took each others virginity. Think about how rough it would have been, how wild we could have been."

The fake Draco came back into view and picked Harry up, slamming him against the tree and lifting him. Again, the smoke had cut off his view, but Harry knew exactly what was going on, the fact he could see the tops of his knees bobbing up and down to Draco pounding into him. His mouth hung open and he pulled fake Draco closer, grasping onto his bear back with his fingernails hard enough to bruise. They kissed so riotously.

"Love me, Harry, love me," he fake Draco chanted.

The real Harry fell to the ground, his knees buckling. He begged for this agony to be over, but nothing stopped it, and he doubled over on the ground and shut his eyes, the sounds of him and his lover making love filling his ears. He couldn't stand it.

"We could have had that," Draco kneeled next to him, "It would have felt so good." Somehow, he forced Harry's chin up, pushing him to watch, and Harry whimpered and cried as he did.

The fake Harry was on edge and the fake Draco kissed down his neck moaning against it. And then the fake Harry's moans got louder and louder each time, and then he started screaming Draco's name because he was so close. And if he looked closer, the real Harry could see tears coming from fake Harry's eyes that the fake Draco then kissed away. Fake Draco cried, too, and watched him intently, also calling his name because he was so close.

"What would have happened if I told you," Draco asked next to him. He pondered. Just before they were about to release, the scene changed and the real Harry cried out in misery. "What, you think I'd let you see the best part after what you've done to me?"

Harry just whimpered and cried, wanting the nightmare to be over.
"But what would have happened if I told you the first day back from holiday?" The two fake puppets in front of them changed to look a little younger, Draco much more healthy that the last time he'd actually seen him in real life, even if over summer he did have the pain that Harry could only imagine. They were in their school uniforms. "Would you have hated me like you hate me now?"

"I hated you because you almost killed me and my best friend," Harry growled.

"Oh no, you hated me because I got the Mark. Just because I almost did murder people, that's not why you hated me. You hated me because I got a tattoo on my arm that you didn't like. So tell me. Would it have mattered if I told you in the beginning or in the end? Tell me, Harry, was I clever to wait?"

The fake Draco stood in front of fake Harry with the look of insecurity he always had when Draco brought up the mark.

"Time doesn't matter when one betrays. You would have hated me then just as much as you hated me that night. I was smart to wait because we both know this wouldn't have happened."

The two fakes in front of them played what was supposed to happen. Fake Draco was crying as he lifted his left sleeve, and fake Harry, although heartbroken just listened to Fake Draco's story.

"He made me do it. I wanted to defend you but he would have killed my friends, my family. He would have killed you, too, and I can't bare letting you go," he choked. "I love you, Harry."

"I believe you. I'll help you," the fake Harry said, and he moved to hold fake Draco's hands. "You know I'll always love you, Draco."

"H-he want's me to kill someone, Harry," the fake Draco sobbed, "I can't do it. I can't."

"Who?"

The fake Draco shook his head. He was breaking down. "I can't say it," he shook his head.
"Please, Draco," Harry begged, kissing his hand. "I know you can't. You're not a murderer; you're not going to do it. I'll keep you safe."

"You won't hate me?"

"I could never!"

The fake Draco nodded. "D-Dumbledore."

The fake Harry hugged him as the fake Draco cried and cried and cried.

"Hey, you're going to be okay," the fake Harry said.

"Okay," fake Draco eventually calmed down. "I love you."

"I love you, too."

They kissed, and the real Harry's heart blackened.

"Tell me, Harry, would you have reacted that way," the Draco next to him asked, almost teased. "Would you have listened?" Harry just broke down next to him. "Why didn't you listen to me? I needed you!"

"I-I..."

"'T what, Harry? You wouldn't have. You would have hated me just as much as you do now."

"I don't hate you," Harry sobbed.

"But then, oh but then you tried to kill me," Draco saddened. The fake Harry raised his wand to him and the fake Draco was thrown back, the green smoke turning to red.
"I didn't mean it, I swear," Harry begged.

"I loved you."

"Loved?"

"Yes loved. Not love."

"You don't love me anymore, don't you remember," Draco snarled.

The scene in front of him changed.

"Tell me you don't love me. Tell me you don't love me and I'll make you forget. Just tell me you don't love me."

Fake Draco moved in to kiss him but fake Harry pushed him away. "I don't love you."

The real Harry broke down just as the fake Draco did. Fake Harry ran away, gone into the smoke, but fake Draco remained in tears.

"You ripped my heart out," the Draco next to him screamed.

"I-I'm sorry, D-Draco! Please take me back, I n-need you!"

"But what if I've already found another?"

Harry froze. "Draco?"

"Think about it. I'm at Hogwarts. People who weren't available to me are now, people who are much
smarter, much kinder, much more attractive, funnier, cleaner than you. You broke my heart and now I've got hundreds of rebounds. Maybe The One is in there, too. Maybe you're just a test to get to my real partner. Maybe you're already dead to me."

The image before him changed. Draco was older and looked healthier and *smiled*. He looked charming. But then a second figure walked into view, a girl, whose face was unrecognizable and almost hidden. Draco seemed so happy.

"Draco! No!" Harry turned to the Draco next to him, but he was gone, leaving Harry to watch the horror in front of him.

The blonde grabbed the girl's cheek and stroked her face. "I love you."

"I love you, too," she said.

Harry picked up a stone next to him and threw it at the two, it going right through the fog. They started kissing. Harry lent down to pick up a branch when he looked back up, the two were naked, just as he and him were a few minutes ago, her pressed up against his chest, moaning.

Harry threw the branch, completely missing, and screamed and cried and sobbed and wept into his forearms, his body completely shaking and giving out as his chest bled.

"Harry, tell it to close! Shut it!" Hermione went up to him, rubbing his back.

"Leave me alone!"

"Harry! Shut it!"

"No," he shrieked, the pain feeling like a drug. "Fuck, I love you, Draco, I love you!"

Hermione tried to pick him up by his chest, but he gave way, his body too weak to move on it's own. "I love you, Draco," he sobbed.
"Please, Harry!"

"Draco!"

"Harry," Hermione shouted over his tears.

"Get off of me!"

"Harry you need to close it! I can't! I don't speak parseltongue!"

Harry just kept crying and crying.

"Please, Harry!"

"Close."

Hermione dropped him into the mud, Harry landing face first. He didn't care. He just kept weeping and sobbing and crying and screaming until his voice went horse. His chest bobbed so violently due to his sobs, Hermione thought he'd been possessed.

She had to admit, she'd never seen him this broken, let alone broken at all. Sure, when Sirius died, he cried and yelled, but he'd run out before it went past that. And even when he found out about the Mark, he'd cried, but she never saw him do more than cry.

But this. This was special. This was brutal. This was cruelty.

She stroked his back, but he pushed her away.

"Go away!"

"Harry-"
"I don't care! Just go! Anywhere! Just leave me here!"

"Harry-"

"GO!"

She left him at the point to where Harry was crying so hard he coughed.

"I love you, Draco."

It'd been three years since their real first date. What would be their 3 year anniversary. 1095 days.

Harry found himself in a depression. Ron was gone and had been for quite some time. But that didn't matter and if anything it added on to the sadness he was feeling. He felt like crying but he just couldn't.

The weather bit at him as he sat outside during the cold and bitter day. Hermione was next to him reading a book: True Signs of True Love.

"Harry, did you know that if someone's eye color changes slightly it means they've found their soul mate?" Harry grumbled and threw a fist to the floor.

"I swear, Hermione, you're trying to make this worse on me."

"What are you talking about?"

"Draco. His eyes changed from silver to mercury after the first time we kissed."

"Oh Har-"

"Drop it."

"It's been a year hasn't it?"

"Exactly it's been a year and I'm still not over it, I'm probably never going to be over it. I don't want to talk about it."

"But maybe talking about it would help you."

"Doubt it." Hermione got up and went inside the tent only to come out with a stack of envelopes and a book with small papers sticking out of it, stretching it to make the book unable to close all the way.
"No Hermione, I'm not doing this."

"Read it. Please." She tossed a ball of paper from her pocket. Harry gave up arguing with her and uncrumpled the note.

He scanned it at first but then reread it two more times. Hermione had a smirk plastered on her face as Harry's eyes lit up, but he tried to hide it.

"That doesn't mean anything," he bit.

"Really, if this master plan was a trick wouldn't he stop by now?"

"He's probably trying to capture me. You need to look at it from a death eaters perspective. Just lure in the bait."

"Fine go to the next one."

Harry hesitantly picked up the second letter and opened it, revealing the handwriting that seemed to mock him.

—

Dear Harry,

Despite the hatred you feel towards me, and even though you think this was a trick I need you to know it wasn't. Everything was real. Every second of every minute of every hour of every day of every month of every year we were together since February 25th has been real. Every single second since I left you has been filled with regret.

I should have told you.

And if I die during this war, carrying this burden on my shoulders, know I will happily rot in hell knowing I deserve what I get.

I'm so sorry.

D

—

"Sounds to me he really does care."

Harry ignored her, however, and threw away the paper and moved to the next one.

—

Dear Harry, or Potter, or whatever you wish for me to call you,

I know you can't still be in love with me, it's impossible, but I would appreciate it if you sent me anything back, just so I know you're alive. A simple "Fuck off" would be better than nothing.

I love you. I always will. Always.

My heart still beats for you, Harry Potter. Every single beat.

But why would you care? I'm just scum to you anyway. I'm scum to everybody.
But they don't understand that I didn't chose to openly defy you. He would have killed my family, my friends, and then he would torture me until every single secret of yours is spilled. Then he would find you, and kill you. At least I choose what I tell, which isn't anything real of course.

But you don't trust me. I don't deserve to be trusted.

Wherever you are, good luck.

D

—

Dear Harry,

Remember when I gave you the pocket watch? Of course you do, but there was a small dial that kept growing as each day past. I figured out what it counted.

The days in which the one that gave it to you fell in love with you.

It's at 1000 right now.

D

—

Dear Harry,

I love you.

D

—

Harry clenched at that one. His throat burned as he let out a choke he was holding in.

—

Dear Harry,

I don't think you understand how much this hurts.

Every single time I inhale my chest feels it will explode and I think of you, knowing you could never feel the same way as I do for you, again.

I can't sleep. I can't eat. Even if I do sleep I dream of you. You taunt me. Mock me. I don't appreciate it. Stop it.

The worst one is you forgetting who I am. We're at Hogwarts and it's our anniversary, and I bring you flowers, the ones from the forbidden forest, the ones you love to smell. But you don't remember who I am.

Another consists of you and I in a bed in the room of requirement, having sex by a fireplace, my dark mark doesn't exist, and you kiss me in my favorite spot. I hate it.

I hate it because it's driving me mad. Everything seems so real, something we would do, and I just want to know what it feels like to have you inside me, me inside you, but that won't happen.
If you can tell, I don't even care what I write anymore, you never respond anyway, how could I even know you're getting them? I guess it's another way to vent.

D

—

Potter,

I wish I could forget you. I wish I could forget everything about you. The way you smelted. The way you tasted, and the way you looked.

I wish I could forget how you used to lick your lips before you ate treacle tart. And the way you shook in your sleep when you had nightmares. The way you looked into my eyes, how they lit up like a Christmas tree. I wish I could forget Christmas with you too.

I wish I didn't put so much in to this so that I could at least try to forget everything we had together. I wish I could.

I wish I could forget how you crinkled your nose when you laughed really hard. And how when you were all sweaty after quidditch, you would wipe it off with the bottom of your shirt. And maybe how the way you sounded when your breath evened out when you slept. And how you sounded when you moaned. When you said my name.

When we were at bliss.

I wish I could forget you. How your fingers felt against mine, or how you stroked my hand with your thumb. How you looked in your stupid glasses. Prat.

How behind those stupid glasses you had those eyes that I could never fully discover because each cell was too elaborate for the time we had together.

I wish I could forget your stupid, fucking lips. And your stupid fucking smile. Merlin, I get so angry when I think about that stupid, fucking, dorky smile.

I wish I could forget your stupid, fucking face. I wish I could forget the first day we met in that stupid fucking robe shop. And that day on the train. And all the days before that when I admired you. When I wanted to be your friend no matter what it took.

There was a large splatter after that, and the paper had a hole in it. Harry guessed it was when he broke his quill out of anger. He also realized that each and every word was a vein leading to Draco's heart. Every word. It burned him to think about it.

Harry actively cried.

You know what's funny about this whole stupid fucking Plan to Seduce Potter? That I never anticipated the only flaw in my plan, which was completely falling for you.

I'm fucking stupid. Why? Because I'm so fucking in love with you it hurts to... exist.

I sit here in every class, staring at your seat the whole time, wondering where the hell you are, if you're a live. Please be alive.

So I can kill you. Slowly.
But I know if you walked in, I would probably jump you, and kiss you until you bled, and I would hug you- Merlin, I wish I could forget your hugs- I would hug you until my arms fell off. Even if you hated me. Even if you hexed me. Or hurt me- hell, you've done that enough all ready, I probably wouldn't feel a thing.

I would touch every fiber of your skin, push you up against the wall, kiss you until you couldn't breathe anymore, like we used to. I wish I could forget that too.

I wish I could forget how warm you always were, even in the cold. I wish I could forget our place in the forest, where I fell in love with you.

Harry felt the paper, although it be bone dry, it was crinkled as if there was water on it previously. Draco cried when he wrote this, probably harder than Harry was now. He let out a sob for making Draco cry enough for it to drip on the actual parchment.

Yet I go there every day, wishing you were there with me. Wishing I could touch you again.

I wish I could forget your stupid, fucking name. I wish I could forget everything about you.

I wish I could breathe without thinking about you.

Draco didn't sign it, and Harry guessed he didn't have the courage to. He sobbed.

Dear Harry,

Please please please get this letter. It may be the last one I write, and I just need you to know that I do love you. I forever will. And even if you don't, you need to know.

The dark lord is angry and I barely escaped him and snuck back to Hogwarts. I feel as though every time I see him, my life flashes before my eyes. I feel as though I'm about to greet death. If one day that happens to me, know that I'll never stop loving you. Ever.

I just wish I could kiss you one last time.

D

——-

Harry sat there with his head in his hands, heart going to split into pieces.

"God, I'm such an idiot," he said into nothing. Tears streaked his cheeks.

"Harry what is this," she asked, holding the Draco's diary.

"Our whole relationship in writing."

"When did he give you this?"

"Christmas why?"

"How much did you read of it?"

"I think I got up to the part right before 5th year ends," he said wiping water from his face.

"You never got to 6th year? When did you find out he was a death eater?"
"No didn't, and our 2 year anniversary why?"

"Harry I think you should read this." She handed him the diary, the last entry opened.

—-

**Dear diary,**

This whole time I've been writing to an unknown, someone who's supposed to listen to me, someone who's supposed to replace those who don't. But I have someone who listens, and does it damn well. I've been wondering who I've been writing to but now I know who.

It's been you Harry. It's always been you. You've always been there for me, and I trust you enough to tell you anything, but there is one thing I can't say in person.

Harry, I know you'd rather hear this from my mouth, but I know you. You have a short temper. You'd over react, think I did this on purpose, but I promise you I didn't. I know I can't hold this in longer, so that's why I decided to give you this for Christmas in writing, because I want you to listen to what I have to say, not look at my face and pick up things you want to hear, and discount the tiny details that makeup the story.

Don't worry, I know you'll get mad. And even more angry when you realize I didn't say this out loud to you. That's another reason I decided to stay away from you. I can't stand to see the heartbreak on your face. This won't be easy, but I just need to let it out. Here it goes.

Over the summer Voldemort called me to dinner. He saw what we did, he felt your feelings for me. He questioned me, And everyone else involved in our little secret. We decided to go along with it being a trick so he could honor us instead of scold. I know, I'm stupid. I broke your promise, but I did so in reason. Instead of throwing me in the dungeon and forcing the answers out of me, I was able to choose what I said. If not, I'd be killed. He took the plan as deceitful and was proud I came up with such a clever idea. Inevitably, he made me take the mark. I couldn't refuse.

Harry, I know you don't want to hear this, but I'm a death eater. I have to be, or he said he'd kill my family, and you. I could do it, Harry.

But that's not the worst part. I want to throw up because of what I'm about to write. He wants me to kill Someone. Harry, I can't do that! I can't! How am I supposed to look an innocent man in the eye and end his life?

I'm so scared, and I hope when you read this you'll understand that I have to do this.

I just hope you understand before the task is fulfilled. I can't eat, or sleep, and it literally kills me every day I have to look you in the eye and lie to you.

I'm so sorry.

Please help me.

I know you'll Always be there for me. You know where to find me.

Love,

Draco

—-
Harry froze, covering his mouth as though he were to puke. He began to sob violently. He felt a piece of paper fly out of the binding. Harry looked down at the paper to see it be the picture of Draco and him kissing.

He held the picture close to his heart and started to cry so hard he almost coughed up blood.

How could he be so ignorant? So wrong about everything? Harry never gave him a chance to explain.

He just hoped that one day he'd be able to make it up to Draco.

Draco sat in the cold dark air of the forbidden forest, wearing Harry's old Gryffindor hoodie, looking at the picture of Harry kissing his cheek. He let a few tears run down his cheek, his heart burning.

"Happy anniversary, Harry, wherever you are," he whispered into the wind.
“Shit,” Harry heard Ron say as they found themselves being leaded down a cobblestone walkway. How they’d gotten there… well, that was a long story, and if you’re really that curious, go watch the movie.

With a swollen throat, Harry inhaled sharply, examining the big ‘M’ on the gates of Malfoy Manor, and immediately, Hermione grabbed his hand, squeezing it. “Do you think he’s here,” he whispered to her, just enough for her, and only her, to hear it.

“No. He’s probably at Hogwarts,” she murmured back to him, and Harry frowned with sad eyes, well, what was left of his eyes. The spell Hermione had used made his face numb and tingly.

“I wouldn’t be able to handle it anyway.”

“It’s been a few more months—“

“Quiet,” a snatcher barked, and the doors to enter the Manor had opened, leaving a stale, eerie coolness to chill them to the bone. They were guided into a room bigger than the Dursley’s house, with small furniture and tables within it; however the most extravagant piece was the crystal chandelier hanging from the ceiling.

“Bring him out,” he heard Bellatrix say, but his eyes, well, eye, was glued to the floor, and his heart beat so rapidly and hardly, he felt that every Death Eater in the room could hear it. Harry closed his eye, shielding himself from Lucius and Narcissa, and everyone else. He didn’t want to be there of all places, and a gnawing at his heart reminded him of that.

He was expecting Voldemort, truly, in fact, he looked forward to it. He was just about ready to stop running, to face it and end everything whether by Voldemort’s death or his own. Harry heard footsteps clatter down the stairs, and he opened his eyes to face someone much much worse than Voldemort. Their eyes connected.

At the sight of him, Harry gasped, and gasped loudly on accident, leaving the entire room to stare at him, and Bellatrix started laughing.

“Really, excellent job, Draco, making him look like a lost puppy that just found its owner,” she sang with a smirk. “We didn’t think you’d come so in handy with your stupid little plan.” Draco froze, wishing he could do anything but that. He wanted to scream and yell and cry and just grab his heart so it wasn’t ripping at it’s stitches, but it was. He wanted to run over to Harry, because he bloody well knew it was Harry, and punch him and kiss him and kick him and steal him away from all the bad in the world.

How could he have gotten caught? How is he still even alive? Holy shit, he’s alive!

It was his biggest fear and greatest dream to see Harry standing exactly where he was, and his blood tingled and nerves set fire at the sight of it.

“Is it him,” Draco asked, his voice cracking as he kept a solid face.

“That’s why you’re here,” Greyback taunted. “No one knows Potter better than you.”

Harry heard Ron struggling behind him, wanting to yell back at him, prove him wrong, but Greyback was completely, honestly right, much to Ron’s ignorance, and Harry regretted not telling
him considering this could be their dying day.

Draco just about stepped back, ready to make a break for it. They wanted identification. He’d done it so many times before. Idiot Death Eaters would think they had him, except they would bring in those with brown eyes and tan hair and pretend that the muggle or halfblood had used polyjuice. Those were the easy ones to get rid of. His mother helped him act more that of a Death Eater: how to talk and what to say, how to sneer properly, how to make those in question feel worthless and useless- it helped with interrogation.

He’s learned how to make others feel pain with just the sheer thought of thinking it. He’s broken noses and poisoned people and kicked them and knocked them out with a single blow to the head; he’d hexed people and tortured them and heard them scream and conditioned himself to crave it; he’s used unforgivables (sparingly, but he still used them), and although he felt guilty about it, his culpability had become less and less as the days ticked on.

Draco had grown bitter. He’d grown constantly angry, and he thoroughly enjoyed building the walls that surrounded him- the way he fit in with everyone else, his defense to the evil that surrounded him.

Except the problem with walls: they can crumble.

“Do you know these two,” Bellatrix hissed, but Harry didn’t hear an answer. Yet, he did smell a smell that made his mind wander to a simpler, happier time.

“They don’t matter,” Draco said, his arm being pulled by Lucius closer to the three.

“Lock them up then, in the cellar,” she ordered, and Greyback grabbed hold of Ron and Hermione, leaving Harry alone in front of his biggest fear. “Well, go on, Draco. Get a better look.”

Instead of having to look Draco in the eye, Harry bowed his head and stared at his shoes, his heart hammering inside of him.

“Oh now now, lover boy, don’t be shy,” Bellatrix smirked, and Harry felt his eyes water. “Help him out, Draco.”

Draco, with shaky hands, grabbed Harry’s chin gently, and tried to push him to look at him, but Harry refused, using as much strength as he could. Don’t be stubborn, Harry, he thought, although he wasn’t even sure himself that it was reality in front of him. He realized those walls were cracking at the seams, and he grasped Harry more forcefully, his fingers squeezing both of his cheeks, and he dug his nails into the skin. Harry still refused.

“Need a hand?” Bellatrix went up behind Harry, and kicked the back of his knees so they would buckle, and she grabbed his hair so she could force his head up, leaving Harry to yelp in pain. “Is it him?”

There was no doubt in his mind that Harry was right in front of him, and Draco’s entire body went numb at the thought of it.

“I-I can’t be sure,” he lied. He was ten thousand percent sure.

“Surely you can, Draco,” Lucius sneered. “You were around him daily.” Once a week, Draco corrected in his head. “You should know whether or not it’s him.

“I-I… I don’t think so…” He didn’t break Harry’s gaze, and his stomach set on fire. “What happened with his face?”
“Said ‘e picked something up in the forest,” a snatcher said.

“We can’t call him with the wrong person,” Bellatrix warned, “He’ll kill us all. We have to be absolutely sure.”

“Either it’s him or not,” Lucius growled back. “You had two years to be around him and you can’t simply identify him-“

“Exactly. Two years. Whether or not if was fake, I was still around him for two years. I would know if it was him if I saw him, and this is not him,” Draco rushed, still looking into Harry’s eyes, Harry begging him silently.

“Well, obviously you can’t tell with his face like this,” Lucius scoffed. “Surely there’s another way.”

“It’s not him,” Draco said forcefully, still looking at Harry, and he tightened his eyelids slightly. What are you doing here?

“He could kiss him,” Yaxley proposed, and everyone turned to face him, and Draco’s heart stopped.

“What,” Draco tried to keep from shouting, registering what was just suggesting.

“You can’t be serious,” Lucius scorned at him, a look of disgust on his face.

“What? Lucius, you know when you’re kissing your wife and I know when I’m kissing mine. Surely after a two-year relationship, the boys would have made some form of muscle memory.”

“Very well then,” Bellatrix raised an eyebrow, and Harry grunted. Please don’t make me, he wanted to beg. “If it is Potter, he’ll probably be thrilled anyway. We’ll be able to tell.”

Don’t you dare kiss me, Harry thought, sneering at him, a pit of anger swallowing his stomach. Not now. Not ever again. I hate you. I’m over you. Don’t kiss me.

“I have to,” Draco asked, holding a hard face. Harry’s eyebrow twitched.

“For the good of the Dark Lord. Certainly you wouldn’t mind considering you had to do it for two years. Take it as a goodbye kiss for the two ‘star crossed lovers,’” she cackled, letting go of Harry as if he was fresh bait. “Go on, Draco.”

Draco turned to him and met his gaze. What the hell is going on? It’s a dream. It has to be a dream. No. A nightmare. Most definitely a nightmare, kissing his savior ex-boyfriend in front of his Death Eater… co-workers?

Either out of bravery or cowardice, Draco leaned forward, swallowing, and as he did so, his throat closed and eyes stung and palms sweated more than the night he asked Harry to marry him. As he pulled forward, Harry jerked back, not wanting to be anywhere close to that man. The more he saw him in his natural habitat, the more he saw him alongside his Death Eater friends, the more Harry wanted to punch him. Those extra months hadn’t helped at all.

“Don’t you dare,” Harry snarled lowly.

Draco had to grab his cheeks and force him to stay put. I don’t want to be here either, Harry. I don’t want to kiss you. I don’t want anything to do with you anymore. Just suck it up like a man and take it. Take it because it’s you’re damned life on the line, and rightfully I’m not condemned to it anymore. Me kissing you is for your benefit.
He filled the space between them and captured Harry’s lips, high strung and barely moving. At first, Harry complied, but then he realized he had his arms free, so he shoved Draco away with too much hate overcoming him. He wanted to punch him but instead he spat on the ground next to him.

“Ooo, Potter-Boy wants to play,” Bellatrix teased. “Come on, don’t be a wimp, Draco. Play with your pet.” She whipped her wand out and cast a wordless spell, leaving Harry with binds around his wrists, struggling.

“Fuck you,” Harry growled in his ear and Draco’s heart seared, stomach turning over and over.

Draco kissed him again, this time, forcefully, his hand on the back of his head, and their lips moved together a little more, enough for Harry to seize his bottom lip, and bite it enough to draw blood. Draco yelped, and, deciding to remain in character, he slapped Harry on his cheek to send him barking on the floor.

Finally, a third time, Draco grabbed him by his shirt and kissed him, him mumbling, “Relax, it’s me,” softly, enough so the others couldn’t hear it, and Harry responded as much as he would. After a few seconds, Draco backed away with a look of disappointment.

“No. It’s not him.”

Bellatrix frowned, “What?”

“It’s not. I remember how he kissed. That’s not it. Potter was a downright awful kisser, and whomever this is, it’s not Potter.” Draco wiped his mouth with his sleeve, and for an effect, he spit on Harry as if he was nothing. He’d done it before to muggles brought in, but this time, if felt so much better.

“You can’t be serious. I thought we’d finally had him this time,” a snatcher said, and Bellatrix turned to him to find the Sword of Gryffindor in his hands, and all hell broke loose.

“Get out,” she shrieked, whipping people and hitting people, and Draco immediately stepped in front of Harry, and Narcissa in front of Draco. “Get the girl! Get the girl!”

“No!” Before Harry could run for Hermione and protect her, Draco pulled him to his feet and took him into a different room before he could be seen.

“Don’t you dare say a word,” Draco said, his voice shaking. He turned and locked the door behind him, although he knew it wouldn’t be long before he had to get Harry to the cellar.

Harry finally got a good look at him. Draco eyes were sunken and cheekbones stuck out and face was so pale. His hair was a mess and cheeks were flushed and eyes were watery. “If you want you and Granger and Weasley out alive, you don’t dare say a word and you listen to me.”

“D-“

“Don’t you dare,” his words were venom. Draco grabbed his chin and examined his cheek. A handprint was there. “I’m sorry,” he whispered, and he whispered it again. His first wall fell when he accidentally stroked the hair behind Harry’s ear. “I’m sorry, too, that I had to kiss you.” He wiped his mouth a second time. “And spit on you.” He examined his body to find the clump of saliva, and it landed on his chest. Draco grabbed the end of his sleeve and he wiped it off for him.

But then he took a step back and dissected his whole body. “Damn you’ve gotten fit,” he said in an afterthought, but when he realized he said it out loud and immediately covered his mouth. “I’m sorry!”
Second wall.

“Draco-“

“No. Don’t talk. You’re supposed to be in a cellar right now, and I’m taking you down there, I just want you to… I don’t know why I have you here, but I’m not letting you get hurt and she just… I’m sorry, okay! Fuck you! I hate it when you look at me like that!”

“I’m just looking at you!”

“No you’re looking at me the same way you used to look at me- and ugh! Just shut up! I’m sorry I kissed you.” Third wall down.

“Are you going to take this spell off of me?”

“No, I’m bloody not,” Draco hissed.

“Why not? You have me here!”

“Because I know you and- well, I don’t know you much anymore… well I mean…” he stuttered, his numb nerves setting on fire. Talking to him was worse than any torture he had to endure or put on anyone else. “Well… I kind of know you, how much could you change… shit you’ve changed a lot…you know what I mean… fuck it’s been a year and, damn it, I’m over you! I might not look like it, but I am. Really! …Fuck why are you so hard!” Involuntarily, Draco’s eyes wandered up and down his body, and when he realized what he just said and what he was doing. “Fuck! I didn’t mean it like that! I’m sorry!”

“Draco,” Harry tried to interject, but he kept babbling like an idiot, and although it hurt Harry to see him standing where he was standing, it made his abused heart swoon. He thought he was the only one who wasn’t over their relationship. Fuck, I’m not over this relationship…

“I’m over you. I am-“

“I didn’t ask if you were-“

“-it’s been a full bloody year! You’re not hot and you’re not hard and you’re ugly and stupid and how the hell did you get caught you bloody idiot!?“ His cheeks were flushed and eyes were teary and he felt himself breaking by a single look from the man in front of him.

Well, there went the fourth wall.

“L-“

“You stupid, fucking idiot! Wait, you never wrote me back! I thought you were dead!”

“I’m not, yet.”

“You’re lazy and you broke my- yet!? What do you mean by ‘yet’?“ Draco grabbed his shirt with his fist and held him ridiculously close to his face. “Damn it, you’re not dying! You’re going to fight! I’m not letting you get killed because you’re too stupid to not get snatched. I’m finding a way out of here for you.”

“Why?”

“Why,” Draco repeated breathlessly. He had an answer but didn’t want to say it out loud. “Because…’
He kissed him. He didn’t know what he was doing it as he did it, but he sure did it. He grabbed both sides of Harry’s face and smashed their lips together despite Harry’s cry of pain in contact with the handprint. Harry didn’t care anyway though. He just melted rather than fought the kiss, knowing no one was around, knowing that this was bliss and a nightmare at the same time, and he embraced it. They were startled and broke the kiss when they heard a bang coming from the other room.

“Draco, tell me. Was everything we ever had a trick? Was anything fake? Were we real?”

“We don’t have time for this, Harry,” Draco whispered abruptly quieter than their previous whisper-shouting.

“Nut you have God damn time to bloody kiss me? Answer me!”

“It doesn’t matter now! Don’t you get it? Nothing matters now. Nothing will ever matter anymore because we’re at war. Nothing will ever be certain. You broke my heart, I got over it, and it’s done. That’s about as teenage and mundane we will ever be. And you of all things don’t matter to me at a time like this.”

From the other room, they suddenly heard screaming, and not just any screaming, but bloody curdling, heart-stopping screaming. Harry flinched, however Draco remained firm with a frown.

“Doesn’t that bother you,” Harry sneered at his lack of reaction.

“It wouldn’t if you heard it every day.”

“Aren’t you at Hogwarts?”

Draco just looked at him with sad eyes. “Like I said, nothing’s how it used to be.”

Harry opened his mouth to speak, but stopped as he heard more shrieking. He started to take off, yearning to run to her, but Draco lunged forward and grabbed him by his stomach. “Hermione!”

“No. You’re going to the cellar and I’m going to think a way out of this!”

Before Harry could argue, Draco released him of his charm, freeing his hands, however he grabbed them, lacing his hand in his, and he pulled him down a separate shaft that lead to the dungeon. They were silent the whole way, but their grips were firm.

Once there, Draco quickly unlocked the door and shoved Harry inside, locking it swiftly but solemnly. Ron didn’t pay any attention to him, for he was with Luna trying to calm down in the result of the murderous screams coming from upstairs.

As the last fragments of Harry’s spell dwindled away, his face appeared as normal, and Draco found himself lost in his features through the bars of the cellar that separated them. “Damn it, you’ve gotten hot,” he whispered it on accident.

Harry just leaned his cheek against the bar, falling in love with Draco’s eyes, which still seemed watery. “Do you kiss all your prisoners,” he asked quietly.

“I had to!”

“You didn’t just then.”

“I know.”

“Over me?”
“Just as much as you’re over me,” Draco said, and he put his hand over Harry’s on the bar.

Harry raised an eyebrow. “Real or fake?”

“Realest thing I’ve ever done in my entire life.”

Harry swallowed and his eyes watered. “I’m sorry,” he mouthed simply because he couldn’t even say it.

“No. Just fight for me. Fight for what could have been us. Maybe in five or ten years when I get out of the arrangement, we can meet each other again if we haven’t moved on, properly this time. No more lies. Just us in a forest away from all the bad in the world. Just fight for five years from now.”

“I will. So it was all real? No wonder you were stuttering like a house elf a minute ago—"

“Oh my god!”

“What?”

“I know how I can get you out of here!”

“How?”

Draco just gave him one lingering look, and he sprinted up the stairs without another word.

Moments later, after he regrouped with Ron and came up with a story about what he was talking about with Draco, a crack sounded and a little elf was standing in the middle of the floor.

"Damn him," Harry thought to himself with a small smile.

It wasn’t long before they were free and all hell broke loose.

There was fighting and pushing and shoving and battling and Harry found himself up against Draco with almost a smile on his face because he knew Draco would never hurt him unlike everyone else in the room. The casted hexes and dodged them and they loved it because it was each other, and at one point Harry almost caught himself laughing because, damn, Draco looked good when he was fighting for what he believed in.

But everything froze then Bellatrix had Hermione under a knife. “Drop you wands, drop them! Or she gets it.” Everyone did as ordered, except for Harry. "Draco, collect them, quickly!"

In the hopes to brush his fingertips, to be set on fire from his touch again, Harry held his loosely. It was even better than he remembered as Draco lingered his fingers back once he had them on him.

A crash, however, startled them from their trance, and chaos, again, broke the room as the chandelier fell to the ground and Harry immediately ran for Draco, taking the wands from his hands. “Thank you,” he said as Draco quickly gave them up, although trying to make it seem like he wasn’t.

And before he knew it, he was gone again.

Harry was gone again.

But for once, Draco didn’t feel as empty inside.
There was a bone chilling knock at Draco's door. He jumped, a fright vibrating through his spine. It'd been a hours upon hours since he'd seen Harry, the most two-faced hours in his life. On one hand he felt he was yearning for the boy even more, wishing he could have at least kissed him one last time, but yet he was happy that Harry showed up and left. With him there, the temptation would grow too strong and his body would take over, whether his life in danger or not.

But then he was angry. Angry at himself for not taking the oppourtunity, or the fact Harry had the audacity

Before Draco had a chance to get up Bellatrix slammed the door open in full battle gear, a serious face accessorizing the leather attire.

"The boy. Potter. He's at Hogwarts. The Dark Lord will be calling for us any moment to attack." Draco's heart started to pound. Harry. "Draco you must listen. There is something I need you to do, a mission, that would be crucial for our side to be victorious. There are two steps. First, you need to go to the Room of Requirement. In there is a diadem with blue jewels, the Ravenclaw Diadem. Get it, and bring it to the Dark Lord."

"And the second?"

"Get the boy."

Draco froze. "Why would the Dark Lord want me of all people to fetch him?"

"He trusts you more than anyone on our side. Did you see his face when he saw you?" Did you see mine? "He's still in love with you. Act as though your on his side," I am, "and he will come with you voluntarily. This war will be over, less wizards and witches will die. He will be dead. It's up to you. Understand?"

The words rang in his ear. Get the boy. They swirled through his brain, taunting him. It was when the familiar burn on his arm called him so greatly that it tore through his bone that he replied. "Yes, Aunt Bellatrix," he whispered.

And with that she apparated.

Harry's there, in the castle. Find him. From then on, who knows what will happen, but at least you'll see him, protect him, he thought.

Draco decided to apparate in 3 minutes, enabling him to mentally prepare himself for the battle ahead. He could die. Harry could die.

Suddenly a wave of courage flowed over him. He wasn't going to die. Period. He's going to be there for him, protect him if he can. He knew what side he was on.

He took one last glance around the room, his eyes ending on the corner where he hid everything Harry gave him, all the memories they had together. Harry's jacket neatly folded, the toy lion, the basilisk fang from the Chamber of Secrets, the pocket watch, and all the pictures they took in the room of requirement. He almost ran to the table and grabbed his favorite picture before he disappeared from his bedroom.
After Harry took hold and pocketed the diadem, Draco chose to speak. He'd watched him do it the whole time, how he touched it, how he knew it withheld so much power. He wished Harry still touched him like that.

That thought gave him the will to use his voice.

"What brings you here, Potter?" Draco's heart sped as he found the boy in the room of hidden things, his hair a mess and dirt everywhere. Battle hadn't been going on for more than an hour and he already looked beat to hell. But he wasn't sure whether or not to call him Harry, their relationship completely unfathomable at this point. The Manor had been too confusing for it's own good.

It was just them in the room, no Blaise or Goyle. Obviously the movie studio got it wrong.

Harry froze, looking up at him. "Draco," he whispered, a scab being ripped open. "I could ask you the same question."

"You know why I'm here."

"Can never be certain with you," Harry bit, but his voice was shaky. "Don't know if you're here to make out with me or to turn me in."

"I've had thoughts about it."

"Turning me in," Harry raised an eyebrow.

Draco shook his head, taking a step forward, but Harry took a step back. "Making out with you."

Harry cocked his head to the side. "Can't say I haven't thought about it." Harry stepped forward. "I... I'm sorry I broke your-"

"Heart? Broke my heart? You didn't break my heart. You destroyed it."

"Chandelier... But sorry about that, too."

Draco paused, sticking out his jaw and thinking it over. He hadn't expected it. "I actually really liked that chandelier."

"It was a pretty nice chandelier."

Draco grew frustrated. "Oh would you shut up about my furniture."

Harry did. "Sorry."

"I thought you were dead." Draco's hand shook as he spoke, them all sweaty. He knees felt as though they were going to give. "This whole damned time, I thought you were dead. I was so scared," he whispered at the end, his voice cracking.

Harry didn't know what to say. He stood at Draco's icy glare and felt as he did on their first date. Draco had grown, matured, made a voice for himself, and that made him damn attractive. Harry was falling in love with him all over again within eighteen words. "H-hi," he waved so awkwardly, so nervous to talk to him.

"Don't you dare," Draco growled dangerously. "Don't you dare think this is okay, that we're okay after all of this. Don't you dare say hi to me after over a year of silence, after putting me through hell."
"Dra-"

"You never wrote me back," Draco cried, eyes filling with tears. The pain and anger over the past year etched throughout his body as he said it. "I sent you a letter almost every day and you couldn't send me one back, just to know that you were b-breathing. It would have taken a word!"

"I meant to-"

"Write me? You meant to write me? What you didn't have the paper?"

"I-I didn't have the guts."

Draco crossed his arms, his throat closing. He didn't know what to say. "You know, I've thought about days like today, seeing you for the first time in almost a year and a half."

"And how did those thoughts end," Harry said shyly.

"Let's just say I've come up with about ten fucking thousand different ways to kill you."

"I want the worst one. Give me your worst death. That's the one I deserve, as long as it's from you."

Draco swallowed, his throat closing so much he swore he'd choke because of it. His bottom lip quivered as he spoke, and he dipped his head. "So, falling in love with me?"

"Oh, well in that case, I'm already dead man walking."

Draco shot up, eyes wide. His heart beat so fast, he thought it'd burn out. "What? But you said-"

"I know what I said," Harry shouted abruptly, the thought of it still haunting him and he felt a rage surge through him. It was four words versus three, and Draco focused on the lie. He calmed himself. "I know what I said," he repeated softer. "And I," he gulped in pain, "I am so stupid for saying it."

Draco creased his eyebrows and went silent, the quiet biting at Harry. His lip quivered enough for Harry to see, and he stepped closer, begging the blonde to say something, anything. It was like sitting on knives waiting for words. The back of Harry's eyes watered, and the pure sight of his love standing in front of him was making it worse.

They could die. He could die. Draco could die. Everyone he knew and loved and cared for and hated and felt sorry for could die, and yet he didn't feel any sense of urgency to continue on the conversation because of the fright of Draco leaving him, hating him. Sure, people were dying, but he was too. Didn't Harry deserve a few last moments with the only person he would be willing to spend the rest of his life with.

The reality of his big mistake hit him harder than ever. He should have never assumed Draco was a death eater; never forced anything out of him; held him mercilessly until he'd come up with a way to get out of it. He shouldn't have picked fights with him. He shouldn't have expressed how he felt about Draco being a Death Eater before finding out if he was one or not because it scared him away.

He didn't blame Draco, in fact, he hadn't for a while. Not ever since those letters, hell, even before reading them.

"Do you know how much it hurt," Draco finally asked, breaking the unbearable silence.

"I can imagine-"

"You don't."
"If you forgot, I have been in hiding for the ten months without you."

"No. That night."

"I knew you weren't going to kill him. I was there, you're not a murderer-"

"Not that night. A different night."

"The night..." Harry paused thinking back to which one he was referring to. "The one where I almost killed you? Listen, I didn't know what the spell was-"

"Not that night either."

"The night that I found out about..."

"Yeah," Draco bit the inside of his cheek, holding back tears. "The night I proposed to you."

"Oh... That night."

"Do you know how much it hurt? I wanted to be with you forever. I was going to tell you how I felt about you. I was going to tell you all my secrets and about what happened over the summer after fifth year and how I got the Mark. I was forced into it, Harry, you wouldn't let me explain." A tear slipped from his eye and fell off his cheek, too heavy to even slide down it. "I wanted forever with you, Harry," his voice cracked.

What was Harry supposed to reply? He hadn't a clue. Draco, for the hundredth time, had driven him speechless.

"I can't even describe what it felt like," Draco continued on. "It was like being burned alive. But you didn't stop. You wanted me gone, you thought I was worthless."

"I've never thought you were worthless! Never!"

"I needed you, and you weren't there for me," Draco cried, crossing his arms and biting his lip. A few more tears stroked his face, this time following along his skin and leaving a pool at his chin.

"Draco, I'm so sorry. I am. I truly am," Harry stepped forward, but Draco stepped back, "Draco, please," he begged stepping forward once more, and Draco remained stationary. "If I could go back in time, I would redo it all. I would listen. I would be your shoulder."

"But you can't turn back time, can you," Draco said quietly, and he turned to walk away, both their hearts splitting as he took each step.

"Draco, wait!"

"I can't look at you right now," Draco said, "Just be careful, okay?"

"Draco!"

"Harry, just go. You're wasting time. People are dying."

"I'm not wasting time. Not with you," Harry ran after him. "You're not a waste of time! You're the only person I care about right now, war or no war! Draco please, I can't lose you again!" Harry stared at Draco's back as he walked away, thinking of a way to stop him. He grabbed his arm and spun him around.
"Harry, leave me alone," Draco cried, pushing him away.

"No, I'm not! Not now."

"Don't you get it? I can't stand looking at you! It hurts too much."

"I'm in love with you!" Harry screamed it, and hadn't even noticed. His face fell numb, fingers shaking, tears running down his face. "I'm in love with you," he said in almost a whisper, his voice splitting in pain, "And I love you, and god damn it, there's a war going on and I'm not losing you again! You're amazing and wonderful and I'm a fucking idiot, okay?"

"I was so afraid of you betraying me that I was betraying you without even noticing it. I'm wrong. I'm so wrong! And I can't even fucking sleep at night because of how stupid I am! I haven't eaten. Every night I had nightmares about you telling me you loved me and... and," he started sobbing. He couldn't see past his glasses. "Fuck, I know how much it hurts because that's exactly how I felt, too, how I feel now.

"I'm in love with you and I'm bleeding out at the pain of it, Draco. I can't lose you again. Not now. I c-can't do this now. You're the best thing that's ever happened to me, and if I could turn back time to any point in the universe, instead of making sure Tom Riddle wasn't alive, or bringing my parents back, I would fucking pick you! I would have said yes, Draco, if I wasn't so stupid."

"You would have said yes," Draco choked through his tear-filmed eyes.

"I would have said yes," Harry repeated, staring into his eyes. "I would have said yes one thousand times if I would have just realized that it was real."


"I love you, too."

Draco grabbed him by his shirt forcefully, ready to kiss him mad when they both heard footsteps and shouting.

"Get away from him, Death Eater Scum," Ron shouted, flicking his wand towards the two of them, although he was aiming for Draco. The blonde shoved Harry away from him so he wouldn't be hit, and ducked in time, however a new problem sparked (literally) when the rogue spell hit a candle behind the couple, a roaring fiendfyre bursting through the room.

"Draco," Harry shouted, but they were separated by the flames. The boy started to run towards him, but Ron held him back and pulled him away from it all.

"Are you mad," he yelled at him as he dragged him away from it all, but Harry struggled to break from his grip.

"Draco! No!"

"He's a Death Eater, Harry! Let him burn," Ron said, completely unaware of the conversation they just had. "He's worthless."

"Ron," Hermione shouted.

That put a shot of adrenaline through Harry and he broke from his grip, sprinting back after Draco. "Draco!"
Both Ron and Hermione went after him, Harry unaware of what was in front of him because of his tears. A wall of flames ready to collapse on Harry had just missed him because Ron had him by his stomach and hoisted him out of the way.

"Harry! Are you insane," he screamed over the crackle of the flames. Harry just stared at the fire, his lip quivering.

"Draco!"

Ron furrowed his eyebrows and Hermione hit him with a small piece of debris. But it was when he saw the tears falling down Harry's charred face, he widened his eyes in the realization. "Hermione," he begged it not be true, but the three didn't have time because a snake made of fire turned the corner of burnt material, and they took off sprinting.

"We have to get out of here," Ron exclaimed, although he couldn't think clearly because the thought of Draco Malfoy clogged his brain. Were they trying to kiss?

"I'm not leaving him," Harry shrieked, looking as far as the eye could see.

But then he heard it.

"HARRY!"

Harry spun behind him and sought for Draco, who was on top of a pile of failing furniture. He was eagerly searching the sea of flame, his voice hoarse and dying.

"DRACO!"

"Harry," Hermione shouted behind him, throwing him a broom. He grabbed it without hesitation, hopped on, kicked off, and rode like a bat out of hell towards his lover.

He grabbed onto him, arms sweaty, and threw him around the broom, ensuring his safety by keeping hold of his bicep until he knew for sure he was safe with him. Draco circled his arms around Harry and buried his face in the back of his neck. He held him so firmly, he could feel his pulse and Harry couldn't breathe.

They flew through the last flick of fire, their brooms giving out. Draco and Harry rolled over each other, cushioning each other's fall. Draco looked up to see Harry throwing the diadem to the ground, looking around desperately.

Ron came up from behind him and stabbed it, kicking it into the flames, but Harry couldn't watch the show because Draco had grabbed him, standing on his knees and pressing their bodies together. Their mouths crashed together with so much force that Harry swore he could have heard something crack. He wrapped his arms around him, hugging him as tight as he possibly could.

It was to feel at home again, to be a place so familiar yet so distant drove them both absolutely mad at the thought of what they were doing. Draco physically couldn't believe it, that he was doing something he promised himself he could never do again: he was kissing Harry Potter.

The same spark they always had made it's presence known, and Harry felt as though he was on Cloud 9. It was just him and Draco, which ended up being a toxic affair, because he wasn't aware of his surroundings.

Since they were so lost in their own world, they didn't hear the ceiling crack above and they didn't see the roof preparing itself to cave in. Hermione, being as clever as she is, sprinted towards Draco
before Ron had a chance to take him, and he was forced to take Harry. Ron and Harry skidded on the floor, barely missing debris while Draco held Hermione and formed a shield over her once he realized what was going on.

Separated by the newly formed barrier made of rock, no one could see anything because dust and ash rested in the air to a point of blindness.

"Harry," Draco coughed, getting up. The blonde searched through the smoke, screaming his lover's name over and over again, the smoke barely diluting and causing him to cough. "Harry!"

"Draco, calm down," Hermione called. She couldn't see him until the dust cleared more, and when she did, she grabbed him. "Draco!"

"Harry, where's Harry!?" Draco kept looking despite his restraint. "Please tell me he's okay! Harry!"

"Ron has him," she said, grabbing his shoulders and forcing him to look at her. "He's fine. Just calm down. You have to relax."

"Relax! You want me to relax?"

"Yes! Ron has him-"

"That's even worse! He saw us! He'll kill him!"

"You're lucky I grabbed you, or you'd be dead by now," she warned.

"He never told him?"

"He told him he was gay, but there's a difference between being gay and being gay for Draco Malfoy in Ron's eyes."

"Oh, Merlin," he put his head in his hands, and his shoulders shook, his sobs ringing through the deathly still hall. "What if I lose him?"

"Hey, you have to calm down. If you forgot, the man I love is on the other side, too."

"I'm not talking about now. You ridiculous Gryffindors won't let anyone die. I'm talking about this war! What if he doesn't make it? Everyone's after him! They made me get him, and obviously I'm not turning him in, but still! They're going to realize I failed and they're going to come after him. Hermione, you don't understand, you can't understand how much I love him. I love him so much!"

Draco fell to the ground and pulled his knees to his chest, the reality of the war hitting him. "Fuck, I never told him!"

"Then tell him. It's your last shot."

He sat there for a while, head in his hands, Hermione rubbing his back.

And then he heard it and shot up.

"Draco!"

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After the smoke cleared, Harry went into a coughing fit and right in the middle of it, two arms shoved him against the wall.
"Malfoy," Ron sneered. "Malfoy!"

"Ron-"

"You're dating Malfoy! Of all the people in the world-"

"Ron-"

"You chose that disgusting, filthy prat!"

"Ron, please, you don't understand!"

"Is he using a curse on you?" He grabbed Harry's cheeks and looked deep in his eyes, making sure all was okay. "Are you under imperio?"

"Ron, no! I'm not!"

"He's had to of done something to you for you to of chose him of all people! God, I'll kill him. I don't care if I go to Azkaban!"

"Ron get off of me!" Harry struggled in his brace, finally breaking free from it. He went to the opposite side of the wall, a look of anger upon his face. "You told me you supported me, you told me you'd be there for me-"

"For anyone else but Malfoy! It's Malfoy! If it was Moaning Myrtle's cousin I'd be okay with it, but Malfoy! After everything he's done to us! He called Hermione a mudblood and me traitor, he insulted my family, insults me, and you expect me to accept him!"

"He had to, Ron," Harry shouted. "But after 4th year didn't he seem to stop? He only said those things because he had to, because people would get a hunch, people would find out! Voldemort would have found out!"

"I can't believe how stupid you are!"

"Funny, he says the same thing."

"Haven't you been the one telling us how heart broken you are? Do you know how many nights I'd have to wake up to you screaming from a nightmare, start crying! All because of that filthy Death Eater-"

"He's not a Death Eater! He's not," Harry claimed. "You don't know who he is! You don't know him the way I do!"

"That's bollocks!"

"For God's sake, Ron, will you stop yelling at me! We're at war! What if I die tonight? How would feel if these were the last words you ever spoke to me? Ending 7 years of friendship like this!"

"But Harry-"

"No. How would you feel?"

Ron went silent, unable to think of the possibility of losing his best friend. Harry began to move rocks upon rocks, trying to make a safe path for him to climb and get through, however he struggled, the chunks of stone too heavy.
"Help me," Harry begged through his tears, "Help me! What if this was the last time you were to ever see Hermione? She's over there too, you know! What if this was your last chance? Would you take it?"

Ron realized how much this meant to him and began to move the rubble. As they climbed further up Ron's conscience took over and realized what was at stake.

"Mate, listen, I'm sorry okay. You could have just told me and maybe I would be so bloody pissed off, but we can argue after Tom Riddle is dead. I'm not losing you tonight."

"I would have told you but-"

"Even when you found out you were gay, why didn't you tell me, Harry, I'm your best friend! How could I hate you for that?"

"I don't know." Harry gulped, out of breath, almost reaching the top of the pile. "Like I said, I'm an idiot! We were fourteen-"

"Fourteen! It's been 3 years and you couldn't of mentioned you'd been sucking face with Draco Malfoy!"

"It was a minor detail." Harry just nodded his head as the finally cleared the top. "I'm sorry, okay, I was scared. But I have to get him, Draco," he called through the floating particulates.

"Harry," Draco got up, running after him. "Harry!" His voice cracked and sounded heart broken. Harry wasted no time sliding down the rock, not caring about the bruises he got.

They slammed together and connected in a hug so forceful, Draco couldn't breathe. "Harry," he cried.

"It's okay, it's okay. I'm here." Harry grabbed hold of his cheeks, smashing their lips together. He didn't care who was watching. He didn't care if Voldemort turned the corner and hexed them both on sight, for he's just keep kissing and kissing him as desperately as he was.

They barely moved their lips, unable to at their proximity. Draco felt along Harry's back, feeling along it as if it was his source of life.

"Draco," Harry gasped for air, releasing and looking into his eyes but keeping their foreheads close together. "You need to listen to me, okay-"

"Harry," Draco sobbed, tears in his eyes.

"Draco, please listen. You have to. you have to listen to me. Can you do that for me, please?"

Draco nodded and kissed him again, too short for his taste.

"If somehow tonight, I'm not..." His lips quivered and stomach turned at the thought of Draco being alone. "I-I pass on-"

"It's not passing on, Harry, it's murder! It's murder!" Draco sobbed in his neck. Harry just squeezed him tighter, which wasn't even possible. "Harry, you have to make it. You have to!"

Ron and Hermione embraced each other, both watching Draco closely. So this was it. This was who Harry'd been obsessing over. It made more and more sense as Ron thought about it.

"Draco, please," Harry cried, "Please listen! I need you to promise me something. A last wish,
okay?"

"Harry," he whispered through his sobs.

"I need you to get over me-"

"No!"

"Draco," he said firmly. "If something happens, I need you to move on. I want you to find a wife or a husband and love them and have little Dracos running around everywhere calling people gryffindorks and gits and all those names you like to call me. I don't want you just to find another lover okay, I want you to love them. I want you to love them so much, so much. I want you to forget about me. Okay? Can you promise me that? It was just a relationship we had, it was all just a game, wasn't it?"

"No, It wasn't Harry! It was never a game. I lov-"

"Don't you dare," Harry yelled. "Don't you dare tell me this now!"

"Harry, you need to know!"

"I know! I do," he softened, looking deep into his eyes, "I've known." Harry couldn't take it anymore, he grabbed his cheeks to keep him still and looked at him moments longer. "I love you, too," he quivered before closing the gap between them and pressing their lips together.

Desperate, but relentless, they just kissed, adding as much passion as they could with the thought in the back of their heads that it could possibly be the last time they would ever embrace each other. The two went as long as they could until their lungs wanted to explode, lips sucking loosely but firm. Lovingly.

"Promise me!"

"But-"

"Draco, promise me," Harry gasped and breathed hard, Draco enjoying his breaths on his face. "If you aren't doing it for you, do it for me. Please! I can't fight this war without knowing you're okay."

"Yes, I promise." Draco nodded, swallowing and sniffing. "Promise me you won't die. You have to promise me!" Harry paused, a choke escaping his throat. "Harry! Please," Draco panicked.

"I can't promise that," Harry shook his head

"Damn you," Draco sobbed and he kissed him again, caressing his lips as though they were fragile glass. Harry disconnected them bits later and hugged him tightly, as if it was the last time. "You have to live, Harry. I'll fight. I won't let it happen."

"No," Harry pushed him back. "You're not fighting!"

"Harry, yes I am!"

"You're not. You're going to go back home right now!"

Draco cleared his tears and puffed his chest. "I'm not some damn damsels in distress! I'm staying here and I'm fighting for you!"

"No! Go home, go to the Chamber of Secrets, go, go to the forest! Just leave! Leave me!"
"I'm not the fucking girl-"

"Not to interrupt this little pow-pow, but there is a war going on and people are dying," Ron said but both Harry and Draco turned to him.

"Shut up," they both shouted simultaneously. Draco turned back to Harry.

"No, I want to fight for you! They want me to catch you, they want me to turn you in! I'm not, I won't! They'll kill me and you and we'll both fall to shit!"

"Draco," Harry said sternly, "Hide. It's my last wish for you is to live through this war, and love someone. I want you to be happy!"

"I'm not happy unless I'm with you," Draco cried, trying to look him in the eyes. It was a hard task. He lent his forehead to his, feeling the heat radiate off of it. He closed his eyes and felt his heart boil. "Please win. For me, okay? Don't die. You can't die."

"I won't. I'm not promising it, but I won't," Harry pecked his lips desperately. "I'm fighting for you. Now please just go home, okay?"

"Okay," Draco opened his eyes, but he knew bloody well he was lying to him.

"And Draco, one last thing."

"Yes?"

"Kiss me."

Draco nodded and although Harry expected a forceful, brain-smashing kiss, he got a soft, careful one. One that was short but brought tears to his eyes, one that made his imagination run wild.

"Oi, mate! We have to go! You two can make out later," Ron shouted, hearing crashes and spell casting corridors down.

Harry didn't hear him, but he did let go voluntarily, knowing that if he didn't then, he never would. Draco opened his mouth to say something but didn't say it because Harry had let go of him and stepped away, turning his back to him.

Step by step, Draco watched him go, his best friends at his side. "Harry, wait!"

Harry spun around, as fast as lightning, to find Draco on one knee, tears falling from his eyes.

"Yes," he furrowed his eyebrows.

"Marry me."

Harry felt sick, his eyes filling with water yet again. He ran to him.

"Oh bloody hell, here we go again," Ron complained.

"You're taking this rather well," Hermione turned to him.

"That's because I'm in a nightmare and in about an hour I'm going to wake up back in the forest with you and Harry and he'll tell me about who he actually dated."

"You're going to shock, then," Hermione asked.
"Yup."

Harry practically jumped into his open arms, putting his own arms around Draco's neck. "I love you," he whispered in his ear.

"I-"

"Don't you dare."

"Okay," Draco breathed, but he mouthed it, those three words, hugging him tighter. Ron and Hermione saw it.

"Mate, come on," Ron shouted anxiously, a crash breaking the couple from their trance.

Harry disconnected them and ran back to his friends.

"I didn't get an answer," Draco called to him.

Harry turned back to him. "You'll get one when I win."

Draco's tears finally dried, he couldn't produce any anymore. The battle had been called off and he'd been aimlessly walking down the halls, not caring if he'd get found by a Death Eater and turned in as a traitor. His arm pounded sorely, and blood ran along his cheek. He wished he could have saved more.

He turned the corner to yet another corridor to find two people cuddled on a staircase, sobbing. He stepped down the stairs and took a seat next to Hermione, knowing Ron would probably choke him to death if he was anywhere close to his proximity.

"Where is he," he whispered, his voice cracking. Hermione looked up to see who it was, wiping the tears from her face.

"He's...he's okay..."

"So why are you crying?" Drac knew the answer.

"Because he's not okay," Hermione sobbed before diving into Ron's shoulder again.

"What are you doing here, ferret," Ron asked, his voice laced with venom and eyes made of daggers.

"Trying to figure out where Harry is."

"Well, he's not here, so you may as well go before I make you-"

"Ron, calm down! Remember what Harry made you promise," Hermione scolded, squeezing his hand.

"He made you promise something, too," Draco perked up, but he hugged his knees to his chest and swallowed. "It's probably something impossible, just like what he did to me."

"He made us promise to try and be friends with you, or at least give you a chance," Ron said through his teeth.
"Right, so something impossible," Draco sniffed, but then he spoke more to himself. "Fall in love with somebody else... forget him. It's impossible to forget him."

"Listen, I don't know what you're up to with Harry, but it's not right. I know you poisoned him somehow. Why? Fame? His fortune?"

"C. None of the above. The correct answer is that I actually love him. It's not a trick."

"I don't believe it," Ron scoffed.

"Neither did he," Draco said gravely. "Not at first anyway."

"How did you two get together," Hermione asked. "He never told me."

"He never told anyone. We agreed on it with a few exceptions."

"So some people do know," Ron furrowed his eyebrows. "Not us?"

"You'd have to understand the story. It's a long one."

"We've got time, Malfoy. Obviously we won't be hearing it from him, so go on. Spill."

Draco paused and looked at him, eyes full of hurt. Did you have to go there?

"It started in fourth year, during the Triwizard Tournament. I want to say the day after his name got picked from the cup. We decided, well, I decided that I wanted to 'seduce' him so he would be too distracted to understand the clues. I wanted him to lose."

"You had to bag on him then of all times," Ron poked.

"Oh don't you dare get me started on you, Weasley. Harry told me how you treated him, too. He got a lot of shit he didn't deserve because of it, and you and I weren't helping. Don't you dare pin all his misery on me, though."

"He's right," Hermione agreed, turning to him. "You did treat him horribly."

"Looking back on it," Draco stared at the floor and kicked a rock. "I think I was just jealous of him. I wouldn't have admitted it then, but damn it. He had it all... well at least I thought he did. I didn't know anything about his aunt or uncle's abuse. I wouldn't have done it if I'd of known what he'd been through." Draco thought out loud, "But maybe I would have. I don't know. It's a rough call."

"He told you about his relatives," Ron asked. "It took me years to find out exactly what happened to him. I knew they were nasty, but I didn't know about the cupboard thing for a while."

"It was the same with me. We were dating for about... I want to say almost a year. He would mention them, but he would never say what he went through until I practically forced it out of his mouth."

"I can't believe he trusted you enough to tell you that," Ron stared at him in incredulously.

"He's a trusting person," Draco looked up at him, and Ron could see his eyes were filmed with water. "He always has been. He believed me right off the bat when I told him I fancied him. I still can't imagine how that worked. All I had to say was that I liked his stupid green eyes or something like that. Maybe it was his hair..."

"So you faked your relationship," Hermione crosschecked. "Because he mentioned something about
it when you two broke up and I didn't fully understand."

Draco nodded. "I faked it. I faked it because I was a coincided, two-faced bastard and to admit it out loud, I had a big giant crush on him before we even started it all." He flattened his mouth. "Of course, I didn't know that then. Funny how you can mix up love and hate so easily, huh?"

"I don't... I don't get it," Ron said. "You pretended to like him to hide your own feelings from him?"

Draco thought it over and let out a dry laugh. "Yeah. I guess you're right! And it was when I tried to deny that 'Yes he makes my heart race,' and 'Yes I actually do love his stupid obnoxious scar, I adore it,'" at the Yule Ball that he overheard me and of course, reacted in the most logical way."

"That's why he had a bloody nose that night?" Ron sounded disappointed, as if that wasn't something that should have been done.

"What you expected me to not fight back? He was still Potter then, and I was confused. Of course I wanted to punch him."

"I remember how excited he was to see you on your first date. And at the Yule Ball, actually."

"Yeah," Draco felt his throat close. "I remember his face when he first saw me, and I remember the way he worked so hard that night to try and impress me," he choked, putting his head in his hands to collect himself. "I remember how he thought he was so clever to withhold revenge on me during detention two days later."

"What'd he do? Kick your arse," Ron perked up.

Draco shook his head and sniffed. "H-he kissed me."

Hermione put an arm on his back and stroked it. "That sounds like something Harry would do."

Draco nodded sourly. "And I remember loving it. I remember the fire in his eyes when he let go and did it again, and the joy he got when he told me he hated me. And I remember how much it hurt my heart." He wanted to vomit and gagged, putting his head in his hands.

"Then what happened," Hermione whispered.

"He almost died in the Black Lake. I remember how much that hurt, too. Pansy told me to follow my heart and I followed it right to him. He was freezing, I gave him my coat, and he said yes when I asked him out again."

"What happened on that date?"

"I got my coat back."

"Was he okay with it all," Ron asked. "He's always on guard."

"Oh he was. I was bloody terrified. I thought I was going to puke on his shoes the whole time. I think he saw that."

"That you were going to puke on his shoes?"

"Possibly. More that I was nervous. I always thought being nervous was a bad thing until I met him. You have to remember my father is a complete dickhead and he practically brainwashed me not to feel emotions, so I think you can imaging my panic attacks during the entire course of the three years we've been..."
"Together?"

"Involved. We broke up."

"How did you hide it for so long," Hermione asked.

"It was difficult. Really difficult. In fact, we had our first real kiss hiding from you two. By the way, Weasley, thank you for the tip on the stroking him behind his ear. It helped a lot. It calmed him down when he had nightmares."

"That was you in the alcove?"

"Who else would it have been?"

"It's hard to imagine it."

"Would you like me to give you the play by play on how we made out when you were just five feet away from us?"

"You did," Ron's eyes went wide.

"I have to say, we really thought you'd catch us sooner," he turned to Hermione.

"If I would have known he was gay, it would have taken me less than two days with the amount of time you two stared at each other across the hall."

Draco almost blushed, but then frowned again. "We ended up missing each other, though. A lot. I mean, on Fridays we'd skip dinner and meet up in the Forbidden Forest, but that was one day a week. We'd find a broom closet or an empty alcove to talk if anything we had was dire, and if we ever got caught we'd play it off like we were fighting. It was frustrating.

"So that time when I walking in on you two in the cupboard-"

"Oh," Draco immediately smiled. "That was in 5th year. He kept having nightmares," he turned to them, "And I decided to brew him a bunch of viles of Dreamless Sleep. We were snogging when you walked in. We had to play it off like I punched him," he dwelled away. "It didn't work though, the potion I mean."

"Oh. Sorry about interrupting you," Hermione said.

"It's okay. But our relationship... we took it so slow. Like excruciatingly slow. Once a week. That was all we got. It took us about... two or three months to even kiss faster than we had. It was awkward," Draco looked off into the distance. "Really freaking awkward."

"You went from hating each other," Ron started but Draco finished for him.

"To completely adoring each other. You can imagine our first time trying to make out."

"No thanks, I'm good," Ron strained.

"I liked it, though. Maybe if we wouldn't have done that, if we would have seen each other more often, maybe our spark would have gone out. I don't know..." he bit his lip. "Probably not. But the time we were away from each other reminded me how much I actually really wanted him."

"But didn't you two fight a lot? I mean, you two did hate each other." Draco laughed at that one.
"All the bloody time. Stupid things, small fights, and we'd end up laughing at the end. He can't tell the time of day to save his damned life. I yelled at him for it. We'd kiss. Honestly, not a problem. But fighting... no actually. Not an awful amount. I feel like we had the potential to but we saved it for the public. We had to give everyone a show. Why not make it realistic?

"I liked that. It kept us controlled. I mean, if I ever made a stupid Pureblood comment, he'd just say my name and I would get it. The next day, he'd call me something nasty in front of all my friends, and I'd spit at him or trip him. Even so, if we were mad at each other and didn't want to make a big spiel out of it, we could insult each other publicly and not even effect each other.

"But others were awful, though. In fourth year he broke up with me for a month because I called you a mud... That filthy word... And I'm sorry about that. I shouldn't have said it. Not once. Never. Same to you, Weasley."

"It's okay," Hermione smiled at him.

"We never really fought in 5th year, but 6th year was terrible. We only saw each other a few times within the first term. Most of the time we fought because he pressed and over the summer, that's when I was forced into getting the Mark. I couldn't physically tell him, so I didn't. But he knew. At the end we would make up after arguing probably just so it wouldn't be awkward for a month on end.

"I tried to push him away. I wanted him to be mad at me. I wanted him to break up with me. He wouldn't. He wanted to work everything out, and I loved that about him. He always wanted to fight for me. I had to break up with him at some point, and it was about two minutes until we were back together again."

"How did you know when to do certain things," Hermione questioned.

"We sort of played it by ear, you could say. Since we didn't have any experience, we had to say what was on our mind. He told me he loved me nine months in because that's what he felt and thankfully, I felt that too. But I couldn't say it back. I don't know why. As far as kissing goes... well what's the harm in that? We didn't have limits, but of course we read each other very well. I knew when he was uncomfortable. We never went all the way. We were close but never actually did it, and that was because of my horrid, stupid Mark. I wanted to though, we both did."

"Too much information," Ron covered his ears.

"Shut it."

"Who knows?"

"You, Pansy, Blaise, Crabbe, Goyle, the Dark Lord and all the death eaters."

"WHAT," Ron screamed loud enough for it to echo.

"I had to tell the Dark Lord or else he would of put me under veritasierum. He saw Harry's memories at the ministry and questioned me about it. I played it off like it was the plan to trick him. Thank Merlin he doesn't know what love is or we'd both be dead. He thought I was clever, and he didn't completely trust me, so he made me take the mark. Plus Snape. In 5th year he made us break up actually. We faked a fight, and it worked, somewhat. He said it was dangerous, being together, but despite what he said, we kept trying, kept fighting."

"How did Harry find out? About the mark," Ron asked.
"It was our two year anniversary," Draco choked and put his head in his hands, rubbing his face and fighting back tears. He popped up again and swallowed despite his inability to. "Something came up and I desperately wanted to propose to him before it was too late. Not only that, but I love him. I was ready to tell him. I couldn't last two minutes without being with him. I knew he was The One. I got down on one knee," tears slipped his eyes as he spoke and he stared at the ground, "And I reached in my pocket. And my sleeve," he sniffed, unable to finish his sentence.

"It came up," Hermione clarified, looking at him with teary eyes.

Draco nodded before smally sobbing into his hands."I just remember his face. His face looked so... hurt. I didn't even feel it, I was shaking so bad because I wanted him to say yes, but he the way he looked at me... It was like..." Draco bit the inside of his cheek. "It was like a nightmare. It all seemed like a nightmare."

"I'm sorry," Hermione whispered, stroking his back.

"I didn't mean to hurt him. I didn't, I swear! But he didn't listen to me. I loved him, Hermione, I still do. I always will."

"He loves you, too," Hemione replied. "He never stopped."

"Hermione how long have you known," Ron asked, looking at her in bewilderment.

"Since 5th year. I figured it out."

"He never stopped," Draco perked up. "What was he like? He seemed fine at the Manor."

"Are you kidding? He only seemed fine because he knew he was going to see you. You should have seen him on the way in once he realized he was going. He had to pretend to cough because he gasped so loud."

"Really," Draco spoke louder, his eyes lighting up. Ron scowled at him, and Draco furrowed his eyebrows. "What?"

"You forget you're the one who put Harry through hell."

"It's not like I wanted to-"

"You didn't see him," Ron growled. "We was sick. He was depressed, hell he still is. He hasn't smiled in over a year and a half. He would wake up screaming in the middle of the night. He didn't talk unless it was necessary, I think it was a month he didn't say a word. He would cry. I don't think you understand how hard it is to see your best friend cry."

Draco grew dismayed. "I did that to him?"

"Yeah. You did," he bit.

With a stinging heart, Draco put his head in his hands yet again. "I didn't mean for him to be hurt. The last thing I could ever want is him being hurt."

The two watched him, Hermione feeling so much sympathy at the fact that they knew exactly where Harry was, and Draco didn't. Draco had stopped crying, but his eyes were still filled with tears and they looked so pained.

"I imagine it was hard for you, too," Hermione thought out loud.
He nodded solemnly. "I didn't know anything could hurt this much."

"I still can't believe you have feelings," Ron said abruptly. "I never even thought about you... in a relationship," he furrowed his eyebrows, not wanting to at all. Draco Malfoy was a toad. A gross, ugly toad that Ron hated. No. Draco Malfoy was a spider. Spiders don't feel. Spiders kill. "I would have never thought you were gay."

"I didn't know," Draco turned to him. "Blaise said I was experimenting."

"And there's no way in bloody hell I could see you falling in..."


"I'm sorry, but that's so weird," Ron thought out loud. "You don't feel."

"That was my argument."

"I don't understand. How could you ever... Harry? You two?"

"You get used to it," Hermione said. "If you see them together, you'll see it."

"If," Draco turned to her, eyes filled with worry and lips slightly parted. They ignored him, and started speaking within each other.

"Hermione, how do we even know how he treats him?"

"He treats him well. I've seen it."

"How? Hermione, why didn't you tell me?"

"If?"

"He didn't even tell me, Ron! I had to figure it out."

"You could have at least told me," he argued.

"I didn't know how you'd react!"

"He's my best friend-"

"Exactly. And your his, and if he wanted to tell you, he would have told you."

Ron rubbed his face. "I can't believe he wouldn't have trusted me."

"If," Draco cried, and it was then they realized Draco was there, by them, practically on the verge of a break down.

"Didn't you ever wish to tell people," Ron asked, distracting him.

"That was the worst part of it all. It drove us insane. Of course we did. If you haven't noticed by now, it was a sick, demented relationship. It was full of lies and pain and betrayal, but at the end of the day, I'd give anything to have him back. Despite all the lies and secrets and pain, it was all worth it."

Draco took out the picture of him and Harry from his pocket, where it showed them looking into each other's eyes and smiling, and handed it to Ron and Hermione. "He'll always be my best
Ron glared at him. "Calm down, Weasley." Draco rolled his eyes. You're his best friend, that will never change."

"Good." Ron looked down at the picture, examining it. "I didn't know you could smile either. It's always a sneer."

"He fixed that, too. He fixed a lot of things. He fixed how I think, how I react to things. He made me better. And I couldn't share that with anyone. That's what drove us both crazy. No matter what, I had to act like a tit all the time."

Ron looked at Harry as well. He looked so happy. So ridiculously happy.

"Please tell me where he is," Draco turned to them. Neither answered. "Please, I just... I need to know."

"Draco, you know where he is," Hermione said slowly and quietly.

"Please tell me I'm wrong," the blonde replied, his eyes watering again and throat closing. He swallowed.

"You know I can't do that."

"Yes, you can! Lie to me. Tell me he's going to be okay!"

"No Draco, I'm not. We can just hope for the best, I'm sure he'll be fine," Hermione put on her best fake smile, knowing she just told him a lie.

Draco couldn't help it, he just broke down, laying across the staircase his head on his forearms. He knew in his heart Harry might now survive and little did he know soon enough he'd find out.

Draco could feel his heart beat out of his chest as the sea of black walked to the destroyed courtyard. He hadn't seen his beloved boyfriend for what seemed like an eternity when really it had been a few hours. The last time they talked, the last time they kissed flooded back into Draco's memory as he tried to hold back tears.

The death eaters walked closer, and visible was their leader: Lord Voldemort. There was a giant walking next to him with a bundle in his arms.

Draco knew, of course he did. He could feel it when the Dark Lord hit him, the moment the emerald shined no more. He knew it, but couldn't believe it. All of his fears flooded into every fiber of his being. Draco began to feel his heart beat as fast as it possibly could without blowing into smithereens. And then finally it stopped. Draco's heart stopped as the snake like figure and his army was inside the walls of the demolished courtyard.

And in that moment Draco Malfoy'a chest was hurting so bad it was as if he was beaten by a hammer. Before he could scream in pain he disapperated before anyone could hear him wince in the splitting of his own heart.

"HARRY POTTER IS DEAD!"
Draco found himself in his bedroom, although he really couldn't see anything. He knew it by the smell, the cold, vacant environment that had once been a home to him long ago. His knees wobbled and he stumbled to the bathroom where he collapsed face first on the toilet, and vomited. Harry's body.


Harry was dead. Harry couldn't breathe anymore. Harry's heart wouldn't beat anymore. Harry would never smell anymore. Or touch anymore. Or feel.

Harry would never smile. Or laugh. Or cry. Or do any of life's privilege of feeling.

Harry would never love anymore.

Harry would never eat again. His favorite foods. Draco knew each and every one of them. He'd never eat breakfast again, or wake up again. Wake up.

Draco just needed Harry to wake up again, but he knew Harry would never do it again. Draco vomited again.


Draco put his hand against the rim, coughing with his face burning of raw, heated sickness. The pit in his stomach didn't lessen with its contents missing. His entire body felt numb and weak. As he tried to stand, his knees gave again, so he crawled to the sink and somehow lifted himself over it. Running the tap, somehow Draco cupped his hand and got some water in it to where he could flush out his mouth, but that didn't get the sick taste of death away.

Dead. Dead. Dead body. Dead heart. Dead mind. Dead arms. Dead legs and feet and elbows. Dead hands. God Harry's hands would never be able to work again. He'd never be able to feel and touch and create. Dead.

Draco looked to the mirror, seeing his reflection of sunken eye bags and hollow cheeks, and cold empty eyes that looked like everything had been taken from them, every good sight in the world. A few tears stroked his cheeks, pooling at his chin.

Dead.

Dirt clanged to his skin, and he soaked his face with another handful of water. He rubbed his face furiously with the sight of the stones, the smell of burned skin, sound of people screaming, all turning to the vision of Harry's dead body. Instead of himself in the mirror, he saw Harry. He saw Harry and rubble and fire in the Room of Requirement. He saw his face after he kissed him. He saw him dead.

Dead.

Angry swallowed him, changed his body, made him shudder and form fists and punch the mirror. It shattered easily, shards scattering about him. His hand was bleeding because he did so, but he didn't feel the sting. He started sobbing.

Harry wouldn't smile ever again. He wouldn't laugh. Draco would never hear him laugh again.

Draco's body couldn't take it: his lips trembled and hands shook and knees buckled. He fell to the floor in agony, and he started screaming. Harry's body. He couldn't see the interior of his bathroom.
All he saw was Harry's dead body. Dead.

Everything hurt. Every bone and muscle ached with the same burn of losing Harry. His toes hurt as much as his chest did. His arms hurt as much as his toes did. His fingers hurt as much as his head did. Everything.

And he sobbed and he sobbed and he sobbed and he screamed and cried and yelled and cursed and grasped his heart on the floor of his bathroom, up against his sink cabinet. He could still hear Voldemort's haunting laugh at his lover's body. That was the last thing he knew at Harry's dying sight. His grave would rest there. Harry's grave. Because Harry was dead.

Dead.

No force in the world could stop his tears, his pain. So much pain. He'd never endured pure pain as he was until now. Sure, when Harry broke up with him, that was awful; but not like this. He couldn't feel anything, however, simultaneously he felt every type of bad feeling he could possible muster. This is what hell felt like. This would be what greeted him at the gates of hell, this pain.

His first round of this ended when he physically couldn't think anymore, an hour or so later it ended up being. Draco stood, dizzy and sick, and his feet carried him to his bed, and he numbly sat on the edge of it. Involuntarily, his eyes turned to his nightstand, where Harry's pictures were locked away. without thinking, he unlocked them and laid them out along the bed, looking at each of them with clouded eyes. A tear fell on one of them.

The last one he saw was the one of he and Harry kissing. They'd never be able to do that again. Draco would never feel Harry's lips again, and Harry would never feel Draco's, even if he did go back and kiss him. The lips would be lifeless and would never respond to him.

That's when round two started. He gripped the picture in hatred, it stealing from him his only happiness and destroying it in a glance at a dead body, and he rolled into his pillow and screamed again, much louder, and much more heart broken. He was almost shrieking until his shoulders shook as he sobbed again.

Draco put the picture to his heart and held it there, feeling his soul break from Harry's, feeling the connection faltering.

"Harry," he screamed over and over again. despite it being muffled by the pillow, he still was so loud, and his vocal chords ripped. "Harry, Harry, Harry!"

And he cried and sobbed and weeped and nothing could stop him. Nothing.

That was how Harry found him an hour or so later. It took him the better half of the hour to find his room, sneaking about the Manor so that the other Malfoy's didn't see him. He found them huddled by a fire in each others arms. He wondered how long they'd been there, how often they'd checked on Draco. They seemed peaceful enough.

But Draco. That was another story within itself.

He could hear him, and it pulled at his heart to. Finally, finally, he found the right door. He opened it softly, and he heard Draco's screams get audibly louder. He shut the door behind him the same way he opened it, and walked towards the bed slowly, calculating how he was going to do this. Even if he wanted to run and jump on him, he didn't, because if he did, he'd either piss him off, or scare him. The last thing he wanted was Draco to think it was a dream.

He sat on the edge of his bed, eyes glued to his shaking body, the way it curved. He'd never been
able to enjoy it like this, carelessly. Freely.

But he wanted to stop Draco's crying.

He put his hand on Draco's back, and stroked his spine. Harry found himself wondering why Draco was crying so hard. He could see a little, maybe because he was happy that they didn't have to worry about being murdered anymore.

Maybe Draco thought Harry wasn't going to look for him. Yes, that's right. That's why.

The first hour, Harry had been fighting, and then he won the war, and then he immediately searched the castle in case Draco was there. The second hour, Hermione and Ron had found him and made him eat, shower, and they healed him. Then, he ran for it, and now he was here.

He should have come early, Harry decided. The second the war was over.

Harry swallowed and cringed at the sound of Draco sobbing. He hated it. It burned a hole in his heart.

"Draco," Harry said softly, putting his hand in Draco's hair and massaging his head, "I'm sorry it took me so long to find you. Your Manor is huge." Draco didn't move, in fact, he just cried even harder. "I'm sorry."

Harry laid down next to him, wrapping an arm around him. "Shhh, it's okay. It's okay. I know. Shhh."

"No it's not," Draco shouted, "Harry's dead!"

"Shhh, Draco, I'm not."

"Harry," Draco sobbed, clutching the sheets.

He followed his hand along Draco's arm to his hand, where the picture of them stood crumpled in his fist. "I love this picture of us," Harry said, trying not to make it awkward, however it was bloody hard to. He buried his head in his neck and kissed it lightly anyway, feeling the veins of his throat convulse.

Draco cried into his pillow, his vocal chords sore and overused. Tears ran down his face uncontrollably, and he kept weeping despite Harry being on top of him. He'd had plenty of hallucinations like this before. "Harry!"

"Draco, sh," Harry cooed, stroking his cheek. He kissed his shoulder, but it wasn't enough. Nothing was enough. Draco still sobbed. "Shh, I'm okay."

"Harry's dead, he's dead," he hyperventilated.

"Draco, I'm here, I'm here, I promise." Draco didn't listen, and he kept crying, body trembling, and Harry's heart broke more and more with each sob. He couldn't stand seeing him like this. Sure, he'd seen him cry before, but not 'the love of my life is dead' crying. "Draco, please," Harry choked. His eyes watered. "Look at me, Draco."

"H-Harry," Draco shrieked into his pillow.

"Draco!" Harry climbed over him and grabbed at his shoulder. He didn't stop. He got worse. "I'm not dead!"
Harry pushed him, grabbing his face and cupping it, forcing Draco to look at him. He kissed his forehead. "Shhh, relax. I'm here, Draco. I'm not dead. I promise."

"Harry," Draco cried. "You're not real. You're dead. You're de-ad!"

"No, I'm not. I promise. I'm here. I didn't die, I-"

Harry was caught off from speech when a hand connected to his cheek, a slap so hard he fell off the bed and landed on the wood floor with a thump. He grunted, grabbing his face, it not helping the sting at all. "Damn it, Draco!"

Draco froze, his mouth dropping. The room went completely silent, well, except Harry's groaning on the floor. And then Harry heard the springs of the bed as Draco moved to the edge of it. When he looked up, he found half of Draco's red, puffy face wearing furrowed brows.

"Whenever I dream of you, my hand always goes through your face. Normally you go away after that," he said quietly.

"You're not dreaming," he clenched,

"But y-you were dead," Draco hyperventilated, yet again. His doe eyes: Harry loved them. It made him look so innocent.

"No," Harry almost whispered, sitting up and crawling on the bed again. "Didn't your parents tell you?"

"What? My parents? I haven't seen them," Draco tried to hold back a sob. He reached out and touched Harry's cheek, finding it red. Draco's eyes widened as he examined it. That never happened in his dreams.

"Why wouldn't they tell you," Harry furrowed his eyebrows in anger, blinking away tears. "Draco, I beat him. Voldemort. He's dead. I won. We won the war. I beat him. He's dead!"

"But you were dead!"

"I was faking it! I promise! It's me," Harry smiled, and he felt his eyes water again. He touched Draco under his wrists and played with his hands. "It's me. We won. We can be together, I promise. You're not dreaming."

"I'm not dreaming," Draco asked, his lip sticking out a bit with doe eyes that Harry just wanted to swim in. They filled with tears.

Harry shook his head. "No. I promise. And I just need to tell you, no offense, that you are a bloody ugly crier," he let out a laugh.

Draco jabbed his shoulder and then lunged at him, wrapping his arms around his neck, tears still falling. He knocked him backwards, pinning him down and sobbing his face into his neck and sobbing in it. "Y-you're alive! You're alive," he wept.

"Yes," Harry smiled, wrapping his arms around his waist. "Yes, I am. I'm alive, and you are, and we made it though the war." Draco just kept crying in his shoulder.

"You're alive," he shouted, cutting off his air by tightening his arms on accident.

"Not much longer if you keep at choking me," he strained.
"Sorry," he sobbed, and then he got off of him just to get back on him again. He straddled his hips and put his hands on either sides of his head, so he could see him. Harry had been crying too, his eyes were watered and dilated. His face was clean, however, newly washed, newly shaven. Even then, he could see Harry had bags under his eyes. He was tired. Tired of the war, tired of hiding, tired of being scared. Draco understood it, and in his opinion, Harry looked bloody gorgeous.

"Draco," Harry said, physically because he couldn't believe it. "Voldemort's dead! You're safe, we're safe." The face he was making made Draco's head spin.

"He's dead?"

"He's dead!"

Draco smiled. "And you're alive!"

Harry nodded and bit his lip. "And you are, too."

Draco searched him, his face, seeping it in, admiring the smile that was on his face instead of the frown. But then he started laughing out of pure joy as a few more tears stroked his face, and Harry started laughing too. "He's dead!"

Draco collapsed on top of him, losing all grace and control, and he kissed him fiercely with a whimper. He kissed him so hard, and tried not to cry as he did so. That in it of itself was difficult. Harry couldn't breathe, yet again, but this time it was on his own accord. Draco was on top of him, his weight pushing deep into a bed. A bed. He and Draco were on a bed. A big soft bed that they could make hours and hours of love on because they could.

Draco ran his hands through Harry's hair, messing it up. Their faces were so close that Harry's glasses were crushed in between them, and in fact, if he checked, bruises could be shallowly forming on the bridge of his nose. He didn't care. He kissed him harder, fisting his shirt, and eventually turning them so that Harry was on top, invading his mouth with no regret, no remorse.

"Harry," Draco moaned, and he ran his fingers under the hem of his shirt. He stroked the skin. "Harry," he started laughing, and he bumped his nose against Harry's, gasping for air, choking as he got it, and kissing him again. "Harry," he couldn't believe it. Harry was on top of him. Harry was on top of him, breathing, moving, tasting, touching him. "You're alive!"

He could barely see, but when he opened his eyes to look into Harry's own, more drops fell from his eyes as he felt along Harry's back. Did it truly hurt so much to heal?

"Yes," Harry choked, trying to hold back a sob. "I am. And you are. We're alive! Voldemort's dead!"

"Harry, I want to do it! I want to make love with you," Draco gasped as Harry kissed his jaw.

"Please! Take me!"

"If that's what you want."

"It is. Please, Harry!"

Harry kissed him again with tears straining his cheeks, just as hard, because damn it, he could. He could do whatever he wanted. Their bodies were so close, so hot, so haywire. Nothing could stop them from touching each other the way they were, that is, until the door opened and the scream of Lucius Malfoy caused them to stop.
“POTTER! What are you doing to my son,” he snapped in a white ball of fury. "Get off of him immediately!” Lucius reached for his wand. "He does not love you, he does not care about you. You were a pawn! My son is not homosexual. He has a wife that he's going to marry—"

"Father, I'm actually very homosexual—"

"Silence! Potter, off of him!" He pointed the wand at the two of them.

"Hold on," Harry said, bold and courageous and strong. Draco wanted to maul him, because damn was he sexy. Harry climbed off of him and walked towards Lucius in a strut, as if Draco was now his property, as if Harry owned him and Lucius did not. "What kind of father conceals an outcome of a war to which their entire family was deeply involved, to which completely determined the rest of their lives together, wholly or not? What kind of father abandons his own child in his room after fighting in battle and seeing innocent people die? What kind of father houses a murderer to protect their wife and son? What kind of father beats his own family—"

Lucius slapped him, and Draco leapt from the bed, standing in front of Harry. "No! You don't touch him! How could you let me think he was dead!? How dare you!"

"Potter is not of your concern, Draco. How dare you turn yourself against me? After all I've done for you! I saved you during the war—"

"You did no such sort," Harry argued, grabbing Draco's hand and squeezing it. "I saved his bloody arse from the war, you put him in danger—"

"Silence, Potter! Draco, I do not approve of this," he hissed. "This is exactly why we made the contract—"

"What, is it because he doesn't fit your pure-blooded needs," Draco pushed, "Because when I think about my future, it involves his tongue in my mouth, not yours. It involves me living with him forever, not you."

"Son, you will be no sick, repulsive homosexual! You are not gay! You have a future wife and a child to bear! You must continue the family line! Even if you are gay, which you aren't—"

"Which I am—"

"—I will not have it that you be with this disgusting, mudblood-loving tramp!"

Harry could see Lucius was red, almost white because of how molten his skin had gone. Harry spoke with an eerie calmness, and as he did so, Draco squeezed his hand tightly. He could tell if they weren't holding hands, that Harry would break down. He could see it in his eyes.

"Tell me, just to clarify, do you hate me because I beat your precious Dark Lord, because you're a washed up dead beat chose the losing side, or is it because I had your son on his back, begging for me to fuck him?" Harry cocked his head to his side.

All they could see was Lucius's eyes widen and mouth word 'avada' before Harry apparated them away.
The sounds escaping Draco's throat made Harry want to cry. And so he did. And he cried just like Draco: loud and heart breaking. "I-I'm so s-sorry, Draco. So sorry."

He squeezed him once more, crushing his organs. He went to release, however Draco stopped him. "Please don't," he cried. "A year. It's been over a year."

The only place he wanted to be was Harry's arms. He never wanted to leave, and in fact, he didn't think he could if he tried. Although calming down just a bit, his knees still wanted to give out, and were shaky. Draco could smell Harry's smell, him clean and crisp, scent of cucumber and honey, and that oh-so-good Harry smell that he just wanted to bury his nose in.

"You were dead," Draco shouted into his neck, tears soaking Harry's jumper. "Y-you were dead, I saw you! I saw you! Your body-" he trailed off, sobs obstructing any speech.

Harry's heart burst in a feeling he couldn't even identify due to the fact there were so many of them. He couldn't do anything else but pick him up, carrying him to the couch doors away, and placing him down upon it softly. He was to let Draco go, but Draco pulled him down with him, hanging on to him as a koala. "Draco, you're choking me," Harry strained after Draco had Harry in an accidental deadlock.

"Sorry," Draco released him with a dry laugh that he had no idea how he conjured. He realized how that'd been the first time he'd laughed since 6th year. Tear-stricken mercury meeting wet, glossy green behind a lense frame, their hands met and the touch drove the blonde to the brink of insanity. Draco, however, didn't lock their hands together, rather felt along them in disbelief. Harry, kneeling next to him, let hand go limp, and followed Draco's eyes, the gaze gliding along Harry's skin, following the fingers.

Draco let his hand draw on his wrist and it subtly went beneath the sleeve. Harry still looked at him with most loving, although filmed with tears, passionate eyes. "It's really you," Draco whispered in awe, meeting Harry's stare. "It's really, really you."

Harry smiled and bit his lip to keep from quivering. He nodded, for it was the only thing he could do. Their hands met again, this time fastening securely. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be so vulgar to your father--"

"No, no! Harry, no! Don't be sorry! It was wonderful," Draco smiled.

"I don't know what came over me," Harry bit his lip.

Draco swallowed, not caring about his father. "How? How are you alive?"

"Do you," Harry sniffed, swallowing back his burning throat, "know what Horcruxes are?"
Draco's eyebrows furrowed. "The hell are you talking about?"

Harry just laughed, and laughed loudly, letting a tear strip his eyes. "I'll explain later."

The boy stared back at him. "Okay," he whispered so lowly, it was if he didn't say anything at all. "I've missed you so much."

"I've missed you, too. I've missed you more."

Draco scoffed, shoving his shoulder. "Hell no!"

This caused Harry to chuckle, and Draco's heart skipped a beat at the very sound, and then he got serious, just staring into Draco's eyes. His voice was the only thing that broke the atmosphere in a low, quiet volume. "I want to do it."

Draco's eyes dilated a bit. "Yes."

"I want to lose my virginity to you. I want to make love with you. Right now. I want to do it, here. I couldn't care less where we are. Just you. Only you." Harry stared down at him in anticipation. "Are you up for it?"

"Bloody yes, Harry! I've been up for it... Merlin knows how long I've been up for it," was all Draco said before grabbing Harry by his shirt and pulling him down so their lips crashed together with so much force, he thought he'd cracked something. He then moved his hand to Harry's cheek, feeling his jaw bob as their lips danced.

I wish I could describe to you the feelings they were feeling, however no words could express their absolute satisfaction that they had each other again. It was home. Simple as that. Simple, however overwhelming.

Harry grabbed two fistfuls of Draco's shirt, which was damp from tears; his own or Draco's, he didn't know who they belonged to. Probably a mix.

Picking him up by the material, he opened his mouth for their heat to combine, tongues to twist, and they did so sloppily without any form of a pattern. Harry continued them along to a wall in which was the closest he could find, dizzy and shaky. They released with a moan, and Harry kissed along Draco's jaw, the gasp for breath next to his ear turning him on even more. Pressure started to build.

"Harry," Draco moaned and bit his lip, cheeks turning rubicund, already pink from crying, "Harry, where are we," his voice rasp and hoarse.

"My place," Harry dragged his tongue along his throat, causing a groan to escape his lovers lips, "I guess you could call it that."

"Do your friends live here?"

"No," Harry smiled mischievously, biting his most vulnerable spot, and Draco couldn't even control his reaction. He thought it was another squeal, although he wasn't certain. Suddenly he released his hands from Harry's back, which, who knows how they got there, and dug it into his hair to pull him closer.

"So- oh Merlin!- so we won't be interrupted?"

"Nope," Harry grasped Draco's hip, their bodies pushed together, and for once in his life, he finally knew what it felt like for Harry to be aroused against him, he being allowed to respond back.
"Thank Merlin," Draco shouted as loud as he wanted to, which again, he didn't know how vulgar it really was. Harry smiled, unable to help it, and then grabbed Draco by the front of his shirt and dragged him up a few stairs leading to who-knows-where. He stopped abruptly, slamming Draco against the wall and shoving his tongue in the cavern of heat and lusciousness. The Slytherin's tongue was fast, smooth, and felt like velvet against Harry's own.

"Hmmm, Draco," Harry moaned, against his lips, his hand clenching Draco's bicep, which was firm and a stable grip. They released sloppily, disarrayed, Harry following Draco's mouth eagerly in need of another taste.

"Harry," Draco breathed hotly in his ear, his heat almost burning the listening tool. "Harry." He then incased the lobe within his lips. Harry shivered. "Harry," he pulled on it, the skin being kissed by his tongue.

"God, Draco!" Harry snaked an arm around him, not allowing them to detach, and he hauled Draco up another landing. This time, Draco had Harry trapped against the waist-high railing. He moved to Harry's mouth and kissed him so fiercely, tongue in, tongue out, lips pulling, teeth nipping in surprise only to receive gasps of pleasure form Harry's mouth, that he had him leaning past the bar, his back over free air.

At first, Harry grasped the railing, realizing he was over it, however then he grabbed Draco, almost as if he trusted him more than a reliable barrier. Draco didn't want to cease any feeling, any sensation, so he grasped Harry's back, one hand in his hair, tugging it. He wanted their bodies closer but it wasn't physically possible.

Their bulges met, and when Draco moved his thigh between Harry's, forcing his legs to spread and generate unfathomable, glorious friction, Harry couldn't stand it anymore; he pushed Draco off of him slightly, then grabbed him by his wrist, forcing him up the stairs to where he crashed open the guest bedroom door, reaching for their lips to meet again in warfare.

Groans and moans, moans and groans rang in the room along with strained trousers and surprised gasps as they touched each other: Harry reaching under his shirt and feeling along Draco's chest and back; Draco stretching for one thing, it being Harry's round, succulent arse. He stuck a hand down it, finally feeling the skin that lathered his muscle. He dragged his finger softly along the small of Harry's crack, going deeper within each stroke.

At the change of pace, Harry decided to speed things up by tearing off Draco's blazer, breaking the buttons in the process. Draco stopped, "Hey! That one was really nice!"

"How unfortunate," Harry bit back sarcastically. He pushed Draco over the bed so he landed on the mattress, and then the Gryffindor straddled him across his stomach, restricting all movement except for Draco's arms, which rested under Harry's shirt. "Who wears their nicest blazer to war?"

"If I were to die, I would die looking classy," Draco said, thinking his statement was perfectly normal, perfectly ordinary.

Harry chuckled so hard, he just about fell over on top of Draco completely, entombing his head in Draco's neck.

"What?"

Harry didn't respond right away, but continued on, and Draco joined in just in the fact he missed laughing. And he missed listening to Harry's laugh. "I just... I just love you so much."
Draco's smile dropped. "You do," he bit his lip and furrowed his eyebrows.

"Of course I do why wouldn't I-," Harry said as if Draco was acting absurd before he remembered the sins he'd said and done. "Oh..."

"You... you told me-"

"Draco, no, I didn't mean it," he shook his head, "I could never! I could never mean that! Please tell me you didn't take that seriously!"

"You sounded pretty serious about it," Draco said quietly, locking eyes with him. The memory replayed in his mind, the words crushing him in utter malice and dismay.

Harry sat back, took a deep breath, chest heavy, eyes stinging, throat burning. "Draco I..." He couldn't speak and even if he could, he wouldn't know what to say to express how much he regretted it. "Draco please! I didn't. I didn't mean that!" Draco bit his lip again, his eyes watering enough for Harry to see. "Draco," his voice cracked. "Draco, no, please don't cry." He took his hand and caressed Draco's cheek as a tear stripped it. Draco swallowed thickly. "I love you, I do. I never stopped loving you! I'm never going to!"

"How could you even say that," he sniffed. "That day. How could you even say it?"

"Because I'm the biggest jerk in the entire world."

"More like arsehole."

"Bigger than an arsehole."

"I completely agree," Draco crossed his arms, his sleeve rising just a bit and Harry grew curious, staring down at it.

"May I see it," he asked, and Draco's heart sped.

"Harry I-"

"Please."

"It's disgusting," Draco swallowed. "I'm disgusting," he said more to himself.

"Don't you dare! Don't you dare say that! You're anything but disgusting. You- you're delightful and you're incredible and amazing, and I'll never get over how stupid I was to let you go!"

Harry put a hand on Draco's arm, and when Draco allowed him to, he climbed off of him, letting them readjust to the length of the bed. Draco wiped his eyes, and then Harry kissed his cheek. "I love you."

"I love you, too," his voice cracked at the last word, and he eyed Harry. The boy, biting his lip the entire time, unbuttoned the cuffs of Draco's shirt, and then scrunched it just as it was the night Draco proposed, halfway, and then bit back tears at the thought of that night, finally pushing the material all the way past his elbow.

The mark stood in full contrast against Draco's pale skin, exemplifying it even more. Even so, it'd faded. A dark skull, unmoving and delicate lay there, and Harry froze at the sight of it. Draco closed his eyes, preparing for Harry to get up and leave without another word, and frankly, that wasn't a sight he wanted to see. "I told you it's disgusting," he clenched. It was any second now and Harry
would be gone again.

But then he felt a tickle on his arm, and Draco opened his eyes to see Harry kissing the base of it. And then he felt Harry's tongue along it, letting out an involuntary, small groan. "Harry," he breathed, "What are you doing?"

"Doing what I should have done that night." He kissed it again, "I should have let you in. I should have told you everything was alright, that I'd be there for you." He traced his tongue along it once more, and then up his entire forearm. "I should have made love to you right then and there." He kissed his bicep and put his hand on Draco's hip, grasping it. "I should have held you." He kissed his clothed shoulder. "And helped you." He kissed his neck. "And told you I loved you." He kissed his jaw and cheek. "God, I love you."

Before kissing his lips, Harry climbed on top of him completely, sitting across his chest, keeping him forcefully pinned. "Don't you dare say you're disgusting ever again. Not because of this mark. Never. Understand?"

Draco looked up at his eyes, locking them. Harry's were watered. He nodded, biting his lip, however Harry shook his head. "Say it out loud."

"I won't. Never."

"And you're not going to believe it either?" Draco's eyes, not being able to help it, followed along Harry's chest, and lower and lower past his abdomen and straight ahead, where he could see Harry's length ridiculously hard against his blue jeans, and just the sight and thought of it sent a shallow wave of pleasure to his own groin. His mouth watered, yet became dry at the same time, and he wondered what it would be like to taste him. "Draco," Harry woke him.

"Hmm?"

"Promise?"

"Yes I promise!" He licked his lips, continuously locking his wide eyes on Harry's crotch. Harry blushed profusely, "Now hurry on with it! If I got any harder, I would literally turn to stone."

Draco, realizing his hands were free, put his sweaty palms on Harry's knees, and then dragged his nails long Harry's thighs. The boy tried to keep from squirming, the fact that he'd never been touched before, the fact of how much of a virgin he was showing through, and he flushed in embarrassment, rationalizing how much of an amateur he was. He groaned the higher Draco got and bit his lip in anticipation.

Draco stopped at his hips, graphing the sides, but then continued on to his arse where he then squeezed it, and traveled back to his front. He reached for his button, fingering it, and Harry gulped. Draco's eyes flicked up, watching Harry's reaction- heaving chest and face of concentration and apprehension- as he finally unfastened the button.

"Draco," he whispered gently.

"Yes," he murmured back.

"Are you scared?"

He stopped with his zipper between his fingers, "Are you?"

"Absolutely terrified."
"Why," Draco asked, their eyes connecting.

"It's a scary thing."

"So you're saying you've just fought a war against a murdering psychopath and you're scared to make love with me?"

"Sounds silly, huh," Harry bit his lip.

"No," Draco shook his head, "I-it just sounds ironic."

"Are you scared?"

"No," Draco said, "Because I'm with you." He swallowed. "I'm anxious. Not scared."

"Maybe I'm just anxious too," Harry leaned down on Draco so their faces were close enough to touch. He kissed Draco's cheek, and then dragged his nose softly along it. "How long have you wanted this?" The hot whisper caressed his ear, and made the blonde shiver.

"Fifth year. Sixth year. Merlin, Seventh year! Every day in seventh year I thought of today."

"Was it because you're a horny teenager or was it because you wanted me," he asked, looking into his eyes.

"Wanted you," Draco said, dragging his fingers along Harry's hips and back under the hem of his shirt. They kissed shortly, however passionately. "Maybe a little of both. You?"

"I was alone, in a forest, with a love sick girl, only to make me think of you, I'm seventeen, I mentally couldn't think of anything else but you. I could make up plenty of excuses to go off into the woods, could scream your name as loud as I wanted."

That made a wave of pleasure go straight to Draco's cock, the thought of Harry screaming his name. "I want to hear you do it."

"Well, then you'll just have to make me do it," Harry smirked yet smiled at the same time.

"Is that a challenge?" Draco raised an eyebrow.

"Indeed."

They locked eyes for a second more, and then Draco acted, didn't think, and shoved Harry back so he could come out from under him, on his knees, and rip his shirt over his head and onto the floor. He proceeded in feeling along every bump, every cell of skin along his chest as their mouths connected in such desperation, it was as if they'd bruise right then and there. Their tongues battled and fought for authority, and neither would let up despite anything the other would do.

Harry had his hands on Draco's forearms momentarily, that is, until Draco grabbed Harry by his arse and pulled them as closely as physically possible, creating glorious friction and heat and friction and heat, their mouths sticky, throats moaning, and harry had to move his arm to which they wrapped around Draco so forcefully, it was as if he was hugging him in a deathly bind. Draco had his teeth on Harry's lips, biting them with so much momentum, Harry yelped.

"Sorry," Draco said without much meaning. He'd do it again in a heartbeat. Instead, without leaving their proximity, as if Harry had a gravitational pull to him, he sloppily smooched the skin of his cheek and then further down his jawline. Draco knocked Harry onto his back, Harry wrapping his
legs around him. They bumped heads, not knowing where to kiss, however Harry had his hands up Draco's shirt, grasping his back.

"You're wearing too many clothes," Harry gasped as Draco attacked him as an animal. Harry's lips were so swollen; he'd swear they'd doubled in size. Draco just continued doing whatever his body wanted. He was currently grinding their groins together and Harry stopped any process of thinking, ecstasy surging through him. "Oh God, Draco," he groaned.

"Making you scream is going to be easy, Potter," Draco smirked, kissing his collarbone, his back arched.

"Oh just wait until I ravish you, Malfoy," Harry pecked his lips, "From what I recall, you scream like a banshee when I kiss your neck." Another peck. "And what was when you were even less of a horny teenager. I can only be ever so eager to hear you now." Harry, using the bravery that got him through the war, he stuffed his hands in Draco's trousers, an action that cause Draco to jump and squirm in a completely new sensation. He yelped louder than Harry did. "Told you!"

"Maybe if you had a little word of warning!" Harry laughed, taking his hand from them and putting them under Draco's shirt, stoking his sides and chest.

"Okay, so next time I shove my hand down your pants, I'll say, 'Hey, Draco, I'm going to shove my hands down your pants.'" Draco let out a chuckle and blushed profusely. As he kissed him again, this time softer than their current mobbing, nevertheless still passionate as ever, and while they kissed so lovingly, Harry kept stroking Draco's chest, but then felt something rather odd that shouldn't have been there. "Draco, what is that," he broke the kiss and stared up at him.

Draco's eyes widened in realization, "Harry wait, there's something I need to tell you." He went speechless. How was he supposed to tell him?

And even if he did, Harry didn't give him a chance to. He unbuttoned Draco's shirt and pushed it past his shoulders to reveal his marble, placid skin, it being decorated with two scars in askew, starting from just below his armpits, meeting in the middle of his pecks, just over his heart, and then going in opposite ways to his lower abdomen.

Harry's eyes amplified in horror. "When did.... Wait, was this... I did this? I did this to you!?"

"Harry-" Harry pushed him off so that he could properly see them.

"I did- I hurt... Draco, please! Please tell me these aren't real!"

Draco said nothing and, as a reaction, Harry formed tears in his eyes.

"I-I..." he trailed away, tracing one of them, feeling the bump of it under his fingers. "Draco."

"They look worse than they are," Draco lied, and Harry saw right through him.

"I was there! I did it! I didn't know what the spell did and I was so angry," he went on and on in a rushed, almost panicked voice, "I read it in a book, Draco! I didn't know what it would do! There was so much blood," he shook.

"Harry, would you calm down! You're shouting," Draco shouted, "I'm right here. I'm fine. I'm okay. It wasn't... I dealt with it. I was in the hospital for a few days."

"I was there! I snuck in and visited you, you said you wanted to die! God, it was all my fault," Harry cried, a tear following along his nose. Draco put a hand on his thigh, rubbing circles softly on it. It
didn't comfort him in the least. "I'm a monster," he breathed to himself, loud enough for Draco to hear it.

"Don't say that!"

"I almost killed you." His lip quivered.

"It doesn't matter! I'm alive now."

"Draco, it's not that simple! You have to bear this the rest of your life! Every time I see you naked, I'm going to think back to that day."

"You won't," Draco said, "I used to, but whenever I look in the mirror, I only think of how much I love you-"

"And how I destroyed it all!"

"Stop saying that," Draco argued. "You didn't destroy anything! You made a mistake. I made a mistake. We're about to take each other's pants off for Merlin's sake! It's fine!"

"I'm not forgiving myself. I don't expect you to forgive me, either."

"Harry, that was over a year ago. If I still hated you for it, I wouldn't be here. And it's not like I was a saint either. I was going to use an unforgivable on you," he cried. "Imagine how that would have been!"

"I should have just hugged you or talked to you-"

"Just forget about it!"

"I can't!"

"Then just forget about it for tonight, then. We can worry about it after we lose our virginity."

Harry bit his lip, then nodded, then smiled, choking, "I'm losing my virginity to you," in whisper, disbelief, incredulousness, awe. "Lay back," he ordered, and Draco took off the rest of his shirt and did what he was told. The first thing Harry did after that was kiss along both of the scars, lips meeting the hot skin. As Harry got lower, he whimpered, and when Harry dragged his long along them, he groaned.

"Now you can call me Scarchest," Draco suggested, and Harry cackled against his heart, causing Draco to laugh, too. He kissed over where he was, and then went to his lips they met briefly. "I want to be naked," he said softly, "I want you naked."

They stared at each other, eyes locking and sparkling with glints of something they'd never seen before, and couldn't pinpoint, but they were mesmerized by it: that look.

Harry nodded, his hand shaking, he backed off of Draco, who's heart felt as if he was to explode, his whole body heating from his nerves setting aflame. He spoke when Harry's hands were on the material of his trousers.

"This is how I felt during our first date," Draco said, causing Harry to stop, his heart melting involuntarily, and look up at him.

"Really," his voice cracked. Draco nodded and Harry found himself letting out a choked sob, eyes watering. Draco saw it, and felt the back of his eyes heat.
"Stop crying, you're going make me cry!"

"You're going to make me cry! You can't just say something like that and expect me not to cry!"

Harry let a tear stroke his cheek. He felt his heart piece itself beck together and bloom like a flower, as if he was completely opening himself to Draco.

They both sat there, staring at each other's tears realizing what they were both about to do, who they were about to be with, what it was going to feel like, how the other would sound, and look, and smell. It was their hopes and dreams coming into reality right then and there. It was the war, it was the heartbeat and break up, it was their first date, it was their first kiss and first hug and first time holding hands and first time laughing together, and the many times after that; it was the fights and the walking away and the betrayal; it was completely falling apart in front of each other, and it was the comprehension that neither of them could love anybody else as they loved each other, that they could never do this with any other person.

It was the apprehension that they were able to touch each other for the first time, that they would be the only ones to do this to the other. After tonight, they would never be able to be spoiled again for the first time. They weren't looking for perfection, oh no, but for each other: for the reality, for the memories, for the love and compassion they truly had for each other.

"Remember that night?"

"Of course I do," Harry's voice cracked.

"Did you ever think this would happen? Loving each other to the point in where it hurt? To where we could talk all night without running out of things to say. To where you could fix me from not being able to love, teach me how to smile. To where I would write to you every day just in hopes to see paper you've held and ink you've used. To where they touch of the other would just enable us to breathe properly. To where I could feel you die the second you did," he cried.

"I had no clue." He didn't. Neither of them did. And maybe that was because they didn't expect it, or maybe it was meant to be like that. "But I'm the luckiest man in the world that it did."

"I looked up at the sky. Every night, thinking of you. Only you."

"I did, too."

Harry leaned in one more time and kissed him slowly, making it last, as if he was on a cloud, deaf and blind, only programed to feel. Draco's hand caressed his cheek in such desperation; it was if he touch was his only source of life.

One last lingering look, and Harry was kissing down Draco's chest, and as he got lower and lower, Draco's back arched a little, and when he was under his naval, fingering Draco's button, he found Draco's body to remind him as a cat.

He unfastened it, his fingers then moving the brass of the zipper, waiting a second for anything else they wanted to plea, but it was silent and he took it as a green light, undoing it slowly. At the release of pressure, Draco gasped, not even realizing how compressed he'd been. Harry pulled off the trousers, discarding them who-knows-where, to reveal a pair of black briefs containing Draco's member in an outline.

Harry put his hands along his thighs and the marble skin that came with them. They fascinated him. Perfect, immaculate, sculpted in muscle- not too much but just enough to make his mouth water.

He placed his lips on his left one, right in the middle, and Draco let a small sound escape his throat.
He started to devour it, just as he devours his neck, which he put on his list of make him scream.

He moved up his leg slightly, and Draco jerked his hips back at the unfamiliar sensation. "Harry," he whispered, but when Harry bit the tender skin slightly, he jerked about ten times harder and shouted, "Harry!"

He licked it over and Draco whimpered, grasping the sheets. Harry did it again, higher up, and he sucked it until it bruised, causing sounds to exemplify throughout the room. Just as he was high enough so his nose touched the seam of Draco's briefs, and then he went to his other thigh to do it all over again. He took his time, and sucked languidly, which pushed Draco to the point of senselessness, could only feel his heart beating through his chest and the waves of pleasure going through his veins. "Merlin, Harry," Draco breathed.

His fingers went under the material, and felt along Draco's bare hips. The blonde couldn't help it, but put his fingers in Harry's hair, "Merlin, I love your hair."

"You'll never admit that again, will you," Harry laughed, against his groin, the vibration going straight to his cock.

"Never," Draco bit his lip and threw his head back, breathing heavy.

"God, Draco, we haven't even started!"

"You don't know what it feels like yet," Draco whined. He grabbed Harry's- whatever it was he was grabbing- and pulled him up over him, to where he was staring at Harry's crotch. He licked along the outline of his hard member, causing Harry to shout, "God, Draco!" with just one stroke.

"Told you," he smirked, and then unzipped Harry's blue jeans with his teeth, ripping them off and throwing them across the room. Their lips met in a fierce kiss, their thighs now touching, groins meeting and cocks grinding together. They moaned into each other's mouths. Harry released and went for his neck, Draco not getting the message and leaning towards him to where Harry accidently kissed Draco's nostrils.

They laughed, "You just don't want me to make you scream, huh?"

"No, I do," Draco sighed, turning so his neck was open for him. Harry aimed for the throat, but felt cold metal along his chin and look to see the necklace he'd given him resting on the skin. Harry went to find the clasp and started undoing it, however, Draco grasped his hand, causing him to stop. "Harry, I've never taken this off."

"How sweet," Harry smiled, "Take it off."

"But Harry-"

"Would you rather have a chain on your neck, or me?"

"That's a good point," Draco gasped.

The necklace fell into Harry's hand and he put it on the table next to him, and then attacked Draco's neck full force, as if he wanted to suck the living daylights out of his skin. As he did so, he pumped and grinded his hips against Draco's and it would be the same reaction as to setting him on fire. He was shouting and moaning, his sweet spot being lathered and loved, and his cock being pleased. "Harry! Merlin, oh Harry!"

Draco grasped his sides, and then pulled off his briefs, touching the front of his hips, his naked skin.
Harry released his lips from Draco's neck and stared at him. They locked their paths of sight.

Although Harry's clothing was in shambles and around the whole room, Draco still didn't see him as naked, so he decided to take care of it, hands shaking; he reached for Harry's glasses and took them off slowly, staring into the irises beneath. They were placed on the table with a clang, Harry watching his every move, every expression, as if he was memorizing his face like a map.

Draco turned back to Harry and put a hand through his hair, peeling it back from his faded scar. And Harry watched him do it.

And then they locked eyes yet again, staring, gazing, examining them as if they were deciphering constellations within galaxies that they could only decipher themselves.

But then they smiled. They smiled at each other, cocktails of excitement and lust pooling in their stomachs. Heavy breathing rang in the room and no other sound except the beating hearts ready to fuse together, waiting in anticipation.

It was one last look and their lips were on each other's, too slow, but yet too fast, vigorous and tender, moving and still, tongue and no tongue. Harry's hand traveled down Draco's chest, down and down and down, until he reached the band of Draco's briefs, putting his hand down them and finally touching Draco's cock. Draco immediately gasped and, yet again, jolted his hips at the completely new sensation.

His cheeks went red at the thought that someone- no- Harry, had a hold of his cock, no one else but Harry, and how strange and unfamiliar it was.

Harry released from the kiss, "You know what I just realized?"

"What?"

"I have absolutely no idea what the hell I'm doing," Harry said in upmost seriousness, however Draco just laughed.

"That's reassuring considering you have your hand on my cock," Draco raised an eyebrow. Harry blushed a ruby, realizing he wasn't even moving his hand.

Harry gave a nervous laugh, "It's just weird it be someone else, you know, not your own."

Draco bit his lip as Harry started to move, his hand up and down so gently, it was as if Draco couldn't even feel it, although he could, and it felt so strange as if it was a tease. Heat pooled in his stomach. "Harder," Draco said. "Do it how you do yours." Harry did what he was told, gripping it much harder, in fact, much too hard and Draco yelped. "Fuck! Is yours made of iron or something," he bit.

Harry laughed and released a bit, "Sorry!"

"I'm sensitive down there..." Harry snorted yet again and then found a happy medium, moving his hand up and down his considerable shaft with enough friction, making Draco groan a bit before speaking. "What, and you aren't? How would you even know?"

"Fine, then, do me since you think you're so much better," Harry offered, letting go of Draco's cock, the band of his briefs slapping against his skin. Draco already missed the warm hand around him. Harry sat back, getting off of him, and sat to where he was practically presenting his cock to him. Draco stayed there, a third in nerves, a third in contemplation as to how to grab it, the angle, the hardness, texture it be, and the final third in sheer hypnotizing awe at the sight of his cock. Long, however not as long as his own, but much thicker. It was pink, and a very much visible vein traveled..."
up the underside of it. "Harder than you thought, huh?"

"Merlin Harry, don't say it like that!"

"Huh?" Harry furrowed his eyebrows at his own ignorance, but after a bit of analyzing, he burst out laughing, and so did Draco. They calmed down a little bit later, and Draco, taking a stroke of bravery, surrounded his palm around Harry's member, causing the boy to inhale sharply, a small moan suppressing his lips. He had a firm grip, and suddenly the warm pool in his stomach made it all feel so right, grabbing Harry's cock, and he nurtured it in long, slow strokes to which Harry gasped at, huffed, puffed, wheezed, yelped at. "Draco!"

Draco took that as an indicator to quicken the pace and tighten his hold slightly. Harry threw his head back, "Oh God, Draco!" the completely new sensation filling his entire body with burning nerves and want and desire.

"How does it feel," Draco asked, watching Harry's facial expressions, which went right to his cock. He rocked his hips to match Draco's rhythm, "So good," he bit his lip, "So... so fucking good!"

Precome pooled at the tip, Draco looking at it in fascination. He wondered what it tasted like, so he stopped his movement and went straight for it, tongue touching it to where Harry shouted in oblivious pleasure, however that stopped when Draco gagged and coughed.

"What," Harry asked, his cheeks red and burning.

"It tastes awful," Draco spat.

"Thanks, Draco, that's a boost of self esteem," Harry said with a glint of humor. "It's probably because you're not used to it."

"Or I was expecting something a little less... salty? Weird?"

"Draco, that felt incredible," Harry smiled, "Let me do you, you need to feel this."

He positioned himself further down so he could have easy access to his member, he pulled down Draco's briefs, tossing them aside, to reveal Draco's long, nimble cock. Bright pink, it contrasted his skin, and Harry found himself breathless as the sight of his completely naked body. "Look at you," Harry breathed, sitting back so he could see the entire thing, and he eyed it selfishly. "So beautiful."

He kissed the inside of his calf. Draco blushed. "So lucky to have you."

He kissed up his thigh and was right in front of his cock when he licked the entire length, causing Draco squeal. "I didn't think you'd be so loud."

"Harry, I'm a virgin, what else do you expe- oh!" Harry kissed the tip, and then put it completely in his mouth, his tongue playing with it, tracing it. Despite the constraints, Draco still found a way to move. Harry discharged, leaving the newly soaked tip to the open air, which Harry was breathing on.

"You're right, that tastes... weird," Harry laughed before diving in again, this time going much past the tip, and Draco gasped, grasping the edges of the bed. He uncontrollably moaned and bucked his hips, accidently shoving himself far enough into Harry's mouth to make him choke, and let go, only to hack fiercely.

"I'm sorry," Draco shot up, stroking Harry's back. He let out a few more coughs and then looked up at him as Draco's cheeks turned ruby at the fact that he'd screwed everything up.
"If I would've known you'd have been so jumpy, I would have gone a bit slower," Harry laughed, finishing up his cough. "Or possibly held you down."

"Sorry," Draco repeated, biting his lip. "You were right... it felt... bloody fantastic."

"Lay back down, I'm not done yet," Harry snapped despite the burn of his throat. He pushed Draco back and put his hands on his hips, holding him down as he put his member in his mouth yet again. Overwhelmed with heat and moisture, he found himself shouting out Harry's name. The boy moaned around his cock, causing him to try and jerk his hips, but Harry had him restrained. "You're not going anywhere," Harry said as he licked over his own saliva and precome, the vibrations completely knocking any sense of logic from his brain. He squeezed his eyes shut, and Harry smirked at it.

Harry encased him again, this time, fitting as much as he possibly could and then some, and Draco fisted the sheets next to him, Harry watching his reaction. He breathed heavy, his blonde hair in disarray complimenting in a blush along his face. It was when Harry bobbed his head up and down faster when Draco started to shout and moan, and then his tongue twisted around his shaft and he was crying Harry's name. The next stroke and Harry had him completely in his him mouth and Draco felt his tip hit the back of Harry's throat.

"Did you fit that whole thing in your mouth," Draco shouted in astonished, heavy breaths, three octaves higher than normal. He opened his eyes, his head shooting up to find Harry's nose buried in his crotch, cock no where to be seen. "Oh God!" He threw his head back and gripped the sheets harder before releasing and looking at the sight in front of him. It was like a dream, hell, it was something he had dreamed about for a long time. "You're barking!"

Harry then sucked and Draco screamed. He already felt on edge, a slow build growing more and more, and although it felt like heaven, he didn't want to seem weak and come prematurely. They hadn't even gone all the way, and to Draco that would be embarrassing, however Harry wouldn't mind. "Please, Harry," he whimpered, "Please let me do you," his voice cracked, "Please Harry, please!"

Harry let out, how own drool heavy on his lips, which were red and cracked. His throat burned and voice was harshly scratchy, "Always wanted to do that." His chest heaved up and down as he realized how out of breath he was. He kissed Draco's stomach, "I wish you could see yourself. Your face."

"Why?"

"It's incredible," Harry looked at him, a hunger in his eyes. He crawled over him, their already sweaty bare skins touching. They met in a passionate, loving kiss, their tastes combining, tongues colliding and rubbing together like velvet.

"Y-you're amazing, Harry," Draco gasped into the kiss, his hand on Harry's arse, squeezing it.

"Not as amazing as you."

"Right," Draco snorted, "I almost choked you."

"I'm saying as a wholly as a person," he stared into his eyes, "I could never be as incredible as you."

"Oh shut up," Draco laughed, shoving at his shoulder.

"I'm not joking," Harry positioned himself back on him, their noses touching. He pecked his lips.
"Harry-

"I'm not," Harry teased, smiling. "Just agree or else I won't stop and we won't even get to the best part."

"Okay, I guess I'm pretty awesome," Draco said, humor in his eyes. They laughed and Draco pushed Harry on his back, kissing his neck, and Harry let out a sweet sigh.

"God, I'm so lucky to have you," Harry smiled, moaning, he bit his lip and shut his eyes, giving way to the sparks he felt along his body. He kissed up and down his throat, all of it, both sides, and then up his cheek, and then he ended with another peck, them gazing in each other's eyes.

"Are... Are you ready to... you know?"

"Finally," Harry smiled in anticipation, the back of his eyes heating, the front watering. "Y-yes." He bit his lip, realizing yet again how nervous he was. "Do you want to top or bottom? Because in the letters you said both and I-I want you to be... most comfortable."

"What do you prefer?"

"I don't care. I want you to be happy."

"I," Draco thought, "... I'll bottom."

"But I wanted to bottom," Harry teased by dropping his fact to that of seriousness.

"Harry!

"Right," he chuckled, "It's whatever you want."

"No, now I want to top," Draco sat up and crossed his arms, "Just to irritate you," he added.

"Fine! I'm irritated," Harry played along.

"Good. So... erm... here lay down." Draco switched with him so his back was against the pillows. He too realized his nerves, and it was if he couldn't move because of them. Harry did as told, and lifted his legs so his arse was in the air... sort of... He was shy and Draco respected that. "Here," Draco got an extra pillow and put it under his lower back, "More comfortable?"

"Yeah," Harry swallowed, watching Draco's every move.

"Ready?"

"Y-yeah."

"If it hurts, tell me."

"Okay."

"The second it does," Draco commanded.

"I will!!"

"You'd better. The last thing I'd want to do it hurt you." His voice went soft.

"I'll be fine, I promise," Harry reassured. "Okay, go."
Draco took a three fingers, although shaking, and shoved them in Harry's face. "Lick them." Harry obeyed and encased his mouth around the fingers, sucking on it, and the heat made Draco's cock twitch and he realized he wanted Harry's tongue on him again.

Draco took the newly moistened finger and drew circles with it along his puckered arsehole, then gently fit his finger inside slightly, newly tightness enclosing him inside. Harry felt a small burn and clenched, which made it even worse. Draco saw his discomfort and cooed him. "Shh, just relax. It's probably going to hurt the most the first time. Just relax and it'll feel better."

Draco's words distracted Harry enough to realize Draco slipped his finger all the way in. Now if only he could do that the whole time.

"Feel okay?"
"Feels so weird!"
"Weird like kissing weird?"
"Weirder."

Draco pulsed back and forth and the burn went away, Harry much more relaxed. "Ready for another?"

"Yeah," Harry breathed, watching him. He couldn't help but adore the few strands of hair that went in his face, which was entirely concentrated. Another finger, and the burn was there but disappeared just as soon as it came.

"You good?"
"Yes," Harry bit his lip. When he pulsed, it burned more and Harry found his hand clenching the sheet.

"Another?"

"Wait a second, do that a few times more," Harry said, "I want to get used to it."

Draco obeyed and throbbed them, in and out in and out until it was numb to him. "It feels really weird on this end, too, if that helps. You ready?"

"Yeah."

The third finger, Harry felt a sharp pain instead of a burn, and jolted. Draco, out of reflex, grabbed his hand so that he would have to resort to a piece of fabric. Harry held it tight and as the sharp pain turned to the same burn, he calmed a bit.

"It feels so weird," he cried.

"I know, I know," Draco cooed. "Ready to move?"

"Wait... okay yeah, go." There was too much friction, enough to irritate the sensitive skin, which caused Harry more discomfort. "Isn't there a spell we can use to make this easier?"

"I learned some sort of lubricant charm in 6th year. I just don't have a wand," Draco said.

"Check my jumper, inside pocket to the right."
"Where's your jumper?"

"No idea."

Draco snorted, "That's helpful." He disconnected himself slowly from Harry and searched, finding it on the floor by the door. He crawled off the bed, stumbling on the floor, his legs shaking due to his apprehension. He found his old wand cold and distant from him, but like home at the exact same time.

"Yeah, sorry about stealing that," Harry said without much remorse.

"I missed it."

"I missed you," he swallowed, "I reminded me of you."

"Then it was worth losing it." At this point Draco was back on the bed positioned as he was before. He was ready to flick his wand when Harry stopped him.

"How many times have you done this!?"

"Harry, I wouldn't point my wand at your arse if I didn't know what I was doing," he tried to say with a straight face. That didn't necessarily reassure Harry at all. "Oh come on, don't you trust me?"

"No."

Draco slapped his arse. "Please, if I wanted to hurt you already I would have. I wanted to be prepared encase we got a little carried away in one of our meetings, although I didn't let that happen. That's why I would pick fights with you-"

"Nothing from back then right now! After!"

"Right, sorry."

"Okay just do it," Harry squeezed his eyes shut and braced himself, and suddenly a wet, thick substance filled him and it was the strangest feeling in the world. "Whoa!"

"What? Does it feel-"

"So fucking weird," Harry gasped, "Yes!"

Draco put two fingers in, much easier, and then a third, not hurting as much as the first time, in fact they slipped in easily, and it actually felt good on Harry's part. Draco however was fantasizing about not only the tightness of Harry's arsehole, but now the unbearable heat and wetness. "You good?"

"Yeah." He rocked his hips to meet Draco's rhythm slightly, and then Draco spread his fingers, prepping him the best he could. And in fact it felt very good after the burn subsided. However, it wasn't enough for Harry. He wanted to be connected to Draco; he wanted to be filled with Draco, as close as possible to him, encasing him, loving him. "Not enough. Need you," he strained. "Want you."

Draco, his face heating, completely pulled out his fingers, which were sticky. He positioned himself over Harry, the tip of his cock aligned, full of anticipation, at Harry's entrance, touching the stretched skin. He gulped. "R-ready?"

Harry nodded, opening his eyes and staring into Draco's own. His answer came too fast but too slow, in fact it was centuries but milliseconds away. "Yes."
He pushed forward and the burn came back the further he pushed in, this time exemplified by one thousand. Harry yelped and Draco stopped.

"Relax," he tried to comfort him, grabbing his hand, and Harry interlocked their fingers and clenched his hard enough to feel Draco's pulse. Harry, breathing heavy, did as told although it didn't help much. He felt himself stretching to an extreme.

"Keep going," he gritted. Draco stroked his hand with the pad of his thumb and pushed slowly but completely inside of him, and Harry yelled out.

"Do you want me to?"

"No," Harry breathed, opening his eyes only to realize he didn't remember closing them. "J-just wait a second." The pain died down a bit and wasn't as sharp. Draco stayed completely still, almost terrified to move again.

The blonde was so focused on Harry, he didn't even realized how amazing it all felt: the heat, the tightness greater than he'd imagined, the glorious glorious heat, the wetness, and sheer fact that he was now completely inside of his lover, and that made his cock pulse, and Harry felt it causing him to groan. "Okay, go."

He moved out slightly and Harry found the burn back, and he gripped Draco's hand even harder, his knuckles turning white. "Faster," Harry ordered, in hopes it would make it better, but instead, it just made it worse. Draco stopped completely.

"Harry, if you want me to stop-"

"I don't want you to stop," Harry bit. "I want this. I want you. You're in me, God, Draco, you're in me!" He felt tears well and a lump charmed in his throat. The single-handed thought that they were finally together and whole, sex-wise or not, made the pain almost completely go away. Draco pushed his way back in, but Harry yelped again.

"Harry-"

"Just kiss me," he said, his free hand grasping the back of Draco's neck, which had a few beads of sweat upon it. He pulled him down and their lips crashed, Draco completely off guard. Teeth clashed, but he corrected himself, and their tongues met hotly in battle, Harry wanting to win over dominance just to distract him, but Draco wasn't going down without a fight. "Keep going."

Draco's tongue was warm and inviting, and Draco moaned at the sensation of his cock being surrounded by only Harry, and the smooth velvet of his mouth. He pumped a bit faster- a very slow normal- and it got better and better for Harry.

Pain? What pain? He'd completely forgotten about it at this point.

"You okay," Draco breathed when they set ultimatum on their mouths.

"Yeah," Harry responded, just as in need of air.

"How does it feel?"

"Alright. What about you?"

"Bloody fantastic," Draco moaned, and Harry smiled at the look on his face: one constructed of hunger and desire.
"Good for you. Bottoming feels kind of strange, it's like- OH!"

"What," Draco asked in a panic. Harry's mouth dropped open, a look in his eyes that Draco couldn't pinpoint at all.

"What the hell did you just hit?"

"I-I don't know? Did it hurt?"

"No, just go!" Draco did as ordered and pulsed again, "A little more to the left," and again, and suddenly, an entirely warm sensation sparked through his whole body his mind completely going blank. He screamed. "Draco!"

"I take it-"

"Don't stop," he moaned, throwing his head back, grasping onto Draco’s hand harder. "Faster! Please, harder... faster!"

Draco didn't disagree, nor give any contemplation to his instructions, he just did, and let himself feel, knowing he was the one putting Harry into the state of bliss, he was the one inside him, he was the one causing him to scream.

"Yes, Draco!"

"Harry," he whimpered, moving his hips faster, and Harry met with him, after a few colliding strokes, they synchronized, the feeling so incredibly good- great even, they had tears streaking their cheeks. The only thing they could hear was each other's panting and moans and squeaks, but also the slapping of their skins together. Harry was still handing on to Draco's hand, but holding him tight not due to pain, but to the fact he thought Draco was the only thing anchoring him to the earth as he knew it.

Suddenly, there was a build, and Draco felt it first, Harry not far behind. "Faster," Harry begged. "Draco! Oh Draco! Please, Draco, please!"

Draco was pounding into him vigorously, reaching closer and closer, deeper and deeper to orgasm. He too was screaming his lover's name, and moaning and groaning in between. "So good- Merlin Harry!"

Harry was getting so close, and it was if whatever shield was covering his heart had shattered and completely opened him to Draco.

"Draco! God, I love you so much. Please Draco, please know it," he didn't know what he was saying, completely losing control, his grip on the world, "FUCK, I love you!"

Draco was stuck between wanting to watch Harry or to kiss his neck, but he decided to kiss his mouth quickly, and he subsided his pending orgasm just so he could watch Harry. They were both crying. "Fuck, Harry," he shouted, his eyes fighting to roll to the back of his head as he battled the need of release.

"Draco," Harry moaned, each throb an octave higher than the last, "Draco, Draco! I'm gonna- OH!" The blonde gripped Harry's cock, him already so close to orgasm, it only taking three pumps for Harry to scream, "DRACO, I LOVE YOU," uncontrollably, soaking them in his seed. His face is what caused Draco to go over the edge, like a wave, like a tsunami, and he too, came, inside of Harry before he could even ask to do so.
It was like falling through a cloud, looking up into the stars to see galaxies and darkness as gravity pulled you so seemingly fast, it was as if you were flying instead, whole body exploding in pure ecstasy from the standing hairs on the back of your neck, all the way to your toes.

When Draco opened his eyes after who-knows-how-long it'd been, he felt such a strange, open feeling in his heart, it hurt enough to cry. It wasn't a stabbing pain, no, but the pain when you're breathless, when you don't know what to say or do, and nothing you could think of could pour out of your mouth, no matter the frustration. When you don't know how to express anything into words. When you can't even identify what feeling you're feeling, but you know it's so deep it should be at the bottom of the sea.

Harry was staring back at him, tears already sliding down his cheeks, lips quivering. He was smiling so brightly, eyes dilated, it was so angelic; Draco thought he was dreaming, looking at a saint, and Harry felt the same about Draco, eyes so full of mercury he thought he'd have to name the planet Draco instead of Mercury.

They were still holding hands, and Draco realized his whole body was shaking and had given out probably the second he orgasmed.

Harry looked up and down Draco's face, eyes wandering and absorbing the peaceful, dreamy look on his features. It was completely different from what he'd seen for so long: Draco's sharp, angry sneer gone; his lips, instead of split and bloody, swollen just because Harry kissed him that hard; his eyebrows weren't furrowed anymore, but relaxed, soft, sweet. Draco let out a small sound, a whimper almost a cry, and Harry looked down at his lips. They were quivering.

Harry's eyes stung and watered. And then he smiled and breathed as he did so, loud enough for Draco to open his eyes. A few seconds of just staring into each other's naked soul, speechless. A tear slipped Harry's eyes and suddenly their hands disconnected, only to be replaced with their arms wrapped so tightly around each other, so intimately around each other's unclothed bodies, and they were sobbing.

"So beautiful," Harry wept, pulling his sweaty body even closer, "You're so bloody beautiful and wonderful."

"Merlin, Harry, I love you. I've always loved you, since day one, hell before day one."

"I love you, too." Harry looked at him, and he kissed him, hard.

"I know," Draco smiled, sniffing, "You kind of screamed it enough to wake the entire world."

"I did?"

"You don't remember that?"

"I had no idea I was even talking," Harry laughed.

"You're joking," Draco got off of him, lying next to him so their legs were intertwined, hands still connected, "You put banshees to shame!"

"Sorry," he smiled.

"No, really. It was great... hot... bloody hot," Draco panted.

"I was focused on you," Harry kissed the skin of his neck, burying his head into it. He stared at their locked hands. "When did we start holding hands?"
"When I first went in, you moron," Draco snorted. Harry stoked his sweaty hair, his blonde locks curling at the ends.

"We never let go?"

"I don't remember."

"... So the sex was good?"

"Incredible, Harry," he let one more tear slip his eye, and Harry wiped it from him.

"Yeah, it was, wasn't it?" Harry's eyes drooped down to their mixed seeds, white come drenching their stomachs. "I dare you to try it."

"I will if you will."

"You first," Harry got a finger full and shoved it up to his lips. Draco hesitantly licked it, immediately tasting the bitter substance. He immediately pulled a face then swallowed. He cringed. "How is it?"

"Strong."

Harry sat up and positioned himself over Draco's crotch, and licked his softened shaft, as well as a small bit of his stomach. Draco's eyes widened. "Willing to go again?" He moved to put Draco's entire cock in his mouth.

"I'll be up for it until I physically can't produce any more come for days."

"You bottom?"

"I want to try it," Draco sat up. "I want to try everything with you. I want to be with you for as long as I possibly can."

And their lips met fiercely, the tang of each other's seed combining in their tastes, cocks already hardening again.

That was their first time.
The Morning After

The fact that he was ridiculously warm and there was something weighing him deeper into the bed was all Draco knew. Small puffs of air hit and separated on his neck, and something prickled his chin almost enough to tickle it- for once he didn't mind.

He wasn't crying. He wasn't screaming. And that's what made him open his eyes slowly. He slammed his lids shut at the light of midday pouring through drapes he'd never seen before, and moments later after readjusting, he opened them again. Examining his surroundings, his line of sight fixed itself on two interlaced hands. He furrowed his eyebrows slightly at it, and, as a result, moved his thumb to watch himself do it, to indeed ensure it was his hand and someone else's.

Draco let his eyes follow the arms connected, and, at the wrist, he saw his Mark against the other's skin, and something boiled in his stomach that he couldn't quite pinpoint. Who would even stay with that thing on my arm?

Curiosity got the best of him and he continued his path to find a bare back half covered in a grey duvet just before the small of it, and he found a head of black hair up against him. Immediately, his stomach set on fire.

"Harry," his voice cracked, and he tired to lift his head but his neck kept him from it; suddenly he realized how sore he was. He took his other hand, which lay numbly on Harry's back, and ran it through the raven strands. "Harry," he whispered again.

Harry opened his eyes and closed them. He grunted at the sun.

Oh no, what if Harry hates me for what we did last night.

Wait... there was such a thing as a last night....

Oh my god, last night was amazing.

Harry tried to open them again, but it stung, so he buried his head in Draco's collarbone. "Hmph."

"Harry," Draco's eyes watered. He just felt overwhelmed. Throat closing, he reached with a shaky hand and grabbed Harry's cheek only to make him to look. "Harry, don't you dare go back to sleep." He didn't say it as a warning, but as a precaution, to rip off the bandaid: if Harry was to hate him, he may as well leave at the fastest and least painful opportunity.

Harry raised his head and looked him in the worried eyes with his own squinted ones.

"Draco Malfoy. I have spent the past ten months living on nothing but stale pieces of bread and spoiled fruit in a tent with no heat or insulation, slept on a wooden cot that was too small for me, if not on the ground in a forest with the taste of mud in my mouth when I woke up because my nose was too stuffy to breathe through- thank you, by the way, for managing to make me cry for the length of those ten months. I have lived with a Know-It-All and Neanderthal who didn't once give me a bit of privacy for more than fifteen minutes without the fear of me killing myself due to either the anxiety of getting hacked into bits onsite by Snatchers, being swallowed whole by a snake, or perhaps because my heart's been ripped out of my chest by the only thing that I unconditionally
"And then I fought a war on nothing but undiluted adrenaline and a piece of moldy cake given to me by the brother of the first man that I'd ever considered like a father to me, who by the way, my psychopathic boyfriend almost had to murder but then he saved my life anyway so it all worked out in the end. I saw countless friends of mine slaughtered in a malicious massacre, to which I still can't even begin to comprehend, and I have the burden on me for the rest of my life because I know I could have saved them if I'd just been a little bit faster or a little bit more careful.

"I. fucking. died, Draco Malfoy!"

"But then I came back to life- do you know how exhausting that is?" Draco shook his head with his eyes wide at Harry's outburst. "Didn't think so. And then I killed a vicious almost-dictator after months of sickening trauma, which, who knows how the hell I'm not at the verge at a mental breakdown right now-"

"I think you might be," Draco said, but Harry ignored him.

"And then all I wanted to do was celebrate with the love of my life, but, oh no, he disappeared at the sight of my dead body and so I had to try and avoid everybody- do you know how many people want to congratulate a war hero? Too fucking many! Anyway, so I had to go on a hunt for him along an entire fucking castle in which my best friends and I had to argue about it all and 'Oh no, Harry you can't possibly go like that, blood and all,' or 'I can't believe you're in love with a prick like Malfoy.' 'Harry, you look atrocious; you must eat something before you go see him. You need a shower,' and 'Mate, you can't leave now, especially not for someone like him, the slimy git,' and 'Ronald stop it! Harry's in love and you haven't met the real Malfoy enough to judge him. Just let him go... but not before I make sure he's mentally stable enough to get laid.'"

Draco opened his mouth to laugh at the thought of Hermione Granger actually saying that, but he shut it right as Harry continued on his rant.

"And to top it all off, I just had sex with the love of my life for seven, count them, seven hours straight! I swear to god I cannot feel my arse, and my chest hurts so bad and I don't know if its because somehow you sucked off my nipples harder than you've sucked off my prick or if it's because my heart has been ripped out of my chest, shredded apart piece by piece and sewn back together again with the sharpest needle in the entire fucking world. So what I'm trying to say is that I am going to sleep for however fucking long I want to, damn it! Love you. Goodnight."

Harry plopped his head exactly where it was before he raised it, and Draco could have sworn he was instantly snoring.

Well... that certainly wiped away any insecurity Draco had.

The blonde started laughing at his outrage silently, and then continued smiling at the thought of how in love with him he was. He felt a tear along his face and he wiped it away cheerfully before letting out a few, small sobs. "I-It's afternoon, Harry, not night," he glowed. In his head, Harry told him to fuck off. "God, I've missed you."

He kissed the top of his head and, too, shut his eyes. Sleep instantaneously swallowed him.

His last thought was of Harry, just as it had been every single night beforehand.

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When Draco woke again, it was well into the next night, and Harry still snored on top of him. In fact,
He hadn't moved.


He opened his eyes to see the skin of Draco's neck, which happened to be covered in purple and black hickeys from the night's previous escapades. Harry smiled at it and Draco felt his cheeks against his shoulder.

"Draco," Harry's voice cracked as he lifted his head high enough to look Draco in the eyes. "Morning," he beamed.

"It's not morning, Mr. Potter," Draco teased him, bumping their noses together.

"It is somewhere," Harry sighed, giving him a sweet smile, and he yawned, his eyes watering a bit.

Draco opened his mouth to say something, but he didn't. He couldn't. Thankfully, Harry made it so he didn't have to say anything. Harry disconnected their hands, which tingled from not moving the whole night, and he palmed his face, rubbing his cheekbones so carefully it was as if he was scared his fingers would go through them.

"Oh my god," he thought out loud, "I can't believe it's you."

"I had that same crisis when you were sleeping," Draco laughed.

"Did you, now," Harry smiled, and he ran his fingers through Draco's hair.

"I did. That was right before you told me off and then fell asleep exactly where you were without another thought."

"I told you off," Harry's eyebrows creased and eyes filled with worry. "What'd I say?"

"You don't remember?" Draco ran his fingers slowly along the length of Harry's naked back.

"No," Harry's shivered.

"It was nothing bad. Just went on about how you slept on a cot and ate adrenaline for breakfast before the war. Oh and how you 'fucking died.' And then we banged for seven hours straight so you were going to sleep for however long you fucking wanted."

"Oh," Harry softened, relieved. He thought he'd called him a heart-breaking bastard. But then he furrowed his eyebrows and perked up. "Seven hours!?"

"Non stop."

"Not once?"

"Nope," Draco blushed, smiling. The blonde kept caressing his back and with each stroke he got lower and lower until he reached under the blanket to the very top of Harry's arse, and he rested his hands there. Harry's heart melted to it.

"Are we really naked?"

"I'm pretty positive."

"You sure," he asked as if he were a child.
"Gee, let me check," Draco smiled and lifted the blanket to see the breathtaking sight of their naked bodies against each other. Harry raised an eyebrow, anxious for a response. Draco bit his lip, but it broke because he started smiling so hard. He nodded.

"Oh my god," Harry cried, grinning like a kid in a candy store. He wrapped his arms around Draco and hugged him fiercely. "I had sex with Draco Malfoy," he mumbled in into his throat. Draco laughed, pulling him closer. "I just made seven hours of love with my wonderful," he kissed his lips, "incredible," he kissed him again, "amazing," another kiss, "astonishing," one last kiss, "ferret."

"Hey! I thought you were going to say something else."

"Like what?"

"Oh," Draco said flatly. We aren't boyfriends anymore. "Well... never mind."

"No, tell me."

"Well, erm, Boyfriend... fiancé maybe... I never got an answer," Draco said insecurely, "But I get it if that's what you want... Because if you don't want to be I understand-"

"Oh don't be ridiculous," Harry sneered and Draco froze.

"I-I," Draco stuttered, his throat closing.

"I'll only be your boyfriend if you'll have me."

Draco, still motionless, repeated his words over and over in his mind. "I-if I'll have you?"

"Yes. If you'll have me. I'm kind of the one who sent our relationship to hell. It's completely your choice if you'd want to take me back after all I've done to you. Is boyfriend good enough for you? I would love to marry you, but not now. Things are too complicated. But, if you'll have me, I would absolutely love to be your boyfriend."

He didn't understand, and furrowed his eyebrows as a result of it. "I... I... But I have..." Draco's eyes trailed to his arm, which rested at Harry's ribcage.

Harry grabbed his face and forced him to look at him directly. "I don't care."

"But-"

"Draco," Harry eyed him and said it slowly. "I do not care."

"You don't?"

"No."

"Promise?" Draco searched his eyes.

"Promise," Harry said as sincerely as he possibly could.

"R-really?"

"Rea-"
relaxed into it, and fixed them so their lips where in between each others. Harry strictly moved his
lips, and Draco felt along the length of Harry's back, caressing the smooth skin, and he tried pulling
him tighter. To help, Harry scooted forward, but then had to let go of the kiss to cry in the soreness
he felt along his hips.

"Ow!"

"What," Draco asked in a panic.

"Everything hurts," Harry groaned into his neck, attempting to fix his legs in a place where they
didn't feel pain, but there wasn't a comfortable position where they rested no matter what.

"You did mention not being able to feel your arse, by the way," Draco tried to hold back a smile.

"Did you have to go that hard on me last night?"

"...Yes."

Harry smiled and took a long, sweet breath. "I wouldn't have had it any other way, you know?"

"Me either." Draco broke out into a smile, and stroked Harry's back, causing him to lie his head
down with a sweet grin. Draco's heart fluttered at the sight of it. "Really." They looked into each
others eyes for seconds more before Draco decided to tell him one of the many things that had
happen to him over the past year. "Harry, do you remember the Mirror of Erised? How I saw you?"

"Yes, of course."

Draco was silent a bit, and he swallowed before speaking. "It was you. It was always you."

Harry looked up at him in the eyes, almost frozen in fear. "You... you mean you went back?"

Draco paused before nodding. He then whispered, "Every night I could."

Harry's stomach boiled and face heated in anger. "Why would you do that to yourself? People have
gone insane by looking at that thing!"

Draco bit his lip, the back of his throat burning. "I-It was my only way of seeing you."

"Draco," Harry frowned in almost disappointment.

"I know, I know," he said quietly, "It's just that-

Harry kissed him slowly, with as much love has he possibly could. It hurt so bad as their mouths
connected so loosely, but so desperately. "Draco," he whispered along his lips. Too long. Too long.
It'd been too long.

"I saw you in it," Draco breathed as they released. He opened his eyes to find Harry's closed, and
their foreheads touched with heat. "And only you." Draco bumped his nose almost lovingly to his,
and Harry captured his lips again, scooting forward and ignoring the strong soreness. "Each and
every time I went." They met again, Harry completely on top of him, running his fingers through his
blonde hair. "It was only you."

"I went when I was hungry," he whispered, feeling along his bare back yet again. "It was still you."
They kissed again. "I went when I couldn't sleep, and it was still you." Again. "And when I had
nightmares I went." Again. "And I would skip class just so I could see you." Again.
"You skipped class? You delinquent," Harry exclaimed just so he could make him smile, and he opened his eyes just to see his face. Draco did.

"You skipped an entire year, Harry," he complained, holding back a grin, "Your middle name is Delinquent!"

"Actually, my middle name is James," Harry said in all seriousness.

"Well I bloody well know that," Draco snickered before snagging another kiss. Harry wanted more, oh so much more, but they both knew their bodies couldn't handle it all, and they both did, indeed, have very sore arses. "I don't even know where to start with you and your delinquentness."

"Try me," Harry pecked him, leaving their faces close so that Draco could feel his breath. "Because everything I've done has been justified."

"Well let's talk about how you skipped your final year of education-"

"Hogwarts wasn't safe."

"Broke into the ministry."

"Had to get a locket from Umbridge."

"Came to my house and bust my favorite chandelier, you arsehole."

"That wasn't my fault."

"Doesn't matter, you wreaked havoc in my Manor."

"I wreak havoc where ever I go, don't feel so special."

"You snuck into Gringotts and busted into a psychopaths vault only to steal a dragon."

"And yet being your boyfriend is harder than breaking into the most secure bank in the entire world."

Draco opened his mouth to continue his rant, however, faltered to comprehend what Harry had said. "I..." he tried to spit out. "I don't know what to say."

"You don't have to say anything," Harry said, exhaling, practically breathless. "But really. Loving you is a nightmare." His heart fluttered, and Draco felt like he was going to be sick because he'd waited so long to feel their bodies together as they were.

Draco hesitantly leaned to kiss him, but Harry met him harshly with his tongue, and Draco opened his mouth to rally with his. Their lips met with passion, a yearning they couldn't even begin to explain, and it felt so damn good. "I'm scared that this is a nightmare," Draco said into his mouth, before kissing him again. "I'm scared that I'm going to wake up, and you're going to be dead and I'm going to be alone in my room and all of this will just be one awful dream that I'll live with for the rest of my life."

Harry pecked him again, however then sat up with a grunt of pain. He grabbed Draco's hand, the left one, and placed it over his own chest. "Do you feel this?"

Draco looked at his hand, which had Harry's on top of it, and then back into his eyes. He could feel Harry's heart pulsing and beating, slowly at first, but then faster, and Draco could have sworn it skipped a beat. Thump-thump, thump-thump.
"Yes," Draco whispered.

"It's my heart, and it's beating, which means I'm alive, and you're the reason why. It's never going to stop beating as long as you're still here, with me, right in here. This isn't a dream. I'm not going anywhere."

The way Harry looked at him made Draco's blood pump faster, his stomach turning over and over. Draco nodded in return and Harry let go of his hand, but he kept it there, and even moved it, just wanting to feel his pulse. But then, Draco wanted to make sure everything worked properly. He grabbed Harry's wrist and put two fingers right over his pulse, touching it, embracing it. Harry watched him. He moved those to fingers up to his throat, and felt along it, pressing it until he found his pulse again.

And then, Draco realized Harry was completely naked, and looked him up and down, absorbing every little detail.

"What," Harry smiled, and Draco soaked it in, his smile.

"I thought you'd have more hair," Draco admitted. "You're like a naked-mole rat."

Harry laughed out loud. "Says you. You're a hairless cat. Is that natural or do you spell it off?"

"It's pureblood breeding. What about you? You have more hair on you face than you do your entire body. There has to be a potion that makes you like this." Draco reached out and pulled on the little hair that Harry had, which trailed down his chest.

"What? Makes me irresistibly sexy?"

Draco smiled. "Sure."

"You know, I never realized that I've never seen your legs before," Harry yawned, feeling along his sides. "I must admit I very much like them. I've only imagined them before. Now I get to see the real thing."

"You've sucked on them enough," Draco said, reaching out and touching Harry's thigh, stroking it with his fingers.

"Not enough," Harry drew circles on Draco's abdomen, "I don't think it'll ever be enough."

He strained, and grunted, trying to moved forward, but his hips felt tight and arse burned from the position he was in. He fell forward onto Draco's chest, groaning into his neck.

"You okay, there," Draco asked.

"No," Harry moaned, feeling a stabbing pain.

"Good. Because I want every single step to remind you of me."

Just wait 'til you get up. You bottomed just as much as I did if not more, and every time you move, your arse will tell you the story of how we made love for seven hours non-stop."

"Can't wait," Draco grinned and kissed the top of his forehead. They shared a sweet but empty silence.
"Draco," Harry asked before breaking out into a yawn.

"Yes?"

"You smell funny."

"Hey! So do you!"

Harry giggled. "Yeah... I do, probably. But not as bad as you. Hermione made me shower before I met up with you."

"That's criminal," Draco said, "keeping you away from me like that."

"What did you do," Harry asked, his voice growing serious, "when you thought..."

"You were dead," Draco swallowed and spoke softly. "I punched a mirror. I screamed. I bawled my eyes out- but not in that order."

Harry exhaled heavily. "I'm sorry. I should have come to you the second I knew you were at the Manor. Like I said, Hermione wouldn't let me until she healed me, made sure I was okay. I begged her to let me go."

"It wasn't fun."

"I know," Harry placed a small kiss on his neck. "Here, take a shower with me. We can forget all about the war for a little while." He knew what he was saying was toxic. Stowing away things for later was a dangerous thing, and hiding from the war, the deaths, the hatred, and the love except for one love could be potentially explosive. But Harry didn't care.

He rolled off of him, holding his hips as he did so, and Draco took a deep breath, already missing his warmth. He didn't move, but watched Harry get up from the bed, naked in his glory, and he doubled over and put his hands on his knees.

"Fuck..."

"You know, I would just love to tell you," Draco smirked, "Your arse is amazing." Harry blushed and looked back at him, understanding that Draco was completely checking him out. "I'm just saying," he put his hands up in the air.

"Kiss it, then."

"Oh I would love to."

Harry rolled his eyes and turned to walk away, but he had a limp, and a huge one at that. Draco started chuckling, and he clutched his stomach in the pain it brought. Harry took the nearest piece of clothing, which was his pair of jeans, and threw it at Draco, hitting his head. The blonde kept laughing, and he grabbed the denim and licked the back pocket, moaning actively as he did so.

Harry snorted, then continued limping across the hall to the bathroom, where the turning of a squeaky faucet rang throughout the house. Draco smiled to himself and threw the trousers on the floor. Harry. Deciding he had to get it over with, Draco rolled over, which strained him, but then sat up and tore himself from the bed. Immediately, he felt every muscle, even ones he didn't even know he had, burn and rip in the pain of the night.

"Ouch!"
"That's what I'm saying," Harry shouted from across the hall. Draco laughed and started walking; his limp just as bad, if not worse than Harry's, and he had to hold his arse because of it. But the burn, although sharp, felt sooooo good. Because Harry was the one who made him burn. Harry was the burn, the fire, and Draco loved it.

He grunted with each step and made it to the bathroom where Harry hid behind the door only to jump on him and kiss him madly. "Mmm," he moaned and pushed him back into the scolding hot water. Harry gasped at the heat and reached for the faucet to turn it down, and as he did so, water hit the both of them and Draco kissed his neck and held him close.

"How does that not hurt you," Harry asked over the sound of the rushing shower.

"I take really hot showers, turn it back up," Draco breathed heatedly into his throat.

"No, it's too hot. I'm already in here, it's hot enough."

Draco tilted his head back and laughed at the ceiling. "Oh my God," he chuckled.

Harry watched him so intently, the veins of his neck as he giggled, the water dripping down his body making him look delicious, the bob of his chest. He was hypnotized, mesmerized, and he reached in to kiss the length of Draco's throat.

"Mmm, Harry," Draco sighed, grasping the back of his head and fisting his hair. His legs went weak to the feeling of Harry's hot, naked body against his own. "Harry!" He'd made his way to his sweet spot and his back arched. Although last night's activities pushed their bodies to the limits, and the amount of times Harry kissed Draco's neck was countless, it still had been over a year since his neck was kissed, so the skin still proved to be ridiculously sensitive. "Harry!"

Almost shouting, Draco turned them, unwrapping Harry's arms around him and pushing him against the cold tile. Draco held his elbows over his head and kissed him, Harry gasping to the freezing wall behind him. Their lips moved languidly, their goal to enjoy each other's taste, to make it last.

"Draco," Harry gasped, but Draco ignored him and kept kissing along his mouth, as well as on the sides of it sloppily. "Draco, let me- hmph- Draco please, let- mmm" Draco couldn't stop, and kissed him softly and rushed and smoothly and calmly and frantically. He pressed their bodies together and Harry groaned. "Draco, I can't breathe," Harry gasped, the water from the shower hitting the side of his face.

"Oh! Sorry," Draco let go, but continued kissing along his face, still holding Harry's hands from him.

Harry breathed deeply, a bit of water landing in his mouth. "Draco, let me touch you, please," Harry struggled in his grip, but Draco had him held, and in fact, he tightened his rule. "Draco," he growled.

"Don't care," Draco mumbled, and he captured his lips again, Harry's eyes involuntarily rolling to the back of his head.

"Let me touch you, please," Harry begged as if his life depended on it, because his legs were shaking and he felt them ready to give. He'd forgotten how good it felt, to kiss him freely, to love him, to let himself feel instead of shutting it all out. At least if he could touch him, he could maintain his balance or have something to hold.

Draco just kissed down his cheek and neck, and as he did, Harry's legs buckled but Draco reacted quickly and grabbed him by his thighs, pulling him back up. "You okay, there," he tried to hide his
smile. Harry laughed.

"Legs hurt," Harry buried his face into Draco's throat and wrapped his arms around his neck. "I told you to let me touch you," he giggled.

Draco just kissed the top of his forehead and reached for the soap over Harry's shoulder. He rubbed the stale bar along his back slowly, feeling him, and even so, he put the bar down and still scrubbed him softly, Harry pecking feather-light kisses on his neck and collarbone.

"This feels really nice," Harry whispered in his ear and he nibbled on it. Draco shuttered and a chill went down his spine, and then softly pushed him against the tile so he could adore his shoulders. He watched his eyes, Harry did, how absorbed they were by his own body, how Draco looked so mesmerized by the sight of his skin. "You look so concentrated."

Draco rubbed his shoulders, almost massaging them, and then grabbed the soap again and scrubbed them over. The bones stuck out over his collar and Draco took note of that. He dragged the bar down both his arms and kneaded them, feeling them. Draco also took note that his arm had more rips in them, the muscles bigger but over worked. Harry groaned as Draco pressed on them, sensing the ache.

He moved back up to his shoulders and then started worshiping his chest as well as adoring the love bites he'd left him. Draco smiled.

"What," Harry asked, for he still watched his face.

Draco just flicked his eyes up at him and smirked, only to turn back to his chest. He moved down to his abdomen and loved his sides. He kneeled to the ground so he could soap down his stomach as he had the rest of his body-slowly and gently-but he furrowed his eyebrows at the sight of his ribs. He wasn't supposed to see his ribs, not in Harry's structure.

He grabbed Harry's hips and shifted him to the side, examining the width of his body, and he did so the other side.

"What's wrong?"

"You're thin."

"I always have been."

"Not like this," Draco reached up and touched along his ribs, and he could feel each individual one. He looked into Harry's eyes, his sad.

"We had to ration our food, it's not like I could eat at five star restaurants every night."

"You skipped meals," Draco accused and he kissed his stomach.

"How could you possibly know that," Harry asked.

"Because I've skipped meals," Draco kissed him again, "I've skipped a lot of meals. Your body tells me."

"You've skipped meals," Harry raised an eyebrow. Draco nodded. "A lot?" Draco didn't want to nod but did subtly anyway. "You had access to food all the time."

"I would eat... just when I could. I wanted to puke, hell, I did puke when I ate."
"We're eating the second we get out of here."

Draco swallowed. "Okay."

"Are you hungry?"

"No."

"Don't care. You're eating. We're eating together."

"Harry-"

"Don't care."

"No, I wasn't going to argue," Draco said softly, and he tenderly kissed his stomach again. "Thank you."

Harry relaxed and gave a very small very shy smile, and he ran his fingers through Draco's hair. He reached down and gave the top of his head a kiss while Draco worked on his legs. He knew it'd been hard on Draco, but it still made him very angry that he wasn't getting what he needed. Food isn't something for looks, but for survival. Food exists for a reason. It's vital to live. And if Draco wasn't eating, he wasn't living properly, and that drilled a hole in Harry's heart.

But the idea that Draco didn't eat left Harry wondering what else had happened to him over the past year.

He kissed his inner thigh, and then scrubbed the back of his calves as well as the back of his thighs, and finally he ordered Harry to turn around, and he did so. Draco dragged the bar of soap over his arse, surprising Harry. He did it achingly slow, as if he was treasuring it. He kissed both of the cheeks.

"There, I kissed your arse," Draco smirked. Harry laughed. "You could imagine how many hickies you have back here."

Harry arched his back to look, however, all he could do was watch as Draco adored the skin. Their eyes connected as Draco looked up to him, them dilated. "If I could take a picture of this and frame it, I would carry it with me wherever I went."

"And if it fell out of your pocket?"

"I would have some explaining to do."

"No, it'd be a short explanation. 'It's Draco Malfoy kissing my arse.' I am an arse kisser."

"You are. And I'd have proof now. Get up. Your turn." Draco kissed and licked over where he was, and then stood. He passed off the soap to Harry who immediately started scrubbing his shoulders tenderly. "You are an arse kisser." Draco smiled and gladdened Harry's abdomen so affectionately, heat pooled in his stomach. He missed Draco's touch. "And I'm sure you can imagine how many hickies you have here."

"And you're a pain in the arse."

"In the best way, right," Harry flicked his eyes up to meet Draco's. It was awkward. Really awkward. In fact, Harry was a pain in the arse in the worst was. And it was all really awkward and strange. He wasn't used to seeing Harry, not without a sneer, not without anger, and he felt a little rip
in his stomach. It was foreign seeing his smile, seeing him being friendly.

"Sure," Draco said despite his though, and Harry squeezed and pinched his nipple. "Ow! You git!"

Harry leaned down and kissed it, then sucked on it, leaving Draco to gasp in surprise and moan despite his soreness. Harry could taste the soap falling along his chest, and when he pulled back, he looked directly at his scars. Harry's hand shook as he reached out and touched them. Suddenly he felt exceedingly nervous. Harry opened his mouth to say something but Draco kept him from it by grabbing him by his cheeks and bending to kiss him blind.

But Harry didn't want to kiss him. He wanted to hug him and hold him and tell him he was sorry until his jaw fell off. He wanted to earn it, his forgiveness. He didn't want Draco just to give it to him. He pulled away, trying to shake his head but Draco kept his hands in place and restricted him from movement.

"Harry, it's okay," Draco whispered, opening his eyes to look into Harry's closed ones.

"No, it's not," Harry said, his eyes watering behind his lids.

"Harry, please look at me," Draco begged.

"No."

"Harry, please," Draco kissed the tip of his nose, and then put their foreheads together. "Harry, I want you to look at me."

"I did this to you," Harry choked, "I can't believe I did this."

"Harry," Draco spoke, his voice laced with adoration, "Look at me," he said it firmly.

Harry opened his eyes to reveal them glossy. "I-I didn't-"

"It's fine," Draco cooed, locking into his heart by the look he was giving him, it being so pure.

"No, it's not," his voice shook, and he put his hands on Draco's arms. "It's not. I almost killed you." His lips quivered.

"Harry. I'm telling you this right now. I forgive you-"

"Please don't. Don't forgive me for this." He felt hot tears pour down his face, along with the spray of the water, but his own drops felt so much more intimate. "Don't forgive me for any of this. You can forgive me for anything else, but not this."

"What, you expect me to hold a grudge until we die?"

Harry nodded and blinked away more tears.

"Oh, don't be thick! It's fine. I'm fine. I'm okay now that you're here with me," Draco said softly.

"I almost k-killed you," Harry put his hands on his chest, dragging his fingers along the two wounds.

"But you didn't."

Harry sniffed. "But what if I did?"
"Stop thinking about that. What you think I haven't thought about what would have happened if you died in the war." Draco's eyes filled as well.

"But that wouldn't have been your fault," Harry whimpered. "I..."

"Please. Harry. I've already forgiven you long before this."

"Why would you do that? How could you?" Harry furrowed his eyebrows in anger.

"Hey," Draco whispered. "Shhhh. Everything is fine. It's all okay for now."

"No. I want you to be angry with me. I want you to leave me like I deserve."

"You want me to leave you?"

Harry nodded, not thinking. "I want you rip my heart out like I did to you. I want to feel what you felt."

Draco looked deep into his eyes and searched them, finding certainty, but then he knew what to do. "Okay," he said, and he let go of him, untangling himself from Harry.

"Wait, what," Harry thought out loud.

"If that's what you want." He kissed his forehead. "I'll leave you." He stepped out of the shower and onto the cold tile. Trying to hide his limp the best he could, he walked into the other room, leaving Harry in the shower with a burn in his throat.

"Draco," he croaked, his heart sweltering and ripping, being torn apart, just as he wanted it, just as Draco's did. He chased after him, following the trail of water only to find the room empty; little did he know, Draco was hiding behind the doorframe. He didn't think he'd actually do it. "Draco," he started sobbing. "Draco!"

The blonde pounced him, picking him up by his legs and slamming him against the wall. He kissed him so fiercely, it charred his heart, and Harry fisted his hair, wrapping his legs around him. "Don't you dare," Draco growled, pulling his lips. "Don't you fucking dare!" He bit his bottom lip, and pulled it, and then held Harry's captive under his own. "I'm going to forgive you if I want to forgive you," he snarled. "And you're going to like it." Harry melted into him, falling limp and giving in. He opened his mouth for him, his heart sewing back together. "How could you ever think I would leave you?"

"I."

"No. You don't have the right to talk," he barked, and he kissed him ferociously. "Fuck you."

He kissed down his neck and bit it harshly, Harry yelping to it and digging his nails into Draco's back. Draco, still carrying Harry, set out for the bathroom yet again, but it was when he reached the hallway that his legs gave and they fell on the floor, Harry on the bottom, he groaned with the weight of Draco on top of him. Draco didn't care, in fact, he took full advantage and kissed him yet again.

Harry tried to put his hands on him, but Draco wouldn't allow it, and he grabbed him by his wrists and slammed them above his head. "You don't have the right to touch me. Not until I'm through with you."

"Draco, as much as I would love angry make up sex right now, I... My body can't..."
"I'm not going to hurt you," Draco whispered in his ear. "I don't think mine could either, to be honest."

Harry visibly relaxed at Draco's sudden tenderness, and he felt safe again, the same safe as he felt in 5th year when he kissed him for hours and told him everything was going to be okay. As of now, it was.

But then Draco bit his ear harshly, and pulled on it, then sucked it, and a chill went down Harry's spine and he arched his back. He loved it, Harry did, being dominated, having Draco completely on top of him, controlling him as no other had dared to do. He almost loved it as much as Draco screaming his name when he kissed his neck, or perhaps, when Harry hit his prostate. Draco kissed down his jawline and bit a sensitive spot on Harry's upper neck, leaving him to shiver and moan.

"How could you ever think I would leave you after everything," he growled, placing small pecks down his neck and sucking on his collarbone. "After just getting you back?"

"Right there, Draco," Harry breathed, his toes curling. "Right there."

"I know this is hard to believe," he kissed sucked the skin. "It's hard for me, too." He went back up to kiss his lips. "But you're thinking. I don't like it when you think. Remember when we first started this," he kissed his cheek and down his jaw. "We didn't think." He kissed his lips again. "I don't want to think." Another kiss. "It's still so easy to not think when I'm with you." Harry almost snorted while the back of his throat burned. Draco kissed the other side of his neck, and bit him hard enough to mark him. "Of all the things for me to be angry at you for, this is not one of them. I have so many things I hate you for. My scars are not one of them."

"How-" Harry started, but Draco cut him off by capturing his lips once again. Draco kissed him more lovingly than he had been, although all their previous kisses had been loving, surely. They were passionate. Heated.

"Please enjoy this," he kissed all over his face, letting his hands calm, and he moved them to lace with Harry's. "Please don't think you owe me anything. Enjoy me." He kissed down the other side of his neck, and then his chest. "Don't be guilty." And he kissed all the way back up.

"This isn't real." Draco tightened his hold on his hands and opened his lids to find Harry watching him intently. He had disbelief in his eyes, tears in them as well. "I'm... you're not real, you can't be."

"Why wouldn't I be?"

"Because the Draco I know wouldn't forgive me for that."

"You must've forgotten me, then."

"Maybe I'm just insane," Harry almost laughed, letting a few drops spill.

Draco paused, looking down at him. Half of the water on his body had dried, and he finally realized how cold he was. Harry's hair stuck to him, damp and all, and he looked beyond terrified- polar-opposite as to how he'd been as they'd just woken up. Maybe it was the realization of the fact of everything they'd been through, and the though of what they were about to go through. It was going to be like therapy, hell, they were going to need therapy just to repair their relationship, let alone their mental state.

"Maybe I am, too," Draco whispered. He dragged his nose along Harry's cheek and nose.

"I'm so scared, Draco. I'm so so scared it's not you and I'm just dreaming and you're not here with
"War has killed us both, Harry."

"It hasn't killed us, that would have been so much easier. It's ruined us. I don't... I don't know how to not be scared," Harry choked. Draco comprehended that if he weren't holding Harry's hands, they would be shaking. "I've been in hiding, I've been running for my life. He's looking for me, he was looking! I..."

"Harry, please," Draco kissed him, and he let go of one hand so he could stroke behind Harry's ear, and Harry whimpered to it. "I feel like he's here in this house with us, just as he was with me for the past year."

"Oh my god," Harry thought about it, if he'd really be in there with them. If he'd become so happy with Draco but suddenly, Voldemort popped into their bedroom when they were sleeping only to steal him again. And he thought about what Draco suffered through. Although he didn't know, he guessed what happened to him, but Draco calmed him again.

"Shhh," he kissed his forehead. "Please don't think about it."

"B-but what if he's here?"

"He's not," Draco spoke softly and kissed his forehead. "And if he is, he'll be in for a hell of a rude awakening to see the Chosen One completely naked under his Death Eater boyfriend." Harry let out a dry laugh. "He's gone, Harry. He's gone."

"Okay," Harry whispered, trying to calm down. He looked up into Draco's eyes as if they were his only source of life. The mercury eyes stood filmed with water. "Okay, he's gone."

Draco nodded, and he pressed his lips to Harry's sensitively, waiting for Harry to return his feelings and kiss him back, and eventually he did. Unfortunately, when Harry started to get comfortable was when Draco let go.

"I want you to trust me, okay," Draco whispered, and his breath twirled around Harry's cheeks and fell past his neck to the carpet behind him.

"Okay," Harry responded, "Okay, I'll trust you."

"Good. I trust you, too."

"Good," Harry gave a shy smile, and Draco leant down and kissed him.

"You're safe now," he mumbled against his mouth not comprehending the damage he was doing to him, "You're safe with me."

For some distant reason, that burned a hole in Harry's heart, but in fact, the reason was not distant, rather very clear. Safe is with me. The words repeated over and over in his brain, the same way they did as he heard them for the first time crossing the plane of Draco's lips in the hospital wing years ago. He remembered the death of his God Father, and how Draco had been there for him, how Harry wanted him to be next to him forever, and yet, with all the deaths, all the destruction, Draco hadn't been there for him, only because Harry himself had kept him from it.

"I-I," Harry started shaking, and Draco realized how hard this was going to be, rebuilding what they'd knocked down. "I'm s-so sorry," he choked. "I should have believed you, I should have-"
"Please, Harry," Draco pressed his lips to him again, just to get him to shut up. "I'm here now, and you're safe, you always will be. Please. I just want you to calm down. We'll try and make this as easy as possible, okay. Maybe me being completely on top of you isn't any help." Draco tried to get off of him, but Harry just pulled him down.

"No," he said possessively, "Stay, just for a bit."

"I'm not going anywhere unless you want me to," he whispered as Harry flung his arms around Draco's neck and hugged him, just hugged him.

"Good," his voice came muffled against the skin of Draco's neck, and he sniffed. With deep breaths, Harry calmed in the helping hand of Draco's arms. "I don't want you to go anywhere."

"I don't want me to go anywhere either, except, well, maybe I want to go back in the shower because I'm freezing."

Harry let out a choked sob, smiling. "Okay"

Draco got up off of him, only after kissing his forehead, and he picked Harry up bridal style, him resting his head up against his neck, admiring Draco. He carried Harry into the shower and placed him down gently, however Harry spun them quickly so Draco's back was slammed against the tile, and he kissed him.

Draco threw his arms around him, letting himself be kissed by Harry, letting himself be touched by him, rubbing his hands along his hips possessively, and up his back and along his sides. Harry kissed him even more rapidly, pecking his lips repeatedly, lovingly. Draco pecked him back, wanting Harry to keep his mouth where it was, so he caught his lips between his teeth and pulled him as close as he possibly could.

He nibbled on him, Harry moaning. His knees felt weak again, but this time, so did Draco's, so it's not like they could lean on each other. "I love it when you do that," Harry whimpered into his mouth, and Draco wanted to have more of him. "I love...mmm... I love it... Love you."

Draco let out almost a sob. Not quite one, but almost. It ripped his heart hearing it from him, and he wanted to say it back but the lump in his throat kept him from it. "Har-"

"I love you so much," he kissed him again and again, pulling Draco by the small of his back, feeling his legs against his, his groin against his, his stomach and chest against his, everything against his. "I love you."

"Harry, I lov-"

"Shh," Harry cut him off and played with his lips, not letting him speak. "Please don't say it. Just kiss me."

Draco did so, and did so lovingly and passionately. They treated each other as consistent lovers, as if they'd never broken up, as if there wasn't a thing as a war. It was the way they touched each other, the way Harry chanted, "Mine," over and over, the way Draco tugged on his hair. The boy grabbed the soap and started washing him.

Harry adored his body just as Draco adored his, scrubbing him and kissing him and loving him. He was on his knees, kissing Draco's hips. "You don't have to tell me you love me for me to know it. I know it." He kissed down his right thigh, licking over hickies he'd given him the previous night, and giving him new ones.
"But, Harry, I want to say it out loud," Draco started breathlessly, however Harry cut him off.

"You don't have to," Harry raised himself, bumped their noses together, and he pecked him, "I think I knew before you even did. That's why I told you."

Maybe he was silencing Draco because he knew, yes, or maybe it was because he was scared to hear it. He couldn't handle it, those three words. Sure, Draco said it during sex, well, screamed it repeatedly, but it wasn't the same as saying it in context, in the right sense. Maybe because it'd been three years, he didn't want Draco to say it, just because Harry did know.

Draco went silent for a bit, and Harry knelt back down and kissed his other thigh after soaping it down. It felt so good; he had to dig his fingers in Harry's hair. "You knew before I did," Draco asked.

"Yeah. The way you looked at me," he said, and their eyes connected, Harry buried against his hip. Draco felt his heart flutter, looking at Harry's eyes, which were a little puffy but none the less beautiful. He couldn't help but stroke behind Harry's ear, causing Harry to close his eyes in bliss and kiss right where he was.

"How did I look at you?"

"It's the same way you're looking at me now," Harry smiled and kissed up to his hip, and then he grabbed Draco's hand and kissed his wrist and up to his Dark Mark, acting as though it wasn't there, and he kissed and licked it over, and he kissed back down his arm to his hand, and he kissed the palm and fingers one by one.

Moving to his hip again, Harry put his lips to his side, and kissed up along the start of his ribs, and sidetracked to his scars, kissing them as well. Draco breathed deeply as he did so, mostly to calm himself. How many times had he dreamt Harry would be doing this- although, the real thing was better than any dream Draco could have possibly dreamed. He easily related to Harry when he said this didn't feel real.

"I still can't believe-"

"Stop it," Draco snapped, but he thought the exact same thing. How could he do this to me?

He asked himself the same question every time he looked in the mirror.

"Right," Harry said, and he rose, only to kiss Draco's nose. "Sorry."

"It's fine," Draco replied, and he gave a small smile at his action.

Harry smiled at his smile, and yearned to hug him, so he did so. Arms wrapped around him, Draco, who was caught off guard, pulled him tighter and kissed the top of his head. He then rested his forehead to his just to feel the heat of it.

"I'm so happy it's you that I got to wake up to today," Harry whispered. "I'm so so happy I get to spend my first day free with you."

Draco opened his eyes to find Harry looking back into his. "I'm just happy you're alive and you're here with me," Draco responded, and then he closed the gap between them and kissed him avidly. "I just want you to be happy."

"I am happy," he said. "I'm very happy."
Draco was going to open his mouth and repeal. He knew Harry wouldn't be happy in a long long time, and that was a result of the war. He knew one day, Harry would wake up, and scream. And then he would cry, and wouldn't be able to stop for a while. He knew it would hit him harder than a brick to the face because of how cruel the world was to him, and he would have to realize it and be okay with it, and then finally after he would fight through the pain, only then would he earn the happiness he truly deserved. Draco just didn't want to be bearer of bad news.

"I'm happy too," Draco lied, and he held him so much tighter. "I'm so so happy you're happy. You deserve every single bit of happiness in the world," he frowned, although Harry couldn't see it.

"But then you wouldn't have any."

"I wouldn't care."

"I would give you some," Harry smiled, "I would give you all I could if I so happened to gain all the happiness in the world."

Draco let out a fake laugh, "Thank you." He kissed his cheek and felt along Harry's back. He could feel his spine more than he could years previous, and that made him almost angry. "We're eating."

He let Harry go and grabbed some stale shampoo, scrubbing Harry's as well as his own hair. It wasn't Draco's expensive product back at the Manor, but he would most definitely sacrifice. Massaging, Harry's head, he caused him to moan and shut his eyes, completely trusting him. They washed off and Draco turned off the shower. Harry sought for some raggedy towels, and he wiped down Draco's body with one of them, then he took his own skin and dried it.

They stumbled out of the shower, wrapping the towels around their waists, and ended up in the front of a fogged mirror, which Harry cleared with his hands.

The two looked at each other, for it was the first time they had a chance to in a third party, and they soaked in each others age and experiences over the past year. Harry looked worse, with dark circles under his eyes and wrinkles on his forehead, his bones sticking out of his shoulders. He'd gone pointy, although Draco wasn't much far behind with his collarbones poking out of his skin, and arms gone skinny.

Neither of them opened their mouths to speak, but their eyes connected through the mirror, and a feeling neither one of them could identify pitched through them.

"Well, I must say," Harry said abruptly, "You look bloody awful."

Draco cracked a small smile and felt along his throat. "Still look better than you."

Harry burst out into laughter, and Draco beamed at the sound of it. "Not with your neck looking like that!"

"Turn around," Draco exclaimed, and he yanked down Harry's towel. Harry did turn, and examined himself in the mirror before grabbing one of his arse cheeks and feeling along it.

"I don't know what you're talking about, I'm looking good," he said seriously, only to look at Draco and cackle.

Oh! I forgot to mention the hickies. My bad.

Their bodies were covered, and I mean covered in them. The hot spot on Draco, obviously, was his neck, and no piece of skin could be seen spotless. They were all different colors, varying from a deep
purple to a bright pink, possibly even black and yellow. Following along his chest, his scars were unrecognizable, and all he could remember was how many times Harry had stopped everything they were doing just to kiss them slowly, repeatedly. Draco eyed his mark, which also withheld love bites on it and around it, and his heart melted at the sight of it.

Harry, on the other hand, didn't have so many love bites, but larger ones. Once Draco stopped being afraid, he'd opened up, gotten rougher, kissed him harder, and nipped him harshly. He'd liked leaving his marks on him, biting over the same spots down his neck and chest and sides and ribs. When it came to his hips and his arse, well, let's just say, Draco may or may not have gotten fairly possessive. He would mumble 'mine,' and 'no one is allowed to touch this, no one but me,' before kissing the muscle. Harry may or may not have cried when he said that.

Harry's back also had long, sharp scratches on it.

"Oh my god, Draco," Harry exclaimed, twisting his body so he could rub his fingers along them, "what the hell!?"

Draco peeled his eyes off of himself and turned to inspect Harry's scratches. "Did you get those from the war?"

"No, like I said, Hermione healed me before I could see you."

Draco did the exact opposite of what Harry expected him to do: he smiled. He didn't smirk. He smiled a sweet, tender smile and he dragged his fingers along them. "I don't even remember giving these to you," he spoke in disbelief, his voice quiet and shy.

"Well you were screaming loud enough! I was bleeding, remember?"

"Not really," Draco looked into his eyes, and Harry reached for his towel again.

"Oh, I do. I told you I was bleeding and you came."

Draco let out a laugh in disbelief. "I came?"

"Yeah!"

"No way!"

"Yes! I specifically remember saying to myself, 'Oh my god, my boyfriend is so concerned about me, he just came.'"

Draco laughed and he wrapped his arms around Harry's neck, and Harry held him tight. Their bodies were warm and loose and safe and sound and happy and unhappy and just so pleasant. "I couldn't have asked for a better first time," Draco whispered in Harry's ear, and Harry kissed his shoulder. "Thank you."

"I couldn't have either. I'm glad we waited."

Draco didn't answer right away, in fact, the air spoiled. "We wouldn't have had to if-"

Harry stepped back, grabbed his cheeks, and looked him dead in the eye. "Draco. Trust me when I say I've loved this very much, and I will treasure this as long as I live. I am very very happy we
waited, because this was so much better than anything the Room of Requirement would have been if we had done this at school, and I'm so sorry if you ever felt pushed by me into something—no matter the reason— you felt uncomfortable with. I would not change anything about last night."

Draco swallowed, then nodded. "Okay."

The stood a second longer, staring into each other's eyes, before Harry let go of him. "Come on. Let's go put some clothes on and eat."

Draco nodded, and Harry took his hand, and guided him to the bedroom, and at the sight of the bed, Draco immediately smiled a bright, happy smile. Draco let go of his hand and sat on the edge of the mattress, bouncing on it, and he heard a crack.

"Did we break the bed," Harry asked with wide eyes.

"I think so," Draco said incredulously, rolling over and laying down along the length of it, observing Harry as he sorted through a wardrobe full of clothing. He watched the move of his back muscles, the rips tightening and relaxing.

"Draco, you know you laying like that on a bed we just made love on for seven hours really isn't helping my concentration."

"Your back is turned," Draco smiled and he stretched out, once again, reminding Harry of a cat. "Because if I look at you, I know I'll get a raging hard on."

"So why don't you look at me," he smirked reaching back and gripping the headboard as his toes curled.

Harry didn't answer, but he smiled to himself and found a pair of grey sweatpants and threw it at him, along with a red shirt.

"These are atrocious!"

"Put them on."

"And if I don't?"

"Then I'll put them on for you."

"Alright," Draco said, and he just crossed his arms and watched as Harry got dressed. After he threw his shirt on, he turned to find Draco completely naked, his towel on the floor, hair disarrayed and almost dry. Harry's mouth watered.

"I told you to put these on."

"You said you'd put them on for me." Draco's voice reminded Harry of silk, smooth and dark and deep and lovely and soft. Harry's heart raced and he raised an eyebrow. Draco challenged it and raised one of his own.

Harry stalked over to him, and sat on the end of the bed. He grabbed the pants and touched Draco's leg, running his hand along his calf, and he didn't look anywhere but Draco's eyes. He gulped, and fit his foot through one of the leg holes, and as he did so, Draco's leg shook, and Harry stroked his skin tenderly. Harry kissed the top of his foot, a feeling pooling in his stomach, and Draco's toes curled. He did the same with other leg, only to crawl up on top of him and drag the waistband over
his thighs, letting his fingers strain along the skin.

Draco lifted his body and groaned as he did so due to his intense soreness; Harry kissed his abdomen, pulling the sweats up and over his arse and along his waist. Draco reached out and stroked his hair, which was almost dry and stuck out everywhere.

"Harry," Draco said in the same smooth voice he just had, "I'm not wearing any underwear."

"Good," Harry just said and pushed back the sweatpants and he kissed right above his member, causing Draco to jerk his hips. Harry straddled him and grabbed the shirt, only to back off of him so Draco could sit up. Draco raised his arms and Harry pulled his shirt over him, and just as the material cleared his face, he knocked him backwards and kissed him, catching the blonde off guard.

Harry put his hands on Draco's sides, stroking them, and Draco relaxed and kissed him back, but they cut it off early in fear of never leaving the bed.

"Missed you," Harry whispered against his lips, looking into his eyes.

"Missed you more."
It was hard. It was all so fucking hard.

Sure, they were happy they were with each other, that the other had made it through the war, that they'd be safe for now, but that was it. Everything else, well, they couldn't really be happy about.

They tried to make a pact to stop worrying, to forget about what happened between them, but they physically couldn't. Sometimes it went well for a while-- a few hours at most, but sometimes it was constant silence or constant fighting.

Harry preferred the latter while Draco enjoyed the silence. He figured that if he and Harry didn't talk they wouldn't argue, wouldn't make things worse. But Harry loved fighting because it got his mind off of the war or his nightmares.

It was the same every morning: they'd wake up tangled in each other's arms, mostly if not completely naked and sticky; they'd promise themselves it wouldn't be like yesterday; then they'd kiss and touch each other, and sometimes Harry would say something stupid, something about his scars or about how he'd been an arse-- but that was the most remorse Harry would give the entire day-- and that sparked Draco's anger off the bat, although he'd try to swallow it down as long as he could; they'd shower together 'because I fucking can jump in with you, Harry;' Then they'd go change together, and Draco would complain about the clothes he had to wear, and Harry would bribe him with kisses; to the kitchen they would go after that, and then things went down hill after an hour or so.

They would then fight over whatever was on their minds that day. Harry loved it, fighting with him. It was almost addicting and he couldn't even understand why. It was like his own sick way of fun with him. Maybe it was because he was too afraid of laughing with him, because then somehow that could be taken from him as well. And he knew what it was like to have Draco taken from him. He wasn't about to have it happen again.

Sometimes their fights got so nasty that Draco would be halfway out the front door and then he'd stop and breathe, slam it shut, and put his head against the cold wood of it, swallowing back tears.

He had no where to go. Harry was his home. He didn't have a home, not back with his parents. And even if he did, they were probably already caught by the ministry.

Harry would come up behind him and kiss his shoulder. Draco would push him away and Harry would whisper 'please don't go.' And then it would be quiet, and Draco would wipe his eyes.

It was finding each other again. They'd grown so much, so far apart in the other direction from each other that it was like meeting a stranger and remembering an old friend to find them in question as to how they were ever friends at all.

Then, the type of sex they had depended on whether or not they kept fighting. Because sometimes Harry would give up, give in. He would kiss him all over so tender, and so sweet. And other times, Harry would push him down to the ground and have his way with him; they didn't ever make it to a bed either way.

And then they would kiss after it was all over, but it was almost forced, awkward even.

But all that pent up hate melted away when Draco said those three words, the words he refused to say for three years, refused to speak out loud. He said them. He said them and it ripped Harry to pieces after refusing to talk to him for two days. It destroyed him.
"Because why can't we go back to what we were," Draco had said in an argument previous to that, "Before the war, before any of this had happened?"

"Because every time I look at you, I remember how awful I've been."

Draco hated that answer. "So to solve that, you're treating me awful now?"

"Shut up," he snapped. "You don't understand me! You don't understand any of this!"

They were both confused. That's what it was. Because Harry was right: they physically couldn't start over, they physically couldn't pick up where they left off. They only thing they could do was fight. But they were both tired of the fighting, tired of running and hiding and being filled with so much hatred. That's what was so hard. They were conditioned to fight and to run and to hate. It was in their veins.

However, in the two weeks they had together, there was a turning point. I wasn't completely awful, being together again.

Because Draco knew that this day would come, and he had mentally prepared for it, but he didn't think it would come so fast. He thought he'd have a little more time.

It started when Harry jerked in his sleep, accompanied by buckets of sweat. Draco was used to that, so he didn't mind it at first, but then it got worse, so Draco tried to wake him. Normally his touch made Draco feel alive, the hot skin so lovely and wonderful, however this time Harry's skin was cold and unwelcoming.

Draco grabbed at his wrist. He could feel Harry's hands shaking, and not just slightly. He was physically trembling.

And then he was screaming, no, scratch that, shrieking. "NO, NO! NOT REMUS, NOT TONKS, NO! FRED, NO! FRED, OH GOD, FRED! SIRIUS!"

And then he was sobbing. "Dobby! Not Dobby! NOT DOBBY!"

Draco tried jerking him awake, calling for him, shouting his name and kissing his hand. Nothing worked.

And Harry just kept screaming names of the dead. And the worst part of it, the part that pinched at Draco's soul, was when he started screaming his parents names. Not their real names, but the names he was supposed to call them, the names he never got to say: mum and dad.

Finally, Harry woke. But that didn't stop the howling, in fact, that didn't stop anything. It made everything worse.

Harry flung himself off the bed, standing, quivering. His knees were weak and they buckled a bit. "They're dead. They're all dead!" At first he said it in disbelief, but then each time those two words came out of his mouth, they became clearer and clearer.

"Harry," Draco stood on the other side of the room, walking around the bed slowly, holding out his hands. "I need you to take a second and calm down."

"Colin Creevey! That poor kid! He can never take pictures again!"

"Harry..."
"Lavender," he covered his mouth. "She was eaten alive!" He started shaking worse, his stomach turning over and over, his throat closing.

"Harry," Draco whispered, softly taking Harry's wrists into his hands. Harry's eyes stayed fixed on the space in front of him, refusing to tear his eyes from it. He couldn't physically see what was there, rather he couldn't stop envisioning the battle, the blood on the walls of his only home, the unmoving people lying among the burnt rubble. "Shhh, Harry, it's okay."

"All the bodies- they're all dead!"

"Shhh, you're okay, you're safe."

"Blood. So much blood," he gagged. "It's all their blood! It was real! God, the smell!"

"Harry."

"I used an unforgivable on Amycus Carrow! I killed someone! I murdered them, I'm a murderer!"

"The Dark Lord deserved to die, Harry!"

"I'M A MURDERER!"

"Harry!"

"Snape, oh my god, Snape! I didn't want him dead, I just... I didn't want him dead! I didn't want any of them dead!" He grabbed the sides of his head, pulling on his head, ripping out his hair.

"No one did, Harry--"

"Remus and Tonks!"

"Shhh, Harry! Control, Harry, control!" He lunged at Harry's hands and pulled them away from his head, holding them out with great force, both their arms fighting to power over the other.

"No," he shouted, jerking himself from Draco's embrace. He slammed his fist into the wall "They should be there right now! They have a son-- Teddy! Oh God, Teddy! He's not going to have parents! He doesn't have parents! He's just like me, oh God!"

Harry gagged again, and before Draco knew it, Harry had run across the hall, into the bathroom, where he collapsed onto the toilet, and threw up.

Draco grabbed his old wand and ran to him, casting a lumos so he could see. Once next to Harry, he dropped the wand and stroked Harry's back.

He realized they didn't have clothes on in result from the previous night when he could see Harry's naked body against the dim light. And it made him look so vulnerable.

Harry sobbed against the toilet seat, choking as he did so, because he needed to cough, but he couldn't because his throat was so tight and swollen. The back of his neck burned and mouth tasted disgusting but he couldn't have known because he was just sobbing.

"Shhh, Harry, please. Please calm down," Draco cooed in attempt to remain composed, but seeing Harry like this made his core fracture and stomach turn.

Harry threw up again, heaving into the bowl, feeling so sick, and after he finished emptying his stomach's contents, he dry heaved some more.
"Harry, please," Draco's voice elevated and quivered. He held Harry's hips and kissed his shoulder.

And finally, Harry was only crying, his back jolting back and forth uncontrollably. Draco sat back against the wall, it's cool touch making him wish that he wasn't arse naked, and he pulled Harry back into his lap. But as he did so, Harry started screaming. This time, no words came out, just long strings of his voice being ripped to shreds.

Draco felt his face, and despite Harry's cold body, his forehead was ridiculously warm. He had to contemplate taking Harry to a healer. But what good would that do? It would just make Harry feel like a freak.

He chose not to, but he felt wrong in doing so. Harry's body was convulsing.

"Shhh," he cooed again, "Shhh, Harry."

Suddenly, Harry threw his arms around him and again started weeping and shrieking and mourning and howling and bawling.

"It's all my fault! It's all my fault! I'm a murderer! I'm a murderer! Sirius!!"

"No, Harry," he whispered, stroking his hair. He kissed his forehead. "You're not. It's not your fault!"

And they stayed like that, arse naked on the tiled floor of an old bathroom, Harry in Draco's lap with only a small light giving them vision, for four hours. Four hours because it took that long for Harry to falter. It took Harry that long to stop screaming, even if his throat was raw and bleeding. Even then, it if felt like he was being sliced open, he kept screaming and sobbing

Because he was numb. He couldn't feel anything but the pain in his chest, the loss of his friends and family.

By the time his tears had dried out, Harry's physical exhaustion took over, and he fell asleep there. He didn't have enough energy to move at all, and Draco was safe and warm and okay.

But the war had hit him so fucking hard.

And nothing could stop that from happening.

That's when Draco realized that Harry was sick. And Draco was making him sick. They fought too much, and things had to change.

So they did.

Draco carried him to the bedroom, his legs cracking after finally being able to move them. The sun bled through the curtains, a pink sky just barely seeable. Although he set Harry on the bed, he himself turned to the closet, where he picked out clothes for both of them to wear. He put Harry's on first, but before doing so, Draco cast a warming charm on the hoodie so that it was extra warm for him, hoping to keep down his clamminess.

He dressed himself, too, and then got into bed with Harry, and he wrapped one arm tightly around his waist, and the other he bent to make a pillow for Harry's head. He buried his face into the raven hair and closed his eyes.

But he sure as hell knew he would never sleep after seeing Harry completely and utterly, uncontrollably broken.
Three hours later, after a still, deep sleep, Harry woke feeling sick. He didn't move at all, except when he shifted a bit and swallowed, finding Draco spooning him. He couldn't help feel warm, almost damp. Sick.

"Hey, you," Draco whispered. Harry didn't respond, but opened his eyes. "How are you feeling," he swallowed, after a bit of silence. Harry just shook his head, and his lip quivered. "Are you okay?"

Harry shook his head, his eyes stinging with tears. He sniffled a bit, swallowed, and took long, drawn out breaths. With a frown, Draco eyed the back of Harry's head, smelling his hair.

"Do you need anything? A cup of water, some food?" Draco kept his tone down.

Harry didn't say anything. He didn't move. He just thought about how none of them could ever eat another meal with their family. So why should Harry have food when he couldn't anymore?

"Are you cold," he asked awkwardly.

Harry didn't say anything. Because every single person lost in the war, every dead body was cold. His friends were buried six feet under. It was cold six feet under. And it was cold being dead. Cold and dark and scary and just dead. So why should Harry have the right for warmth?

Draco moved his hand and stroked behind Harry's ear, and that made Harry angry, because none of them would be able to be held like this, to be cared for in such a way. Harry didn't move though. He just breathed, and that too made him so ridiculously angry, because fuck, it was such a privilege that he didn't deserve because all those people died for him.

None of them would be able to breathe again.

"Would you like to go outside, maybe? Get some fresh air? The dust in here is unruly."

Harry stuck out his jaw, going unseen. He still didn't speak.

"Say something," Draco whispered, and waited, but no words came. "Please, Harry, say something so at least I know you're alive."

"I wish I wasn't."

Draco's mouth dropped and he had to cover it. "Don't say that, Harry!"

"My fault," he barely said aloud.

"No it's not," he spoke softly.

"They're all dead," Harry's voice cracked, Draco didn't know what to say, so he didn't. But then Harry remembered the previous night, how he'd acted, how he'd lost so much control. "I'm pathetic."

"No, you're not," Draco abruptly said. "You're not pathetic."

"I am," he shook. "I'm alive, and they're not."

"You couldn't have helped it, Harry."

"Yes, I could have," he said abruptly louder, however his voice cracked and Draco guessed it was because he screamed so loud for so long.

"No, Harry," he kissed his shoulder. "There's nothing more you could have done."
"I was selfish."

"How were you selfish?" Draco had to swallow down his anger just to keep himself under control. "By sacrificing yourself? You walked to your death--"

"I made it out alive," he grit.

"Yes? And that's a bloody miracle!"

"It's wrong. I should have died. I should have died with honor."

"And let the Dark Lord live!?" Harry growled in frustration, trying to wipe away the tears in his pillow without Draco noticing. "It was one way or the other, Harry. Do you know how many people you've saved? Mine is included in that bunch."

Harry tried to tune him out, because, fuck, he was getting on his nerves.

"Remus was starting a family! He had a son! They were supposed to be a mum and a dad. Is my life worth two loving parents? Fred partnered in creating a business. Do you know what that business was? A joke shop! He just wanted to make people laugh and he's dead! Am I worth people's smiles?"

"You've made a hell of a lot of people smile Harry--"

"Not like that! And Dobby! God, Dobby," Harry choked. "He just wanted to be free--"

"Harry! It's a bloody house elf, Draco wanted to say but caught his tongue.

"And Sirius! He'd just gotten out of Azkaban! After twelve years of torture for a crime he didn't commit and he was finally out of it! He went through all of that just to die?"

Harry started sobbing, and Draco climbed over him and held him tight to his chest. Instead of welcoming him, however, Harry put a hand on Draco's chest and pushed him. Draco didn't stop holding him.

"A-and Lavender! She might have b-been annoying, but she... she had a life in front of her, p-people she cared about!"

"Are you seriously bawling your eyes out over Lavender Brown?"

"She at least deserves that! She's in a bloody casket right now!"

Draco frowned and sniffed a bit. Harry was right. But he was also so wrong. He *deserved* to live, he *earned* a happy life. "Harry, so many people care about you! You affect so many lives, you have so much self worth! You make people smile and you make them feel loved and you have no idea you do it! If anything, there should be more of you in the world, not less. I don't give a damn what you say. You saved us. You sacrificed yourself, even if it didn't go as planned, and damn it Harry, you were *not* selfish during this war!"

"But they had lives to live too--"

"They all did," Draco agreed, and he too let his eyes water, because those were his classmates, his friends, Harry's friends. They all mattered.

Harry cried in his chest, and instead of pushing him away with his hand, he balled Draco's hoodie in his shaking fist and pulled him as close as he could. "Fuck!"
He kissed Harry’s forehead, listening to the wretched sobs that made Draco’s eyes water and throat close.

"Damn it, I’m so pathetic," Harry clenched. "Weak!"

"You’re not," Draco blinked and tears came out of his eyes. "You’re so bloody strong, Harry. So strong," his voice quivering.

Harry almost laughed. "Y-you call this strong?"

"Yes." Harry just rolled his eyes and shook his head in response. "Yes, I call this strong."

"I’m pathetic," he repeated from earlier, laughing madly as he did so.

"You’re not," Draco said firmly.

"We spent the night naked on the bathroom floor. I couldn’t bloody control myself and you say I’m strong?"

"If you forget my condition when you found me," he almost whispered. And then he took a moment to inhale and exhale, take a few moments to just enjoy Harry in his arms, even if he was mad. A pair of tears left his ducts once more and he let go of Harry a second to wipe his eyes, just so Harry knew he was crying too. "I think you’re strong enough to break in front of me."

Harry just scoffed.

"I do. I think it takes a lot for you to break. It... it's grief. Bloody hell, you deserve to break and to be broken, and so do I and we deserve this, Harry. We do." Harry sniffed, no worded answer. He didn’t want to speak any more.

Draco backed up a bit so he could look at Harry in the eye. God, his face. Harry was gorgeous, truly, but sick. So sick. The skin around his eyes was dark, and his forehead had wrinkles from stress, crowsfeet, and worry lines. Tears ran down his face, his cheeks puffy and red and pale and sick.

He could see Harry search his face, his eyebrows scrunched in worry.

"May I kiss you," Draco asked in a low, small, nervous whisper.

Harry’s eyebrows furrowed. "W-What?"

"May I kiss you? Your skin? I owe you nine-hundred more kisses." Draco bit his lip. "Please. I want to take care of you."

"I..."

"I know it, that you're vulnerable right now. I could never hurt you, especially now. Especially now. I just want you to feel better. I want you to know, Harry, that I love you and I care about you. No matter what. No matter how pathetic you are, whether or not you deserve to be. I love you, Harry. I do. Please, may I have your consent to kiss you, nothing else, but to kiss you?"

Harry bit his lip and swallowed, almost wanted to ask if he was serious. Draco had kissed him how many times? To answer: a fuck ton. Of course he could kiss him. Half of Harry wanted to laugh because Draco was being juvenile, and half of him wanted to cry because he was being so tender.

Harry nodded, however, choking on his own air. "I-I give you consent to kiss me."
Draco nodded, and he kissed his forehead first, and then his temple, his brow.

"Why? Why do you want to kiss me?"

"I want you to forget. I don't want you to focus on the war for a while."

"The hell am I supposed to focus on?"

"Me."

That was their turning point.

Because Draco took intimate, merit care of him. And that made Harry want to take care of Draco, and show him how much he loved him, and he would whisper, "Shh, my little soldier, shh" into his neck and his back and his tailbone and his stomach and his chest and his lips.

Harry welcomed him in the shower after that. They cuddled on the couch instead of sat on the opposite ends of it. Instead being halfway out the door, Draco put Harry up against it, just so he could kiss him deeper. They made it to a bed when the had sex, and it wasn't just sex anymore, it was love. Passionate, pure, forgivable love.

They laughed.

They laughed when they had sex, and they laughed after sex and they laughed when they woke up and laughed at jokes and laughed at Harry tripping up the stairs.

And they cried together. They cried together a lot. In the middle of the night mostly, when the demons lurched in the hall, and when the ghosts came back to them in their nightmares. But they felt safe in each others arms. They were building on their relationship, building the trust with every kiss and every tear.

A week later, to the current date, Draco slept while Harry had already gotten up and showered. Going to check on his boyfriend (because he loved using the word boyfriend), Harry decided if he wasn't up yet, he would surely wake him himself.

Peering into the room to see Draco cuddled in a blanket donut, a small smile on his face. He was "too cute" as Harry put it whenever he found him like this. Ever since that day, Harry or Draco would wake each other softly of kiss them to make sure the other was happy. Those days were the best.

Today was not one of those days.

Harry grabbed his invisibility cloak and put it on, tip-toing to the side of the bed where Draco lay.

"Draco, wake up."

The blonde opened his eyes and looked where he heard where the whisper was from. "Harry," he said softly, his voice cracking from the vacant misuse during the night. Seeing the empty area made him inquired he was hearing things, and therefore went back to sleep.

With a small smile on his face, Harry took off the invisible material and went to the foot of the bed. from then on he proceeded to pounce on the body before him. "WAKE UP!"

The Gryffindor began tickling him mad and Draco's eyes shot open and anger flooded over him. How could he not be? You know what they say, never tickle a sleeping dragon. He mustered all his
strength that engulfed him and flipped the two holding Harry's arms over his head, Draco strattling his hips.

"Potter," he said with as much hate as he could, "I swear if you wake me like that ever again I'll.."

"You'll what," Harry said, not intimidated. Draco was in his face, centimeters apart.

"I'll give you so many hickies--"

"You wouldn't!"

"I am an evil man aren't I," Draco joked.

"Oh, totally," Harry winked. "You're awful. You're so awful!"

"What if I make you scream," Draco looked down at him in wonder. "How lovely would that be?"

"Do it," Harry smirked. "Make me scream. I bet you can't."

"Really, do we need to recall last night when I had you bent over the kitchen table shrieking for me? Or has that slipped that pretty little head of yours?"

"It's different when you're inside me," Harry rolled his eyes, cheeks blushing. He pecked his lips. "I want you to make me scream just by kissing my neck. Go on, do your worst! I bet you can't even make me--"

He couldn't say anything else because he was cut off by Draco kissing him, hard. Draco dived into Harry's neck and began sucking violently. Harry was determined not to let any sound escape his throat and Draco knew that. That's why he avoided Harry's favorite spot until the very end.

He covered every inch of skin until he reached Harry's collarbone, lifting his shirt down, and then went up again. Harry hadn't cracked until Draco inched up and bit harshly. The boy had a sharp intake of air and curled his lips inward, biting on them to keep from squealing.

It just felt too good.

Tingles electrified throughout his body, setting his nerves on fire and causing his toes to curl as well. Neck kisses were most definitely both their favorite kind of kiss.

Then Draco moved slightly to the right and all bets were off.

Harry moaned and moaned loudly, ending his voice in Draco's name.

"I'm sorry what was that," Draco whispered hotly in Harry's ear. That was it. Because damn his voice...

"Draco," Harry shouted and he arched his back to him. The blonde smiled and raised his head so he was now facing the boy.

"Music to my ears," Draco smirked, then reached down and kissed Harry full on the lips, softer. But then Harry used his tongue and all bets were off-- Draco let go of Harry's hands and he wrapped his arms around him so the could be together tighter.

Draco bit his lip and sucked it.

"You know I," Harry tried to say through this teeth, but then Draco kissed him again, "came in here
to," he said between kisses, "wake you up-- mhm-- not be bloody kissed crazy."

"Yes, well, you did it very rudely and you need to be punished."

"Oh really," Harry raised a brow. "And what did you have in mind?"

"Take off your shirt," Draco ordered with a wink. He shifting over so Harry could do as he was told.

"Oh, you mean this one," he rid the edges of it, lifting it enough for Draco to see his hipbones.

Draco tried to keep his mouth from watering. "Yes," he almost bit. "Off with it."

"I don't know," Harry stretched, arching his back. "I'm rather cold..."

"I'll make you warm," Draco put a hand on Harry's inner thigh. Harry raised both of his eyebrows.

"Really?"

"Very warm," he moved his fingers to his crotch.

"B-Breakfast--" Harry swallowed.

"Oh I think I have my breakfast right here," he kneaded his hand and bit his lip, feeling Harry become aroused. "Take off your shirt, Harry."

Harry did so, taking his time however, just because he could feel Draco's eyes on him. When his shirt covered his eyes, Draco dragged his tongue along his stomach and chest. Harry shivered.

Draco placed his hand on Harry's cheek and gave him a small kiss, a tease, lingering his lips.

"You can do anything to ensure I get what I deserve."

"Anything?"

"Anything. Teach me a lesson. Show me how much of a bad boy I've been."

"Oh don't worry, I will," Draco said in a husky voice, and a smirk on his face.

Draco placed a hand on Harry's chest and rubbed it seductively, slowly. He kissed him again and then moved his hand a bit lower. Harry moaned and Draco executed his plan.

And then he then started to tickle Harry everywhere he could reach. The green eyes shot open and he tried to hold back laughter.

"Draco.... stop...ple-hehese.." He said between giggles and Draco started smiling a bit too. "Stop, you arse! Haha pleaseee.

"Now you know how it feels you inconsiderate bastard," Draco said with a smirk on his face before he took off sprinting through the halls. Harry got up and chased after him.

"You'll pay for this, Draco!"

They ran for a while, shimmying through the halls, Draco in the lead and taking different routes to try and throw off the latter, but alas, the boy was on his tail constantly.

They made it to a sitting room and Harry practically jumped on top of Draco causing him to fall over
the top of the couch and roll and the floor, following Harry who was now laying on him.

"Take it back!"

"No!"

"Draco!"

"Harry!"

From then on it was silence for a bit and they let their breathing calm while they stared into each other's eyes. Eventually they both cracked a smile and Harry reached down to give Draco a 5 second kiss.

"Don't you dare tease me like that again," Harry mumbled against Draco's lips.

"Don't you dare wake me up like that again."

"And if I do," Harry asked, biting his lip.

"I'll kick you out in the street." Harry couldn't help but break a wide grin while Draco tried to hide his. "You think I'm joking?"

"No, it's my house, you can't kick me out."

"I have Black Blood inside me, that means I have rights over you."

"How about it be our home, how does that sound?"

"Brilliant idea, but most of it is mine," Draco demanded.

"Whatever you say," Harry replied, rolling his eyes.

Suddenly Draco's stomach rumbled from under Harry causing him to laugh. "So about that breakfast?"

"I'll make you something," Harry said before getting up along with helping Draco. "Go put clothes on, I don't need a naked ferret running around," he exclaimed as he smacked Draco right on the arse. Draco immediately turned beet red and then covered his butt with his hands.

"Oh please you prefer it that way!" Draco headed upstairs and put on Harry's sweatpants, then went back down to see him, who was concentrated on the ingredients before him. The blonde decided to lean up against the doorway, the corners of his lips turned slightly upward a small laugh escaping his throat. Harry's whole neck was covered in black and red marks, and in fact Draco speculated that he couldn't see a spot not bigger than a knut that wasn't covered.

"What?"

"Nothing, you're just...really attractive."

"Attractive? Really, I'm attractive," he asked sarcastically.

"Yeah, like cute."

"Really now?"
"Yes, most definitely," Draco said as he went up behind Harry and hugged him around his waist. Harry leaned back into his embraced and kissed him on the cheek. He then started cracking an egg while Draco began biting his ear. "What are you making?"

"Pancakes."

"And you're cooking them"

"Yes, why?"

"Why that sounds like an awfully feminine thing to do, now doesn't it."

Harry undid Draco's arms, took a small amount of flour and threw it in his face. Draco dropped his mouth in an 'o' and a few grains fell from his face. He then provided to pick a small teaspoon full of flour and threw it back at Harry. They then started grabbing more and more and before Harry ran behind a table and took cover, he grabbed a fist full of white powder.

"Oh Harry! Come out come out wherever you are!" Harry prepared to go into battle, his heart beating faster. He could hear his footsteps getting closer and closer and when they almost reached their destination Harry stood and hit Draco's body dead on.

The flour went everywhere and Draco was hardly noticeable. It crusted on his face and drenched his chest and clothing. One couldn't even see his eye brows nor his reaction

Harry couldn't stop from laughing.

"Harry could you come here for a second? I want to show you how much I love you." He opened his arms and intended for a hug which would initially get Harry dirty.

"Let me think, erm, no!" He started running however Draco knew his means of escape and ran after him, powder falling from him. He lifted Harry from the ground by the waist and carried him despite all the struggling.

"Draco let me down! You're gonna get me filthy and I just showered."

"Nope!"

The two went to the counter top where the sack of flour lay and Draco pushed Harry up against it, him sandwiched in between the two.

"I just wanted to give you a big hug," he smirked but it wasn't visible under the flour that coated his face. Draco reached behind Harry while in the hug and took the sack of flour, dumping it on top of Harry's head.

The entire bag.

A cloud of dust went throughout the kitchen and both boys had to clear their eyes before they could see again. Draco took one peer at Harry who now had white hair and pale skin before he started cracking up. "You look like you're blonde!"

"You know what they say, albino cobras have a hard bite," Harry said before practically throwing himself at Draco, wrapping his arms around him and kissing him. Draco practically forced Harry up on the counter top and pushed his tongue down his throat, who openly responded.

"What the bloody hell happened in here?"
Harry jumped at the new voice and hit his head against the cupboard, accidentally biting Draco's lip, causing the blond to groan.

"Sorry, we're interrupting something," Hermione asked as Ron shielded his eyes.

"Obviously," Draco bit. He wasn't ready for people. Harry wasn't ready for people. They weren't ready for people, not as a couple. They had barely started healing. His mood turned sour as he rubbed his newly bleeding lip. "Did you think you could at least knock."

"Forget spiders! If I ever encounter a bogart, I know what I'll see."

"Ron," Hermione scolded. "Don't be rude."

"Hi Ron, Hermione," Harry said quite guiltily. He bit his lip. "What are you doing here?"

"We just wanted to check on you, make sure you both were okay. We didn't mean to impose, we thought you'd hear the apparition crack," Hermione said. "We thought we'd give you a bit of civilization and er-- social interaction, but it, erm, looks like you two get enough to if." She pulled out several Daily Prophets and plopped them on the table next to her. All of them had headlines from the war and it made Harry sick.

"What were you guys doing- well I mean I knew what you were doing, but before that. You don't need to tell me what you were doing...I kind of saw.. Never mind," Ron said awkwardly. Harry jumped off the table and they both began speaking.

"Well, Harry was making breakfast-"

"He called me the girl in our relationship-"

"He is the girl in our relationship-"

"Hell no I'm not--"

"Don't you argue with me about this again, Potter--"

"Anyway, we started having a domestic, and there happened to be a bag of flour here somewhere..."

"Harry, there was a bag of flour. I dumped on your head. Now it's just flour and a bag."

"The entire thing?"

"Yeah, the entire thing. You deserved it...wake me up by tickling me...you deserve 8 bags of flour shoved up your--"

"Wait, I'm still confused," Ron interfered.

"What? We just explained the whole thing," Draco rolled his eyes.

"No, I just don't understand how you think Harry's the girl," the Weasley said before cracking up. Hermione and Harry both started laughing and Draco gave him a powdery stare before hitting him on the chest, which shook up more grains to fall.

"I'm going to shower," Draco said fed up, "oh but before I go, I have something for Weasley."

Draco walked up to Harry and grabbed him by the face before smashing his lips onto the latter. He decided to add sound effects and moaned solidly before smooching for a finale.
He then proceeded to walk away and patted Ron on the shoulder, covering him with a bit of flour. Ron sneered the whole time and the second he left the room he started wiping away the powder furiously.

"I will never get used to him," Ron said with an ugly look on his face while Harry tried not to smile. 'Oh Draco,' he thought.

"It's a change that's for sure," Hermione said, biting his lip.

"Of all people why him?"

"Well," Harry sighed, "he just... he's different when you two aren't around. He's special."

"Oh please, he's a git!"

"To you two! Not to me. He's not who you think he is."

"He's exactly who I think he is. He's not good enough for you and you know it," Ron bit.

"That's bollocks!"

"Boys, boys! Please just calm down. And you," she said turning to Harry and pulling out her wand before flicking it and shunning away all the flour. His skin revealed the hickeys that covered his neck and some all over his body from the previous nights.

"Bloody hell, Harry!" The boy turned beet red.

"Hey, if you two have happened to so look in the mirror recently, you'd realize that I'm not the only one marked here," Harry said sarcastically. The couple also turned red and the room grew fairly uncomfortable.

"Yeah but Harry.. Seeing you with another man, well, anyone really. It's strange, you know, and maybe if it wasn't Draco Bloody Malfoy it could be easier to get over. I mean I've know you for years, Harry, you're family to me and-"

"Then you should be willing to accept who I am."

There was a bit of silence before Ron spoke again. "Of course I accept who you are. You're my best friend, we fought a war together! I could never hate you because you're gay. And I don't hate you now, but Draco Malfoy! Of all people!"

"Listen, I love him. I have for a long time. You wouldn't know, and that's my fault, this whole thing is a mess and me keeping it from you doesn't help, but--"

"His kind killed Fred!" Ron was practically shaking, and Hermione grabbed his hand.

"Ron, breathe," Hermione whispered, stroking his thumb.

"Damn it," Harry said, "That's not 'his kind'. He was forced into it, he's not one of them!"

"Forced into it," he scoffed not allowing Harry to talk anymore, "he's always been bad business! You've hated him for years! I've hated him for years, my family has!"

"I know, I get that. But things changed. It was all fake. Would you just give him a chance, please? He makes me happy--"
"Give him a chance? You want me to give him a chance? You're serious?"

"Yes."

"He's a death eater and he indirectly killed my family member and you want me to give him a chance?"

"Ron, he didn't kill anyone!"

"Dumbledore!"

"That was Snape, you know that. I told you what happened that night, and Draco couldn't have done it if he tried, he lowered his wand!"

"Harry! Open your eyes! He's Not. Right. For. You. Leave him now while you have the chance. He's bad business. Staying here is just going to pull you into his bloody web."

"You open your eyes! We are better together than you and Hermione and that's saying something! I love him and he loves me. So would you just please act like my best friend and try for me," Harry finally shouted. There was a bit of sympathetic silence. There was something off, and Harry read it. After biting his lip, he spoke again. "What do you mean his web? He's not a spider."

"But someone else is," Ron's voice lowered. "The ministry's looking for him. I know you're attached to him, but I'm saying that he might not be yours forever. The Aurors aren't going to let that happen. They want to lock him up in Askaban. They're offering an award for his arrest. Both his parents are already there, too."

Hermione pulled out another few newspapers from the bag she was wearing. On one of the front pages was Draco's parents in their holding cells. Other had small articles still on the front, and the final one headlining Missing Malfoy: Young Felon Can't Be Found.

Harry rubbed his stubble, for he hasn't shaved in a while (Draco found it sexy and said that openly) and he swallowed in genuine fear. "What kind of award are they offering?"

"A million galleons," Hermione said, stepping in. Harry shoved the Daily Prophet in a drawer behind him, not caring what contents were in with it.

"They can't do that," Harry bit.

"Harry, yes they can. He's a felon, a Death Eater. Who's going to stop them," Ron exclaimed, "You?"

"You bet your arse I am. I just got him back. I'm not losing him again."

Ron frowned. "You can't just keep him here, away from anyone."

"We'll hide, we'll go to France tomorrow! America! Somewhere!"

"Harry, you can't go missing either," Hermione said, "Everyone, and I mean everyone is looking for you. You're all over the papers, there's a Potter Search. That and we have to keep making excuses for you not to come over, they practically forced us to come here today-- if not us, they would have. Ron's family insist you go to dinner tomorrow night."

"Okay, I'll just say bye to everyone then."

"Harry, you're insane."
"I think we all know that," Draco said cheekily as he stepped in the room and gave Harry a quick kiss on the cheek before taking his hand and encasing it in his own. "What's going on?"

"Nothing, Draco, I'm just telling them the time of day. It's 11:30 in the afternoon," Harry smirked.

"You're right, he is a nutter," Draco rolled his eyes at the incorrect time which didn't even exist. He was wearing a pair of jeans and a long sleeve shirt, ensuring to cover his mark. There was a bit of awkward silence before Hermione spoke again.

"So, Draco, how are you?"

"I am fantastic," he said looking into Harry's eyes and smiling. "and I can tell you are doing just as magnificent by the look in your eyes. I predicted you and Weaslebee were going to end up together, remember back in 3rd year."

"Don't call me that, Malfoy," Ron bit.

"Still not friendly."

"Would you two like a bite to eat," Harry asked.

"Yeah, we have flourless pancakes," Draco smirked, leaving Harry to laugh with a bright, happy smile.

"No thank you, we are about to go out."

There was a certain longing in that statement that stung Harry's as well has Draco's heart. They both knew they wanted to go out to eat, or take a walk, or just to get out of the place they were in. But they were in complete isolation, which wasn't all that bad, but still they wished to be like other couples. And that's why Harry thought running away was a brilliant idea.

"Harry, you do realize we have company and you're standing here half naked covered in hicks right," Draco whispered through his teeth.

"Right, I'll go find a shirt," he said awkwardly and left the room, trying to hurry so nothing lethal could happen between his friends and his boyfriend.

Ron stood there, a glare made of ice across his face.

"You do know you'll never be good enough for him."

"Ron!"

"Quiet Hermione," Ron said and was about to speak again but Draco cut him off.

"I tell myself that everyday; don't think I don't know it. So if you would please refrain from saying it, because I question why he's still here with me all the time. Just let me be happy until he gets a tablespoon of common sense, because the second he does, he's going to leave me. And I would rather die than to see that happen."

"You really love him?"

"For the trillionth time, yes I do. It's not a game."

"Then I guess I'll have to accept that... I still hate you, but because he's hopelessly in love with you, and I swear if you hurt him-"
"Granger has dibs."

"In that case I'll kill you a second time."

"But that won't happen."

Ron flattened his lips. "How has he been? Harry?"

Draco swallowed before answering. "How the rest of us are dealing."

"Seriously, Malfoy, is he okay?"

"No," Draco almost laughed. "That bit's obvious! He's bloody in pain. He's hurt. He's sick. He's guilty and can't stand that he's alive and all his friends aren't. We've argued about it countless times. He... is constantly afraid. He think's that he's here in this house with us. Every night I go check every room for him and he's still skeptical about it. He doesn't want to go to sleep, he doesn't if he can help it. He hates eating. We're working on it, but it's hard for him. Of course you can't blame him, he's told me what you all went through.... wakes up screaming," he bit the inside of his cheek, looking off into the distance. "Sometimes he still thinks he's on the battle field... it's like he has flashbacks."

"Why hasn't he seen a healer," Ron asked, almost outraged.

"You think that'll help him? He hates healers. He hates going to them, you bloody well should know that. He hated going to the Hospital Wing. It makes him feel like a freak!"

Ron stayed quiet. He knew Draco was right, and it ground at him that he was.

"He needs to see one," Hermione said. "He needs to know his damage."

"We'll go in a few weeks, just let the poor kid breathe," Draco argued.

Hermione also shut her mouth, but then opened it again, however Harry spoke from the other room.

"Would you all like to come in and sit down," Harry called.

"Actually Ron and I are about to go, our reservations are soon. Would you like us to bring you something back?"

"Sure," Harry smiled, "that'd be great."

"We'll be back soon," Hermione said before she gave a hug to Harry along with a smile to Draco, who nodded his head. Ron did the same but ignored Draco completely and they both apparated.

They were quiet for a bit, Ron's words echoing through both their minds. Finally, Draco spoke up.

"So this only leaves one question: Bed, shower, or couch?"

"How about we start at the couch, go to the bed, then take a shower?"

"This is why I love you," Draco smiled before snagging Harry's lips and picking him up bridal style.

They both lay on the sofa together an hour or so later changed back into their clothing, all freshened up, a bit tired from their session. They had a few newspapers laying around that they started to read but this whole running away thing was getting to Harry's head. Could the do it? Would they get
caught? Or would Draco refuse?

From this point on, Draco was snuggled up against Harry and lay his head on his chest, closing his eyes. The Gryffindor began stroking his hair, petting it the way he use to back at Hogwarts.

"Draco, have you thought about Hogwarts at all, or our old class mates? Or civilization in general?"

"Yes, I mean I guess...Hogwarts a lot but, mostly you, I've been kinda busy attached to you."

"Do you ever really think about them though? What would happen if we just went out in public?"

"We'd be ambushed," Draco swallowed, a small ping in the back of his mind. "Harry what gonna happen when we do? We can't hide in here forever."

"You're right."

"Harry, people are going hate me, people are going to want me in Askaban," Draco said, worried as he opened his eyes and huddled closer to Harry. "There are people probably looking for me now."

"Draco, don't talk like that. There aren't and you know it," he lied.

"Harry, you don't know that. I'm a Death Eater--"

"You're not--"

"I am to them, and it's obvious they're looking. And then you. You're Harry Potter. You won't be able to step foot out of this place without being recognized and bombarded. And I know you don't want that."

"I don't," Harry said softly. "You know I love you, and I know I love you, and I really want to be with you until I die, I've decided--"

"Harry..."

"I can't stand being away from you, this has been the worst year of my life without you--"

"Harry," Draco repeated, almost skeptical. Was Harry really saying this or was he imagining it? Because surely they'd just gotten back together, there was still so much tension--

"I want you to run away with me."

Draco's eyes went wide, and he sat up. "What?"

"Come on," Harry mirrored him, "if we pack our bags now, then we can get ready to leave and be gone by the day after next. I can go say goodbye to the Weasleys and then we can just leave and go over seas. We could create new lives together without my name and without your Mark."

"Are you mental? We can't just get up and go."

"Why not? We've been in isolation for bloody weeks two weeks and we haven't slit each other's throats--"

"We've argued more than half the time, Harry."

"Yeah, but that's because we needed to. I'd be willing to overlook any of the arguments I have started or want to start if that meant we could be alone in some foreign place away from all of this
mess. Just for a little while. I'm not talking forever. Maybe a year or two? Three? Just enough to live. We could travel as well, maybe start over every once in a while? Worse comes to worse we come back."

"Harry... this, it just seems so..." he searched for a word to describe it, "Big? But right... right actually, really right."

"I know. I want to do it. Just you and me. Together, alone. No one else," Harry said grabbing Draco's hands, causing them both to smile. "What do you say?"

"It would be an honor," Draco said softly.

"Yes?"

"Yes," he smiled brightly. That made Harry's smile a thousand times wider, and his eyes lit up. Harry leaned in to kiss him, a sweet, sweet kiss. "I love you."

"I love you, too," Harry said, and he smiled and kissed him harder, his hands roaming all over his body. The boy pushed Draco on his back, climbing on top of him, using tongue.

They didn't hear the apparation crack, however, because they were so drawn into each other. But they sure as hell heard Ron:

"Do we always have to pop in when you two are doing...that," he beckoned.
"Freeze! You're under arrest for the murder of Albus Dumbledore, housing and associating with Death Eaters, and bearing the Dark Mark," Auror Smith ordered as he flicked his wand and formed binding handcuffs that forced Draco's hands together behind his back.

"What," Draco exclaimed as he attempted to break away from the binds. He and Harry were out of food and decided to go out and pack incase the move took a while, disguised, in a muggle super market. An Auror must have sensed their magical signature and was now capturing the young felon. "You can't do this! I'm innocent! Harry! Where's Harry? HARRY!"

Before he could find the boy, he'd been apparated to a place of misery and despair. Sadness over came him as he shook and was dragged down the walls that made up Askaban.

"Get in the cell, filthy Death Eater." He was thrown onto a cold concrete floor and before he could speak the guard was gone. He placed his hands on the rusted bars and stuck his head through.

"Please, I'm innocent! I didn't- I-i..."

But nobody cared and his voice died out. Turning back to his cell, he was scared to death by a large black figure in the dark corner that made every single hair on his body stand.

"HELP! Please! Somebody! There's a dementor in my cell! PLEASE ANYBODY!"

"Draco," a voice spoke, and he turned to see the dementor practically next to him and even got up in his face. It sounded like Harry.

"Harry," he spoke just above a whisper, forgetting he could even speak. And then he felt his soul being pulled from his body.

"No! NO!" He started screaming over and over and no one could hear him or care less.

And then he opened his eyes.

He found those special green irises looking back at him, concerned. Draco looked around the room to find himself back at Grimmuald place, sweating.

"Are you alright," Harry spoke softly and wiped the hair from Draco's forehead which caused the blonde to look back at him. "You weren't waking up."

"Yeah," he sighed, running his hands through his hair, "I'm fine, just a nightmare. What time is it?"

"Just past three. Y-you wouldn't wake up, you were having a fit," Harry rushed, almost shaking. Draco nodded. "That happens to you, too."

"Yeah but it's never happened to you," Harry bit his lip. "I didn't know what to do."

"So you climbed on top of me," Draco raised an eyebrow, his breathing calming down a bit. Harry's body weighed Draco's down further into the mattress, as he was sitting on his abdomen. He put a hand on his cheek, stroking it the pad of his thumb.

"Yes, I didn't know what to do and I just wanted to wake you somehow.-"
Draco couldn't keep from rolling his eyes and shaking his head. "So jumping on top of me was your go-to action?"

"Yes, as instinct."

"Instinct to what?"

"Loving you."

"God you're such a hopeless romantic," Draco smiled and bit his lip. "I didn't wake you did I?"

"Don't worry about it," Harry replied while kissing his forehead. He actually wasn't sleeping. All the could think about was the inevitable dinner with the Weasley's that would occur 12 hours later. That, along with doubts of them running away. What if it didn't work?

He finally rolled off of him and picked up the blanket that Draco kicked off the bed before they huddled next to each other and Harry wrapped his arms around the boy. "What was your dream about?"

"Nothing."

"Draco. Please."

The boy took a deep breath before continuing, "I was arrested, it's no big deal."

"Oh," Harry furrowed his eyebrows and swallowed.

"I was thrown in Askaban... It.... it-- I'm fine."

"You don't need to worry about that. We'll be gone by tonight, I told the Weasley's I'd be there early so we could head out soon. I want to leave as quickly as possible."

"Harry, don't worry about it. You're saying good bye to your family. Take your time. I can have you all I want after."

"I know, I just," Harry bit his lip, "I'm nervous..."

"Why's that?"

"I want to tell them... a-about you. They need to know the truth... but what if they hate me because of it? They don't..."

"Like me?"

"Yeah... that's actually a good way to put it. They've never liked your family, but worse than that, they lost a brother. They're already going to be so upset and Ginny, oh god, she's going to kill me. She thought that we might have a chance. She has no idea I'm gay and I lead her on."

"I think you're over thinking it," Draco put a hand on Harry's bicep and stroked it. Then he stroked behind his ear. "I don't think they'll be upset at you for being gay. I don't think that the Weaslette will hate you. I just think... she'll accept it, but once you say my name she might want to throw a vase at you. How did Ron react?"

"He... he didn't really get a chance to react. When he found out it was you, we were at war, you know? He was angry... really angry, but I wouldn't let him be. Told him to get over it because if I died then he would never live our last conversation down, he'd always be guilty."
"What about when you told him you were gay?"

"He didn't mind it. He was a little put off because he thought me and Ginny would... but he wasn't disgusted or anything. Hermione accepted it. No one has really cared that I was gay... except your father... I didn't expect that no one would care..."

"Why not?"

"Muggles aren't very accepting of it. Depends on the person."

"What? Why?"

"Because it's not their version of normal. But like I said, depends."

"Muggles are stupid."

"I mean look at the Dursley's. They can't stand if the morning post comes in at noon. If they ever knew... God..."

"Example of said stupid muggles right off the bat."

"I just don't see why it's any body's business in the first place. People should just be happy that they get a chance to love. Do you know how many people never get that privileged. I'd rather have everybody be gay rather than everybody be like bloody Voldemort."

"Cheers to that," Draco said. "Besides, how can there be room for homophobic wizards? We literally set things on fire with a stick after saying bloody gibberish. I mean, people say being gay is unnatural when here you can talk to snakes, any one of us can cause someone to die with two words-- no physical contact-- we walk through walls, can alter the weather to our liking, fly on a broomstick; literally we had a giant, a midget, and a cat as our teachers and here that's perfectly normal to me, let alone kissing someone of the opposite gender! I never understood why my father thought it was so wrong. But then again, he truly wanted an heir... looks like he won't be getting one. And looks like the Dursley's have one more thing added to the list as to why I hate them."

His whole speech made Harry smile to the point in which it hurt, and he rolled on top of him and kissed him mad. It caught Draco off guard, but he kissed him back chastely and lovingly. "I love you."

Draco kissed his cheek and and Harry got off of him, laying back in their original position.

Harry bit his lips and after a few moments of silence, he spoke again. "But what if they don't accept you?"

"Either they will or they won't, that shouldn't our relationship. It's your life, not theirs, and who you chose to snog is up to you, not them."

"Yeah, but-"

"Harry, stop worrying. You're over thinking it."

"You're right."

"They might not accept you, but I still love you and we're escaping them and the ministry and every other problem tonight."

"You right. Goodnight," Harry said kissing Draco's forehead and rolling over onto his side of the
"Good morning," Draco corrected.

But they both didn't go to sleep. They couldn't, for they kept thinking and thinking with doubts sitting in their minds over and over. On thing was a constant though: what if Draco went to azkaban?

"Harry, are you awake," he whispered.

"Yeah."

"What if I really do get arrested," Draco asked in worry.

"Draco," Harry said forcefully before rolling on top of Draco and put his face only a few centimeters apart and their noses touching. He gripped Draco's face, and hard. "They aren't going to get you. I'm not going to let that happen, I promise! I'm never going to let you go! I'll never leave you! Understand?"

Draco shook his head and looked Harry right in the eyes before Harry forced their mouths together. They kissed for a while, the heat radiating off of them, their tongues intertwining and hot. "I'm never letting this go. I promise I'll never let them get you, okay," Harry breathed heavily as he gasped for oxygen.

"Okay."

Harry rolled off of Draco but didn't move away this time, wrapping his arms around Draco's torso, spooning him in the bed. "I love you, Draco. Never forget that. And by tomorrow I'll be able to prove it to you freely everyday for the rest of our lives."

"Harry I already know, you don't have to prove it to me."

"I don't care," Harry said kissing his ear and nibbling it gently. There was a sweet silence and Draco waited until Harry was almost asleep so his last thought would be of him.

"Harry, I love you, too."

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The later that morning Harry woke at noon and wanted to spend as much time with Draco as he could before he had to go to the Weasley's. He unwrapped his arms from Draco's stomach and lowered his body so he could slowly, yet lovingly, kiss Draco's lower back and move up and up and up until his neck. Draco awoke when Harry reached his shoulder.

"Slept better," Harry asked hotly in Draco's ear.

"Much thank you. Why'd you wake me though," the blonde said, groggy.

"You're a spoiled brat, you know? It's already 12 and I'm leaving in a few hours to go to the Weasley's. I want to spend as much time before I practically get blown up."

"For the last time, you'll be fine," Draco reassured, leaning back and kissing Harry softly.

"I know," Harry bit the inside of his cheek. "But we still need to pack and I need to shower."
"I'll pack while you're gone. We shouldn't take much, just in case, you know?"

"Yeah, good idea. I'm going to clean up."

"No, you're going to give me a real good morning kiss," Draco commanded grabbing Harry's arm as he got up.

"Fine," Harry replied before launching himself at the blonde with so much force that they rolled over and over until the both fell off the bed, taking the blankets and pillows with them. Harry smashed their lips together and put his hands in his silky hair before releasing. "Good morning," he smiled.

"Thank you very much."

"Where's mine?"

"Close your eyes," Draco winked. Harry did as ordered and puckered his lips as well. Draco took the comforter and covered Harry's face with it.

"Hey," he breathed through the material. Taking advantage of the sightless boy who lived, Draco took the blanketed Harry and threw him on the bed, then crawled under the duvet to see the sneering latter. "I could have died of suffocation."

"Oh please, it was 7 seconds," Draco smiled before pressing his lips to his boyfriend. The blonde started putting his lips to Harry's neck and bit hard, then continued moving down to his chest despite Harry's protests.

"Draco no stop! I'm leaving in 2 hours I don't want to look bad with hickey's everywhere! Draco!"

He started curling his toes and biting his lip when Draco found his nipple and began sucking on it. "Draco please," he laughed, "please stop! You know we have no self control!" He moved down further and further despite his cries to stop and when the blonde reached the waist band of his briefs Harry moaned a bit too loud.

"You don't want me to stop," he said as he took the material with his teeth and started to pull down.

"Draco-

"Tell me you don't want me to, Harry. Beg me to stop."

"Damn you Draco, I have been," he shouted before over powering the boy and straddling his hips.

"You just like being on top, don't you?" Harry rolled his eyes and reached for Draco's wand that was on the night stand next to him. Since the two didn't want to go out in public they only had one wand and it worked for both of them to a certain extent. They really haven't needed to use it except for once or twice. He flicked the wand and ropes bounded Draco to the bed, tying his hands and legs to the sheets. "Ropes? I didn't know you could be so kinky."

"You stay here, I'm going to shower."

"You monster!"

"You do know you are horrible at restraining yourself. You can't wait a few hours?"

Draco said rolling his eyes, "You're going to regret it when you're at the Weasley's all alone, mark my words."
"I think I can wait a few hours," he said while kissing Draco on the forehead and setting the wand down. As Harry walked to the bathroom Draco called from behind him. "Screw you Scarface!"

He turned the water on and despite the noise next to him he could still hear the protests coming from the bedroom. "This is torture!"

"Good things come to those who wait," Harry sang before stepping into the sea of fog.

Harry continued on with his shower and filled his head with shampoo when two hands started scrubbing his head for him. He immediately jumped and turned to find Draco, naked, with a malicious grin on his face. "Showers are always better with two."

"You're ridiculous! How did you even get in here?"

"Next time, I suggest you take the wand with you," Draco said before they went for another go.

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"You're like a dog," Harry said as he started buttoning up his green shirt that Draco picked out for him. He said it brought out the color in his eyes. It was almost time for him to go since the two decided to have an hour and a half long shower.

"It's not my fault I have the eye candy of the entire wizarding world right at my fingertips. I am most definitely going to take advantage of it," he smirked. Harry took one of the shirts splayed out on the bed and threw it at Draco. "Hey I just folded that!"

Harry stuck out his tongue in response. "I should probably get going."

"No wait," Draco said in a panic. He went to the dresser where his necklace lay and grabbed it. "Here, wear this."

"What why?"

"I don't know. Just whenever you weren't with me, I always played with it and it reminded me of you," he said while clasping it around Harry's neck.

"It's only going to be a few hours."

"I know, it's just.." He trailed off.

"What? What's wrong?"

"Nothing."

"Draco."

"It's just your hair is a mess," he said while sticking his fingers and running it through his hair, only messing it up more.

"Draco my hair is fine, what's bothering you?"

"Nothing!"

"Don't make me tickle you!"
"You wouldn't dare." Oh Harry dared and just as he pressed his fingers to Draco's stomach, the blonde immediately forced Harry into an intense hug and buried his face in Harry's neck, then began to mumble.

"Draco, I don't understand, I can't hear you, he said before also wrapping his arms around the boy.

"I don't want you to go, okay? I don't want you to leave. I just think we should leave for America now instead of when you get back." They decided to go to America and each year spent in the country would end up being in a new state to keep anyone off their track. "It's just that I don't want you to go."

"Wasn't it a few hours ago you said to take my time and say goodbye?"

"Yeah but what if you get hurt? I don't want you coming back in pieces."

"I can handle myself, Draco, I'll be fine. Besides they wouldn't lay a hand on me."

"What if they rat us out?"

"If you don't want me to tell them it's you then I won't, if it really bothers you. But they deserve to know I'm gay and I'm running away. That they'll understand."

"I'll only be gone for an hour, two tops."

"Promise?"

"Promise!" Harry kissed him sweetly, chastely, passionately even. "I love you."

"I love you, too. Be safe, come home as soon as possible."

"Yes, mother," Harry said, rolling his eyes before aparating to the home of the Weasley's.

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Before even knocking on the door, Harry was ambushed with hugs and kisses from Molly Weasley. One by one the family lined up, greeting and hugging him. Harry already felt uncomfortable and wished Draco was with him. As they sat down for their extraneously early meal, smiles were passed around the room but a different atmosphere surrounded them all. The war had taken a toll on the family.

"On dearie, we wish you would have come sooner. Ron said you were constantly busy, can't imagine how, being all alone and all but, at least you're here now. So come on tell us what have you been doing these past two weeks?"

"I've just been winding down a bit," he lied. He could imagine Draco's face if he heard that comment. Ron and Hermione were trying not to smirk at it.

"I'm sure it was quite lonely."

"Please tell me how everything is here," he said, trying to change the subject.

They were all silent for a bit before Arthur spoke.

"There are ups and downs but at least we are all safe now. That's what matters." Depressed faces all decorated the table and George got up and went to his room without saying a word. "It's been especially hard on him. Hasn't come out of his room."
"How have you been dealing, dearie? I'm sure you're just as upset about Remus," Molly spoke, his words etched with sorrow. Harry grew guilty and thought of that night. Immediately he thought of Draco, how much he calmed him down. He wanted him here now.

"I'm coping fine. It's still kind of shocking. Hasn't hit me yet." He took a deep breath as nerves climbed onto him.

"But being alone couldn't keep you from thinking about it. I'm sure it's been very hard."

"Well I'm not saying it hasn't been..." He took another breath, thinking to himself 'just say it Harry', and his palms were sweaty. "But it hasn't been as hard as it should of been without the help of my boyfriend."

Everyone went quiet and Ginny dropped her fork onto her plate with a clatter.

"Harry, we- we didn't know you were gay," Molly said, shocked at first, however then she warmed up to it, "Good for you! How long have you known?"

"A while. It doesn't bother you?"

"Of course not Harry. You're family! Go on, tell us, who's the lucky man?"

"Erm he doesn't want me to say just yet."

"Well how serious are you two," Ginny asked, her expression unreadable. She was the one Harry was worried about most.

"Well.. We were boyfriends, then engaged but not really engaged and then we broke up for a year and then now we are back together as of two weeks and tonight we are running away and getting married."

Everyone gave him a blank expression and Arthur raised an eyebrow and pulled a suspicious face. "And you don't want us to know the name of this boy?"

"It's a long story." he grabbed his necklace and started playing with it.

"So you turned down the offer? What a shame," Molly exclaimed.

"What offer?"

"Kingsley hasn't stopped by yet," Arthur asked. "He said he'd be heading to Grimmauld place this week. If I'm not mistaken he wanted to visit today."

"My house?" Harry's heart began to speed up, and every nerve ending tightened. Draco. "He wanted to come to my house? Grimmauld Place?"

"Yes, he was going to offer you a spot in the Auror training program. He's probably there now. I'll owl him and let him know you're not there."

"No, it's fine in fact I must be heading out," he said immediately jumping from the table. He had to get back to Draco before Kingsley did.

"Harry why are you leaving so soon?"

"I'm sorry, really, but I need to get back! Thank you for the meal. I'll write when I get somewhere safe."
"Harry -"

And that was all he heard before the cracked out of the home.

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Harry appeared at the muggle suburb that surrounded Grimmauld place. He didn't waste any time and went straight to his home to find the door in shambles, as if someone used a reducto against it.

"No no no," he mumbled to himself while he entered. The place looked like Hogwarts after the battle: dust everywhere, broken glass, chipped furniture.

"Draco!"

He immediately climbed the stairs, stepping on rubble that crunched under his feet, and completely ignoring it.

"Please Draco, please be here."

Harry entered their bedroom to find the place a mess. Clothes were everywhere, walls looked as if they were casted at. On the bed lay a small piece of paper, headlining "Death Eater found on premises."

Harry's heart stopped completely and he couldn't breathe.

Death Eater was found on your property. No need to worry, he is now awaiting a holding cell in Askaban. All is well.
Your new minister,
Kingsley Shacklebolt

On the bottom was neat cursive handwriting.

Harry, I need to speak with you.
-KS

He didn't care about Kingsley, in fact his heart was burning with hate towards the man.

He needed to get to the ministry.

He needed to save his lover.

He needed to hold the pieces of his world together, because right now, they were completely shattering and falling apart.
Harry immediately apparated back to the Weasley's in hope connections could get him through to the holding cells.

"Mr. Weasley, please, I need to get to the ministry, immediately!" He was trying not to cry, however shaking was inevitable.

"Harry, what's wrong," Arthur asked concerned. Harry didn't have time to explain, so he grabbed him by the arm and disappeared away only to have the entire family confused, except Ron and Hermione, who glanced at each other nervously.

Harry was sprinting down each and every hall he could of the ministry. People were staring; how could they not be? It was Harry Potter dragging Arthur Weasley throughout the capital of the Wizarding world. More and more workers and citizens alike turned their heads to see the boy practically sprinting throughout the large building. Eventually cameras and reporters started to follow and they was practically getting chased.

It wasn't until he reached the elevators when the two were alone.

"Harry," the man said out of breath, "what's going on?"

"I need to get to the holding cells before... Before.... Just please believe me."

"The holding cells? Why?"

"Because my boyfriend is down there, and he's innocent! I have to save him, just please."

The doors opened and he started to run to the door that held the prisoners. Arthur had to open it with his wand, a security lock. The second it was released, Harry pushed though the doors that wouldn't open fast enough and he started to run.

Passing through rows and rows of empty cells, Harry started searching and he got more and more frantic. If it wasn't for the guard they would have thought it was a barren wasteland. Mr Weasley was trying to keep up, however his feet couldn't even keep up.

"Mr. Potter, what are you doing down here," a voice asked, Kingsley Shacklebolt to be exact.

"Kingsley, please, where are the prisoners, please tell me they haven't left yet," he said breathlessly and panicked.

"I'm afraid I can't say that, they just left an hour or so ago."

"Was Draco Malfoy with him?"

"Draco Malfoy," Arthur said in a tone unrecognized, but Harry could care less of he was confused or not, and only responded saying he'll explain later.

"Yes, I actually found him at the old headquarters. He's being put in one of our highest security cells. He gave a struggle that one, I'm actually surprised he even got into Grimmuald Place, or why even. He always seemed like a nasty little stinker, wouldn't you say? A bit of a coward."

"He's innocent," Harry said flatly at the dark of the conversation. Both men turned their heads and stared at him as if he was insane. "He is. Please tell me we can get him out."
Kingsley was almost speechless. Wasn't it a few months ago, Harry mentioned hating his guts. "I'm sorry, Harry, but there is nothing we can do, they already took a portkey. You'd have to wait for the trial, and that can take up to months to even schedule. There are too many death eaters that have been caught to be sure. May I ask why?"

"He saved my life. He's not a death eater. He-we-I-lo-"

"Then you'll have to testify at his trial. Until then, there is nothing we can do."

Fire was burning inside Harry's heart, rage igniting. "Why did you have to come to Grimmauld Place? Why couldn't you of waited a day?" He was angry, he was dismayed, he was seeing red.

"Harry, I don't understand-"

"Just a day. And this would never have happened."

"Why was he even on your property?"

"He shouldn't be in Askaban! He should be here, with me! You don't understand! I promised him," Harry shouted as he started storming away, leaving a flabbergasted new minister. Harry was about to say something however Mr. Weasley grabbed his wrist and led him away from the babbling man.

They turned the corner and practically raced out of the building. People automatically began to crowd them when they broke the ground floor. Harry's eyes did their best to keep from leaking. His emotions were going haywire and they scattered all over the place. All he could do was think about Draco and the last time they saw each other.

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"I'll only be gone an hour or two."

"Promise?"

"Promise, I love you."

"I love you, too. Be safe, come home as soon as possible," he heard his voice. He remembered the warmth of his hug and tenderness of his kiss.

---

Harry felt as though he was going to throw up before he was apparated to the outside of the Weasley home.

"Draco Malfoy?" Arthur held him before the door, almost as if he didn't want the family to know. "Harry tell me what's going on."

"No! Just please let me go home!" Home. Yeah, in Draco's embrace. He didn't want to be there. He didn't want to be around anyone. He wanted to go to Askaban and save Draco, and even if he couldn't do that, he wanted to go to Grimmauld place and hug his stuffed snake and look at the photos he and Draco shared together.

"If you won't tell me what's going on at least explain to me why you put yourself between me and Yaxley during the war."

"What," Harry questioned confused as could be. Put himself between Yaxley and Mr. Weasley? "Why is it that during the war, I was battling Yaxley and he was getting stronger than me and suddenly Draco Malfoy put himself in front of me and blocked four deadly curses that were sent my
way and then stupefied him and shoved him in the closet, only after he kicked him and broke his
nose. He then said, 'Thank you for taking care of my Harry,' and then left. Please explain to me why
he did that."

"I told him not to fight! I told him not to go out into battle, that bastard! He's such a moron!" Tears
stung his eyes and he didn't know why that made him so angry. Good to know if it's life or death
situation, Draco would refuse to listen to him. The entire time he was subconsciously playing with
the necklace laced around his neck.

"Harry," Arthur said slowly, "who is Draco Malfoy to you?"

"He my boyfriend! I love him! We were- we were gonna go away together and- and- and god I love
him so much," he hiccuped before breaking down. The both didn't hear the door open to find
Hermione, Ron, and Ginny all staring at him. They heard the apparition crack. "And now he's gone.
God damn it I promised him I would never let this happen! I promised him I would never let him go!
Go ahead hate me now, I don't care!"

---

"Draco," Harry said forcefully before rolling on top of Draco and put his face only a few centimeters
apart and their noses touching. He gripped Draco's face, and hard. "They aren't going to get you. I'm
not going to let that happen, I promise! I'm never going to let you go! I'll never leave you!
Understand?"

---

Hermione rushed to his side and Harry buried his nose into her neck before sobbing harshly. He
couldn't tell who he was more angry at himself or at Kingsley, or even just the world since it was
doing its best to keep them from ever being together.

They could just be happy for once. They couldn't just be together. They had two weeks and that was
it. They were separated again.

Molly came to the door and Arthur saw that the rest of their family was on the couch. It was getting
dark, and was probably late.

"What is it," she asked concerned as she started rubbing circles on Harry's back.

"Draco Malfoy has been sent to Askaban," he whispered while Harry cried harder.

"So why would he be- oh Arthur, it couldn't be-" All he did was shake his head in response. "Let's
get him inside."

They led the blubbery boy onto the couch where he calmed down a bit and stared at the colorful
furniture to keep it off his mind.

"Harry. Please explain to us what's going on," Molly said.

But he couldn't explain. He couldn't even breathe properly.

All he could do was listen to the voices in the back of his head and finger the necklace that held no
warmth from the last time Draco wore it.

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"I love you, Draco. Never forget that. And by tomorrow I'll be able to prove it to you freely
everyday for the rest of our lives."
"Harry I already know, you don't have to prove it to me."

"I don't care," Harry said kissing his ear and nibbling it gently. There was a sweet silence and Draco waited until Harry was almost asleep so his last thought would be of him.

"Harry, I love you, too."
---

And he felt his heart burn.
The Trial

"Tomorrow's the big day, huh?" Ginny was at Harry's door, leaning on it, her hips digging into the wall. It was the break of darkness, and night time was emerging over the almost purple sky. Harry was welcomed to stay at the Weasley's after he finally explained his and Draco's entire relationship to the family. It was, honestly, horrifically awkward, the first few days or so, but they eventually accepted him- just not Draco, fully anyway. It was one of those see it to believe it things. The sight of Draco Malfoy being nice and loving is probably at the top of that list.

"Yeah, it is," Harry replied quietly, playing with the necklace he refused to take off. He was sitting on the edge of his bed, which was adjacent to Ron's.

"Nervous at all," she asked, biting her lip. It was a very stupid question. Oh course he was. How could he not be? One day, out of the million of his lifetime, to decide whether or not he spends the rest of his life with his only love. One day that sets a man free or barricades him forever. One day to determine both of their futures.

The trial.

"Terrified," Harry replied, biting back a sarcastic comment. Not only was he scared to actually go to the trial, but also worried about Draco. Thoughts raced through his head 24-7. Is he okay? Will he look like a skeleton? What about bruises? Has he eaten at all?

He couldn't even dare to think of the dementors, the hell he's being put through.

But then he looks back to the times when he rescued Sirius, and how he looked- and that was after 12 years.

How bad could 3 months be?

Well, to Harry, a lifetime.

It was August 27th, a day before Draco's trial, 13 days after Narcissa's and Lucius's trial. The two went separately, and Harry defended Narcissa automatically. Thanks to him, she was sentenced to only 5 years under house arrest. That was torture in itself as Draco put it back on their first day together; it was hell being with Voldemort with all the stuff that went on. Each and every room had a horrid memory, as his love put it.

Harry left the second the trial was over, only to get a dirty glare from Lucius Malfoy before the doors shut and his trial occurred. Like hell he'd defend someone who use to hit his boyfriend, who put him through everything he had. He was sentenced to life in Askaban.

"I'm sure everything will go fine," Ginny said, not very assuring, but at least she was trying. He had to give her that. Something in the back of his mind knew she didn't mean it. They'd talked about it before. She felt awful at first, her being played by Harry. She thought he was leading her on and using her during 6th year and they had a huge argument about it a week into the epoch.

George really hadn't spoken to him, but then again he couldn't really speak at all. You couldn't really blame him.

"Right..."

"What are you going to do if it doesn't?"
"I don't even want to think about it. He's not going back there," at least not if Harry had anything to do with it.

"You could always date me," she smiled, trying to lighten the mood, obviously failing at it. Anger was a thick cloud surrounding the whole house, and Harry was the storm.

"Like Dean would let that happen." Harry already expected it to happen: her eyes widened and her mouth hung low. She shut the door behind her and sat crisscross on Ron's bed.

"How did you know!"

"I'm not stupid Ginny, you have that look on your face... Plus I saw his owl go up to your window one night when I was on a walk."

"Harry I-"

"You two are good together. You'll be happy," he smiled as wide as he could, which wasn't much, but It was the first time he had in 3 months.

"Thank you Harry," she smiled and kissed him on the cheek before wishing him a good night and leaving the room. His smile immediately dropped as the door clicked shut, but rose when the door opened again.

"I meant to give this to you. It's from Hogwarts. They want us all back for an 8th year. I suggest you start packing. Good night!"

"Thank you, Ginny." And she was gone after she handed the letter to Harry.

He didn't open it. He didn't even know if he wanted to go. The future was on his horizon, and by his horizon, he means tomorrow. He'd just have to see, but for now all he could do was think about the day approaching too slowly, yet too quickly.

With a heavy heart he slid under the blankets and rested his head against his pillow, hoping that the next time he was laying in his position, a ferret would be next to him, their bodies rest on each other, and the day after next, they'd be out of the area for years to come.

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The heavy gavel banged against the mahogany and echoed throughout the hall. Chatter and gossip ceased abruptly and every member of the Wizengamot turned their heads to the center of the room where a body was raised in the chains and brought to the iron cage confining them from the rest of society- like an animal on display at a zoo.

"We bring to the stand, Draco Lucius Malfoy whom is accused of the murder of Albus Dumbledore, housing multiple Death Eaters within the confines of his residence, and performing practices against the benefit of the Wizarding World, along with bearing the infamous Dark Mark as a minor," Minister Kingsley Shacklebolt read from the parchment that lay in front of him. "Now that there are no witnesses-" 

"Witness for the defense: Harry James Potter." Harry strode in with a look of confidence, however looks can be deceiving. He was all too nervous, even worse than when he was walking to his death, although this time he could feel it all instead of the numbness within.

All eyes shot themselves at Harry and gasps flowed throughout the room. Of all the trials he would show up to, why Draco Malfoy’s?
"Yes very well. Harry you may rest, we will get to you in a moment," Kingsley said, trying to hide the shock that was written across his face. He was still evidently confused of the events 3 months ago, which still haven't been explained. "Now if the Prosecution would say their opening statement."

The man, a plump, orange headed troll-looking elder that reminded Harry of Uncle Vernon, in fact, he immediately hated him, started his piece, explaining how "the world could never be safe with juvenile death eaters on the loose, especially ones that lived in the same environment with the man behind thousands of homicides."

Everyone in the room turned to Draco, all except Harry who was already looking at him fiercely, trying to identify an expression. The blonde- although with the matted dirt, it didn't look blonde- was pale. All too pale. Almost that of a ghost, one could practically see his bones under the floppy rag he was given as a uniform. His eyes were sunken in and he was shivering. He looked two lifetimes worse than during the heartbreak 6th year.

Draco didn't even look up after his glance at Harry when he first walked in. As though his eyes were glued to the floor and Harry was just a gust of wind on a summers day.

Harry wondered why he never even acknowledged him, but then reminded himself it was a disclosed relationship and if he did, suspicions could rise. Anything to act as if they hated each other. That's one things he's scared to death about. He just hoped that Draco and he could play it off well.

"Thank you. Now since Mr. Malfoy doesn't inhabit a standard lawyer, shall we move onto the first questioning session-"

"Objection your honor! I'm Mr. Malfoy's lawyer. It would be an unfair disadvantage towards the defendant." No way in hell he wasn't going down without a fight.

Kingsley along with the rest of the room looked at him as if he was mentally ill. Harry gave him an intense stare saying 'you owe me' through his eyes. After a bit of thinking he said it was acceptable and allowed Harry to admit an opening statement. God, this was going to be an insane trial. The Prosecutor just laughed, thinking how could a kid possibly beat him? He crew cocky.

"So," Harry started, his voice shaky but determined, "you all are probably thinking I'm a crazy lunatic right now, but that's okay, I think I am too. I'm honestly just improvising." A few people laughed. What was he worrying about? As Draco said, he's the eye candy of the wizarding world. He had to use it to his advantage.

"You all look at me as a savior, as an icon of the Wizarding World. You look at my scar as a symbol, but never look behind that symbol." He took a breath, hoping everything could come together. "I'm just an ordinary young adult, a kid even. I just got a letter from Hogwarts, somehow they don't think I've destroyed their castle enough, yet." He added the dry humor for sympathy points and a few members of the jury chuckled. "They somehow want me back," he laughed a bit too, a humorless laugh. He glanced over at Draco who was looking at him with wide eyes.

"But behind this scar is just a boy, a boy put through something I wish upon not even my enemies. I'm just someone who has never met their parents, who was raised to believe magic didn't exist, abused, then sent to this world to find out I have to kill someone with no nose. This scar is just a symbol. Now if we turn to Mr. Malfoy, he bears the dark mark. Well what is a dark mark? A symbol. And he is just a boy born into a rotten, abusive family that forced him into something he wouldn't wish upon even his enemies. Just like me. We are the exact same people fighting for something we don't even have knowledge of. Do you think I sat in the library and looked up Lord Voldemort's schedule, his tactics? Do you think he sat in his study and researched ways to kill
people?

"I never woke up in the morning thinking 'how am I going to save the world today?' He never woke up every morning thinking 'how can I put the world in terminal danger'. You all look upon this 'felon' as a monster that needs to be killed. I look at him as a confused boy pushed into something that he shouldn't of had to do. We are two sides of the same coin," he said finally looking at Draco, confidence building in him, "that's why I am helping him. Because he is more innocent than me, he is- honestly. I've killed a man, he has not. And yet because the world judges him on a symbol, he's behind those bars, and I am not. And I'm here to prove he deserves a better life than to rot in a cell. Minister," he said powerfully turning to the temporary judge.

Kingsley looked a though he'd been hit in the face with a beaters bat. No one could deny that was a damn good opening and it blew the other out of the water. The arrogant arse prosecutor wore an ugly smirk and Harry felt disgusted with him. Just his mannerisms drove him extreme.

Journalists behind him were already writing furiously and everyone was dead silent.

"Shall we initiate the veritasierum," the Prosecutor rose.

Harry's scared heart already started to race and it hadn't even been 30 minutes. Veritasierum. That could destroy everything. He had to think of a diversion.

"Objection your honor! Since said charges were accused at underage, shouldn't it be illegal to administer the potion?" It was an excellent point and Harry was surprised he could come up with something like that so efficiently.

"Objection! You're just a 17 year old child! What would you even know about the subject of law and what is just or not!"

"Correction I'm an 18 year old man who saved your life. I didn't think about me when I died, I thought of the people, just like you. Don't make me regret that decision. And I know much more what is just for this man than you do and I'm going to prove it. I was there, you weren't-"

"Order! Order!" Kingsley was slamming his gavel to the wood and the chatter among the room stopped; the two also silenced. Hermione and Ron both shook their head, but Harry went looking into the crowd directly to one man: Arthur Weasley. They all decided to come support Harry. There was a small hint of disapproval in eye that meant 'you need to shut up now!'

"Now. Good point Mr. Potter, however since he is of age now, veritasierum is required for suspects of murder along with bearing of the dark mark," Kingsley said, raising an eyebrow. He called upon a potions master that Harry couldn't recognize since his heart was beating through his ears. He thought everyone in the room could hear it. Draco turned to Harry begging for help, but there was nothing he could do. The potions master had already forced it down his throat through the bars, and Draco tried not to swallow but they tilted his head back and it was impossible.

Harry was growing more and more numb by the second. One wrong question, that was it. Their cover, the scandal, they'd have to redo the trial with an actual lawyer.

The couple was mortally damned.

"Prosecution, you may begin questioning," Kingsley ordered. Shit...

"Yes, sir. Prosecution calls Draco Malfoy to the stand." The bars released itself from the standing cage and an Auror grabbed Draco and led him to the witness chair. Harry could see the cuffs on his hands and knees and the sight made him want to throw up.
"Mr. Malfoy, full name."

"You know it," Draco bit nastily.

"Name."

"Draco Lucius Malfoy."

"Last residence?" Please don't say Grimmauld Place. Please don't say Grimmauld Place!

"Malfoy Manner, Slytherin House, take what you will."

"Age?"

"18."

"Mr. Malfoy, What age were you convicted a death eater?"

"16."

"You were aware that you were under age?"

"Yes," he bit again. You could see Draco's nails chipping into the wood of the chair he was being held. Each and every question Harry's body felt it was being electrocuted.

"When was Tom Riddle inducted into your house?"

"When I was 14, turning 15."

"And yet you didn't wish to tell anyone there was a mass murderer in your house."

"I did."

"You did or didn't wish to tell anyone."

"Did."

"And why didn't you?"

"He would have killed me."

"Okay," he said in a tone that irked Harry. He was asking all the wrong questions. He couldn't elaborate, he couldn't explain he was forced into it. "What age were you ordered to kill Albus Dumbledore."

"16."

"Immediately after you were given the mark?"

"Yes."

"Did you attempt to kill Albus Dumbledore."

"Did."

"Draco bit his lip to keep from speaking. Of course he attempted. He didn't do it, he attempted."

"N-y-yes."

"Gasps erupted in the room. Harry wanted to punch the man's teeth in."

"No further questions."
"Mr. Potter, would you like to crossexamine?"

"Yes, sir" he stood, knowing the job needed to be done.

"Mr. Malfoy, you said you were convicted into being a death eater at 16."

"Yes, I did," he replied, trying not to change tone. He blew his blonde, matted hair from his face.

"Why were you chosen." 'Come on Draco, please don't say because you fooled me, please weasel around it.'

"He thought I was suited for the job."

"By he, you mean Tom Riddle?"

"Yes."

"Did you want to become one?"

"No. Never." Whispers spread through the room like bees in a honey comb.

"So why didn't you say no."

"He would have killed my family."

"So you're saying if you refused you'd all be dead in a minute due to the wrath a pressure of Voldemort himself. You never wanted to take the mark. Did you attempt to kill Albus Dumbledore?"

"Yes."

"Did you kill Albus Dumbledore?"

"No." The mood in the air changed. It felt different and people were once again gasping.

"Who did?"

"Severus Snape."

"Why not you?"

"I didn't want to do it, and he made an unbreakable vow to carry it out. He didn't want me to be a murderer at 16 years old, nor did I at any age either."

Harry knew he was doing well, he was getting their attention, showing them who Draco was behind the symbol.

"Was there a witness the night the assassination took place?"

"Yes," Draco took a deep breath, "you."

Chatter and gasps exploded throughout the room and Harry smiled at Draco who just gave him a confused glare. He could feel the Prosecution's eyes burning in his head. He knew that Harry had the upper hand and wasn't going to call Harry to be a witness. "No further questions."

Harry was about to sit down when a voice came from the crowd. "Jury calls to the stand Harry Potter."
Harry walked coolly to the chair and awaited the array of questions about to flow forward. The same lady asked the first one: what happened the night Albus Dumbledore was murdered. Harry immediately answered the entire story with every little detail, all the way down to Draco's tears—leaving out the relationship detail of course.

The next consisted of Draco's attitude change throughout the years. He explained that as well, bending the truth slightly as needed to cover their romance. He always left the last sentence with them wanting more. For example at the end of the question about Draco behavior, he left it saying: "he seemed even more depressed when I was taken to Malfoy manner on Easter weekend."

Then they asked about that incident, and then he ended the answer with "only one of the many times he has saved my life." And then they would ask about the others. It was just a vicious circle, being a lawyer, the justice system.

It was all just a game.

And how well you played the game determined a victory or defeat.

When the jury said no further questions, the Prosecution was asked to cross examine, but he had no further questions. Harry looked at Draco in the eyes and tried to hide his loving smile but he could help it. He wanted to be connected again, he wanted to go home.

The action didn't go unnoticed the prosecutor who now had a smirk on his face.

Harry knew he could taste victory soon; but when Minister Shacklebolt asked any further analysis, the man called Draco back to the stand.

"Mr. Malfoy, please tell me, what is your relationship with Mr. Potter."

All Harry could think was 'holy shit.' He could not have asked that question...he couldn't of. He had to be dreaming, he had to be in a nightmare. Everything was about to be screwed over. His heart stopped.

"Objection! What does that have anything to do with anything?"

"Overruled, prosecution may continue."

No, how could they even do this. The entire wizarding world was about to ignite, privacy was going be non existent. The trial would be overlooked, Harry wouldn't count as heavily as he did, the entire outcome would be ruined the second Draco opened his mouth.

"What is your relationship with Mr. Potter? Please answer the question." Harry could tell he was trying to hold it in, but he couldn't blame him, and he prepared for the inevitable.

"I use to hate him, but fourth year that all changed," Draco looked at Harry with sorrow and an apology in his eyes," he changed to me. We weren't enemies anymore. We- erm- he wasn't my enemy anymore. The Dark Lord was. Harry Potter changed in my eyes. He was different. I couldn't hate him deeply anymore because, well," Draco looked down. Harry was now egging him on inside. If you're gonna tell the world, do it right. "Because.."

"Because why," the prosecution insisted he get a move on. Almost as if he knew. Thankfully he didn't, and just expectaions them to be friends.

"Because I realized..he wasn't the enemy anymore. I always thought he was but when I met You-know-who, I realized Potter was just a pest. Although he was bloody annoying in 6th year and
stalked me wherever I went, I couldn't blame him. If I was in his shoes, I would do the same. I was too daft to see that. He saved my life, I've saved his. I don't know what you'd call that but, we aren't on speaking terms.

Harry's face dropped. That was not the answer he expected, neither Ron, Hermione, or Arthur. Everyone else expected it though, and Harry covered his expression quickly. How did he even trick the veritasierum?

"Do you know why he's your lawyer? Why he would have an ulterior motive to do so?"

"I honestly have no idea why he is here," Draco said genuinely.

"Did you ever have to use an unforgivable curse on anyone?"

"Y-yes." The veritasierum was working, how could he of just lied so easily!?

A few whispers crossed their way around the room. Harry woke from his thoughts. Shit... That was a big deal.

"On who?"

"Muggleborns."

"Why?"

"I was told to get information by any means possible. I was expected to and there were other death eaters there evaluating me."

"Which curses?"

"Imperio and crucio."

"How many times have you had to use crucio?"

"19 times," he bit.

"Oh really, 19 times? Not sounding all that innocent now are you? No further questions."

"Would you like to cross examin-"

"Yes."

"Okay then, go on Mr. Potter."

Harry pulled out the want that lay in his pocket, his secret weapon.

"Mr. Malfoy what is this?"

"My wand," he said almost angry. "The one you took from me."

"Yes, and how long have you had this wand?"

"Objection! What does this have anything to do with anything?"

"Denied, continue defense."

"How long, Mr. Malfoy."
"Since I was 11."

"And have you casted unforgivables with this wand?"

"Yes."

"Now, you all are probably wondering why I'm bringing this up. I'm going to let you in on a little secret. I didn't kill Lord Voldemort with my wand. Our cores were the same, it would have been impossible. Plus I broke mine. That not the point. The point is, is that I used this wand to kill Tom Riddle. Now just think for a second how is it possible that this want responded to me when it knew it was killing its masters master. How is it that it defied the wand that indirectly controlled it. If Draco Malfoy was truly on his side, which he has said he wasn't, then wouldn't the wand resist me? Shouldn't I be dead if that man right there truly belonged to death eaters?

He is as innocent as each and every single one of you. Don't Aurors use unforgivables when they have to? Do they get locked up? No they are viewed as heroes. During the war I even crucioed someone, and I imperioed a Gringotts Goblin. But because I had to. Because if I didn't I'd be dead, you'd all be dead. If Draco hadn't used those curses, taken the mark, and almost murdered Albus Dumbledore, I'd be dead right now. Narcissa Malfoy could never had lied to Riddle because she would be dead. Voldemort would have lived. You all should be thanking him for saving your life. He's a hero, not a felon. And I'll be damned if you lock a hero in Askaban, because if you're going to, send me there too, and I'll happily rot there, instead of saving your lives again."

Harry looked around the room and eyed each member of the jury. "No further questions."

He left and impression for sure, and hopefully it was enough.

"I see we've reached an end to our trial. The jury needs to reach a decision. All those infavor of life in Askaban."

Few raised their hands. "Those in favor of being cleared of all charges."

Three quarters of the room raised their hands.

'Oh my god, he gets to come home,' Harry said in his head.

"Now Mr. Malfoy, you do realize once released you will be traveled to you home. You will spend the rest of the month there and are then required to go to Hogwarts and finish your education. I or another Auror will be checking up on you once a month to see our decision is correct. Any disturbances and you are placed back on trial. Cleared of all charges," Kingsley said before naming his gavel to the mahogany and releasing Draco from his cuffs.

Harry ran to Draco and pulled him by the wrist as fast as he could into the hall outside of the courtroom where no one could come for at least 5 minutes. He immediately jumped on top of Draco and hugged him as hard as he could.

"Oh my god. I can't believe you're here. Okay we are going to go home, pack, screw Hogwarts-"

"Potter-"

"Get you food and cleaned up. God you must be starving-"

"Potter-"

"How did you even trick the veritasirum? Never mind, I'll ask you later. We'll be gone by morning-"
"Potter!"

"What, I know I'm sorry, it's just I haven't seen you in so long, and I don't wanna kiss you because there could be cameras or someone could walk in," he said rushed. Harry was shaking and so excited. Draco pushed him away and gave Harry a look that one would give to a three headed scorpion.

"Trick the veritasirum? Kiss me? What do you mean by kiss me?"

"You know- put my mouth on yours-"

"What why!? Why are you even here," he sneered.

"What?"

"Listen, don't get me wrong, thank you so much for saving me. That is a debt I could never repay, but I still don't understand why you're here, and why in Salazar's name do you want to kiss me?"

The boys didn't hear the door open, and Ron, Hermione, and Arthur came through, locking it behind them.

"What? A debt I could never repay? It's not a debt, we do these things for each other. We kiss each other! It's what we do!"

"Potter, I have never came in body contact with you a day in my life, except for quidditch, and punching you."

"Draco, what are you saying?"

"Listen, I don't know what kind of dream land you're in. I've never done anything but despise you."

"Draco what are...what?"

"Stop calling my Draco! I'm Malfoy to you. I've always only been Malfoy." Harry looked to see cold, silver irises look down at him.

"What happened to you while you were Askaban? How could you not- what? How could you not be hugging me back and kissing me right now? You're my boyfriend!"

"Ron grab him," Hermione ordered quickly. She had a hunch, and Harry needed to get out of there before he knew what was good for him. Ron did grab him by the waist and Hermione grabbed Ron's hand before aparating back to the Weasley's. Arthur stayed to ensure Draco was delivered to an Auror, although he was also confused.

Harry was kicking and screaming when they reached the yard outside their house.

"DRACO! Draco! Where'd he go! Hermione what's going on."

Hermione just gave him a sympathetic look and Ron put him to the ground.

"I'm not one hundred percent sure but I have a theory. While Draco was at Askaban he was in one of the top security cells. That means that he was being circled by up to 50 dementors all the time. Harry remember when you told us that Draco never smiled before until you and him were together?"

"Yeah," he said, trying to be in control of his emotions.

"What would happen if he never smiled outside of when he was you. The dementors only feed off of
happy memories, and you're his only happy memory."

"So he doesn't remember me."

"He remembers you, just the aggressive, mean you."

"My boyfriend doesn't remember our relationship?"

"I'm sorry Harry," was all she could say.

"How do I make him remember who we were?"

"I'll have to research when we get to Hogwarts."

Hogwarts. Draco was enrolling, he had too by law. Harry had to find a way to put back the pieces that have crumbled into ashes.

Looks like he's going back to Hogwarts.
The Breakdown

The train rode by as the gloomy clouds rained down on the machine, the drops jumping off the pebbles that coated the iron from the tracks. Harry found it humorous how the weather wholly corresponded to his mood as of late. Time hadn't moved fast enough even if it was only 3 or 4 days. Yeah, 3 or 4 days of pure misery.

It was horrid, Harry's emotions, the pain in his heart, the beat that stung his chest all made him want to rip his own soul to pieces. He wouldn't mind killing someone at this point. He barely moved. He hadn't eaten.

"How could he of just forgotten me?" He would ask himself questions every waking moment. "No, he couldn't be! He's just joking- a sick game. Draco would never...could never do that to me! When we get back to Hogwarts he's just going to surprise me and then I'll get mad at him and then we'll have angry make up sex in the room of requirement and everything will be okay.. Okay?"

Harry was in an endless, sick denial.

He toyed Draco's pocket watch in his robes whose dial was stuck on 1260. Harry figured it was just broken from slamming it against the floor back in 6th year. And when Harry got home from the trial, he did kick the night stand, causing it to fall...yeah that was the problem.

Harry was too lost in thought when Draco went up to his carriage door. If it wasn't for the reflection of his platinum hair, he would have missed him, but the window showed his presence.

Harry's heart started beating fast, he knew this was it, Draco was going to reveal his game and everything would be okay.

But he didn't. He looked like he was going to open the trolley door but then raised his eyes to speculate Ron, Hermione, and he, before eyeing Harry with sad eyes and leaving without a second glance.

Harry followed him with his eyes until he left sight. He stood but Hermione pushed him back down.

"No, Harry! Leave him some space. For Gods sake, he's been in Askaban for 3 months, and if he really did forget you, imagine your enemy standing up for you in front of the entire Wizengamot. It's probably overwhelming!"

"But Hermione-"

"She's right, mate, you don't want to ruin it."

"Ruin what? He's my boyfriend and he doesn't even remember anything we've ever had!"

"Harry! Shhh quiet down," Hermione boasted.

"Quiet down! What If it was one of you two! I love him and doesn't even remember if he loves me! In fact, he hates me!"

"Just take a breather, mate, have a chocolate frog," Ron said as he handed him the wrapper. Harry took it with a heavy heart and devastated eyes.

He pouted. "Dementors can't even erase someone's memory."
"We'll have to wait until we get there to see," Hermione replied. She wasn't sure either, but there was always research to be done.

But Harry didn't want research, that he could do after Draco remembered him, he just wanted a damn cure.

And he wouldn't rest until he got one.

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The sorting had been done, the rules had been explained and the feast had been set, but Draco hadn't payed attention to any of it. Something had just been missing. A whole In his heart was as empty as a Gringotts vault owned by a man in poverty, yet, he didn't know why and it was biting at him.

He couldn't stop thinking about Potter for no doubt whatsoever. The reasons why Harry defended him from the arsehole prosecutor, didn't even make any sense. He should be in Askaban, rotting away, but he was here, with all the people he went against in the war. He subconscious placed a hand over his left arm which made him feel more guilty than he should of.

"Are you okay? You haven't talked about Harry at all," Blaise said.

"Yeah, so come on, tell us the details! What have you two been doing the past few days," Pansy nudged her elbow into his arm and wiggled an eye brow suggestively.

"Harry? You mean Potter? What the hell Pansy! What do you mean by that! We haven't been doing anything! I haven't even talked to him. I still have no idea why he even showed up at my trial, let alone defended me."

"What do you mean," Pansy asked, her eyes widened, baffled.

"What do you mean!? He's hated me for years, the whole lot of them. And somehow he saves my life, a-bloody-gain ! How am I ever going to thank him for that?" Draco looked up to see Potter starring at him intensely, with almost...longing? "Why would I even want you? It's his damn fault he did that! Now he's probably going to hold it against me for the rest of my life! I'd probably be set off better in Askaban."

"I don't understand-"

"Pansy, drop it," Blaise scolded. The Italian knew something was up, other wise, Draco would have been on about how "amazing Harry was" and "how in love he was with him" within the seconds he reached the table.

Pansy and Blaise looked at each other while Draco stabbed her fork at the table. "He won't stop staring at me! He looks like a damned lost puppy!"

He was right. The Gryffindork had an intense, lost glare towards his way. Almost as if Harry could give him back his lost memories through his eyes.

'Just don't look up,' he thought to himself,'you won't notice if you don't look.'

Draco did so throughout the entire meal, not even touching his food. He only glanced away from the newly polished wooden table when the Headmistress raised her body and stepped to the podium for the second time of the night- the first, both Harry nor Draco payed attention to.

"Repeating 7th years, or returning 8 year students, reestablishing their 7th year credits are not to be staying within their original houses, for there is not enough room, along with them only being here to
complete their substantial education," Headmistress McGonagal said into the silent hall, which echoed her voice throughout the room. "As a result they will be in a separate common room, which will be located on the 7th floor corridor. As expected, although returning students are of age, the same rules apply that have been the past 7 years. If anyone of you would do so need be reminded," she said sternly, glancing over the rims of her glasses, eyeing the mischief makers,"you should speak with me and I will clarify. Now all of you may follow your head boy to your dormitories, 8th years, if you will follow me."

She got up and escorted the adults throughout the school.

This meant he would have to be in the same common room as Potter. Damn it. This meant he could never get away from the lot of Gryfindorks.

They rounded the corner of the 7th floor corridor, which was of course on the other side of the school so they weren't close to the Gryffindors; but Draco, who was on the tail end of the group, knew this hallway, and so did Harry, who was at the front. It was a corridor that withheld too many abhorrent memories that were tied to them.

The Room of Requirement.

Draco stopped at the sight of the blank wall—remembering the endless nights he spent behind it, working on the damned cabinet, the fire, and something else he couldn't put his tongue to. He was shaking and his throat closed as he eyed the stone quickly, examining the cracks in the cement.

The Slytherin began backing away, the corners of his vision was foggy and black before he couldn't see anymore; his hands were now violently almost turning and it was hard to breathe. He didn't have control of his body. What the hell was going on?

Pansy and Blaise, thankfully, noticed and sat back with him, grabbing him to keep from breaking into a sprint. He was kicking to get away and grunted through effort.

Harry turned his head to see the boy that was breaking down and briskly walked toward him trying not to make a scene.

At this point Draco was in pain and was panting which was visible on his face, his eyes closed. His body was limp and Pansy and Blaise had to hold him in place.

"Draco," Harry asked, his face full of concern. No one could see them, and only Ron and Hermione really noticed Harry walk to the back— which they contemplated him just saying hi to a past friend—not the catastrophic event occurring.

Draco’s neck started jerking back and forth and his eyes shot open as he finally nicked it to the side. His pupils dilated to cover almost his entire eye, almost as if he never had an iris, and what was left of it was pure mercury with no visible dimensions like how they used to be.

"She will...never be able to..." Draco spat through his teeth, choking on his own speech, and hacking over his own tongue,"love you...as much.. As I do..." Harry stood there, confused. It seemed as though Draco wasn't even there, as if his body was there, but his mind was not. There was something completely wrong. "Tell me! Tell me you don't love me!"

"What," Harry said, just above a whisper, his heart physically ripping in front of him. He could see Draco completely breaking before him, the pain of his lover, or ex lover or whoever he was, taunting him, leaving him with nothing to do about it but watch him uncoil.

He started struggling completely, Draco did, and the two holding him were practically just keeping
his body from flying flat on his face.

"Care to dance......." Draco cocked his head to the other side and tears involuntarily leaked from his eyes. "Don't.... Don't trust.... me...,"

"Draco! Please wake up," Harry grasped his shoulders. He, too, almost had a panic attack and he was trying not to hyperventilate.

"I'm...so....so-so-sorry...H-har-har-" Draco whined before completely passing out.

The two placed him to the ground, a Harry kneeled next to him, wiping the hair from his face, which was matted in sweat.

"What the hell did you do to him, Potter," Pansy asked, trying to comprehend the sight in front of her.

"I don't know! He came back after the trial and he didn't even remember me!"

"Well you broke him, congratulations."

"I didn't mean to! I have no idea what the hell is going on!"

"Should we take him to St. Mungos? Memory is not something to be played with," Blaise diagnosed.

Harry grasped Draco's pale hand. St. Mungos? How could he of even gotten into this mess. Harry's heart yearned for a bandage to keep it from falling apart. It just hurt so much.

It was a few second before he opened his eyes to reveal the silver ones that Harry feared, yet welcomed at the same time.

"Are you okay," Pansy asked and Draco turned his head towards her.

"I'm fine, why? Why the hell am I on the floor," he said, completely ignorant to the event that just occurred.

"You freaked-" Harry started but Blaise covered his mouth to keep from talking.

"Potter!? What are you doing?" His eyes trailed down to their holding hands, staring at them widely. He ripped his away from Harry's and practically jumped up before running to the group. "Don't touch me!"

Harry just kept kneeled to the ground, completely flabbergasted.

What the hell was going on?
Backwards

After Draco's episode, McGonagal showed them their common rooms and explained how it would be run. It was a humble room, withholding the standards: a fireplace, comfy chairs and sofas, a couple desks here and there along with the Hogwarts crest on display.

A single staircase went to a long hallway which led at everyone's room. There were only 10 rooms in total, two beds in each, for not many 8th years had returned. Ron and Harry were together, Draco and Blaise, Dean and Seamus, as well as Hermione and another Gryffindor were paired together, and the rest are all irrelevant right now because this story has nothing to do with them at this point.

Each room was decorated corresponding to the original houses, yet Draco felt less than at home, in fact he loathed the entire place. It was as though he didn't even have a home anymore.

There were rules in place, for example, no prefects, no magic in the hallways, along with no trying out for quidditch, since I would be a disadvantage towards those who are in their valid year at Hogwarts. Instead, the adults had assigned hours they could play on their own every other day. It was sort of fair, but to Harry right now, it would have been a distraction. His only thoughts were on Draco.

Speaking of Draco, the blonde went straight to his room without a look back, yet he felt Harry's eyes upon him the entire time, which they were.

Harry was scared to death and the second McGonagal left, he ran to his room, got his invisibility cloak, and stole Hermione before practically sprinting to the library.

"Look for anything that has to do with dementors," Harry said before throwing himself in books. For once, he actually wanted to study.

A few hours had passed and nothing was to be found on memory loss due to a dementor attack. It was eccentrically useless. Harry pulled out his broken pocket watch every hour, the dial still stuck on 1260. At about 4 a.m. when Hermione was almost passed out and Harry started scribbling Draco's name on his paper for motivation.

"Her-Hermione what do you think sounds better," he said as his hand was forcing up his cheek and drool was at the ledge of his lips. Hermione's head shot up as though an alarm clock struck.

"What Harry?"

"Harry and Draco Malfoy, or Harry and Draco Potter," he asked with a flat voice that was laced with endless hope.

"Harry, you are such a hopeless romantic," She said smiling a bit, just a bit, but uncertainty sat within her eye. She knew he was setting himself up for failure.

"Because I like Harry and Draco Potter better, but you know he's so stubborn and I feel like when he remembers me again he might want to keep his last name, you know?" He sounded almost drunk from the lack of sleep.

"Harry," she said about to burst his over inflated bubble, but he showed her a look saying 'please don't break my heart again.' "I think Harry and Draco Potter. I couldn't see you as a Malfoy."

He immediately smiled and put his head on his arm. "Me either. Have you found anything," he asked
as he drew hearts over his choice.

"No," she replied with dismay.

"Me either... Maybe tonight we can come back and look in the restricted section and-"

"Harry," she whined.

"Hermione! I'd do it for you, please! Maybe if we just work really hard, everything can go back to normal within the next few days and you can sleep for a week."

"I can't sleep for a week," she smiled, "you know I wouldn't be allowed."

"I'm Harry Potter, I'll make it happen," he said with a tiny grin, but it immediately dropped when he remembered when he was this cocky with Draco, then immediately frowned.

The thought of him on his lips again drove Harry to stand. "I'm going for a walk, what classes do we have today?"

"Potions, charms, herbology, and muggle studies."

"I'll see you in potions, then."

"Wait! What how am I supposed to get back without your cloak?"

"Take it," he said while throwing it at her, and practically speed walking out into the corridor. Hermione turned to his notes that he left sloppily on the table. There were very few pure notes, but scribbles surrounded the entire parchment. Hearts were everywhere over phrases like "Hey, you," and "Scarface + Ferret," which she didn't really know how to react, but her heart instantly hurt.

There were their names matched up in numerous ways. A snitch fluttered in the corner with their initials within it, and lastly a small poem was written in the corner of the paper.

"And I am missing you
I wish you and I were together
That would make two
I really didn't want to write this
Because of fright, but I do miss
My idiot ferret
So don't swear it
But I know I'm really bad
But I didn't want you to be sad
I know this is really lame
But I thought it was just a game
And now I've fallen for you
Harry made it out of the castle without interruptions. One prefect speculated him, but he just let him go. Walking to the lake, the moon shined bright and was about to going into hibernation while he made his way to the mirroring water.

He sat at the bay and tried to resist looking over to the thick oak tree in the distance that connected the route to his old paradise a place he wished he could be again; but he knew he physically and emotionally couldn't handle it.

If fact the only thing that kept him mortally sane was the necklace laced around his neck, and Draco's promise to always love him, which obviously hadn't been working out.

Harry lay back in the damp sand that sent a chill through his spine, the morning already surrounding the earth. He shut his eyes and enjoyed the very few secluded seconds he had to himself, just until a voice made him jump and shoot his eyes open.

"Potter, what are you doing here," Draco bit the question in half and forced it into a statement.

The Gryffindor kept his sight from Draco's, knowing he'd break his own heart in the blink of an eye. After a log pause and deep breath, Harry finally spoke while playing with a stick in the sand, making an unknown figure. "Couldn't sleep," he half-lied. "You?"

"Is it illegal to go out, or am I just trapped in that castle as well," Draco sneered. "I was here first. And I'm still trying to find a reason why you keep following me."

"I'm not following you. My apologies, I didn't know you owned the outdoors. Now would you please stop acting like a two year old? We aren't kids anymore," Harry said sarcastically. If the blonde was going to play this game, he would fight back, too. Draco took a deep breath and held his hands to his temples to rid the constant head ache he'd been having, which was getting increasingly worse.

"Listen, I just want to know why you are so damned obsessed with me."

"I'm not obsessed over you! I'd give anything for you of all people to leave me alone right now." Draco's attitude was making Harry's throat close, the snapping hammering his heart. He could feel a tiny spring of tears almost ready themselves to fall.

"I'm not leaving, so you may as well go. I'm not going to deal with you right now."

"I'm not leaving. I'm never leaving," he said, going back to his canvas.

Draco sat down, an ample amount of footing away from Harry. "You are such a pest!"

A trigger was pulled on that one. Yeah, a pest. There was once a time when Draco called Harry a pest, but the circumstances were polar opposites.

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5th year.

"We should erm, probably get back to work." They had their eyes continuously locked until Harry turned away to look up the location of fire seeds. He didn't read, though. He was too distracted on how hot his cheeks were and how fuzzy his brain was. He wanted more. More passion, more love.

He leaned in to kiss Draco's cheek.
"Harry stop it." He kept kissing him. And Draco couldn't deny he wanted more but these owls were important to him. "Harry go away." He lied. He never wanted Harry to leave."Harry stop, please. Harry...Harry.. Please." By now he was down by his favorite spot on Draco's neck.

"You know you love it."

"I don't." He fibbed again.

"You enjoyed it."

"You are such a pest!" He turned his head towards Harry and the Gryffindor took his chance to kiss him again. Draco automatically relaxed into it.

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Harry sniffed with a heavy soul trying to just avoid the memories as much as he could for now.

"Really am I, now?"

"Yes, you are!"

Harry rolled his eyes and continued playing with the stick he was using to draw his masterpiece.

Draco was annoyed that Harry was ignoring him for some reason. It just seemed like there was a certain spark missing.

"Potter, what the hell could you be drawing that has you so concentrated?"

"What does it look like I'm drawing, Malfoy," Harry bit while he stared off into the water.

"... A whale... Or a deformed quaffel." He sounded genuine for the first time.

Harry immediately shot up and finally looked him in the eyes, his own tears waiting to be freed blocking his view.

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Harry lay down on his stomach his elbows propping him up, digging in the sand. They were so close Harry could put his chin on Draco's knee, who was in a crisscross position.

"Whatcha drawing?" Harry looked at the markings he made in the sand.

"No idea to be honest with you," Draco responded sounding depressed compared to Harry's happy tone. The squiggles were strange, nothing making a prominent design.

"Well, that could be," Harry pointed to a weird circle which really didn't look like a circle, "a whale."

"Out of all the things in the world, you picked a whale." Draco smiled and let out a small laugh while looking down at Harry who was looking up at Draco with the brightest eyes in the world. "It doesn't even have a tail."

"Okay fine, how about... A duck."

"It doesn't even have feet!"

"Fine! It's a really deformed quaffel!"

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Harry knew the old Draco was there, he had to be. There's no possible way he couldn't of come up with the exact answers himself.

Harry noticed something was off in Draco's eyes.

They were flickering.

Flickering between a dull grey and a bright, loving mercury, they were. Harry got up and stepped towards Draco and kneeled next to him to get a better glance.

This was the closest they'd been since he was stolen. Harry could see his features were weak, the bottom of his eyes purple, and cheeks sunken in. His hair was freshly cut, probably by the work of his mother before the arrival at Hogwarts. He didn't have as much gel in it and harry wanted to know what it felt like.

"Oh. You're nervous about me cursing you. Fine if it makes you that more comfortable, here take my wand. Go on I'm not going to bite. This is a real date. I promise," Draco said a almost amused, and very fake look on his face.

"Draco?"

Harry looked at his surroundings. It was where they had their first date!

"No! There is no way in hell I'm going down there! It's too cold! And I'm not taking off my clothes. And I refuse to get them dirty, so you go alone, or you don't go at all," Draco said sternly, and Harry could tell if he wasn't sitting, the boy would have fallen. His muscles were weak and shaky. His head was spazzing. "I'm not a coward!"

When Harry wanted to go swimming, after they played in the sand.

Draco was trying to connect the lost memories due to a trigger! Harry got an idea! Maybe if he triggered the right memory everything would be fixed, right?

"Draco, I love you."

Wrong.

Draco gave a look of confusion towards Harry before completely blanking out and letting his eyes roll to the back of his head, and falling to the ground.

"Draco... Damn it, Draco, wake up!"

But he didn't. His skin lost all color and he was cold, just like last time. Harry connected their hands, Draco’s being fairly bony, again but this time, he lay next to him and examined his face, which he still found beautiful, even when it looks as troubled as it did. He looked uncomfortable, and almost looked as if he was copying a face as to that of one who was about to cry. Harry himself, did let a few tears leak.

"I'm so sorry, Draco. I should never have left you. And now, you've left me. I'm so sorry," Harry said before trowing his empty hand over his eyes and bawling into them.

He then fell into an uneasy sleep and wondered what Draco was dreaming about right now.

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At sunrise Harry found himself alone in the warm autumn breeze that greeted the morning. It took a
few moments to recollect the events that took place but he eventually did and then continued his way to the castle where he just asked Hermione to clean him up by spell before heading to potions.

The 8th years had their own classes and all had the same schedule so seeing Draco was inevitable. Harry didn't think he'd show up but upon the bell ringing he immediately walked in the door and sat in the farthest seat from Harry.

The class was just an introduction and Slughorn ended up talking about tales from the war most of the time. It was a subject no one wanted to touch on.

The bell didn't ring soon enough and when it finally did, Draco caught up to Harry in the hall, and handed him a piece of parchment before running away like there was a fire. And with that note lay the letters in his sweet, curvy handwriting Harry knew so well, saying something that made his heart want to bleed.

"Stay away from me."
Immediately after class Harry balled the paper in his hand and punched the wall. He didn't know what hurt most: his emotions or his knuckles. He fell back and slid against the stone he just hit, the entire corridor was empty except for Ron and Hermione who just walked out of the potions class room and hadn't seen him yet.

Harry's face was emotionless but his eyes were glassy and just stared at the opposite wall. He didn't turn his head when the two approached him.

"My entire life is falling apart at the seams. And there is absolutely nothing I can do about it."

"What's wrong, mate?"

"I keep being there for him, but he just won't let me and I don't know what to do."

"Harry, what happened," Hermione said crouching next to him.

"I just try to help him and it only makes things worse," he said staring at the ceiling to keep his tears to fall. "He hates me."

"Harry, maybe you should back off a bit. Maybe he just feels suffocated."

"She's right, mate, you are crowding him, it's only the first day back."

"Yeah but-"

"Think of it as if you are helping him and in the long run it will work out."

"I'm not sure about that anymore," Harry let a few drops falling from his eyes and sighed.

"It's too early to judge that, we should really get going," Hermione said helping him up. "Class is starting soon."

They made their way to the rest of their classes and Draco refused to even look at Harry throughout the rest of the day. It honestly just motivated him more and went directly to the library without food or precious sleep.

Hermione agreed to meet him after dinner before calling him crazy, but he didn't care.

Anything to save Draco.

It was another restless night, even if he tried to sleep in the library he couldn't, for his heart was too heavy. He toyed with Draco's necklace and held his pocket watch in his left hand.

1260

The clock stroke 3:30 and Hermione was already passed out. She had napped during dinner and Harry made a mental note to thank her graciously when this was all over - if this was all over. He placed his invisibility cloak on the desk next to her and went to the common room uninterrupted.

He slowly climbed up the stairs and looked for door, which had their names on it and the 3rd door to the right said "Potter, Weasley," with golden letters.
Harry couldn't help but glance over his shoulder to speculate the rest of the hallway until he found "Malfoy, Zambini," written in silver. It was one door down from his across the hall, one could say they were diagonal to each other.

He placed his head against his own door while his hand touched the knob, trying to push away the memories surfacing. God damn, he missed him so much.

Harry entered and went to his trunk quietly despite Ron's snores. He found the little book he'd been looking for, which was on top, and slipped out one of the 5 photos- the one of them kissing. Casting a small lumos from his wand (which Hermione found and fixed) he turned to the last page and fell heavily on his bed, not even knowing what emotion to feel.

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I'm so sorry.

Please help me.

I know you'll Always be there for me. You know where to find me.

Love always,
Draco

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Harry sat back and hot tears dripped from his face and he tried to choke back the sounds escaping his throat in hope to not wake up Ron. Instead he closed his curtains and cast a silencing charm, before absolutely bawling.

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"Look at that one, there," Draco exclaimed while looking up at the starry sky. He was outside on a cool autumn night, laying in the bitter grass his hand interlocked with another. His body was along the line of someone else's, the warmth radiating off of it. They were close, incredibly close.

"What is it?"

"Orion's Belt! Those three," he said, pointing at the bright balls of light.

"Oh I see it!" Draco felt a newly placed weight on his shoulder, and not minding, he turned his neck so he also leant on the head that was occupying him. The voice then said, "look right there, just over to the left."

Draco did so and he saw black hair in the corner of his eye, but strangely he didn't question it. Instead he kept searching the dark skies.

"What? I can't see it?"

"To the left, more!"

"Where!?"

"Here," Harry whispered before taking his empty hand and completely turning Draco's head by his chin. He pressed his lips against Draco's firmly, and only after Draco realized who it was, did he wake up screaming.

"Are you okay," Blaise asked.
"I had a horrible nightmare!" He got up from his bed and sprinted to the bathroom, squeezing toothpaste onto his toothbrush.

"What was it about?"

"I dreamt I was kissed by Potter," he said, shoving the tool in his mouth and scrubbing as hard as he could. "It was disgusting!"

Blaise just sat up with a look of uncertainty in his eyes. Although he never fancied the idea of the two and item, he had to admit: they were perfect together.

And seeing Draco the way he was drove him into dismay. He just wondered how long it would take the two to click again.

Both boys didn't get any sleep the rest of the night. Either because they were too afraid or they just couldn't. Skipping to their first class, DADA, Harry presumably got there early, mostly because he didn't want to see the look on his friends faces. He knew he looked horrible. He didn't need to hear it.

As more students poured into the room Harry rested his head on the familiar wooden desk, just to shut his eyes felt like a desert in the first few drops of a downpour.

"I will not have students, especially those who think a scar can keep them exempt from any rules, sleeping in my class," a stern, pickled voice spoke from the back of the room. Harry's head shot up and starred directly in front of him. He knew that voice. "Nor pugnacious, criminalized vermin just lucky enough to escape their sentence."

"Don't you dare talk to him like that," Harry immediately bit. He eyed Draco before turning to the notorious Prosecutor he despised, who was swiftly clicking his heels to the floor, tap, tap tap, as he made his way to the front steps of the classroom.

"Really, now," he tried to hide his sneer with a fake laugh, just like Umbridge used to, worse than Umbridge used to. "I do dare, Mr. Potter. If you never do so wish to leave this school then I suggest you keep your mouth shut, although I know someone as stubborn minded and arrogant as you couldn't take the challenge."

"If anybody is arrogant and narrow minded it would be you. Please don't tell me you're our new defense against the dark arts teacher, because if you knew anything about the dark arts you would have known the second you heard Draco's story, he was innocent." Harry spat, standing. He didn't even remember he was in a classroom. It felt like he was back at the trial. Draco was all he could see, all his heart could speculate.

"Shut up, Potter," Draco shot as he slammed his hand on the desk. "Stop defending me!"

"Silence! Detention, both of you, tonight," the man snapped.

"But Dra-Malfoy didn't even do anything!"

"Mr. Potter, I suggest you keep your mouth shut before I send you and your friend to the Headmistriss."

"He's not my friend," Draco shouted.

Harry was about to fight back but Hermione stepped on his foot from under the desk and told him to drop it before things got really ugly.
"Now," the teacher said, "we all shut our uncontrollable mouths, I'm Professor Pumblechook, and I will be your new defense against the dark arts teacher. And yes, I do know what I'm talking about."

"Oh, your name matches your repugnant face," Draco called. He then turned to Harry. "There, now I did something. Like hell I'm letting you get me a detention! I'm going to earn it myself!"

"Mr. Malfoy, Mr. Potter, one more word from either of you and you'll find yourself riding home on the train, tonight!"

Everyone was silent the rest of the class, even the two. It was a horrible class, and it reminded Harry of Umbridge, 100%. He knew it was a start to an awful year.

Detention was equally as horrific. They were practically shouted at the entire time and if they spoke, it would cost them a month of scrubbing the room with a toothbrush. And even worse, Draco refused to speak with him, even look at him.

"I know there is something going on between you two. I'm going to find out, and I intend to make your life a living hell once I do."

That was the last thing Pumblechook said to them before practically throwing them out.

They were left in the vacated hallway, it dark and eerie. The two walked in silence, both fuming for different reasons. Harry wanted to spark a conversation but didn't know how to. He could tell Draco was livid.

"He shouldn't of spoken to you like that-"

"I don't give a damn," Draco bit before throwing him against the wall as hard as he could, "how he speaks to me. Don't you understand, I deserve it! What I want to know," he tightened his grip,"is why the hell you keep being there for me. Why you defended me at the trial, why you stand up for me!"

"Because I promised you I would," Harry said. He honestly forgot that Draco forgot. He felt like he was in another fight with him, something they could buffer out.

"No you didn't! I don't recall you even being civilized with me for 7 damned years! And now you act as though we are friends."

"Oh don't worry we've been more than civilized, we've been friends, we've been more than friends-"

"I don't know what kind of fantasy you live in, but I would appreciate it if you separated it from reality, because no one can handle your madness, I can't. What part of 'stay away from me,' don't you understand?" He released him and began storming away. Harry chased after the blonde.

"The staying away part."

"That was a rhetorical question, Potter!"

"Stop calling me Potter, Draco-"

"Stop calling me Draco. I'm Malfoy to you, I've only always been Malfoy!"

"We aren't kids anymore so stop acting like a child."

"Acting-.... A child? I'm acting like a child! You're the one who pops up at my trial, somehow
unconditionally saves my life, AGAIN, and then you say you want to kiss me after the trial and that-bleh- we're boy-f-f-frie- I can't even say it! And I can't tell if I'm having some insane, detested nightmare, but I'm honestly scared because I think the dementors got to me a little too deep and I'm freaking out! Honestly, I'd rather be in Askaban than with you, so stop caring for me because i don't want it. Save your pity for someone else."

"Pity? You think I'd defend you in front of the entire Wizgetamont out of pity."

"Why else would you- could you?"

Harry grabbed his cheek, and Draco looked at him like he was crazy and tried to swat away his hand but Harry grabbed it with his free hand and locked them together, forcefully.

"Draco, I know you're in there. I know you miss me, and I know you need me, you just can't find me yet," Harry said, staring directly in his stormy eyes that flickered, once, just once, to the pure mercury, "and I just want you to know, I miss you too, and maybe I might not see you for a while, but I'll wait. And don't you dare think I won't defend you on my deathbed." He dropped his hands from Draco's body. "I'll just give you a bit to sort yourself out then Malfoy..."

Harry walked away from the bewildered Draco with a heavy, yet lighter heart than how he had been, knowing he needed to give him his space.

What else could he do?

Well besides skip the rest of his classes and go to library, finding endless stacks of books, and trying to find a cure to their depressing crisis.
...Friends?

It had been about a month, possibly less, that one word hadn't been spoken between the blonde and the brunette. Draco was honestly scared to even look at Harry with all the kooky things that had been said and done by him. Plus the fact that every time they were near each other, Draco's constant headache grew stronger and sometimes he would even feel light headed. "It was downright mad," he would say to Blaise and Pansy, who would then give disapproving look towards one another and then fakely agree.

Harry went into a fit of depression. He didn't want to eat, he couldn't sleep, and even if he did, he would have nightmares about the war or Draco. He didn't want to talk to anyone really. In fact he would be found in the library practically any time he didn't have classes. "It was downright mad," his friends would tell him, but he didn't care.

Pumblechook was ridiculously cruel to both of them, that was really the only thing that they had in common anymore. Harry, for the first time, was on the verge of failing DADA. All his other classes gave him sympathy, he had O's in every one. He didn't even turn in half of his work and he got full credit because all the teachers thought he was depressed because of the war. which was half correct.

Harry was walking around the corner to his common room just before midnight when he ran into a solid figure, sending them both to the ground.

"Damn it, Potter! I'd been doing such a good job staying away from you, and here you go screwing things up, again!" Draco's voice wasn't laced with as much malice as normal. It almost sounded sad, and Harry noticed as he recuperated from the floor. Only when he stood up was when he noticed the slytherin was holding his eye and his face was red.

"Maybe if you would watch where you were going instead of covering your eyes like a blindfold, we wouldn't be in this situation," he said, dusting off his robes.

"Whatever Potter, maybe next time you could be a little less daft and not run into me yourself," Draco said, turning and walking away, shielding his right eye.

"What happened to your eye? Did I do that to you," Harry asked, taking a step toward him.

"None of your business, Potter, just leave me alone!" He started to leave.

Harry grabbed his wrist and spun him around despite Draco's cries to be released.

"Malfoy, take off your hand. Malfoy let go," Harry chanted. " Malfoy, just please let go."

"No, Potter! You let go of me." Harry tightened his grip and used his other hand to take away Draco's that was covering his face.

His eye was red and completely swollen, yellow bruises already forming around it. Draco could barely open it and Harry could only see a sliver of the steel pigment of his irises. It was watering.

"Who did this to you?" Harry tried to keep his tone down and hid his immediate anger.

"No body, it doesn't matter," Draco bit, trying to cover his eye again but Harry kept his hand grasped to his wrist, holding down forcefully. "Why do you care?"

"Because!" Harry raised his hand and brought it to his face and just barely touched it before Draco
wince in absolute pain, a yelp escaping his throat. "Sorry!"

"Damn you, Potter..."

"It's pretty serious. Come on, follow me," Harry said, not even giving the blonde a choice as he started pulling him in the direction of the Room of Requirement.

"Wait Potter, no! I-I can't," Draco stuttered and tried pulling away, afraid of the place where he was almost set ablaze, remembering being almost swallowed by flames. "Please, Potter!"

"Would you just get over yourself for 5 minutes and just let me help you for once," Harry scoffed, not looking back to see the terrified look on his face. Draco wouldn't budge as the door appeared and Harry turned the knob. "What the hell is your problem!?"

He finally turned to Draco starring at the door. For a second he thought he'd have another nightmare break down, but the slytherin just shook like a scared puppy. "Hey, you okay," Harry asked with kind eyes.

"Not here..anywhere but here..."

"Are you scared?" It was a childlike question that Harry thought would earn him a slap, but Draco just slightly nodded his head as if he was in a haunted trance. "Me too," Harry said, his voice laced with compassion. Harry had to admit, he almost lost Draco, along with his own life within the walls that filled him with so much memory, good and bad. "We can go together."

"Stop being sentimental, Potter, I'm not one of your dumb Gryffindork friends."

"Okay, we can just go in separately-"

"No," Draco beckoned abruptly. He obviously was a shaking dog, rather a rattle snake. There was a pause as Harry moved his hand down Draco's wrist and locked their hands.

"Alright then," Harry said softly.

The two walked slowly into which the castle made a room for them. It was small, but cozy. There was a black couch large enough for two people (which Harry found torturous since he knew nothing could happen) along with a sink and a cupboard above it, towels within. A fire place lit the room. There were other cupboards and countertops but Harry didn't have time to search through them.

"Lay down," Harry ordered as he went for the sink, immediately running the water and placing a towel under the divine liquid.

"What are you, a damned healer?"

"Shut it and lay down."

Draco rolled his eyes, then followed directions given while Harry twisted the washcloth so all excess water escaped from it. The raven haired man kneeled next to the couch next to Draco's head. His face really close to the latter's own, he went from Draco's chin with his index finger and tapped the skin, going up slowly with force as light as a feather.

"Tell me when it hurts," Harry insisted, but wasn't paying attention, more as to looking into Draco's good eye which was staring back at him. He trailed his line of sight to Draco's pointed nose, which he loved to kiss when he was off guard; then up to his eyebrows and forehead down to his precious pink lips that... effortlessly...took his......breath...away.... that were so familiar to him, that he wanted to
touch so much...that...were...were moving?

"Ouch, Potter," took Harry back to reality.

"Oh right sorry," Harry said frazzled, "so where did it start hurting?" He made it up to just below Draco's eye, then traveled back down, stopping mid cheek which wasn't as red.

"There," Draco told.

Harry placed the small towel just where it hurt and Draco immediately he winced which made Harry wince a bit as well. He hated seeing him in pain.

"Sorry, I should have mentioned it was going to sting a bit."

"Yeah thanks for letting me know, scarhead," Draco sneered as much as he could go without pain.

Woah woah," Harry exclaimed, pulling away the towel completely, "Scarface, not scarhead," he corrected.

"Does it matter?" Draco furrowed his eyebrow. Harry, offended, completely forgot Draco forgot, again. His heart wasn't with the situation, and it was too cold to change its mind.

"Yes! Yes it one hundred percent completely and wholly matters. Scarface, not scarhead. You don't see me running around calling you a mongoose, do you?" That was one of the things Harry prized. Scarface alone, scarhead with the rest of the world. He took it as an insult, scarhead.

Draco gave him as wild as a look as he could given the circumstance. "A mongoose? What? A damned mongoose? Are you seriously, mentally insane?" Draco tried to sit up but Harry immediately pushed him down. "Or do I have a concussion?"

Harry got quiet a little bit, remembering Draco's current state. For the first time he closely examined Draco's bruise, since he was so distracted by the rest of his (saintlike as he described it) face earlier. It was blue from just above his eyebrow down to his cheek bone. Black, purple, and yellow spots decorated the violet in an ugly fashion, and a red ring surrounded that. It was swollen, big time.

"What happened," Harry asked, his voice low, putting the ice cold towel up against the hot skin and dabbed it around. He wiped away Draco's angel hair and let his fingers linger on the pieces. Even just a taste quenched his want to run them through his hair.

"I just got hit around, okay? It was nothing."

"It wasn't nothing! What'd he do?"

"I got punched, really, that's it," Draco whined, trying to bite back the pain.

"I've punched you too many times, I know what one can do, and this damage is just too much...you're lying."

"No I'm not!"

Harry shifted, trying to get a better angle to the side of his face, unknowingly digging his elbow into Draco's ribs. This made the blonde howl in sharp pain. "That answers that."

The Gryffindor moved to Draco's shirt and started undoing the buttons, completely comfortable with his body since he'd seen it plenty of times, he didn't think about it.
But Draco didn't remember that.

"What the hell are you doing," Draco shouted, trying to back away but couldn't due to his injuries.

"Taking off your shirt."

"Why!"

"To see your injuries." Harry looked at Draco like he was dumb, as Draco looked at Harry like if he was a wild beast.

"But... That's weird!"

"Malfoy, you play quidditch, people see you naked all the time in the locker room, let alone shirtless."

'Also after I chase you around headquarters after tickling you mad,' Harry added to his head.

"Yeah but-"

"But what?"

"I don't like you! It's weird!"

"It doesn't matter! Would you rather be in pain or be shirtless for 5 minutes?"

"Ugh! Fine..."

Harry continued, trying to concentrate on the buttons, not who was under them. The materials binding was released and the white button up spread. He immediately saw the two scars that accessorized Draco's pale chest. Harry then traced his fingers over them, not caring how uncomfortable the man under him felt.

He would always remember that day.

"It's not a big deal, you know." Draco avoided Harry's eyes.

"Yes it is. You know I didn't mean to, right?" Harry pleaded he at least remember that part.

"Right," Draco scoffed.

"I'm serious. I didn't know what the spell was, I just read it in a book."

"So 'let's just go try it out on Draco Malfoy next time I see him, since I absolutely hate him and want him gone,' sounds right.."

"Okay you know what," Harry said abruptly louder, heartbroken, "I honestly didn't mean it, really! If I wanted you dead, would I be helping you right now? No I wouldn't! I'd just punch your other eye! And I don't hate you! At all! Obviously, I've made mistakes that I regret so much when it comes to you, that I can't even talk about. One of them being not shaking hands with you in first year."

Oh the possibilities that could of happened if he would of shaken his hand.

Draco blankly stared at him for a while, a complicated pause, quiet, yet deadly. Harry bit his lip, hoping he didn't say the wrong thing. He honestly just wanted to fix Draco's scars, as well as memories.
"What game are you playing at," Draco asked, his words stabbing Harry.

"It's not a game."

"So you're saying you want to be friends with me?"

"Yes." There was no doubt in Harry's voice. Draco still eyed him like he was crazy. "What have you got to lose at this point?"

He took a while to answer. "My sanity."

"You don't have to worry about that, it's already halfway gone." Draco almost laughed at that. Almost. "...friends?" He outstretched his hand like first year. The blonde annoyingly went into deep thought, causing Harry to grow frustrated and impatient. "Okay, either pick yes or yes. Come on I haven't got all day!"

"What do you have an appointment or something?"

Harry immediately frowned at the memory unstoppably surfacing.

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"At least I don't think 2 in the morning is the middle of the night."

"Hey!"

"We should get to work. I don't know how long I can stay."

"What do you have an appointment?"

"Shut it scarface." Harry sat down taking out his quill and crumpled parchment. Draco turned back to his work only to have a hand turn his chin to face the other boy. Harry was caressing his cheek, leaning in for a kiss.

"No no no no no no! It's a study date not a kissing date." Draco pushed away Harry's hand even though he wanted to do nothing but lock fingers with him.

"It's still a date."

"I want what's best for you and if that means no kissing, it means no kissing."

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"No," Harry said, recovering, "I'm just impatient and you're hurt."

"Fine if it gets you to shut up, yes." Draco took his hand and shook it.

'Finally,' Harry thought to himself and smiled. 'One step closer.'

Draco just rolled his eyes. "Are you satisfied now?"

"To a degree. Take off the rest of your shirt."

"Gee, you move fast," Draco said jokingly.

"Really though, I need to see how serious this is." Draco obeyed and took the rest of it off, but his his left arm remained hidden under his body. Harry's eyes immediately widened and his mouth
dropped. He didn't think it could be this bad.

To start off, Draco's side, which Harry just elbowed, had a nasty yellow bruise trailing from the top of his rib cage all the way to his hip. It had scratched on it as well and a few spots were deep enough in which red drops swam out of. There were also random bruises around his chest and another large one on the opposite hip bone.


"Probably when they threw me against the wall," Draco slurred, running out of energy.

"Against the wall!? They!?!? Who did this to you?"

"I think it was the hufflepuff quidditch team.. I remember the keeper-"

"Jensen? Peter Jensen? Isn't he a prefect?"

"Yeah, that's how they found me. I was out past curfew on the 5th floor corridor and they attacked me.. I think it was the beaters, too."

"Why?" Harry tried to keep his tone small, trying to comfort the boy, but it was unstable.

"I always use to tease them a few years ago. And I think Jensen blames me for his sister's death from the war."

Harry's eyes automatically trailed to his left arm which was still hidden.

"Show me your arm."

"No," Draco begged, scared.

"Draco, just please."

"No, Potter! It's just-"

"First of all, it's Harry now, second, just what? You're afraid of me? You're afraid of what I'll think?"

"I'm not afraid of you," Draco shouted. Harry grabbed his arm and brought it to the front on his body and Draco inevitably regretted it, but Harry always knew he'd take the challenge. The dark mark was the same, and the cut marks around it had faded a bit. Harry traced his fingers over them. "Don't judge me too harshly. You don't know what I've been through."

"I understand," he replied softly and didn't ask any more questions about the touchy subject. He pointed at the other bruise on his opposite hip.

"I think that's when one of the beaters, brown hair, Marcus I want to say his name is, kicked me. I don't remember. I think hit my head, or they hit my head, or I don't know. It's fuzzy."

Harry's heart flooded with hate. He knew he needed to get away from Draco just so he didn't freak the poor kid out.

"Stay here, rest. You should probably sleep. Keep this to your eye and before I go I'll get you a towel for your side. I'm going to the hospital wing and getting you some potions."

"Gee, thanks Healer Potter. I'll make sure I get plenty or bed rest and fluids, as well," Draco said sarcastically. Harry did as he said and tried not to slam the door behind him out of fury.
With that Draco fell into an uneasy sleep, smiling.
He was finally friends with Harry Potter.
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Draco was in a broom cupboard.
"Um Draco can I tell you something?"
"Of course, what is it?"
"Promise you won't get mad?"
"Promise!"
"Promise you won't get jealous?"
"Promise! Harry what's on your mind?"
"I kissed Cho Chang"
"Come again?"
"I kissed Cho Chang."
"YOU WHAT?" Draco connected his hand to Harry's face. Harry screamed in pain, wincing to his knees and covered his face.
"kinda expected that.. "
"YOU CHEATED ON ME!" His subconscious wondered why he cared so much and for once he didn't awake from the dream.
"No! She kissed me! I didn't want anything to do with her! It was the day before break-"
" AND YOU WANTED TO SAY GOOD BYE BY SHOVING YOUR MOUTH ONTO HER?!"
"Shut up!!!!! You're going to get us caught! Anyway we were leaving the room of requirement and she was sad so I went to console her," Draco took a breath out of anger, his eyes looked like daggers, eyes with a layer of water over them, "we started out with small talk and she just threw her lips on mine. I hated it. Before I could tell her I wasn't interested she said sorry and ran away."
"I'll kill her." The Slytherin scowled, turning around so Harry wouldn't see his tear
"Draco please calm down! She was confused, she didn't know what she wanted! She thought I was Cedric-"
"Cedric? Diggory? I'm sorry but my boyfriend is way more perfect than any boy on this planet," Draco said through his teeth as he hit the concrete wall with his palm.
"Draco! That doesn't matter! I love one person and one person only and that person is you." Harry threw his arms around Draco, burying his face in his chest. Draco stared off into the distance thinking the situation though before he finally hugged him back.
Harry looked up into his eyes and leaned in only to be shoved against the wall as hard as possible without cracking his skull.

"Look who likes walls now."

"Shut up. You're mine. I'm not letting anyone take you away from me." Draco smashed his lips to Harry's kissing, biting, and sucking him violently.

"You're mine."

Draco's eyes shot open. These dreams were really pissing him off, them being a nightly occurrence and he felt like the fell of the side of a building.

"Look who's finally awake," a voice said. Draco turned his head to find Harry Potter washing his hands in a sink, shirtless. He muttered profanities in his head until he remembered what happened earlier and separated his dreams from his reality.

"How long was I out?"

"Right now it's about 4 in the morning. I just got back though."

"From where?"

"Well originally to get potions for you, but I may or may not have run into some... obstacles on my way."

"What obstacles," Draco asked slowly, confused at what he was hearing.

"What obstacles? We're just down the hall from Madam Pomphrey."

Yeah I know but I wanted to go for a walk." His tone was happy, too happy, and Draco was wondering honestly what the hell was wrong with him.

"Why aren't you wearing any clothes?" Draco's eyes widened at the look of Harry shirtless. He was fit and mesmerizing in the blondes opinion, but he would never admit that.

"First of all, I'm wearing pants, second of all, I got blood on my shirt, that's not the point..."

"What happened," Draco questioned, sitting up slowly, eyes widening.

"Okay, so," Harry sat crisscross in front of Draco, "you know how we are friends right!"

"Yeah..."

"Friends have each other's back, right?"

"To an extent..."

"So that can interpret to 'friends beat up friend's enemies,' right?"

"You didn't!"

"So I may or may not have gotten lost around the 5th floor-"

"Potter, the Hospital Qing is on this floor."
"I know! Anyway, I then, out of the blue, ran into Jensen and the others."

"And you beat them up?"

"Well, no! At first I threatened them and told them when they woke up that they would spread the word never to mess with any of my friends again. Then I punched Jensen, he instantly got knocked out, then hexed the shorter one, then hammered Marcus to the ground and I honestly think I broke his ribs."

"You're psychotic!"

"No wait it gets better! I knew I'd get in trouble so I ran to the hospital wing and played it off like they all got into a fight with each other over a play they were running in quidditch. I acted concerned and everything! And then Madam Pomphrey asked me to give them their potions while she called the Headmistriss and I took theirs and brought them here for you! By the way they are fired from prefect duties."

Draco just stared at him, blankly, showing no emotion.

"What are friends for?"

"You're... Insane!"

"I'd do it for Ron and Hermione, so don't feel that special... Stop looking at me like that! Would you rather I sit down with them and have a cup of tea?"

You are a deceitful, evil man! You should have been in slytherin," Draco laughed! "Remind me to never mess with you!"

"Don't ever mess with my friends," Harry said.

But what he meant to say was: 'Don't ever mess with my ex-enemy/friend/unknowing boyfriend/hopefully future fiancé.

Don't ever.
"Remind me, again, why I ever agreed to play quidditch with you," Draco called from other side of the pitch as he flew to the Gryffindor.

"Because we're friends," Harry responded from the tree he was hanging from. The boy thought it was a good idea to play a seekers game in the middle of the night once Draco was healed, and somehow, Draco agreed through days of convincing. It had been 2 weeks since they were friends, 2 weeks.

While looking for the illuminated snitch, Harry "mistook" a firefly for the object instead, and headed for the trees outside of the arena. He was now hanging from a tree, his broom stick laying on the dead branches beneath him. "Could you go any faster!"

"You're lucky I'm even helping you!"

"Oh please, like you'd let me fall!"

"Actually yes I would, in fact," Draco rolled his eyes and stopped right before the oak, just at eye level with Harry who was dangling over a 40 foot drop.

"You're kidding me, right," Harry struggled, his palms bing stabbed by bark, "I can't feel my hands!"

"You know it would be a shame if someone just," Draco trailed off playfully, sticking his fingers right next to Harry's stomach, inevitably causing the boy's eyes to widen.

"You wouldn't dare tickle me right now!"

"You underestimate me, Potter. Entirely too trusting, you are... Gryffindors..."

"Draco, seriously! This hurts really bad!" His arms were starting to tingle. Harry, regretting his decision, just wanted to be saved by Draco and ride off into the night with him, just like their first date.

"Hmm, what a shame," Draco picked at his nails, sarcastically uninterested.

"What happened to friends helping friends, friends having each other's backs?"

"Well, I mean, I never signed a contract. I didn't know there were requirements-"

"MALFOY! I can't hold on any longer!"

"You know, you have a bug on your face," Draco said without a care in the world, lounging on his broom like it was a couch

"A bug," Harry breathed, frustrated and his body on fire, "you're barking!"

"Actually no, it's just a beetle-" was all Draco could get in until Harry screamed as the fell from the branch made of what felt like nails.

Draco reacted lately, but just before Harry touched the ground, he grabbed him.

"I thought you could hold on longer!"
"At what point did you believe that! When I was begging you to come get me or when I told you I couldn't hold on anyone more," Harry shouted in his ear as they took off. His arms hurt immensely as he wrapped them around the blondes waste and immediately felt at home.

"I mean, you'd think you'd kill a murderous lunatic after years and years of anguish and be strong enough to hold onto a tree for 2 minutes!"

"Why don't you try it?"

"Nah, I already know I'd win."

Harry laughed. "Damn Slytherins so full of themselves." This caused Draco to smile. "Stop smiling like some bonker! You look like a crazy person who deserves to be in a mental hospital!"

Draco's smile faltered as if he went into a trance. "What's wrong," Harry asked.

"It's just, I've never really smiled before. Like truly."

Bullshit, Harry thought. He had proof, photographic evidence, that Draco smiled, and damn well, too.

"We'll just have to fix that then," Harry said, sort of disappointed, but hopeful in that Draco didn't hate him anymore.

"I guess we will." Draco was quiet for a bit before flying around the forest a while, then bringing them both down where Harry had dropped his broom. "I'll meet you in the common room," the blonde asked.

"Actually I'm heading to the library," Harry said bringing his fingers through his hair, slowly.

"The library? At 5 in the morning on a Saturday, you want you go to the library. Why?"

"Research."

"Research? Okay, Potter, whatever you say." Draco said before walking away into the sun rise.

"Good night," Harry called after him.

"Good morning!"

Harry smiled to himself. He couldn't change that man for who he was, even if he tried.

But he sure could change his memory.

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Harry started cracking open the memory books, sitting away from where he and Draco had their study date just because it distracted him, however he would look over his shoulder for some motivation when his eyes wanted to give out on him.

They were terribly heavy, his lids, and they kept falling. The last time he had any real sleep was before the trial, even past that. And as of recent, due to his access to an open library, he hadn't necessarily wasted time. To get to the point, he'd probably been running on two hours of sleep each day for the past month and a half.

Drowsiness took over and Harry, after hours for researching, fell into an uneasy sleep, his arm holding his head on a stack on books.
Unknown to Harry, Draco had walked in searching for an empty seat. Everyone gave him dirty looks, really, so he decided to take a seat next to The Boy Who lived.

Potter," the blonde said quietly, shaking his arm. He shifted. Draco examined Harry's features which were totally relaxed, and he had to admit, solemnly, that he was.. attractive, as well as vulnerable. Potter looked like a little kid almost, as if all the worries in the world didn't matter. "Potter, nap time is over."

Harry's eyes split open slightly. "Mmmm Draco, hi," he smiled. "Your hair looks nice." He sounded drunk. "You should wear it like that more often," Harry mumbled before running his hand through the pristine white hair, which was impeccably soft, lingering his fingers to Draco's chin, running the pad of his thumb over his bottom lip.

People were staring widely just at he two being together, plus word had spread about Harry's proclamation.

"Potter, what the hell are you doing? Wake up you baboon," Draco scolded, grabbing the books from under his arm. Harry's head fell and he slammed his head on the desk, causing him to wake fully.

"Sorry, I thought you were someone else," he lied, wiping his eyes under his glasses.

"Right," Draco replied, "how long have you been here?"

"Since we've been flying, what has it been, four hours," he questioned.

"Fourteen."

"Fourteen! God, I'm going mad."

"What could you possibly be researching that causes you to be here for fourteen hours?" Draco looked at the books he had in his hands and answered his own question. "Memory charms? What would you be studying that for?"

Harry took a bit and thought it through. Should he tell him? Maybe it could trigger something and Draco would think about it, but then again, trigger is a dangerous word. It could trigger something and Harry didn't want a scene in the middle of the crowded library.

"Hermione erased her parents memory to keep them safe, I'm only helping her," Harry lied. That stung his heart a bit.

"You're a great friend, you know that, right," Draco said. That stung a lot. Right, a great friend. More like an extravagant boyfriend who refuses to give up despite his love completely forgetting their entire relationship, who then goes under a mental attack at any hint of their past. "But I didn't say that, for the record."

"Right," Harry fake laughed.

"Have you started your defense against the dark arts essay?"

"No, not yet."

"That means you aren't going to do it, doesn't it."

"You know me so well, that's actually very accurate," Harry really smiled and Draco laughed as
"You can copy off of mine, although I don't think it would matter. Pumblechook always fails us anyway."

"He's an arse," Harry said, putting his head against the desk.

"He's worse than Umbridge, that's for sure, even though I didn't think that was humanly possible."

"I thought you liked her, you were one of her favorites."

"No, for some reason she drove me nuts."

'Yeah, she physically abused your boyfriend in front of your face and tortured him for months on end, that's why,' Harry thought to himself.

"Me too," Harry responded. Draco opened his potions book and started reading, well skimming. He more was focused on Harry's scent.

It was intoxicating.

Harry mumbled but Draco was too deep in thought to hear it. "Pardon, what?"

"I said," Harry propped himself up, "I think Pumblechook is worse because it's a personal level."

"Right... Potter, you never did tell, why did you defend me at the trial," Draco asked curiously, sitting up straighter. Harry sat up as well and ran a finger through his hair. 'Because I love you.' Nah that sounded tempting, but wouldn't do.

"You deserve better."

"No I don't. Potter-"

"Harry."

"Whatever. You hate me. I've been nothing but a nuisance for years, ever since I met you. I've done everything against you for 7 years, and I almost.. I almost..." Draco's voice got very low, "murdered somebody. I'm supposed to be rotting away just like the others."

"You're not an assassin if that's what you're worried about. I was there that night. You wouldn't of done it."

"But Potter-"

"Harry," he said strictly.

"Listen, I feel-"

"You're not worthless, if that's what you're going to say. You're not bad. You just don't know, okay?"

"I want to know. I'm tired of hating myself. I'm tired of hating my past."

"And why are you telling me this," Harry said. He was fine with it, Draco opening up to him so quickly, he just wondered. But then again, Draco did open up to him at the very beginning of their real relationship. It was pure chemistry.
"Because there's something different about you."

"Really now, something different about me?" Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah. I probably sound mad right now."

"Oh, no you do. That's one of the side affects of being friends with me, remember. Loss of sanity."

"Right," Draco smiled, "sorry if I made you uncomfortable."

"It's fine." Harry genuinely smiled at him, and Draco bared his teeth just like he did on their first date. "Hold on. Stay right there." Harry put his fingers to Draco's face and pulled his cheeks up. Readjusting his smile, Harry shut Draco's lips and pulled them so he looked like he wasn't an actual assassin. "There!"

"Thanks," Draco laughed. "I should probably go. I'm starving and I need to fix my hair."

"Fix your hair?"

"I mean, get cleaned up." That's not what he meant to say. Words just escaped his mouth uncontrollably as he got up from his chair.

"Does that mean you're putting gel in your hair?"

"Possibly."

"No, keep it like that, It looks good! It looks sexier like that." That, Harry didn't mean to spill.

"Sexier," Draco questioned, startled almost at the openness of Harry. It'd only been 2 weeks of them being friends, but Draco felt and invisible connection with the boy and was okay with it honestly. If Blaise told him that, he'd probably punch him in the mouth.

But Harry's different.

"Yeah, sexier," Harry decided to play it off confidently, "I mean, looking like you have plastic hair is a turn off." Shit.. He didn't mean to put it like that.

"Okay then, thanks for the... abnormal, yet straight forward advice." Draco seemed amused so Harry didn't beat himself up that much.

"Friends help friends out, right?"

"Sure.. Maybe if you brushed your hair, it'd look sexier too... I think," Draco responded awkwardly. "Like gelled it up."

"Gelled it up?"

"Like, never mind!"

"No tell me," Harry smiled.

"Like," Draco took his hair and stood it up but it fell down right away and Draco just smiled carelessly.

"Okay, I'll be sure to try it," the raven haired boy laughed. "And never become a cosmetologist." Draco didn't really know what that was and Harry got the message as reassured him. "Someone who
works with hair and make up."

Draco stuck his tongue out in response. "You shouldn't either."

"I know."

"Okay.. Erm.. Bye," Draco said cautiously as if he was on a time bomb, eager to explode at any second. He began to walk away but Harry stopped him.

"Wait. Will you meet me at the boathouse tomorrow?"

"Why the boathouse?"

"First thing that came to mind," Harry scratched behind his ear. He had to find places that didn't disrupt Draco's memory, and a boat ride sounded new and exciting. "At noon. Don't eat lunch."

"Okay, sure," Draco somehow agreed.

"It's a date," Harry exclaimed but the weird look on Draco's face. "Not like that, not a date, but like, I mean, a set time and place date not like a date that two people would go on, well I mean two people are going but it's not a date... But it is a date..but it's not... if that makes sense."

"It's doesn't, but I understand. Bye, Potter." He rolled his eyes.

"Harry!" He called as Draco walked away. Harry decided that even if he could never get Draco's memory back, he could always just try to make Draco fall in love with him again. It couldn't be too hard since he already had done it before.

Oh, and to let you in on a secret: it totally was a date.

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Draco headed down to the lake at 11:45, his stomach rumbling. Harry was already there with a basket of food next to him, his feet in the water as he sat at the end of the dock.

"Hey," Draco said, smoothly.

"Oh hey," Harry replied much more rushed and scattered as he hopped out of the water, splashing some of the liquid on the pavement and Draco shoes. His hair was actually brushed to Draco's surprise, and was gelled up as recommended.

"Your hair looks nice," the blonde complimented.

"Sexier?" Harry bit his lip. He looked damn good.

"Much sexier. Look who shouldn't be a coszoologist..cosmezologist..coscmowologist-"

"Cosmetologist?"

"That's what I said! Look who shouldn't be a cosmetologist now."

"You, Still! You don't even know how to say it."

"Whatever, Potter!"

"Harry!"
"Whatever! Why did you ask me to meet you here of all places? Eating outside of a boat house. Not very appetizing."

"We aren't eating out here."

"Then why did you make me walk all the way down here?"

"Isn't it obvious? We're eating on a boat that's why."

"Oh," Draco let out profoundly. How could he not of caught that?

"It'd be best if you took off your shoes. Might get a little wet, I hope you aren't wearing nice clothing," Harry called as he pulled the boat out of the tether. "Ready?"

Harry threw the basket in and jumped on one of the seats while Draco just stood there, almost flabbergasted. "You're really taking me on a boat ride, Potter?"

"Call me Potter one more time and I'll tip the boat over. Yes I am, come on."

Draco obeyed and took of his cotton socks and nice shoes, rolling up his trousers to his knees. He then got on the small dingy and they set off away from the castle.

"You know this lake is dangerous," Draco questioned.

"Yeah, I mean, I have swam in it for over an hour," Harry reminded, a little more nervous than he intended to be.

"Oh that's right, I forgot about that."

They had a half hour of small talk as they slowly made their way from the castle to the shining waters of the black lake. It was absolutely gorgeous out. The sun was shaking and the breeze was light and cooling. Autumn had almost reached the castle.

"I'm starving," Draco begged for food. Harry grabbed the ham sandwiches that were in the basket, along with strawberries and treacle tarts. "How'd you know my favorite foods?"

"I mean glaring at you across the great hall for 7 years, I kind of picked up on some things." Draco agreed with the answer and was a little less creeped out at this point. "What's my favorite dessert?"

How much did he really remember?

"Excuse me?"

"You don't know, or am I just a better enemy than you?" He knew Draco liked a challenge.

"I see how his game is, alright. You love treacle tart as well as... blueberries and vanilla ice cream," Draco pondered.

"5 points to Slytherin," Harry smiled, causing Draco to laugh as he took a strawberry to his mouth. "Alright, we have to get to the deeper stuff, the stuff with more meaning."

"I take it you and Weasley play this game."

"We did when we first started out being friends."

"Sure.. Okay, meaning of life, go!"
"No freaking idea," Harry answered immediately, "If a tree falls in a forest and no one is around to hear it, does it make a sound?"

Yes! It's falling and hitting the ground! It's the same as you falling from 100 meters, if no one is around to see you, do you still break a bone," Draco answered sarcastically, "what would you call your autobiography?"

"A Fucked-Up Life by Harry James Potter," he laughed, "A habit you hate?" Harry knew the answer of this one. Leg shaking.

"When someone keeps shaking their leg. I just want to punch people in the mouth when they do that. Who are you asking to the ball?"

"Wait- ball? What ball?"

"The Halloween Ball. It's being held in your parents honor, surely you know about it."

"No, when did this happen?"

"They announced it at dinner the other night!"

That's why. Harry hadn't been to actually supper since the first day back. He'd always go to the kitchens if he was hungry, but he stayed in the library almost all hours of the day.

"Who are you going to ask," Draco repeated.

"I actually have no idea." He could go with Draco if he really wanted to.

"What about the Weaslette? Aren't you two dating?"

"No, we never had anything, really."

"Oh, I'm going with Astora Greengrass."

"What!" Harry almost choked on the crust he out in his mouth. How the hell could Draco have already gotten a date already! How the hell had he even liked someone so quickly!

"What's wrong with her?"

"She's not your type!"

"How could you know what my type is?"

"Because I just do! She's not right for you. I heard she's an absolute slut, plus she's ugly-"

"She's one of the prettiest girls in school!"

"She has HIV," Harry mumbled under his breath. He grew devastated. What was he supposed to do now?

"What!"

"Nothing! I just don't see you two together."

"It doesn't matter because I'm going with her. Anyway, next question. What's your biggest fear?"

That was an easy one.
"Forgetting."
And It All Came Crashing Down

The rest of their "date that wasn't a date" (which totally was a date) Harry had to pretend he was okay. He had to act like nothing had phased him at all when really he wanted to scream, maybe even punch a wall in.

"Forgetting?"

"Yeah. Because it can completely change you, without you knowing it. It can destroy you and everyone around you."

"I never really thought of it like that," Draco said, oblivious to the pain in his words.

"You wouldn't," Harry muttered under his breath. "What's better, truth or loyalty?"

"Hmm that's difficult," Draco finished his food and placed it in the basket as well as Harry. He tapped it with his wand and sent it away, Harry did, before laying down, his head next to Draco's thigh. "Probably truth because you don't know if someone it loyal or not if you don't know the truth."

Harry always loved it when Draco did that. He always found a way to pick the best answer by tying it in with the other options. It was a special knack Harry loved, along with all the other things about him. There was an endless list Harry could say he loved about Draco.

"Good answer."

"Thank you very much. If you could change anything about yourself what would it be?"

Harry thought about answering something deep, like his ability to love too easily or inability to let go, but he knew he probably couldn't handle it. "I wish I had abs."

"Abs?"

"Yeah, like rock hard abs, like a 8 pack."


"Because then I'd be even sexier," he smiled.

Since Harry was laying down and the sun was shining, Harry's glasses acted as reflectors and when Draco looked at him, his eyes burned. "Sexier? Here hold on." Draco reached down and slowly took off Harry's speculators slowly. "You'd look sexiest with your glasses off."

"You like them off," Harry asked. Draco always had because he could see Harry's irises.

"Yeah, I do."

"You are the cosmetologist," Harry smirked.

"Shut up," Draco smiled, taking his fingers in the water and splashing a few drops onto the boy. He lay down next to Harry. It was tight, for it wasn't that big of a boat, and their bodies were squeezed together. Harry missed this. He missed the touch, even if it wasn't intimate. For a second he closed his eyes and imagined it was the real Draco next to him, the one he fell in love with, the one that loves him back. "You look exhausted. Do you ever sleep."
Harry laughed at that, a tired, exhausted laugh. "No, I don't."

"Go ahead and sleep."

"We are on a date that isn't a date though. I don't want to waste it, I can sleep later."

"Potter, it's fine."

Next thing Draco knew, was that he was underwater. The lake was cold, but refreshing and he met Harry up at the surface. "The hell was that for," he shouted.

"I told you I'd flip the boat of you called me Potter again," Harry smiled, more awake now.

"I hate you," Draco laughed, splashing him.

Harry and Draco both flipped back over the boat and Harry climbed on first and put out a hand for the Slytherin to take, but being who he was, or who he thought he was, Draco pulled and Harry found himself in the water again. "I hate you back," Harry responded as he gasped for air.

After getting on the dingy, the two talked for an hour or so more before heading back to the dock and going their separate ways, but before leaving Draco had one more question. "Are you going to Hogsmeade this weekend?"

"Erm yeah I need to find some stuff. Besides now that there is a ball coming up, I should probably get some dress robes. You?"

"Yeah, I'm looking for some stuff too." They both laughed at their vague answers. "It was a fun date, that wasn't a date. I had a good time."

"Me too, maybe we can have another date that isn't a date."

"Maybe we can, Potter," Draco said just to piss him off, and as a result, Harry whacked Draco upside the head.

"Is 'Harry' really that hard?"

"Yes, it is."

--------------------------

The rest of the week was boring and Harry was excited to go to hogsmede. He had something in mind to purchase and honestly couldn't wait.

First he went to robe shop and got dress robes from the event, along with Ron who was the happiest person in the world since he didn't have to wear his Great Aunt's.

"Are you sure you want to do this, Harry?" They were on their way to their main target, well, Harry main target. "I mean, I understand me looking but you? You're kind of in a sticky situation."

"I know my situation, but it's going to be over soon enough and then we can all move on."

"You've found a cure?"

"No but... I have a feeling?"

"Harry, a feeling isn't good enough for something as big as this."
"Never mind. I'm going to do what I feel is right, and that's the end of it."

They walked thought the door. It was a purple shop with display cases surrounding. Green velvet inside the glass boxes made all the jewelry pop, the stones absolutely glisten.

"Hi, how may I help you," the clerk asked. The shop wasn't that busy fortunately.

"Special order please, erm.. Potter," Harry replied.

"Right away sir," the funny looking man said, before going into the back room.

"Merlin, Harry, you already picked it out?" Ron stood next to him supportively, even though he didn't recommend his decision

"Yeah, I mean I've planned this for a while," Harry said low, pulling out the correct number of galleons.

The store clerk came back with a small, black box. "Perhaps you'd like to open it and make sure everything is alright?" Harry took it and ran his finger over the engraving. In gold it said "I love you," and the words "more than" in both silver and gold, and finally "I hate you," in silver.

"Harry you really over thought this," Ron exclaimed.

"I love him, a lot." Harry looked Ron in the eyes before opening the small box. Laying on top of purple velvet was a silver and gold ring, with diamonds encrusting, and three large diamonds on the front. It looked just like the necklace Harry gave Draco, which he was wearing right now. "It's perfect," Harry told the clerk and payed him graciously.

"Would you like a bag," the man asked.

"Sure," Harry said, accepting the laced bag and hiding it in his pocket anyway. "Thank you."

"You're a lucky man, Mr. Potter. Best of luck!"

"Sure he'll like it?"

"Positive," Harry smiled. "Come on, let's go look around for Hermione. When are you meeting her?"

"1:30 at The Shrieking Shack." They had an hour. Ron looked at their set of rings, searching for the perfect one. "Do you think she will like this one?" He pointed to a silver beauty. There were just so many.

"I honestly think she will love which ever one you get her. She's not that materialistic."

"I know I just want to get her the right one."

"When are you proposing?"

"Christmas hopefully," Ron smiled.

"Good I'm happy for you two."

The bell rang on the door, and Harry looked up to see Draco walking in. The room got quieter and few dirty looks were given. Draco ducked his head and went straight for counter, Harry watched him basically the whole time as he talked to the clerk.
"I'm getting this one. Oh bloody hell, I'm going to be late," Ron panicked as he called another clerk over.

"Ron," Harry out his hand on his shoulder and patted it, "she'll understand at Christmas, don't beat yourself up about it."

"Right," Ron said, hiding his purchase in his pocket as well. "You'll be alright then?"

"Yeah I'll be fine. Have fun."

"Don't cause any trouble Harry," he warned, glancing over to Draco.

"Since when do I not cause trouble?"

They boy laughed and Ron exited, a beaming look on his face. Harry walked up to Draco, excited to see him as his heart warmed.

"Hey," he smiled.

"Hey," Draco repeated with a stressed look on his face as he gave money to the clerk. "What are you doing here?"

"Helping out Ron."

"Really? Him and Granger? I called it in 3rd year."

That statement made him think of their flour fight then Ron and Hermione surprised them while they were making out.

Harry wanted to make out with him again.

"Yeah. Erm, would you like to go to Zonkos with me?"

"Like another date that isn't a date?"

"Sure!"

"Okay fine," Draco said, trying not to smile.

"Excellent!"

The two were in the shop for hours screwing around the entire store. They were practically unstoppable. People would stare, but they couldn't even give them a thought, they were having so much fun. They then went to Honeydukes and Harry bought Draco his favorite candy, and Draco did the same, only by having to ask which ones were his favorite first.

There wasn't a time where they weren't laughing.

Draco invited Harry to go to the Three Broomsticks and get butterbeers afterwards.

"So back to the questions," Draco started, "if you could go anywhere in the world, where would it be?"

"Somewhere warm, a change, like an island." Harry took a sip of butterbeer. "If you could invent
any potion in the world, what would it be?"

"Probably one for headaches. I have a constant one, no matter how many potions I take."

"That's unfortunate, I'm sorry. Will whipped cream make it better?"

Draco looked up to have Harry dab whipped cream on his nose. He stuck out his tongue and tried to lick it off, inevitably failing. They both chuckled and Draco finally took it with his finger and sucked on it.

"You looked so concentrated!"

"I was! Okay erm, next question."

They carried on for a while, asking their "deep questions" and laughing at the answers given. Their butterbeers was finished and they still stayed, just talking, just like they use to.

Something had been bothering Harry, however.

"Draco, why were you at the jewelry shop?"

"I was picking up a package," Draco said, playing with his cup.

"What package?"

"A ring, why?"

Wait, could it possibly be that Draco was lying and that ring was for Harry? Could it be that Draco remembered and wanted to surprise him?

"Who's it for?"

"Astoria."

Harry's face melted of all smiles, his heart froze. "Astoria? Why her? Why a ring?"

"Well I figured since our contract says we must be married by the end of the year, might as well get it done with, right?"

"What contract? Married?" Harry went into a panic and his heart shattered.

"The Malfoys and the Greengrasses are bound in a marriage agreement."

"Since when!?"

"6th year I want to say?"

6th year? He lied to him since 6th year? Harry looked like he was going to puke, hell, we was going to puke.

"Are you okay? You look sick."

"I've gotta go," He said before sprinting away, his throat closing, his eyes automatically watering.

------------------------

Harry ran all the way to Hogwarts through Honeydukes cellar and made his way up the stairs to his
"BLAISE! PANSY!"

He found the two sitting on the couch by the fire, sharing some Bertie Botts.

"Potter-"

"ARRANGED MARRIAGE? What the FUCK does he mean by arranged marriage?"

Harry attempted to keep any form of calmness in him, but there was none. How could there be?

The two just awkwardly looked at each other and then Harry to see the man in tears.

Then they ran.

And Harry followed.

The two made it into Blaise and Draco's room before slamming the door shut. Harry immediately banged his hand on the door.

"I SWEAR IF YOU DONT OPEN THIS DOOR I WILL KNOCK IT DOWN," he threatened.

Harry couldn't express his fury as much as he wanted to. He'd never been so angry, so devastated in his life.

"Just calm down," Blaise's muffled voice called from the other side of the door.

Harry slammed his fist hard against the door. "Damn you Zambini! I'm not gonna calm down!"

"Take deep breaths," Pansy ordered.

"Screw you Parkinson," Harry screamed before punching the door right where Draco's name was painted.

He put his back against the cold wood and slid down, absolutely sobbing. Thankfully the common room was empty, although he didn't care.

His heart had never burned as much as it was. He'd never felt so horrible, so deceived.

It was almost as if this was apart of Draco's plan to seduce him from the beginning, that was how much it hurt, how fooled he felt.

Harry felt the door open behind him. Pansy helped him up and sat him on Draco's bed, for he was so shaky he couldn't even properly walk.

"What arranged marriage," Harry squeaked out. Pansy spoke softly and took his hand.

"When Voldemort inducted him to being a death eater, he felt to strengthen his followers he would force young couples to marry. The Malfoy's, knowing about you and Draco's 'fake affair' decided to it was best if he married to make sure his feelings weren't real."

"But they were," Blaise chipped in. "Draco was devastated and made us promise not to tell you. He figured he could get out of the marriage before you even found out."

"That's why he proposed on your anniversary. I mean, he did love you and all, but he would of
waited until you two were of age if he had a choice," Pansy continued, "but he thought if he was already bonded with someone else, it wouldn't go through."

"But then you found out about the dark mark, and Draco flipped. He honestly hates the Greengrasses and even if he couldn't be with you, he'd rather be with anybody else on this planet. And he tried to make things right with you, but he just didn't know what to say. First you drop the bomb that he's a death eater and is ordered to kill the headmaster-"

"Fuck murdering the headmaster," Harry sobbed, "he should have told me to begin with! A damn arranged marriage!"

"He told us it was the hardest thing he's ever had to do. Already seeing the heartbreak on your face was bad enough," Pansy spilled. "He didn't want to make it worse?"

"Want to make it worse! He should have told me! If he really loved me he'd of come to me the second he found out about the marriage!"

"You didn't have to hear him crying every night, now did you," Blaise said. "7th year was horrible. He couldn't even go to classes some times because he was so heartbroken. I don't even remember him talking much. He always tried to find some way to break it, the marriage, and you were his best bet. But with the war approaching, he kept running out of time, you were missing, didn't even like him, and he was prepared to die than marry her-"

"So I was just a diversion? I was just an excuse? I was just another option for him to get out of a marriage he didn't want. He didn't even care for me-" Harry let more tears cascade down his face, and he could barely talk.

"You didn't let me finish! I was going to say 'he was prepared to die rather than be with her and not you. He wanted to fight and told us that he was going to find a way to get himself killed because he couldn't deal with the pain you were giving him.'"

Arthur Weasley, Harry connected it.

"Didn't care about you," Pansy scoffed," all he talked about was you! Literally! I would ask him what day it was and he would start rambling about your favorite food. I would ask him about the potions homework and he would say how sexy you looked when you rolled up your sleeves!"

"He loved you. He loved you so much. He also said about marrying you, that it could potentially be the best decision of his life, just above asking you out a second time. So don't give me this bullshit that he didn't love you or care for you," Blaise reassured.

"And now he's stuck with no memory of any of this and has to go through with the marriage," Harry cried.

"We honestly thought that he'd remember by now," Pansy got up and sat next to him.

"But he hasn't. He hasn't really even gotten better at all, sorry to tell you. I had to hide these from him," Blaise stood and went to his drawer grabbing the items within and setting it on Draco's bed. "He kept having memory attacks."

Harry looked over to the items: his old Gryffindor pullover, the lion he have to him on his birthday, random love letters they exchanged throughout the previous years, old (empty) boxes of chocolates, the muggle camera, and the pictures.

"He has dreams about you almost every night though," Blaise continued.
"Dreams?"

"Yeah, he puts them as nightmares, but in the middle of the night he wakes up screaming."

"What are they about?"

"He's said you kissing him, you cheating on him with Chang, erm.. You two in the Room of Requirement kissing as well, flying, you telling him you love him, and I want to say you two crying in Snape's old office."

"Those are all our memories! How is it that he doesn't remember any of them I don't understand! He can dream them! He can say things he use to say!"

"I don't know Harry," Pansy said sympathetically.

"Why is it that literally every single damn thing in this universe is trying to keep us apart!"

But Harry didn't want them to answer because he already knew it. Maybe because they were never supposed to be together in the first place.

"What the hell am I supposed to do?"

Just then Draco walked in, confused as to there being a sobbing Harry on his bed and his two friends consoling him.

"You ran out. Are you okay?" Was all Draco could get out. Harry grabbed his stuff and stood

"Fucking fantastic, now just leave me alone!"

Harry ran out and opened his door, slamming it in return. His cries could be heard from their room.

"What did I do," Draco asked almost innocently.

Pansy and Blaise exchanged looks and then turned back to Draco before simultaneously saying:

"Everything."
"Any luck," Ron asked as Hermione walked back from Harry's room with a frown on her face.

"No," she sniffed, sitting on the couch next to the Weasley. He wouldn't even open the door. It had been over a week and Harry still been within the walls, frozen to society. He didn't come out to get food, he didn't come out to go to class; Ron and Hermione lied and said he was sick and his teachers told him not to worry about making it up. Everyone was worried sick about him, including Draco actually. He would find himself staring off into space and thinking about him, trying to contemplate what could have set Harry off.

He honestly, completely had no idea.

"I think he's just torturing himself at this point," Ron thought out loud. Ron slept on the couch in the common room. The sight of his best friend in the state he was in was too heartbreaking. He walked in to Harry at 10:30 that night, puking up blood, then later passing out into a sleep filled with horrid nightmares. He screamed the entire night. Ron, confused, consulted to Pansy, who then told him the events. The ginger was entirely too pissed off for a while, but now was rather dismayed.

"What are we going to do," Hermione begged. For once she didn't have an answer. She cried a little bit throughout the week.

"Well," Blaise joined in,"someone has to do something. He can't just starve himself the way he is. I don't know about any of you but I don't want to be responsible for Potter's death."

"If anything he'd die of a broken heart, let alone starvation," Hermione said, leaning her head on Ron's shoulder.

"But no ones ever died of a broken heart before," Pansy stated.

"Since when has Harry ever followed the path of everyone else. I'm pretty sure he'll die in some insane, twisted way."

"I say we should kill the ferret first," Ron bit, "it's his fault! And besides I made a promise that I'd kill him if he hurt Harry."

"I have dibs remember," Hermione cut in. "And I say we play it out. I'm not killing him yet."

"You honestly expect me to follow 'dibs,'" Ron said, a look of disgust, "when my best friend is completely devastated and bawling his eyes out because of one man, who, let me remind you, is on this property as we speak? Where is Malfoy anyway?"

"No clue, but Harry never gives up! That I know. He'll come around, he's not going to let something that important to him slip away. We've got to give him some time."

"Some time," Pansy questioned. "He has to get married by the end of they year, he's going to propose before Christmas and it's already going to be November next week."

"That bastard! I swear I'll kill him, he's breaking Harry's heart-

"It's not his fault," a voice came from behind them all. They turned to see Harry, hugging his blankets around him, barefoot, wearing his Gryffindor hoodie,only because it smelled like Draco, and cotton plaid PJ bottoms.
"Harry," Hermione said, standing up with Ron.

Harry got choked up and fake smiled as he tried to keep tears from falling. "That's me." He could barely speak.

Ron and Hermione ran to him and they hugged each other in a threesome. Harry held them tight, almost scared to let go, but when they did he almost fell because he was visibly weak.

His cheek bones were sunken in, and basically his whole face was red and puffy. He wasn't even wearing his glasses, so the dark circles eagerly stood out of the strawberry color in the rest of his face. Harry's eyes were glassy but no tears fell, as if a cloud had lost all it's rain but didn't clear.

"Harry, how are you feeling," Hermione asked concerned. Although it was an obvious answer, she still needed a diagnosis from the patient himself.

"Horrible," Harry coughed, and coughed hard, so hard he lost his balance and gravity took him to the ground, Ron only just grabbing him.

"God, you must have the flu! Have you been sleeping at all?"

"Do you think I've been sleeping," Harry asked sarcastically, annoyed. He talked through his nose and gasped for air after every other syllable. The boy was ghostly pale. They didn't know what to say really. What were they supposed to ask? They already knew all the details.

"Here, let Hermione and I help you up," Ron and Hermione both grabbed an arm and tried pulling him up but halfway through Harry went limp and fell completely through their grip, completely sprawled on the ground.

"Harry!"

This caused Blaise and Pansy to stand up too.

"He's freezing and clammy! We need to get him to the hospital wing," Hermione pointed out while she felt his cheeks and forehead.

"Mione, I'm fine," Harry said barely above a whisper, but he was shaking. Ron picked him up and out Harry's arm on his shoulders and grabbed him by the waist, Hermione on the other side. They walked slowly out into the 7th floor corridor. That's when Harry's head started to scream in pain and as a result, he too yelled.

"Don't worry Harry, we'll get you there soon, I promise," Ron cheered him on. Pansy and Blaise followed, just for moral support. They honestly didn't think Harry could die from a broken heart, but his current state was changing their minds.

"The hell happened to Potter," a voice asked behind them.

"Like you would care, Malfoy," Ron bit. Harry coughed and tasted the blood in the back of his throat.

"I actually do, Weasley," he said, catching up to him.

"If you did, you wouldn't be doing this to him!"

"I'm not doing anything!"

"Boys," Hermione cut in, but was interrupted when Harry coughed yet again, completely falling out
"Move," Draco shouted and picked Harry up bridal style. Harry immediately relaxed into Draco's touch, into his scent, and leant his head into the crook of his neck as he wrapped his arms around his throat.

"Draco," Harry breathed as the corners of his vision darkened. His heart hurt a little less, but the rest of him felt like it was being stabbed.

Draco practically ran to the hospital wing, gently placing him on the bed. Madam Pomfrey ran to the bed with a bucket as Harry started to cough heavily again, but he couldn't puke anything out.

"Why isn't he throwing up," Pomphrey asked, rushed.

"He hasn't eaten for a week. There's nothing to throw up," Hermione told, stepping right next to the woman, ready for any questions shot her way.

"Why hasn't he eaten!?"

"He's been depressed," she tried to lie, rather, not tell the whole truth. Harry threw the bucket aside and grabbed his head, starting to scream again, facing into the pillow.

"What is going on," Draco demanded, kneeling next to Harry's bed, worry shown over his brow, but he was ignored.

"How long has he been like this," the healer asked.

"We don't know that either. He hasn't left his room all week, and he locked the door, we couldn't get in," Hermione assured.

Madam Pomfrey wanted to ask more questions but couldn't because Harry started shouting phrases like "he's going to kill me; it's all my fault; Voldemort's back; no Draco please don't go; help me," ect.. And then there was more screaming.

"What's happening," Draco asked in a panic.

"He's having flashbacks from the war," Hermione answered before the professional even had a chance to speak.

"What can we do to stop them," Draco begged for an answer.

"You can't," Pomfrey said, "it has to run its course."

Draco grabbed Harry's hand and laced them together. Immediately Harry began to calm down a bit. For one, he wasn't screaming as bad, more like a painful moan. It took a few more minutes and the flashbacks were done. Harry, however, looked like a human manifestation of death.

"Mr. Potter, can you hear me."

Harry could hear, but couldn't see, for his eyes were droopy and it was a war to keep them open. He was so far from consciousness he felt like he was falling. He barely moved his head and the second he did, Madam Pomfrey ran to her supply cabinet, grabbing multiple vials of liquid. From what they could speculate, about half were for sleep, and a few tonics to calm him down.

"Would any of you like to volunteer to help me give these to him?"
"Draco does," Pansy said before anyone else could put in their opinion. Draco glared at her but then collected the vials and unscrewed the first one. Slowly, he placed a finger on Harry's lip. It was soft underneath his touch, tender and warm, inviting almost, in fact he just examined them for a while, until it barely moved. "Draco," they whispered.

Draco looked into Harry's irises, looking past all the darkness and redness of his eyes. They were dismayed, yet wanting, yearning. They were also staring back at him. There was like an invisible bond between their eyes that kept Draco from moving anywhere.

They were clean, his eyes, as if they had been washed by a million tears. The green had so many dimensions, from a bluish yellow closest to the pupil, a forest in the middle, and almost a brown on the outer ring. They were beautiful, Draco concluded.

"Mr. Malfoy," broke him from his trance, "are you going to administer the potion?"

"Right, sorry," he apologized. He turned back to Harry and said almost delicately, "Open your mouth, just a little."

"Why," Harry asked softly, not caring for the answer.

"Don't you trust me?" That he cared about. Right, trust. That was what landed him here in the first place. If only Draco trusted Harry, they wouldn't be in this mess to begin with.

Eventually Harry opened his mouth a centimeter and Draco poured the clear liquid down Harry's throat. Harry gave a look of disgust and started coughing violently.

"You're almost there, just one more," Draco lied. He did the exact same with the next 5 potions, and Harry didn't object.

"What happened to one more," he stated drowsily, almost smiling, before completely passing out. Draco studied his face and honestly got choked up at the sight of it all together. What could have made Harry hurt so much that he out himself through such a deranged hell?

"He should wake in another 12 hours. While he's asleep I'll run a few diagnostic spells. I will question you all in the morning, along with Mr. Potter. I suggest you all get some rest, I'm sure he'll want his friends around when he wakes," Pomfrey said before practically throwing them out.

"Wait! Can I stay with him for a little bit," Draco blurted, receiving wild eyes from the group.

"I have to run the diagnostics on him-"

"But that doesn't take 12 hours, couldn't you wait 20 minutes?"

After a few seconds of contemplating, she agreed and gave him his space. Draco immediately grasped Harry's hand, and once again locked their fingers, taking his free hand and stroking his mangled, sweaty, greasy hair. It was just him and Harry. The others looked at him before leaving, and when they finally did, Pansy spoke outside of the Wing.

"That's the thing about Draco. He absolutely adores him and he loves him. He just doesn't know it."

Draco had fallen asleep next to him, his head on Harry's bed, almost next to Harry's face. He only awoke when he heard moans coming from the boy. He shifted in his sleep while Draco raised his head from the bed.
"Harry," Draco asked drowsily, but concerned. Harry was yelling again, and Draco grabbed his hand, only for him to stop all sounds completely. Suddenly Harry awoke only 6 hours into his treatment.

"Draco?"

"What happened?"

"A nightmare," Harry rubbed his eyes and coughed.

"You were supposed to have a dreamless sleep though, I administered the potion to you," Draco said, almost panicked. Harry shushed him.

"Shh, I have a headache."

"Sorry."

"Dreamless sleep doesn't work on me, remember? You're the one who's ever kept me from my nightmares, you should know that," Harry whispered. Draco just looked at him, confused, but not bothered by it for once. "Everything hurts."

"I know," Draco cooed, wiping hair from Harry's eyes with his free hand, "I know."

"You wanna know where it hurts the most," Harry sounded as that of a little kid, they both kind of did. Draco shook his head, and Harry saw him, although his eyes were almost shut. Harry let go of Draco's hand and readjusted it by grabbing the top of it instead of his palm. He slowly dragged it, almost as if it hurt to, towards his chest, just stopping above his heart and holding it there. Harry was staring at Draco the entire time, who's eyes were following the limb. "Right here," his voice broke.

Draco's eyes shot up to Harry's own. They were flickering between mercury and silver for the first time in months. The blonde could feel Harry's ribs, each bone sticking out from the lack of food. But most importantly, Draco could feel the pulse of his heartbeat. Thump-thump thump-thump.

It sped to Draco's touch.

"Right there," Draco asked softly, his own heart hurting. Harry nodded is head, and his eyes told him a story that wasn't of his language. They said, 'you're doing this to me. You're the one putting me though all this pain.'

He could still feel his heartbeat, going faster, it saying 'I beat for you."

"Mr. Malfoy, I think it's time for you to leave. I must do the brain scan now," Madam Pomfrey called.

"No," Harry said, calling him for him, squeezing his hand tight and staring at Draco in the eyes, "please don't go."

"I- I can't-"

"Let him stay," Harry demanded, turning to the healer.

"I need to do the diagnostic. Why are you awake?"

"You can run it with him here!"

"I've already let him stay much longer than he should have," she had caring eyes but she always had
been a stickler to the rules, "it's much past visiting hours."

"How much? How long have I been here?"

"You were checked in at 7:40 and visiting hours end at 7:00. Right now it's 1:24 in the morning."

"So him staying couldn't do any more damage," Harry said hopefully. "Please, I can't sleep without him. After a few minutes of consideration, she agreed.

"Alright. I'll run the test in a few more hours." She went into her cabinet and grabbed another sleeping potion, handing it to Draco. "Drink some more of this."

Draco unscrewed the cap of the vial and ordered Harry to open his mouth, and he did. It wasn't long before Harry was asleep, and Draco was stroking his hand with the pad of his thumb, watching the rise and fall of his chest and feeling his heartbeat.

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Draco woke at 6 o'clock in the morning, his neck a little sore and drool pouring down his lips. Opening his eyes to see an array of colors, he squinted. He was suddenly awake, alive, finding a tapestry-like object above him, glimmering and lighting up the room.

Everyone who's was there the night previous surrounded the bed. "Morning," Pansy said.

"What's his full diagnostic," Hermione completely ignored Draco.

"Mr. Potter has a nasty case of clinical depression, as well as small memory loss and Post Traumatic Stress Disorder."

"Memory loss, I assure you Harry remembers everything," Hermione started to argue but Draco interrupted. Madam Pomfrey decided to

"What is that," he asked, pointing to the colors he was laying above him.

"As I was telling them, It's a representation of Mr. Potter's mind. You can see absolutely everything there is to know about him." Different colors filled different areas of the coils. "The top," which was blue, with barely a little silver, swirling in between the layers, "represents brain activity."

The next section was green and represented knowledge. The third, was his second largest section, his emotions, which was black with different dimensions. "The emotional section is the only one that can completely change color," the professional said, "right now, it shows his major emotions are so overused he can't properly function with them. I can't believe it. I've never personally seen this before."

"What does that mean?"

"It means all of his negative emotions have been given so much attention that they've completely isolated his positive ones and shrunken them. If they weren't like this, you would see different colors between the coils here and here," she pointed out, "but here you can't. See, when one is upset, the negative emotions come forward and push back the positive, but the person, they can still feel happiness, they can still feel pleasure and fun. But Mr. Potter's are completely gone."

"How long, how can you tell?" Draco was worried and furrowed his brow.

"You move to here," she went to the biggest section which was made of different beads of light, all
completely different sizes and colors. "This is his memory. The beads represent different life events, the bigger, the more significant. The colors are his emotions through said memories."

She examined the beads and traced for black, which from where Draco could tell, there wasn't any until the ending half, starting at a rather large bead. Before it was mostly pastels in the beginning, then it got darker and more intense as it went on. The black continued through the very end, however there was a large bead, one of the biggest ones, in the middle of it, which was instead, a swirl of pastel red and pink, up until another large black bead.

"It started a few years ago," she determined, bewildered. "Towards the middle of his 6th year."

"What's the red and pink?"

"Romance and love, my guess is about 2 weeks or 3 weeks time."

Probably Weasley, Draco thought. "Can you see the memories?"

"Yes, but I'm not sure he'd allow it-," the healer started but Hermione interrupted.

"It's an invasion of privacy." Hermione as well as the others grew afraid of what Draco would see and how he would react. They didn't want Draco anywhere near those memories while Harry was in this state.

"How though?"

"You grab the bead," the professional stated.

Draco moved closer to the beads to see if he could actually tell the events, but once he could almost touch them with his face, they disappeared.

"What happened," Draco asked curiously.

"Holes mean memory loss, but tears mean damage," she said. "Oh my, there is a lot, years worth of holes."

Draco backed away from the tapestry, and suddenly the holes filled partially. "I don't understand," he turned to the others.

"Why, that's rather odd. Mr. Malfoy, if you would please step away from Mr. Potter and disconnect your hands." The colors became more vivid throughout the whole piece and the holes completely filled. "Mr. Malfoy, may you lay in the bed next to you."

"Why?" He did as followed, however.

"I'm just going to do a brain scan on you. If Mr. Potter has all his memories, and the diagnostic finds holes, maybe it's picking it up from another source, and you and him were connected. This shouldn't hurt at all."

"But-" Draco tried to protest, but he felt like his brain was being pulled and suddenly a tapestry formed. He examined his own emotions, which was purple and brain activity, which was yellow and moving. He then moved his eyes to his memories, and he gasped out loud.

The top was okay, very few large beads, but then he moved lower and it looked like a bear claw had been repeated dragged through it; it was completely mutilated.

"What," Draco breathed. "How did this happen? This can't be right!"
"That's was we were wondering, Madam," Hermione said, "Harry and I have been in the library for months looking for a logical explanation."

"You and Potter? He said it was because he wanted to save your parents!" Nothing was adding up in Draco's mind. He was yet again thrown to the side.

"When he'd lose it?"

"After he came back from Askaban," Blaise responded.

"I've never lost my memory!"

"We thought it was the dementors," Hermione stated.

"Dementors can't cause memory loss, he had to of been obliviated," she replied solemnly. "It must have been done wand less. There are still small traces from what I can see, plush the tears wouldn't of been so ragged. Do you know what memories could have been eliminated?"

The group all looked at each other, then at Harry. Draco also looked at Harry who was sleeping soundly. "We've hated each other for years, we wouldn't have anything to lose but us punching each other."

They all just looked at each other.

"You two have almost congruent emotions conveyed, even in your missing memories."
She was right, their paths, his and Harry's, were alike, except the missing links from his paths in Draco's. "Were these memories missing with Mr. Potter," Madam Pomfrey asked.

"If they were, I have a right to know," Draco said with wild eyes. "If he has the memories and I'm in them but I can't remember them, then they should be mine!"

Hermione nodded at the healer.

"I want to see one," Draco demanded.

"No, you don't," Blaise said sternly. "Not now."

"It's Harry's memories, he's the one that has the right to show you if he wants to. It's his decision," Ron bit. "And he's asleep right now."

"If I'm in them it's my right!"

Before he could be stopped Draco got up from the bed and grabbed a random bead in one of the places his hole was missing.

Suddenly he left the hospital and was sucked into a whole new scene, a place he didn't recognize. It was like he was standing in the memory, and watched the two from a distance, however he was frozen, couldn't move, couldn't think.

It left the others in panic.

It wasn't a while later when Draco released the bead and didn't even have time to process what just happened before his vision completely blanked out and he fell to the ground of the hospital wing.
The Fight

Harry awoke to a large amount of chatter an hour later, only to open his eyes and see everyone surrounding a body on the bed next to him. After his vision cleared, he noticed a flicker of platinum blonde hair and he tried to get up, but his body held him back.

"Draco! What happened!" Everyone turned to Harry and Madam Pomfrey grabbed a tray of food. Once all the people cleared, he could see Draco was pale, deathly pale, as well as asleep, unconscious, hidden from the world by darkness.

"Eat first," she insisted.

"No I'm not eating until you tell me what happened to him!"

"Mr. Potter I will not tell until you eat. Your body is on starvation mode."

Harry scoffed and grabbed a tray of food. There was enough to feed seven people, and although at first he had a fit, he then realized his hunger and stuffed his face, eating as much as he could. The boy immediately had more energy, but he was still tired. 12 hours of nightmares could never possibly make up for months of no sleep. It was almost a tease.

"I'd prefer it if you shower, Mr. Potter. Poor hygiene won't help your sickness."

"It's not that bad!" Harry raised his arm and smelled his armpit. "You're right."

Harry sprung from the bed and took probably the fastest shower in his life, although he did enjoy the hot water pour down his neck, as a refreshing alarm, but he wanted to Draco more than feel water hit him.

He changed into a fresh pair of clothing, only before taking the picture embedded in his hoodie pocket and holding it in his hand. It was the one when he was kissing Draco on the cheek, who was smiling and looking at him. It was romantic, yet goofy, and Harry loved it. (Plus he looked at all the other ones on a daily basis.)

He put it back where it came from and went into the main wing. There, Draco was still asleep, but he did appear a little less pale. Harry didn't care, he walked on and sat on Draco's bed, stroking his hair.

"Please tell me what happened to him," he begged.

"He went under a memorical attack. I assume this isn't the first time," Madam Pomfrey wondered, and Harry nodded, "when we look at things, for example, Mr. Potter, skelogrow, what do you think of?"

"Second year when Lockhart tried healing my arm."

"Exactly. You automatically connected it to a memory. When someone loses their memories improperly, such as his case, when the mind finds something that could have connected or been within the memory as it has been before, the mind goes on overload trying to recognized it. That's why he's having his attacks."

"But I don't understand, how did he have another one? Was it a dream again?"

"He saw one of your memories," Hermione started.
"How, I don't understand," Harry asked, confused. He grabbed Draco's limp hand and drew circles on it with his own hand.

"When I performed a brain scan, he was near you and therefore the spell picked up both of your signatures. His showed tears, however your signatures were practically congruent except for the memory loss. He demanded to see one, and we couldn't stop him."

"Which one did he see!?" Although Harry would love for Draco to remember, in fact he practically begged the heavens above each second he had a chance to, but if he himself had no idea what was going on and saw a memory, for example, them having intercourse or showering together... He would be in initial shock, too. That was the last memory he wished for him to see just because it would definitely turn him away.

"We don't know," Hermione said.

"Will he remember since he's been exposed to a memory," Harry hoped.

Everyone gave a solemn look. "No, unfortunately. We don't know if he ever will get them back. But I did perform a few spells which should keep him from having a meltdown when he sees or hears something. It shouldn't hurt him anymore. He also had a sleeping drought so he can recharge. He should awake a few hours from now, probably in the evening. Now about you. How are you feeling?"

"Alright I guess. Better."

"Did you have any flashbacks last night?" Harry shook his head. "What you are experiencing is Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. It probably developed after the war, I assume?"

"Erm... Sure?" Harry knew for a fact it didn't. He honestly had been more upset when he found Draco to be a death eater, but the deaths had taken its toll that's for sure.

"And you've also had clinical depression for years, what could be the cause of that?"

Harry knew it was Draco for sure. All he did was look at their hands interlocked, "yeah, I know where that came from."

"I have some potions for you to take daily to help it out. There are some on the side table I suggest you take."

"Harry, we should probably go, class is starting," Hermione said, hugging him and kissing his cheek.

"Stay strong, mate, we'll come back before dinner," Ron gave him a hug.

"See ya, Potter," Blaise said, flattening his lips to him, while Pansy smiled and said, "he'll come around."

"As well as I must go run some errands. Will you be okay for a few hours," Madam Pomfrey asked. Harry looked at Draco.

"Yeah, I'll be okay."

"Make sure you take your potions. If Mr. Malfoy is to wake, administer his, they are on his nightstand."

"Alright," Harry replied, as she walked out the door in a rush. He turned to the sleeping Draco,
playing with his hand. "Guess it's just you and me, huh?"

He obviously didn't answer, and Harry took his potions, which made him feel strange.

"You know what would happen if you remembered me when you woke up and we were alone with all these beds? No, you dirty minded bastard, we'd have pillow fights and we could jump from bed to bed as if it was lava. That'd be fun."

Draco shifted a bit.

"Oh you don't need to give me that tone, Mr., we would have sex, too. Don't need to get your knickers in a twist," he said suggestively.

Harry lay back, his head on Draco's stomach. He kicked his feet up on his own bed and half his body was resting on nothing but air. He was still holding Draco's hand as he was unconscious.

"You know, you're really annoying right," Harry turned to Draco's face which was empty of emotion and expression.

No answer.

"Yeah, don't give me that attitude. You are, and you know it, okay, you completely drive me crazy sometimes. Like you completely forgetting us. Yeah, that's really annoying. Do you know what I've been though? I better get a massage after this and you should make me chocolate strawberries, and I want a foot rub, too. You should be writing this down."

Again, nothing.

"You know, it's funny," he let out a dry laugh, staring at the ceiling, "we are just a pair of broken souls. I have depression and post traumatic stress disorder because all because of you... And I mean, and I've walked to my death before and fought an entire war after years of being hunted down by a murderer, but still. I blame you. And you have years worth of memory damage because of me. It evens out, you think?"

All he got was Draco inhaling and exhaling softly. He was definitely going crazy from the heavy medicine he was taking.

"Yeah, me too. Your hand is really soft. Softer than I remember. What are you doing to it? I see... You want to know another annoying thing you do? You don't answer me anymore. Like I try and spark a conversation and you just don't want to respond. Totally rude."

Harry looked back at Draco who was still asleep. "Right," he breathed.

"So how you've been?"

Nothing.

"Oh I'm doing fantastic, thank you for asking, it's just my boyfriend completely forgot my existence basically and is in arranged marriage and I can do absolutely NOTHING about it," he smiled a creepy smile before ending the statement, his lips quivering.

"You know, I miss you, a lot. Like a lot a lot. And I'm going mad just thinking about it. I miss talking to you. I hate that I don't even know what to say to you because I'm afraid you'll run away. I miss hugging you. You always gave the best hugs, even if you didn't know it. And I miss your lips. I miss how sweet you tasted and how you made me feel like I was on a cloud every time yours
touched mine. I miss how you took my breath away, and you still do. Remember when we were at
the jewelers. When you walked in, I remember I felt like someone had punched me in the stomach,
just because of how beautiful you are. You truly are, but you have absolutely no idea and even when
I told it to you, you always disagreed.

"I miss those moments when we would just shut up completely, for once, and just take everything in,
like we had the world together in our hands, even though no one knew about us, like we were the
underdogs. I miss holding your hand, and I miss kissing you in your special spot, when you would
completely melt into me. I miss telling you I love you. And I miss hearing it. I miss when you cried
on my shoulder, because even though you were sad, I felt like I protected you, and you protected me.
And I miss that dry humor and sarcasm that honestly made my day. I miss laughing with you, and
making jokes with you. I miss flying, and sneaking around the corridors and running from Filch in
the middle of the night.

"I miss our special place in the forest. I haven't gone back, because I just know I can't handle it. I
miss our competitions and exchanging gifts at Christmas time. I miss reading the time wrong just to
piss you off. I miss our picnics and swimming even though we only did that like once and you ran
away half way though because you saw a grindylow.

"I miss making love to you, and receiving it as well. I miss how you made me feel on our second
night, because let's just face it, that first night was erotic, it was amazing and I could never want to
replace it, but erotic. That second night, though, when we finally had our wits together and actually
realized what we were doing, and we were so nervous and just timid. And we took everything so
slow, like we were still virgins, like it was our first time again. I asked you if you were scared and
you answered 'no because I'm with you,' and I remember just feeling like I belonged to you forever.

"You wanna know what I hate? I hate that I'm the one who did this to you, because I left you when I
promised you I wouldn't. I hate that I over reacted when I found out you had the dark mark, because
deep down I knew you had it, I just didn't want to come to terms with it. I hate that I might not see
the real Draco again, and you might be stuck like this forever, and you'll have to go through with the
marriage and live your life miserably because I won't be in it, but you won't care because you don't
remember anything I just mentioned. And you wanna know what I hate most of all? I hate that you're
completely unconscious right now, and you didn't hear anything I just said."

Harry was crying by the time his speech was over. (And you probably are too)

He shifted and sat up, letting go of Draco's hand. He wiped his eyes before turning to the boy
completely, pressing his hand to his cheek. "And I hate that you'll never be able to know how much I
wanted to do this."

He reached down and pressed his lips to Draco's firmly. Even though Draco was sleeping, there was
still the same old spark, the same feeling Harry fell in love with.

It was about 3 seconds before Draco opened his spectacles, only to find Harry kissing him. His eyes
widened and he automatically grew completely awake, slapping Harry on his cheek and knocking
him off the bed.

"What the hell are you doing, Potter!"

Harry recuperated, standing, still in a bit of pain. "Good morning to you, too," he said grabbing
cheek. Draco sat up, looking at him as if he were crazy.

"No, not really! Not a good morning at all! Who do you think you are!"
"Your boyfriend, that's exactly who I think I am!"

"You're delusional Potter! You tell me what you mean by that right now. What did I see in that memory!?"

"Which one did you see?"

"There's more!?"

"Which one did you see," he bit again.

"Y-you and me, w-we-we k-is-sssed, a lot," he gaged acting as though he was puking, "and you said you l-l-l-lo-lov-lov-"

"Love you. There's a lot of those, you got to narrow it down."

"I think it was 5th year, and there was a bet-"

"1000 kisses, I'm aware."

"But that didn't happen, how did you know-"

"Oh yes it 100 percent happened, and I know because you lost it and I got the 1000 kisses."

"I've never kissed you before! I've never!" He stood, his tone was full of malice and hate, and it set Harry off.

"Yeah you have... A lot... And you've made out with me and-"

"No that's disgusting! I despise you! I don't know how you pulled off that one, and have a proper memory of it, maybe you're just that psychotic to where one of your wild fantasies was fairly vivid and it showed up as a memory but-"

"It was a memory."

"No it wasn't! You're lying!" They stepped closer to each other so they were in one another's faces.

"Really am I lying now," Harry bit, reaching under his shirt and unclasped the necklace he was wearing-Draco's necklace- and he grabbed Draco's hand, practically throwing it in his palm, and shutting it closed. Draco examined it, it instantly connecting to the memory seen.

"That's not possible... I hate you."

"That's bollocks, you love me! And you've told me on a daily basis before. You are absolutely, hopelessly in love with me!"

"If I did I would have known if I've kissed you before. Even if I did get obliviated."

"Obliviated? By who? It wasn't the dementors?"

"I don't know, nor do I care because I am so much happier without you! You're all about love and compassion, and if I ever truly loved you, would I have really forgotten? Would we be standing here having this conversation if I really loved you?"

"Yes! We would, because we are, right now! We've loved each other since 4th year and-"
"Really because I don't love you right now-"

"You've lost years worth of memories! Of course you don't!"

"Don't you get it! I can't love anybody, and no body can love me. Why do you think I'm marrying the Greengrass bitch? I don't love, I'm not weak enough to love. Besides I'm a death eater, you're a war hero. Bottom line is, I don't love you. I don't love anything about you. I can't even stand being in such a proximity of you. And even if I could love anybody, it would never be such a disgusting, mudblood loving, tramp like you!"

Harry had never been so angry at Draco before in his life. To deny love in general was such a touchy subject since that is how his parents saved his life and he saved everyone's. Harry pushed Draco back on the bed behind him, putting his legs on either side of him, and placing his face so close their noses were touching.

"Go ahead. Say it again, I dare you," he growled.

"What are you going to do if I do," he smirked.

Harry didn't think, just acted, plunging their mouths together. He was sloppy, aggressive, and forceful. Making Draco open his entrance, Harry shoved his tongue in his mouth and started fighting Draco's. He moved his hands to Draco's hair, holding him down with his body weight. Draco wrapped his legs around Harry's waist and threw them, sending them both to the ground.

Draco landed on top and took over dominance. Harry tried to put his hands somewhere- anywhere, but Draco found them and forced them to his sides.

Harry missed this. He missed the passion, the fire of Draco when he was angry. It was almost like their first time: desperate and fierce. Harry missed this taste, this form even. Fireworks exploded in his mouth, and he loved every minute of it. When Draco released, just after biting Harry's lip, Harry looked at him in a daze, almost smiling.

"Tell me there wasn't any love in that," Harry said, looking into his cold, stone eyes.

Draco stared at him maliciously, a nasty smirk on his face. "I felt absolutely nothing." He got up from the ground and lay on his bed. "I never loved you, even if we did have some relationship you obsess over. And whatever it was, I'm glad it's over, and I'm glad it's gone from my memory."

Harry just sat there with straight up terror etched on his face, afraid to move, afraid to breath. He felt suffocated. After a moment or two he finally found the strength to get up and he just lay on his bed, staring at the ceiling.

"Oh and by the way, thanks for stealing my first kiss, appreciate it."

"Just like your virginity."

"What," Draco sat up, eyes wide. "We-"

"You heard what I said," Harry bit emotionlessly.

"But-"

"If it helps you feel any better, you topped first," Harry said coldly. "By the way I'm glad we're over, too, because you're dead to me."
Draco furrowed his eyebrows, "that hurt more than I thought it would."

"Good." Harry bit back tears.

It was night when Draco and Harry spoke again. Their friends had come and passed, but neither talked. Harry felt sick to his stomach, he really couldn't.

One thing had been on his mind though, and he had to let it out. It was his last chance, sin he knew after tonight he would be saying goodbye to him.

"You said you cannot love." They had their backs to each other.

"What are you on about now," Draco replied, annoyed.

"You said it yourself, you can't love, and cannot be loved."

"I did."

"But how is it that I can love you. And you love me, even though you don't know it- woah! No you can't talk," he scolded, as Draco attempted to open his mouth an argue, "or do I just not count?"

"You don't love me, Potter, no one can. You're just a whack job. Look you're even in here because you're mentally unstable."

"I'm not mentally unstable! I have depression because of you, and traumatic stress disorder because of you."

"Oh so you're blaming me?"

"I am. And you know what I hate? That I love you so much that I forgive you for that, too. I love your smile, even though you say you haven't before. You have I assure you." He pulled out the photo and put it on Draco's bed since he was turned around he then went to his originals pot, laying away from him. "I love you because some how you always make me laugh with your witty humor. I love how you get me, you understand me. It was always like you were one step ahead of me and when I got there you accepted me with open arms. I love it when you kiss me-"

"Potter-"

"I'm not talking to you. I'm talking to my boyfriend. He's in there, I know he is. I'm done talking to you, Malfoy. Okay, Draco," he took a breath, "I love it when you kiss me because you always leave me wanting more, like I can't ever get enough. I love it when I kiss your neck, you completely unravel. Or when we have sex, you always say my name right before it's over, like that's all you care about, is me. I love your hugs and your kisses on my cheek. I love how you always find ways to piss me off, but still make me smile because of it. I love how you still accepted me with open arms after the war, even though I didn't deserve it. I love how thoughtful you truly are even though it ruins your 'reputation,' towards me." Harry was crying now.

"I miss you, Draco. I miss you loving me back. I miss the conversations that never end, and I miss the challenges you always give me. I love how you never let me settle. I love how you're a hopeless romantic. I love our flour fights. And I know you have doubts that I won't want you when this is all over. But I do. I will. And I'm willing to deal with anything that stands in our way, together, because we have completely deserved this life we will live together. So as a follow up when you asked me to marry you in 6th year, Draco, yes. Yes, 100 percent yes. And to you Malfoy, fuck you."
Draco got up from his bed and walked all the way around to Harry's side. He crouched next to Harry's face. He was crying, his mercury eyes filled with tears.

"I miss you, too, Harry."

"Where's the necklace," he sniffed. Draco just reached under his shirt, showing the chain around his neck. Harry cried more, and Draco climbed into bed with Harry and they automatically wrapped their arms around each other. "You're killing me, Draco. You're literally destroying me, and I can't do anything about it."

"I don't mean to Harry. I'm so sorry."

"Stay with me?"

"Always."

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The next morning, Draco got out of bed, waking Harry up.

"Just because I slept with you last night, literally, doesn't mean anything. I don't even know why I was in there to begin with." He was grabbing his stuff, taking the picture with him to Harry's ignorance."

"Fine, if you say you aren't in love with me and can't be in love with me, why don't you go on a date with me? Saturday night?"

"Are you drugged? Drugging me?"

"No. I'm serious."

"That's the night of the ball."

"I know. And it's not like you actually like your date, what have you got to lose?"

Draco thought for a few seconds, silver eyes staring into space. "No," he bit. "Absolutely not."

"Why!"

"Because you're a bloody psychopath!"

"Coward," Harry said abruptly. "You're a coward!" He knew that would set his teeth on edge.

"Don't call me that!"

"Then be my date to the ball."

"No fucking way."

"Fine. Be a coward."

"I'm going with my future wife and you're not stopping me. I don't care who you are. I don't care what we had. Don't talk to me."

"If you go with me I never will say one word to you after it's over. Never. Not one."

"Is this how you charm all your dates?"
"It's how I charm you."

Draco rolled his eyes and stuck out his jaw. "Not one word?"

"I won't even ask to borrow a quill from you when mine breaks."

"Although it sounds lovely, I can just ignore you. I'm not going with you. Maybe one day you'll realize how insane you are and check yourself in to St. Mungos. Now if you'll excuse me, I must be off. I have a fiance to go suck face with."

He left Harry with a frown on his face and tears in his eyes. Harry refused to let them fall. Not yet, anyway.
Harry gazed over the magnificently decorated room, the music just beginning. It was a waltz, well, a form of a waltz. It included the entire party and partners would be switched as the tune played.

Draco had Astoria in his embrace, his arm dangerously low on her back. Jealousy had never found its way to Harry until right in that moment because he swore if he looked into the mirror, his face would be a deep, passionate green. He watched Draco twirl to the music, his eyes completely locked onto hers.

Harry had to admit, she was gorgeous. Long, dark hair curled into a bun, golden earrings and a black, silk dress accessorized a perfect body... for a girl. She was graceful as she moved her feet, and so was he. Draco wore his nicest dress robes, of course, and that infuriated Harry even more considering Draco never wore them for him. But then again, Draco was comfortable with Harry, and he wasn't as high maintenance as Astoria.

Others would look at them as the perfect couple: rich, beautiful, classy.

Harry looked at their own relationship as a brilliant disaster, well, because Draco swings the other way and is completely in love with a scarface with an ego three times bigger than his head.

Brilliant disaster.

Draco leaned in closer only for Astoria to whisper something in his ear, which he laughed at. A fake laugh, Harry categorized. He knew Draco. He knew Draco like the back of his hand. He knew Draco like the love of his life, simply because he was.

Harry felt the stomach acid in his gut find a new way to make him sick.

"Hermione, I need you," Harry grabbed her hand, leading her to the dance floor, his eyes still paired on Draco and Astoria.

"Harry, I don't know about this," she said uncertainly as they got into position.

"This is my last chance to be with him," Harry almost bit, "He has that god damned ring in his pocket. Hermione, he's going to propose!"

"Oh god Harry," was all she could say. "What are you going to do," they started twirling with the crowd. A switch was coming up.

"Get me to Parkinson," Harry ordered. They made their way through the students, picking up speed so they could get to Blaise and Pansy and when the dance required a partner swap, Harry took Pansy right away.

"Hello to you too, Granger," Blaise raised an eyebrow at Hermione. "I take it this is part of the plan for Potter to seduce Draco?"

She only nodded.

"Any luck," Pansy asked, grabbing hold of Harry.

"None," Harry didn't look her in the eyes, but searched for Draco, who kept Astoria. Damn that girl. "He broke the rules... he should have switched," Harry said while spinning Pansy. The boy stared at
his boyfriend and finally their eyes met for a few seconds, but then Draco looked away. "He always breaks the rules."

"You think anyone want's to dance with any of us, Potter? He has the mark for Merlin's sake," She said above a whisper, just enough for Harry to hear over the rambunctious music. "I reckon if anyone got him they'd wet their dress, and not in a good way."

"I would dance with him," Harry's eyes met with Draco yet again, awkwardly. There was curiosity in them.

"Yes, but he won't want to dance with you. He think's you've gone loony, sorry to say."

"But it's not him in there," Harry met with Draco again; rage in the blonde's eyes and Pansy hit him.

"Would you stop acting as though he's a lost puppy? You are looking at him as if he's blind! He can see you, you know."

"Right," Harry looked back at Pansy, suddenly feeling how nervous he was.

"You look like you're about to throw up," Pansy commented.

"I feel as though I am."

"Well do it on him because I paid way too much on this dress for it to be covered in my best friend's boyfriend's puke," she snapped.

"You do look lovely tonight, Pansy," Harry mentioned.

"Stop flattering me, Potter, you have a boyfriend to go get."

"Right," he took a deep breath, "So when we switch, break them up but take Astoria and go to the bathroom together, or get a drink, or do whatever girls do. I'll take Draco."

"Any idea what you're going to say to him," she asked before she was spun again, ready for a switch.

"Not a clue," Harry said, letting go of Pansy.

"Good luck," was the last thing she said to him before she went between the two and took Astoria, Harry grasping Draco, resting his hand on his shoulder and other locking their fingers together.

"Potter! What the hell are you doing here," he shouted, obviously angry.

"I mean, this ball is held for my parent's death and I had to say a whole speech about it so-"

"I mean here with me!"

"What? I'm just innocently dancing with my boyfriend!"

"I'm not your boyfriend," Draco said defensively, his nostrils flaring. "Stop saying that word!"

"I just wanted to talk, okay," Harry said, defeated.

"Right, because I'd love to have a chat with you right now after I specifically told you I never wanted to see you again," Draco bit, dipping Harry to the music. Damn the girl part.
"Draco, we live in the same common room," Harry rolled his eyes. "That isn't possible! Now would you just hear me out?"

"Why, Potter," he demanded impatiently.

"Because this would be the last time I ever talk to you if it doesn't work out," Harry raised an eyebrow. Draco took a deep breath.

"Don't you think that you're drawing a bit of attention?"

"Don't care, but I don't think we're the main event since Flitwick was dared to ask McGonagall to dance," Harry snorted. Draco looked over to see the man standing on a table while McGonagall led. He laughed too.

"So Potter, please do tell me what your point is. Trying to win me so you can force your tongue down my throat at all hours and we can raise little death eater children together? It won't work," Draco spoke, still smiling at the thought of that small man dancing.

"There, right there."

"What." Draco looked offended. "I don't want you to do that again. No Potter tongue is better than Potter tongue."

"No. You're smiling."

"So," Draco asked, picking Harry up as their partners launched the rest of the girls. Harry rolled his eyes as he grabbed Draco's hand again.

"I just want you to be happy again."

"Oh please- woah!" Harry had tripped over Draco's foot, almost falling, and Draco caught him and set him back up, but he couldn't deny his racing heart one bit. "You're such a buffoon, you don't even know how to stand on your own two feet! How could I ever want to be with someone who doesn't know how to dance?"

"I would learn for you," Harry looked him in the eyes. Draco's silver ones softened a bit but showed no remorse as he shook his head. Harry tried not to notice how Draco pulled him closer so they would avoid hitting a couple, but didn't move him back to his original spot. And he certainly tried not to notice how Draco's hand was now on his lower back... his lower lower back.

"Tell me Potter, the truth, are you under some insane love potion or are you just crazy?"

"Crazy."

"And you take pride in that?"

"Making you happy, yes."

"Well it's a good thing that every time I see you I want to throw up and punch a wall so..."

"You're just saying that to make me give up," Harry called him out and Draco found himself unable to form words for a few seconds. Draco stared down at him, their proximity going unnoticed as he took in Harry's cucumber smell. He found it intoxicating.

"No, I truly do despise you Potter," he finally spat.
"What happened to the whole 'friends,' bit? Or did I beat up those guys for nothing," Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Yes, Potter, we were friends, until you went all creepy- wait that's why you beat them up?"

"You think I'd let anyone touch my boyfriend without paying the price?"

"Would you stop saying that word," Draco scoffed.

"I mean, I could change it to something different. I have the equipment," Harry was spun again.

"You got the ring for me," Draco looked at him as if he was crazy, the epiphany hitting him.

"Yes, I did. I thought you would stop being a basket case by now, but obviously that isn't going too well," Harry said.

"You'd seriously be willing to marry me after everything I've done to you? You're delusional."

"So are you. You don't even know who I am," Harry got defensive.

"And you don't know me."

"Want to bet?"

Draco threw Harry by hanging onto his hand, following the dance, as Harry raveled back into him, his back ending up resting against his chest while Draco lowered his mouth next to his ear, using his snotty, intimidating nature. "Dazzle me, Potter."

"For one, you love this song," Harry unraveled again, going back to their first position. A new song had started, but Draco was too hypnotized to care, however he really did love the newcoming melody.

"And why would that be," Draco's attitude darkened, almost angry but provoking, as if he could give anything in the world for Harry to not know.

"You love how it has movement. Do you remember, we've danced to this before," Harry asked, keeping his tone wondrous.

"I've never danced with you in my life," Draco bit.

"Yes you have," Harry kept calm. "In the Chamber of Secrets for our one year anniversary."

"Right, because I've been to the Chamber of Secrets," Draco laughed sarcastically. "And we rode a hippogriff into the moonlight afterwards."

"A broom, but you were close. Think, Draco. You were wearing your dark purple button up with the cufflinks that formed a snake from one to the other, and those really nice shoes with silver clasps, and you got mad at me because you wore your most expensive pair and you didn't want to get them ruined, so when we walked through the water, I carried you."

Draco remained silent.

"It was also the first time you took off your Malfoy ring."
"I haven't worn that since-

"Fifth year. February. I reckon you thought it was your rebellion against your father."

"My father-

"Abused you since you were seven."

"How did you know that," Draco looked at him in disbelief, angry. "I never told anyone."

"You told me. Fourth year. We were by the lake, next to that tree that reminds you of the gardens in your manor."

"I-"

"And this song. I surprised you with a record player on that date, because we never got to dance at the Yule Ball since you still hated me and we beat each other up. We both had a bloody nose. And this song came on and you- may I?" Harry let go of Draco's grip and moved Draco's arms for him. Draco didn't answer, so he took it as a yes and Harry placed Draco's hands around his neck, himself putting his own hands on Draco's waist. The blonde stiffened but Harry didn't care. "We danced like this, for two hours straight. And at the time we were practically the same height and you leant your head on my shoulder. You whispered something in my ear. What was it?"

"I-I didn't."

"Yes you did! Just open your mind and stop being so stubborn, prat. You know what you told me!"

"Harry," Draco's eyes flashed from silver to mercury once, "I don't!"

"You told me that you could never want anybody else because it was like we were made for each other."

Draco was silent again looking deep into his eyes. Harry fixed them so they were dancing as everyone else was instead of embracing.

"Okay 6th year. You broke my nose on the train. Why?"

"I hated you." Harry shook his head. Draco, after a bit of silence spoke softly, "I didn't want to be caught with the enemy."

"And later that night we went to the forest, what did you tell me?"

"You had a nice face... which you don't," Draco snapped, but his eyes flickered again.

"Oh please, you're in denial. You're attracted to me, and you can't negate that."

"Right, with those glasses," Draco rolled his eyes. Harry didn't want to continue on arguing about his appearance, for he knew Draco thought he was sexy and even when they dated. How many times had Draco made a snarky comment on his hair? Too many.

"You hate crotons in your salads because when you were little, you choked on one and you've refused to eat them since."

"Okay, that's borderline insane, Potter! How could you ever know that," Draco scowled. Harry accidentally stepped on his feet again. "Ow!"
"Sorry!"

"Are you really that inhabitable, Potter?"

"We went on a date in fourth year and there were crotons in the salad and you threw them all one by one at me and when I asked you what the hell was wrong with you, you told me that story."

"Ugh, Potter!" He was getting a headache and his eyes were flashing back and forth slowly and uncontrollably. Harry tried not to smile at it.

"You hate love only because you've never had it. Your father hurt you and your mother never showed affection past the age of six. But I've never known anyone who has ever loved more deeply than you. I finally figured you out in 6th year. You never had a cold heart, but one burned and scaled with hate and revenge because of your father. You were always too afraid to love until you met me."

"I don't..."

"Go on, do me. You dream about me at night don't you? Name something," Harry egged on, hanging on tightly to Draco's hand so he couldn't run. His eyes were now switching vigorously.

"Uh..."

"Come on, Draco! You know me!"

"I don't know what to say," Draco looked at him indifferently almost as if it hurt to think.

"Where did I sleep? Until I was eleven, where did I sleep?"

Draco was blinking vigorously. "Erm... I don't know why, but I have a weird feeling it was a cubbyhole or like a cupboard..."

"Under where," Harry asked, suddenly getting very nervous.

It took a concentrated Draco to find the answer. "Stairs? Am I sounding mad?"

Harry didn't answer, just grabbed Draco's wrist and lead him from the Great Hall. He wanted to kiss him so much, but decided against it. He didn't want to scare him away just yet.

"Potter, where are you taking me?"

Harry took him outside to the courtyard, where the first part of the plan was executed. "You know this place. Please, just tell me, what do you know about here," Harry asked trying to keep his tone down, but it was shaky anyway.

Draco was thinking, and Harry could tell but he looked almost too afraid to speak.

"What, am I making you nervous," Harry asked, stroking his left arm. Draco pulled away but stayed. "I'm not going to judge you, Draco, just think! Anything!"

"I remember laughing," he said after a bit. "And I remember... you were... humiliated? Yeah. You looked like you wanted to throw up."

Harry nodded. "Good," he said encouragingly before pulling him again. This time they traveled all the way to a familiar storage closet. "What about now?"

Draco hesitated. "I brewed something here."
"What was it," Harry asked.

"It had to do with sleep," Draco recalled vaguely.

"This is where we made dreamless sleep potion, remember? But it didn't work-"

"You lied to me!"

"Yes I did," Harry exclaimed. He was remembering.

God, he was remembering!

"Why would you do that, Harry?"

"Never mind that right now!"

They were traveling again, this time they made their way up to the Room of Requirement. Harry practically ran the whole way, Draco being dragged along, his eyes flickering as more memories surfaced. His head hurt more and more.

"Harry, please, why are we here," Draco looked terrified again.

"Please just trust me, okay?"

Draco only nodded as Harry opened the door.

They entered a room that tasted a smoke and smelled of ash. Harry recognized the piles of dead debris as well as Draco, who just squeezed Harry's hand harder, thinking back to the war.

Harry sought for one object and one object only, but first he stopped by a certain cabinet that had hell to pay. It was charred and black, weak at the hinges.

Harry ran in kicked one of the legs and it collapsed next to him, Draco staring at it, the memory of 6th year, working for hours and days on a damned cabinet, hurting constantly, coming back to him.

"I'm sorry. I had to do that."

Draco just nodded, frightened. "Wouldn't blame you."

Finally he was guided to a mirror who's edges were blackened and glass was dirty with ashes. Harry looked in the Mirror of Erised to see himself on one knee with a ring in his hand, Draco in front of him. Mirror-Draco nodded before jumping on Mirror-Harry and kissing him oh so deeply.

It broke Harry's heart.

"Stand here," he ordered in spite of his feelings, dismay pouring over him. "What do you see?"

Draco didn't answer, but looked in the mirror with mortification.

"Draco, what do you see!? Please! Please just tell me," Harry almost went to tears, but refused to let his eyes water.

Draco turned to Harry and then back to the mirror.

Harry stood right next to him, wanting to create that image for him, so he leaned in, but was stopped to the painful shrieks of Draco. Harry immediately looked at him in concern as the boy grabbed his head and fell to the floor, screaming. His head felt as though it was on fire.
"Draco!" Harry knelt next to him. "Draco, don't give in! Please push through it! Please!"

Draco groaned in return squeezing his eyes shut, only seeing red.

"I know it hurts, Draco! I know," Harry shouted over him.

"Harry," he clenched. He gripped his head, squeezing his hair. Harry grabbed his hand.

"Come on, you can make it through it," Harry called, kissing his hand. "I believe in you! Please Draco, please, I love you."

He didn't hear him.

Draco calmed down a little bit, his contraction leaving it's peak. When he came off of his painful high, he was breathing heavy and Harry had to decide if he wanted to scoot forward and hug him or stay back. He picked the ladder, which was ultimately the harder choice and it required more self-control, however Harry adjusted.

"Are you all right," Harry asked, their hands still conjoined.

Draco's nostrils flared as his eyes went back to silver, "What the hell are you doing to me," he snapped.

"Fixing you," Harry responded, trying to keep his voice down.

"I'm not a damned toy," Draco claimed, his voice choppy due to his heavy breathing. Harry looked at him with hopeful eyes and was silent for a bit. Draco eyed him, "What the hell is wrong with that mirror?"

"It shows you your deepest desire."

"That! That is not my deepest desire," Draco shouted, staring into Harry's eyes. Harry scooted forward, his leg touching Draco's thigh, but Draco didn't even recognize it, he just kept watching his eyes.

"Sure it isn't." Harry was now inches away from him, going to close the gap but Draco dodged it, turning his cheek.

"What are you doing," Draco growled. Harry kissed his cheek softly, and then moved down his jaw and down his neck. Draco gave a sharp intake of breath. He held back a moan and when he realized what he was stopping, he pushed Harry away. "Potter-"

"Does Astoria know where to kiss you," Harry asked in a deep whisper next to his ear.

"What," Draco asked, confused.

"Does she know where to touch you," Harry asked, bringing his hand up to his cheek and stroked it. Draco froze with another sharp intake of breath as Harry's hand went down his chest and rested on his hip and went back up to his ribcage along his side. "Has she seen your scars?"

"Would you stop sounding like a pedophile?" Draco, although annoyed, didn't shove him away, but jerked his hips like a virgin when he rested his hand on his pelvic bone and kept it there.

"Tell me to stop."

"Definite pedophile," Draco answered, "Who knew The Chosen One was a giant creep."
"I didn't hear a stop," Harry answered moving his hand back to his cheek. Draco still didn't tell him to break. There was something magnetic about Harry that he simply couldn't want to halt. "Draco, please just tell me to stop," Harry practically begged in a choked sob. He wanted to maul him, and upon Draco closing his eyes and almost tilting into his touch, Harry leaned in and nothing more but kissed his neck again.

Draco shut his eyes and tilted his head to the sensation so those lips had a larger canvas to paint. "What would you do if this was Astoria right now?"

Draco's eyes snapped open. "What?"

"Would you tell her to stop," Harry mumbled against his skin.

Draco finally realized what he was doing, who he was with. Potter. And he could feel Potter's jealousy radiate off of him, and that made him almost angry. Why should he be jealous? Why should he think Draco was his property?

Then he actually evaluated the question he realized that if it was Astoria, he probably would tell her to stop. So when he grabbed Harry's collar and shove their mouths together experimentally, he imagined it being she. He imagined her taking off her dress, and as Harry swung his leg over him and straddled him, he imagined her naked body on top of his, and when Potter licked his lip for entrance, he opened in hope it felt as Astoria's would because- oh merlin how did Potter learn how to do that with his tongue?

He tried to change the deep groans coming from Potter's throat into squeals of pleasure from Astoria, but he seemed more turned on when he heard Potter's deep rumbles. Draco also tried to imagine breasts in place of Potter's chest and yet they did nothing for his ingenuity. Nothing of Astoria's did.

But Potter wrapping arms around his back protectively did. And the heat of Potter's mouth did, something Astoria never had. And the way Potter's mouth molded to his did. And so did Potter's smell, along with his stamina. He and Astoria only went on for a few minutes- wait so how long had they been snogging?

Draco pulled out, realizing he had to breathe and Potter, although breathing just as heavy, almost pouted because it was over. Draco guessed he would have kept going until his lungs exploded, and that was a fire he never felt with anyone else.

Their foreheads rested together as Draco tried to ground himself from the dizziness, however he really couldn't help it as Harry whispered next to him. "You kept this on?"

Draco opened his eyes to see Harry fingering the necklace around his neck, almost sadness in his eyes. Harry wanted to cry he missed him so much. He looked up to meet Draco's eyes, but Draco didn't answer his question simply because he didn't have an answer.

Draco then reached into his pocket and took out a folded up piece of paper and Harry automatically knew what it was, but he took it and unfolded it anyway. There was the picture of them in fifth year warm from Draco's pocket. "How long have you had this," Harry asked softly.

"Hospital," Draco responded still breathless.

"I thought I'd lost it," Harry choked, stroking the paper. God, he missed him so much, it charred his heart. "Why'd you keep it? I imagine you'd burn it the second you saw it, you know, try and destroy any evidence of my happiness."

Up until that moment, Draco absolutely despised the man for even trying to pull such a stunt on him,
however in that moment, he realized he wasn't joking.

And when Harry kissed him again, he didn't let his mind wander to his future wife, but almost embraced it being Potter. In fact, it almost felt dangerous knowing he was kissing whom he was kissing from a power standpoint. He's making out with Harry Potter; but there was a small part in the back of his mind that felt wrong to toy with Potter's emotions like that. What Potter was feeling was real. What Draco was feeling wasn't.

Or maybe it was.

Harry pushed Draco onto his back, still straddling him. He now had a better angle to invade Draco's mouth with, and he took advantage of it, although it was maddening. The pace he was at was much too slow. He wanted to devour him right there, but he still didn't want to scare him off.

Draco, however, was having a fantastic time. He always thought boobs were necessary, however he enjoyed the proximity of their chests being together. He wrapped an arm around Harry's neck and pulled him closer.

While Draco was having the kiss of his life, Harry was on top of him and it hurt so much to be, because the second he was to open his eyes, he would beg every god there possibly was in hope his memory was restored, but he knew it wouldn't. And he felt like he was robbing Draco of his kisses, and he felt dirty because of it. But the very thought that Draco wasn't his anymore made him want to puke. And cry. And cry some more.

But the fact that Draco, his love, his obsession, his religion was under him, giving himself up to Harry just for the few minutes, turned him into an untamed animal. He crawled up on top of him; his crotch now over Draco's bellybutton and Draco was forced to tilt his head up as if he was looking at the wall behind him.

Draco's mouth was filled with delicious heat and he tasted of said heat and distant toothpaste. Harry thought it was the most delightful thing in the world, wanting it to never end.

So he continued kissing him until he couldn't breath and released only to immediately kiss his other cheek while he rose and fell against Draco's heaving chest.

"Has she ever kissed you like that," Harry asked, almost desperate for any answer, moving along his jaw. Draco didn't answer, but if he would have, it would have been a no. "You hate the color yellow," Harry kissed downward, "and y-you get jealous so easily and you talk in your sleep-" Harry kissed his neck and he felt his throat close. "Not like creepy talking, but like a word or two." Harry sucked on Draco's skin and felt him squirm at his special spot. "And you hate hickeys," Harry almost sobbed, tears stinging the back of his eyes but not yet falling.

"Potter-

"And you're possessive as hell!"

"Potter-

"And you snore," Harry choked, letting a tear drip from his eyes involuntarily and Draco felt it on his neck. "Not enough to wake me up but just enough to know you're with me- that I'm not alone."

Draco remained silent, and listened to Harry's ragged, choppy voice.

"And you're a better flyer than me- not that I'll admit that ever again in my life but you are! I just get lucky half the time."
"I doubt that." Draco tried to speak but Harry just kept rambling and rambling on about his favorite things and his fears and his hopes and dreams, and within each thing Harry would kiss him, sometimes on the lips, sometimes not. Draco felt his tears.

The slytherin was trying to decide whether or not he was in the midst of a psychotic breakdown or not, but he chose yes. The strange part was that something in the back of his mind felt ridiculously guilty.

"Potter stop," Draco turned his head to meet Harry's. "You shouldn't if you're just going to end up killing yourself in the middle of it all."

"Please just give me tonight," Harry's head hung low as he begged in his ear, his voice barely above a whisper before raising it again to a panic. "Please. The second you wake up tomorrow; I promise I'll never say one more word to you. I'll even obliviate the rest of me from you. Whenever you hear Harry Potter, you won't think one second about it. I'll do anything you want, just please give me one more night." Harry got off of him and sat next to him, wiping his eyes with a look of heartbreak on his face.

"So you just want to fuck me and live off of that the rest of your life," Draco sat up. "Potter, it's not going to be real."

"You weren't my bitch, Malfoy! You were my boyfriend! I have no intentions of fucking you, I just want to talk to you. And hug you and kiss you and then I want to make love to you one last time, before this is all over. I want to fall asleep in your arms one last time."

"Oh god, you're one of those people, how am I not surprised?"

"You suggested us calling it that," Harry responded softly. "Love-making, not sex."

"I wouldn't have. There's no difference."

"You wouldn't know until you've loved somebody- or remembered."

"But-"

"If this is all I have left with you, I'm not going to spend it arguing. I still have one more place to show you and we're wasting time," Harry pulled himself together and got up. He put his hand out for Draco to take, but he didn't, and stood on his own. Harry tried to hide his disappointed face.

"As much as you think we are in that sick head of yours, we aren't lovers. We aren't, I don't regret to tell you, and I know it hurts you and I've made it my goal to hurt you for years, but please just try not to get attached to me. For once I can't see you in pain like this. But for Merlin's sake, we aren't lovers. Stop treating me like one and it'll be easier tomorrow for both of us."

"No," Harry demanded and Draco looked at him, "No I'm not. I'm not going to act like we aren't lovers. I'm not going to pretend that we've had nothing for three and a half years. If anything you're going to act like a lover because you owe me."

"I owe you nothing," Draco sneered.

"So I could have just let you burn in the fire," Harry's jaw clenched.

"I could have told my aunt it was you. It's one to one. I owe you nothing," Draco started to walk in the general direction to the exit however Harry grabbed his shoulder and spun him around.
"You're standing here, in Hogwarts. You aren't having your soul sucked from you like your fifthly father is and that's because of me. It's two to one and you owe me," Harry said slowly and almost viciously. He could never put a price on Draco and their acts of saving each other. It was out of love, but if Draco refused that, he would add a charge.

Draco pulled a face, hate growing over him, his eyes stone silver.

"It's almost 9:00. You have three hours and you're free from my insanity. You can leave the second it strokes midnight," Harry swallowed hard, "But until then, you're mine again."

"What about my date?"

"Frankly she can go fuck herself, however I'm not that crude, so I'm sure Pansy will keep her company until she has snuck off from her and had sex with literally everyone in her year and then come whoring back to you with an STD. After midnight."

"Don't you dare talk about her that way," Draco snapped.

Harry put his hands up in the air. 'It's not 'talking about her in a certain way' if it's true."

Draco hit him.

"Hey! You can't beat me up until after midnight," Harry barked, "We're supposed to be lovers right now."

Draco cringed at that word. "Call me that, I'm leaving."

Harry rolled his eyes and grasped their hands together, interlocking their fingers and lead them to the door. Draco's hand, for some odd reason, was sweaty and Harry enjoyed every drop of perspiration.

They were quiet most the walk and the corridors were empty, considering everyone was probably partying like a manic at the dance. That's a good one. Harry Potter doesn't even attend his own ball.

They walked past the Great Hall, hearing the booming music coming from it, but Harry didn't stop there, and set for the forest.

"Where are you taking me," Draco asked whilst being dragged.

"It's a place we used to go."

"Right, because we used to go places together," Draco bit sarcastically.

"We did," Harry kept his tone down. "And we went here every Friday and sometimes other nights or sometimes weekends. And we would go on dates here."

"You know, you sound out of your mind. It's like you're giving me a tour of the inside of your head."

"That would take forever, Draco."

They made it to the first tree and a candle floated next to it.

"Oh lovely. You brought me to a tree. How romantic," Draco said sarcastically. But then the candle moved and weaved through the trees and Harry guided him. One last time. "Why can't we just walk straight through?"
"We would get lost in the forest. Same on the way back. If you don't go in between, you get misled. I've only done that once out of curiosity, and somehow I got out about five hours later. It's just magic."

The candle met them at the end of the identical trees, only to light the hall made of ferns and branches, the ropes made of vines swaying carelessly in the wind. Harry led Draco through and he didn't look at the bay, but at Draco's reaction, and what he saw made him want to cry, for he knew this was the last time he was able to see Draco's eyes light up like they did.

Draco looked out into the field, which was charted out with candles and lights. Above them at various heights, candles floated just as the great hall. In the trees surrounding the half circle, candles hung and rested in the branches. It was breathtaking. In the middle of the field lay a blanket surrounded by more candles and rose petals, a single rose resting on the material.

Draco walked to it, picking the flower up and stroking the petals while Harry stood and watched him. "You did all of this for me?"

Harry nodded, somewhat afar.

"Why," Draco almost got angry, "Why would you do that to yourself?"

"If it's going to be the last time, I would want it to be special," Harry swallowed.

"You knew we were coming here," Draco bit.

"Hoped. Not knew. To be honest, I thought I wouldn't even get you out of the ballroom, but somehow you fell for it, and now we're here."

Draco looked away from Harry and decided to examine the area, only for his heart to sting as wind blew though his gelled-hair. "I know this place," he said out loud but didn't mean to. "Why do I know this place," he turned back to Harry, angry.

"We had our first real date here," Harry swallowed again his throat burning and tears cascaded down his face, "And we fought here. And we kissed here. And we made out... a lot... here. And we slept here. Not sex, but sleeping." Harry stared out into the moonlit lake, and back around at the trees, and it seared to do so. "And you proposed to me here."

Draco swallowed, a lump in his throat.

Harry, somehow, walked to him and Draco could see the beads of water heavily pouring down his cheeks.

Draco stared at him. "I-I didn't propose-" he cut himself off. Harry just looked him in the eyes, getting lost into the brilliant orbs once again. Harry took out his wand and cast an accio, and in hand landed a silver ring that he physically could not look at without imploding. His hand shook as he placed it in Draco's hand and Draco stared at it, long and hard.

"We fell in love here," Harry's lip quivered after three moment's silence, thinking about the countless and irreplaceable memories that made him want to tear his heart out, but they were the only things keeping him whole at the moment. "It was real. It was the realest thing I've ever done in my life. And although you don't believe that, I do. And I always will. And if this is going to be my last night with you, I want it to be the best night we've ever had, which I doubt it will happen, but I'll die trying.

"And I might be literally breaking in front of your eyes right now, but I couldn't care less. Because it's you. I want you to know that my biggest regret is not taking each moment I had with you, and
making it last as long as physically possible. Because right now, it wouldn't be so hard to look you in the eyes and tell you goodbye."

Draco had to admit, he never thought someone could take his heart out of his chest and rip it to shreds, only to put it back into it's place and pretend it worked.

"So would you please just take tonight and make it as astonishing as it possibly can be, so when I look back at my last day of happiness, I can enjoy it," Harry blinked away more tears.

"You seriously think you're happy right now? After everything I've put you through?"

Harry stared back at him, but couldn't really see him due to the water leaking from his eyes, before sitting down on the blanket, and Draco did the same, still staring at him, begging for an answer. "I was once told before that the happiest man in the world would look into the Mirror of Erised and only see himself. I was never by myself, even when we were dating. You were next to me. But that's what I think I will only see: us two because what's me without you?"

A tear slipped Draco's eye.

"And I know that no matter how hard I try to move on, I won't. I've already tried," Harry looked off into the lake, "I mean people have told me it will get better with time, but sometimes there's just too much that time can fix."

Harry swallowed and blinked away more tears. Draco was actively crying now, seeing such a strong person so absolutely... broken.

"You know," Harry turned back to him, "I have to admit, I really thought you were going to pull through. I really thought you were. For fuck's sake, I bought you a ring."

"Why didn't you just use this one," Draco asked, his voice low and breaking.

"You're finger is slimmer than mine. It wouldn't have fit."

Draco wasn't expecting that answer... like at all. He expected so much more than that. He felt there was so much more than that.

"That and the memories. I wouldn't want to use the ring you used the same day you tore us apart. It was the night I found out you were a death eater. And I was too conceded of a bastard to hear you out."

"I don't blame you," Draco's voice was scratchy, "for breaking up with me, I mean."

Harry let out a dry laugh. "Right. You know, I thought that would have been the worst pain in my life, knowing you were a death eater, or seeing every father figure die right before my eyes, or even losing the most important people in my life to a bloody snake... nah... that's like a paper cut compared to this."

"I don't understand. How is it losing me hurts more than losing your godfather?"

Harry swallowed. "Because I know he's safe now, he's with my dad, and he's happy again. But you... where do I even start? Where can I even start?" Harry thought and took a deep breath before speaking again. "Because I know you so much better than I knew him. Yes I knew him, but I never spent as much time with him as I wanted, but you... I know almost better than I know myself. And if you were happy going into this arranged marriage, I would try to get over it and it might have been possible, but I know you. I know that you're in there and can't get out and you're staring at all of this
in horror but you can't speak up about it. And I know you're going to be miserable, and I'm going to watch you be and there's nothing I can do about it."

"What are you going to do," Draco asked after a moment's silence, "When this is all over, I mean."

Harry snorted and then thought some more, laying back and looking at the candles and the stars. "I'm probably going to lock myself in my room until I think I'm ready to interact with people. I'll probably end up in the hospital wing again because lord knows this will be so much worse than last week, because at least last week I could look forward to this week, and now I can't do that anymore. And once I think I'm ready, I'm going to randomly show up in class, and then I'm going to see you. And I probably won't be able to handle that, so until graduation that will be a continuous vicious cycle."

Draco laid back, still looking at him, seeing his tears stroke the curve of his cheeks and fall along the glasses and into his hair, and for some exotic reason, he wanted to wipe it away.

"Why couldn't we have just gotten into a fight like every other couple? Why couldn't I have left hating you so this could be so much easier?"

"Why would you want to fight with me?"

"Because I can't possibly be angry with you for this. It wasn't your fault I left you."

"Sounds just like something you would say," Draco scoffed and Harry looked at him. "It's not your fault my memory was erased, but you still blame yourself."

"At least you're admitting it now... that your memory was erased, I mean."

"Somewhat," Draco replied, not as powerful as he meant to say it.

"You don't remember anything... at all off the top of your head," Harry asked, hopeful.

"Fragments," Draco responded. "I remember this place a little bit. And I remember... I remember swimming... I think."

"You saw a grindylow and ran for it," Harry recalled, looking at the floating candles above them. "You're scared of them, did you know?"

"Harry, there was never a grindylow."

"What?"

"I'm not afraid of Grindylows," Draco said. Harry sat up. "I didn't want you seeing my dark mark."

"You're joking," Harry accused.

"I'm not," Draco spoke seriously.

"You're saying you went through all that trouble just so I wouldn't find out about your dark mark?"

"I- I think so."

Harry lay back down, remembering his current dilemma. For those 7 seconds, he forgot. He honestly forgot Draco forgot, and he forgot that the Draco next to him was only pretending to even like him, let alone actually love him.

"You remember that?"
"Yeah, a little bit," Draco said uncertainly, looking up at the stars.

Harry was silent a little bit more, then turned and stared at Draco, soaking up his features, his hair, his ear, his peach fuzz, everything. It made his throat close.

"Do you remember our date before Christmas? In sixth year?"

"No."

That was like taking a bullet to the heart. Harry loved that date.

"Do you remember Snape at all? Making us break up," he asked.

"...No."

"Do you remember the first time we made out?"

Draco thought. "No."

"So I take it you don't even remember our first kiss," Harry sniffed, his nose plugged from the snot. Draco grasped his hand, locking their fingers together.

"No. Listen, Potter."

"You don't remember anything from our first time?" Harry was practically begging at this point. Draco was silent for a while. He knew telling Harry he didn't even remember losing his virginity was going to be like killing him. "Please Draco," his voice cracked.

"I don't."

"You don't remember any of our times, do you," Harry cried quietly.

"Please just stop doing this to yourself," Draco sat up and kneeled next to Harry, their hands still together. "Listen, I'm sorry, okay? I am. I don't know what happened and I don't know why it did, but I can't help it. And I don't know why it hurts seeing you like this. As much as I wish I could remember just for you to shut up, I can't. I have no idea to begin with how you even fell in love with me if you really did -"

"Oh I did!"

"And I can't help that I don't feel that way for you anymore. If we really were together, and if you love me as much as you say you do, then I am so sorry, Harry. I'm so sorry that it had to happen to us, to you. And if I could, I would switch our places, just so you would stop crying for Merlin's sake!"

"I could never want you to like feel this, Draco. Never."

"Alright then, just kidding. I know this is the absolute last thing you could ever want to hear right now, but I'm legally engaged. I have to go through with it, as much as you don't want me to. And maybe if I wasn't engaged but my memory was still erased, we could try this, but I can't, Harry. I'm sure whatever we had was great, because you can't just pull a face like that if it wasn't, but you have to move on, okay? You can't just keep putting yourself through this torture. We have- what, two hours together, and I'll be damned if you're going to spend it asking questions you already know the answers to."

Draco's eyes flashed mercury once.
"I just don't understand," Harry choked, "how you can go to almost remembering things to absolutely nothing at all. It's like no matter what I do, I'm never going to be able to be with you."

"My memory is torn. It's unstable. There's nothing you can do about it, and maybe that's how it's supposed to be. Maybe you're not supposed to love me in the first place, and maybe it was just an accident, and the universe is trying to fix it."

Draco swore he'd never seen such a hurt face in his life, but he couldn't keep himself from saying those words.

"So you're saying falling in love with me was a mistake. That everything we ever had was a mistake? It was just an accident."

"I'm just trying to slap some sense into you."

"It was more than a slap, it was like being hit with an unforgivable."

"Potter! Would you just- stop," Draco bit, sitting up. "I know it hurts. I know it does, but you need to pull yourself together. It's the last time, and I will pay you the respect of opening up to you, but I'm not here to baby sit. Just pretend that tomorrow we'll come here again, and hell, I'll go on another date with you just so that this won't be the last time. But like you said, you want it to be special. I'll do that for you. Just stop crying!"

Harry looked at Draco before taking off his glasses and wiping his eyes clean. "I'm sorry."

Draco was quiet a little bit before saying, "don't be. It's not your fault."

"This is probably the worst night of my life," Harry admitted, looking up at the candles.

"Oh please, don't tell me the war was easier than this," Draco asked, leaning on his arm, looking down at Harry in utter ridiculousness.

"You're going to be the death of me, Potter," he mumbled, tickling Harry's stomach, causing him to laugh, and Draco swore he had never heard such a pure, angelic sound in his life. His eyes flashed again as he looked up at Harry, his ear listening to Harry's pulse as his chest bobbed up and down due to his laughter. Draco was still staring at him long after he was done giggling, and found himself lost in his eyes.

"What," Harry asked, moving his hand to Draco's hair.

"Don't touch my hair," Draco ordered, his face dropping. Harry just buried his hand deeper into the blonde mess.

"You use too much gel," Harry complained.

"You don't use enough," Draco got up and took both his hands and ran them through Harry's hair, messing it up. Harry laughed again, and Draco would do anything in the entire world to make sure he could hear that sound again. For the strangest reason in the world, he felt like tickling him, so he did. Hell, he felt as though he should follow any instinct he possibly got, just to make sure he could make Harry okay again.
Harry squirmed and tried to hold back a laugh but in the process he was making the most inhuman noises Draco had ever heard, causing himself to chuckle.

Draco's eyes flashed mercury twice.

Harry eventually caught Draco's hands and held his wrists, fighting against Draco's force, their arms shaking as they wrestled. Harry twisted his torso, causing Draco to lose balance as he fell to the ground next to Harry, where the gryffindor then pinned his arms to the side.

Although smiling, Harry sniffed as Draco's eyes flashed colors numerously.

"Got you," he smiled. Draco was smiling at Harry's smile and looked into his eyes but Harry was far too occupied and had his eyes on Draco's lips. Their heavy breathing calmed down in large huffs.

"May I kiss you?"

This caused Draco's heart to race out of his chest. It was just the way he said it, it almost wasn't a question because Harry knew what he wanted, but yet he still found a way to make it sound insecure.

"Yes," Draco breathed, and he shut his eyes, waiting to be attacked by an animal, but it never came. In fact, the lips that met his were soft, warm, inviting, unmoving, but still stable, as if they knew exactly what they wanted. The kiss was chaste, well on Harry's side. On Draco's side, it was so unfamiliarly familiar; he didn't know what to think, so he didn't.

It didn't last more than seven seconds and the released to the sound of lips being sloppily pulled apart.

"What was that," Draco asked, in a daze. Harry released his arms but Draco didn't move them.

"A kiss?"

"That's all you wanted? That was barely a kiss," Draco snapped, "I was fully expecting a snogging session."

"I mean, would you like a snogging session?"

"I just... I've never been kissed like that before." Draco bit his lip whilst he drowned in insecurities. Harry eyed him with a blank expression before he lay down next to him, so close their bodies were aligned and Harry leant his head in the crook of Draco's neck.

"You okay, or is this too close," Harry asked.

"It's fine," Draco said, feeling the prick of Harry's hair on his neck. "You know you don't have to keep asking me if it's okay. I'm yours for the rest of the night. You can do what ever you want to me."

"I'm still going to ask you. I'm not going to put you in that situation where you feel you have to go through something you're not confortable with."

"Harry, we're just laying here. You don't need to ask me if it's fine to breathe the same air."

"Is it?"

"No, in fact you aren't allowed to breathe. You're going to have to suffocate and die here because you can't suck in the same oxygen as I am," Draco said playfully. Harry snorted before getting as
close to Draco's face as possible and taking a giant whiff of the air Draco exhaled. "Well now you've just crossed the line!"

Harry laughed again, this time right next to Draco's ear and Draco loved every second of it. It reminded him of when they had to hide in broom closets from Filch when sneaking back into the castle on Fridays.

Harry took a deep breath and grinned at him, stoking away a piece of stray hair.

"If you want to kiss me more, you can," Draco almost encouraged. Harry shook his head slightly, almost wondrously, and Draco grew confused to his answer.

"No," Harry said. "I want to go swimming."

Draco furrowed his eyebrows, and before he knew it, Harry sprung off of him and took his hand, pulling him from the ground.

"Swimming? You're mad! It's going to be freezing," Draco complained, and as he was doing so, Harry had already taken off his shoes and socks, and was now working on the top layer of his dress robes.

"Don't care," he responded, "I want you to come with me."

"Right, let's get hypothermia together before you go," Draco rolled his eyes, and Harry moved to Draco's shoes and untied them for him.

"Sounds brilliant."

"I'm not taking my clothes off," Draco interjected as Harry moved to Draco's robe.

"I'll keep mine on then, too," Harry said, throwing Draco's dress robe next to his, leaving them in button ups and trousers.

"'Did you wear green just for me?"

"You said it matches my eyes," Harry threw his glasses to the side. "So no. I did it for my eyes."

Draco rolled his eyes again before looking into Harry's own green ones, and he stopped all movement found himself lost in them.

"What's wrong," Harry asked, breaking Draco from the stellar green eyes that he remembered loving so much.

"Have your eyes always been that green," Draco finally asked.

"Er... yes..." Harry said awkwardly, "I think so."

"Oh," Draco finally blinked away from them, looking off into the dark water. "Are you sure you want to go in there?"

Harry grabbed Draco's wrist as an answer and dragged him along the grass and sand. When their feet touched water Draco immediately jumped at the arctic temperature and tried to run away, however Harry just tightened his grip on him and Draco was kicking sand with his elephant stomps.

"There is no way in hell I'm going in there," he shouted, taking his other hand and trying to release Harry's grip, but that didn't work well due to his sweaty hands that were slipping.
"Draco," Harry shouted, their hands sliding apart and Harry was losing his grip.

"You're going to ruin my hair!"

"Get over it!" Soon enough, their hands disconnected causing Harry to fly back into the water, splashing Draco in the process.

Draco looked at the water in horror as Harry surfaced, soaking as a dog. Now he was in trouble, and he knew that when Harry's face dropped to one of daggers and only when he got up from the lake was when Draco started to run for it. Harry easily caught up to him, dripping water over the grass.

He grabbed Draco from the waist and tackled him to the ground, and then he lifted him and slung the boy over his back, Draco kicking and screaming in the process like a four year old. The Gryffindor carried him to the lake despite his weak protests about messing up his hair or wetting his nicest clothes, which Harry argued they weren't because he knew Draco would never waste his nice clothes on Astoria.

Upon getting knee deep and Draco cowering like a cat, Harry shifted him so he was holding him bridal style. "You know, I have the complete control to drop you in here."

"I swear to God, Potter, if you do I will forever hate you in an abyss of pure malice, and I will hang you upside down off of the astronomy tower and see how you like it, you prat!"

"Don't you think that's a little harsh," Harry tried to hold back a chuckle.

"No!"

Harry spread his arms apart so Draco through him a little bit and Draco wrapped his arms round Harry's neck furiously as a leach.

"Don't you dare, Potter!"

"You do have an attitude don't you?" Harry did it again and Draco whimpered.

"Okay, I'm sorry," Draco buried his head in Harry's neck and clutched him tighter. Harry laughed, enjoying his sinister power, he did it again, just to get a reaction from the slytherin. "Damn it! You were supposed to be in slytherin! What kind of a gryffindork boyfriend are you?"

Harry stopped and his heart felt as though a need went through it and stitched something together. "How did you know that? That I was supposed to be in slytherin?"

At his serious tone, Draco looked up at him and clarified, "You told me."

Harry stared at him in sheer concentration. He was remembering. Damn it, here we go again. He took the moment to his advantage and as Draco relaxed into him and looked into his eyes, Harry dropped him, water splashing everywhere.

Draco grabbed Harry's ankle and knocked him backwards for revenge.

"Hey," Harry shouted, spitting water out of his mouth and splashing at him.

"Don't you 'hey,' me, Harry Potter! You started this," Draco splashed back. Harry repeated his movement, and Draco swallowed cold water, which tasted disgusting. Harry was laughing while Draco coughed and as a result, Draco trampled him, sending him under. Harry tried to swim away but couldn't as Draco grabbed his torso and pulled him back. His stomach was against Harry's back
and he felt Harry's heartbeat and his chest bob up and down as he was giggling.

"Leave it to you to laugh at somebody drowning you," Draco said next to his ear.

"But you wouldn't drown me," Harry smiled.

"Is that a challenge?" Harry craned his neck to Draco, breathing heavy. Draco's eyes were switching back and forth and back and forth vigorously, and in that moment, Harry realized trying to get him to remember wouldn't do anything but push him away. But to make him laugh, and to make him smile, and to make him love again would be his last hope.

Harry kissed him sweetly, catching Draco off guard and he didn't even close his eyes, for Harry was fast yet again, not making it last. "Maybe."

"You deserve it for getting my clothes soaking wet. And it's cold."

"From what I recall, I was put in the water first and I've been colder longer."

"That was your own fault!"

"No it wasn't!"

"Yes it was!"

"Ugh," Harry sighed and leant all his weight back against Draco. Their breathing slowed and it was the loudest thing they could hear besides crickets and the distant sound of melodies from the Great Hall. "It's incredible you can hear the music from here."

"Yeah," Draco agreed and there was silence between the two as Draco stroked hair out of the way of Harry's ear, faint music playing from a distance. Draco swallowed and decided what he wanted to do, and so he got up from under Harry and held his hand down for Harry to take it. "Dance with me."

"Me?"

"Yes you, you gryffindork. There's no one else here," Draco snapped as Harry looked up at him quizzically, then took his hand and was lifted from the water. "Besides, I probably would pick you if anyone else was here," he swallowed again, his bravery shining through. He didn't mean to tell Harry that, it just sort of came out.

"That's reassuring," Harry snorted, shivering to the wind. Draco was cold as well, but he wrapped his arms around Harry for some strange reason in attempts to warm him. Harry enclosed his arms around Draco's neck and pulled him close, thinking it may as well be the last time he could ever hug him freely. And with that thought, he pulled him closer.

"Hey you, don't think about it, okay," Draco said, sensing exactly what he was thinking. "It's not the last time."

Harry's eyes watered, "How do you know?"

"Because I do," Draco whispered, hugging him tighter before releasing him and pulling him to shore. It was freezing when their feet touched grass and Draco stopped them. He put his hands on Harry's hips and pulled him as close as possible, staring down at him. Harry hung his arms on Draco neck again. "So we danced like this for two hours, huh?"
"Yes," Harry's voice cracked.

"Two hours is a long time," Draco rocked them back and forth.

"Then, it was. Now it's almost nothing," Harry said, daring himself not to look for Draco's pocket watch and look at the time. He guessed he had an hour, or even less.

And that thought made him want to cry.

And he let a tear slip and Draco lifted his hand and wiped it from his cheek.

"Shhhh," Draco cooed, "You're going to be fine, we're going you be fine." Draco was surprised at his own gentleness, but it he almost grew accustomed with it, as if it was the right way to act, and as if he had been acting like that for a long time.

"I wish I would have brought a broom stick," Harry admitted, and Draco laughed.

"I know how much you love flying."

"I do," Harry mumbled into his shoulder.

"Do you still want to be an auror," Draco asked out of the blue.

Harry leant back and looked into Draco's eyes, which were switching furiously. "I haven't thought about that in a long time."

"Really?"

"Yeah... four months... probably more."

"You do realize in a few months, we'll be graduating, right?"

"I actually wasn't even supposed to come back here, the only reason I'm here is because-"

"Of me."

"Exactly. We planned to-"

"Run away."

"You remember that," Harry asked, looking up at him.

"You mentioned it after the trial. As I recall you jumped up on me and told me you wanted to kiss me and called me your boyfriend. I swear I had never been so uncomfortable in my life."

"Oh," Harry's face dropped. "Well what about now? I've kissed you about five times."

Draco was silent for a bit. "I don't mind," he said, leaning in closer so he could feel Harry's breaths.

"So you're saying you care for me."

"I didn't say that. I just said I didn't mind."

"But you were thinking it," Harry smiled, "Admit it, you care about me."

Draco wanted to lie. He really did. But he realized the circumstances, and lying to Harry this point would just be disrespecting him to an extreme he didn't want to take.
So he avoided the question. "How do you think the ball is going?"

Harry was silent, listening to the music that had changed from classical to rock and roll, and he knew it wasn't structured anymore.

"People are probably grinding each other, Seamus has probably snuck in the firewhiskey, and Flitwick is probably crowd surfing again."

"Finnegan snuck in firewhiskey? And you knew?"

"Yeah."

"And you didn't stop him?"

"I'm not a prefect, Draco. I could care less. I'm sure everyone could use some at this point, merlin knows I could."

"You're that nervous right now," Draco asked.

"A weird nervous. I mean, I know you. I'm not nervous about that. I'm nervous about... I'm nervous that you'll be stuck like this forever."

"Harry, you know I'm engaged."

"Not that," Harry took a deep breath. "I'm scared you'll be stuck in between being a Malfoy and being a Potter."

"Oh Merlin! I am not a Potter"

Harry smiled. "I changed you. And if I were to ask you to marry me, I would want you to take my last name."

Draco hit his head against Harry's shoulder repeatedly and then groaned into it, causing Harry to laugh.

"I'm serious! It's better than Harry Malfoy!" Draco groaned again and then laughed.

"You're right," he said, lifting his head and setting it so that he was looking to Harry's eyes. "What do you mean 'stuck in between'?"

"You have nightmares about me don't you? And you think of me a lot?"

"I wouldn't say a lot-"

"Your eyes are changing colors."

Draco froze. "What?"

"They have been. They always used to look like liquid mercury until... you know."

"You're mad," Draco bit.

"I'm not mad! Why do you always act all defensive when you find that out? It just means you're emotionally conflicted right? That's what Snape said when I heard you two talking when you were like, fourteen."
Draco shook his head no, his features shrinking to one of such deep sadness, Harry thought he were to start crying.

"What's wrong?"

"The eye color... it's a thing that's been in my family for generations, and is in mostly purebloods" Draco sounded shaky. "When your eyes turn color it means you've found your soul mate." He swallowed. "No one knows about that, except for us."

It hit Draco like a brick wall. There was no way in hell that Harry could have known. He shouldn't even have noticed his eyes changing colors- well because his eyes shouldn't have been changing colors for Harry.

"We met in a robe shop in first year. You were the first real wizard I met."

"But you hated me. It's only when your soul mate feels the same way about you."

"I don't understand how they could have changed back though," Harry remembered reading about it from the book Hermione gave him. "Even if you had your memory taken from you."

"I didn't think you loved me when you told me," Draco said in dismay, "I thought you were playing a trick on me."

"Like you did to me."

Draco's lip quivered. He remembered that. He remembered seeing Harry's face at the Yule Ball, and it looked exactly like it had been this entire night.

"It was real, wasn't it," Draco asked. Harry nodded. "What are they now?"

"Solid mercury," Harry smiled and let a tear streak his eyes.

"Damn it," Draco shouted shoving Harry away, "Why'd it have to be you!? Why couldn't it be Astoria! Why do you always have to interfere with everything?"

"It's not my fault I fell for you! You were the dick in this relationship! You still are!"

"God, my mother's going to kill me! If my father heard this, he'd probably have a heart attack on spot."

"About that... your parents already know," Harry bared his teeth.

"What! They knew and I didn't! And you're not dead?"

"Erm, well your mum did save me from a vicious bloodthirsty dictator, so I'm pretty sure she accepts. Your father on the other hand... Let's just say our first time was after he almost murdered us."

"Oh my god," Draco said, running his hands through his hair. "Who else knows?"

"Blaise and Pansy... and my friends."

"And they didn't kill you either?"

"Are you kidding me? Pansy probably orgasms at the thought of us two together. The only person holding us back is you!"
"I don't even remember my own soul mate," Draco almost whispered, "I don't even remember my first time?"

"That's been my whole argument... you're forgetting my soul mate doesn't remember me. He doesn't even remember our first kiss, or our first time, or sleeping in the room of requirement, or laughing, while you sit here and mock the only important thing in my life. Damn it, we planned to run away together after the war! You were the last person I thought of before I stood before Voldemort and was murdered. Can't you get it through your head that I'm losing you tonight," Harry's voice cracked, another tear slipping from his eyes.

Draco took Harry's hands and played with them loosely, tears welling up in his eyes. "It's always been you hasn't it?"

Harry nodded. "There has to be a way," he whispered, "There has to be a way to get out of this."

"Harry, I'm so sorry, but there isn't," Draco cried. "Once the deal is made, the deal is made. Marriage contracts only break if both of the two agree, or in extreme incidences."

"You're memory was erased! That's an extreme incident! We could go to Kingsley, Goddamn it! I'm Harry Potter! I can get whatever the hell I want except for the only thing I want! I can change this, Draco, we can!"

"God," Draco said to himself, "I wish I remembered you. I really wish I did."

Harry bit his lip, blinking tears away. He finally disobeyed his dare and looked at his pocket watch. 11:02

He had 58 minutes. Draco walked over to him and looked at the time before Harry jumped on him and squeezed him as hard as he could, sobbing into his neck. Draco started crying, too, and moved to kiss his cheek. "I can't believe it was you."

Harry mumbled, what sounded like 'I love you' into Draco's throat and sobbed again. Harry moved his head back and Draco saw his red, puffy eyes filled with tears and it made his eyes fill with tears as he cupped Harry's chin.

"We have an hour and I don't want to spend it crying, okay. I want you to love me. I want you to show me how much you love me," Draco looked him in what he thought his eyes were. He couldn't see until he blinked away tears.

Harry nodded and swallowed, "I will," he said before kissing him so hard, their teeth clashed together. They readjusted, Harry pulling on his lips fiercely and Draco gasped, wrapping his arms around his neck. Suddenly, the blonde got light headed and his entire body warmed. He didn't know a kiss could feel so good. Could Harry always do that?

Yes he could, Draco answered himself. He's always had to be bloody perfect at everything.

Harry enclosed his arms around the small of Draco's back, pulling him as close as physically possible, and Draco most definitely enjoyed it.

"Harry," he gasped and Harry took the opportunity to touch his tongue with the tip of his. Draco shuddered and shook, wanting to be touched again so he pushed forward with his mouth open and captured Harry's tongue and rubbed against it, enjoying Harry's taste of toothpaste and chocolate. Harry loves chocolate.
Draco moved his hand to the back of Harry's head grasping his hair and tugging on it, which made Harry make a sweet sound that went straight to his groin. He needed more. Draco craved more. More skin, more touch, more taste, more Harry. His heart swelled.

Just as Draco’s lungs went dry, he pushed Harry off of him forcefully, Harry confused as to why he gave such a force.

"Draco, if you don't want this," Harry started but was caught off by Draco grabbing him by his shirt and ripping it apart, buttons going everywhere in the grass. "Draco?"

Harry was cut from the use of speech by Draco's tongue eager for another fight. Harry, although surprised, melted and wrestled him, absolutely hungry for the feeling of Draco's hands along the skins of his chest and back- and that was exactly what he got. But Draco couldn't get enough. He didn't understand this new animal-like desire that had completely consumed him, but he embraced it and let it embrace him.

"Draco," Harry gasped against his lips, but Draco wouldn't let him speak. He just kissed him again and again, letting the feeling take him over, letting his groin heat and grow. "Draco if you don't- mhm." 

Draco kissed him harder, and decided to bite his lip enough to make Harry cry out. He wrapped his arms around Draco's neck as if he was his only anchor to keep from falling. Holding his hips hard enough to bruise, Draco kissed his neck and Harry threw his head back. Harry loves it when I touch his skin. I love it when he moans.

"Draco," Harry gasped for air, heaving as he spoke, but Draco kissing all over his neck distracted him to say the very least. "Draco, please! If you don't want this, we can- oh God- we can..." Draco, at this point, or Draco's hand rather, had found pathway to Harry's crotch and he grasped it, "we can stop... oh!"

Draco stopped, not because he was uncomfortable, but because he was pissed off. "Does it look like I don't want this?" He groped Harry until he found his hard member pressed through his trousers and he squeezed slightly, making Harry's head spin.

"I-I don't want you to feel like- OH- I'm pushing you into sssomething you don't want, oh my-" Draco had found his way inside his dress pants and he didn't touch his cock directly, but his thighs, right along his crotch.

"Trust me when I say, Harry, I really fucking want this."

"Are you sure," Harry said all flustered, his face in a rosy blush, which Draco enjoyed.

"Yes," Draco looked him dead in the eye, his hand reaching for Harry's cock, but Harry pushed him away, him missing the heat. "Yes, Harry. Don't think I don't want this."

"Well then, slow down! I want it to last," Harry said, and something twisted Draco's heart. "I want you. I don't want to have sex with you. I want you. There's a difference."

Draco paused in thought, and then nodded. "Okay. Set the pace. I'm fine with whatever you want."

"Okay," Harry took a step back, giving himself a second to breathe. "I just need to know you're okay. I'm not going to hurt you. Ever. Not like this. If you don't want to go all the way, you don't have to. I should have made that clear in the beginning of the night. I'm sorry I didn't."

"I'm okay. Really. I promise," Draco said softly. "I'm fine with this."
"Yeah but you don't remember our first time, or any other after. You don't remember what it's like to... It can hurt. It will hurt. And since you don't remember what it's like, you're technically a virgin."

"I'm not a virgin," Draco said with certainty before he even thought it through. He froze and went over what he just said, how he said it. I'm not a virgin. Harry has my virginity. "You have my virginity. That I know. I don't know how I know but I know."

"I don't care. You don't remember our first time, do you?"

Solemnly, Draco frowned and shook his head. "I bet it was amazing."

"It was. Doesn't matter. I'm calling you a virgin tonight no matter what you say, and we're having a safe word."

"I don't need a safe word!"

"We aren't having sex without a safe word," Harry crossed his arms, and Draco had to admit to himself how hot Harry was when he was determined. He reached to undo Harry's arms for him but Harry wouldn't have it.

"I'm not a child!"

"Draco. No. This is something very complicated and I want you to know what you're signing up for. If you don't remember our first time, you don't remember how it hurt."

"Just prepare me properly and I'll deal with the pain," Draco said, almost irritated. Sex couldn't hurt that bad if so many people did it, if they'd done it multiple times.

"It's not that type of pain, Draco," Harry reached out and smoothed Draco's damp hair out of his face, admiring it. Harry moved his other hand over his chest and Draco watched him. "Here. It hurt's a lot here. It feels... strange. Like we're... like we're connected." His eyes watered at the thought of their previous times. "I don't want you to-"

"Get attached?" Draco rolled his eyes. "I promise, I won't become obsessed with you after tonight."

"No. I don't want you to be caught off guard. I can't explain the pain. Your arse will hurt and you'll be sore for a few days, but here," he pointed to his heart, "I can't tell you how much it hurts."

Draco swallowed and his face softened. "Is that why you've cried so much compared to when we broke up in sixth year? Because we went all the way before I lost my memory?"

Harry stared at him, examining his face, his features, his vulnerability. Eventually, he nodded, however he couldn't stand it anymore. He grabbed Draco's cheeks and kissed his lips desperately but slowly. He danced with his lips, Draco's mind going completely blank.

"I'm sorry," Harry cried as he released, swallowing back the pain of it all, "I'm sorry. Safe word. Go. Pick one."

"Err? Merlin?"

"No. You scream that once it starts to feel good. Pick something discrete. Something we could never say when we're making love. Something random."

"Snitch? Do I scream that, too?"

"No," Harry thought, "Snitch isn't in your vocabulary when we... when we..." make love.
"What's in my vocabulary, then," Draco asked, deeply curious.

"You want me to say it?"

"Tell me," Draco grabbed his hands a played with them. "I want you to tell me what I sound like. And then I want you to make me say those things. Have I ever screamed for you?" He grew fascinated at the thought of Harry making him scream.

Harry just watched him, the excitement in his eyes. He felt his hands along Draco's and loved it. Was it really him or was it just Malfoy being Malfoy? "Telling you would be playing fair."

"Harry! Please tell me."

"So you're already begging."

"Malfoy's don't beg."

"But Draco's do. And you love it. And you love screaming, and yes, I have made you scream, and yes, it's probably the best sound I've ever heard. And yes, my goal is to make you scream right now. So snitch is our safe word. If you want to stop, tell me."

"I just want you to start already!"

"Fine then," Harry snapped, throwing off the rest of his shirt, and Draco didn't think seeing all of his skin would turn his stomach as it did, and suddenly he realized how nervous he was. Harry, although skinny, like very skinny, was very much attractive, but had lost much mass since the last time Draco saw him shirtless.

"You've lost weight," Draco said. "Haven't you been eating?"

"I have been... sometimes. It hasn't been my greatest priority," Harry said guiltily.

"Harry! That's not healthy! I don't care what's going on. You need to eat!"

"I had chocolate earlier."

"You don't understand! You need to eat real food, damn it! Food is so important. It's so so important."

"I'll eat tomorrow, then. Stop wasting time!" Harry jumped on him, pushing him to the ground and straddling him. He proceeded to kiss down his neck tenderly; Draco felt something he'd never felt before. He didn't know it was possible to kiss another human being so softly.

Draco let a small sound escape his throat and his toes curled the further down he went. But it was when he touched Draco's sweet spot where he squealed, and Draco tried to touch him but Harry took him by his wrists and forced them to the ground, and that gave Harry another one of his squeaks. But then Harry realized this could be the last time he could give him a hickey, so he followed along Draco's arms to his elbows and to his biceps and to his shoulders, giving him freedom again.

"Harry," Draco moaned, and then Harry kissed him harder. "Harry!" He bit the skin and licked it over, and Draco wrapped his arms around him, gripping his back and digging his nails into the skin. "Harry!"

He continued kissing all along his neck enjoying the way he reacted and then Harry scooted back to allow access to his chest, and Draco looked up to him, out of breath. Harry reached for the first
button and felt its pattern, caressing it. This would be the last time Harry would be able to do it.

His fingers shook as he did so, and Draco watched him intently. Suddenly the speed he was going wasn't fast enough, and he pulled apart the material quickly. He spread it to reveal his scars, and Harry immediately felt like crying. "I still can't believe I did this to you."

"It's not a big deal," Draco started, but Harry put a finger to his lips.

"Please don't talk about it," Harry whispered, and a tear rolled down his face and landed on his chest. Harry kissed it off, tasting the salt of it, and something split in Draco's heart the he didn't even know could split. Possibly it was a seam; possibly it was a feeling; possibly an actual physical tissue ripping apart.

"Harry," Draco whimpered breathlessly, wanting to take hold of his chest, but Harry was already there, kissing it tenderly.

There really was no other word to describe it: tender, which is a word Draco Malfoy didn't remember, but was remembering. Harry continued kissing along his scars, he took his time, and in between each word he told him how sorry he was. His hand stroked his side, softly, feeling the skin, and Draco breathed heavily, watching it, his chest burning more and more.

"Harry?"

"Yes," Harry kissed his stomach and dragged his nose along the skin.

"Do you always do this?"

Harry kissed up and up and up and stopped right where the scars crossed and he kissed there extra firmly. He licked over it. "What do you think?"

"Every time?"

"Of course," Harry whispered, and a breeze ran through him, goose bumps forming along Draco's skin. That made Harry want to worship him more. He dragged his tongue softly along the length of his pecks and down his abdomen.

"Are you licking me," Draco breathed in awe. Do people lick people?

"No. I'm tasting you," he spoke in a husky voice, and he sucked just above his belly button.

"Why?"

"It'll feel good."

"How could this possibly feel good?"

Harry kissed andlicked down under his belly button and something heated in Draco's stomach, and suddenly he completely relaxed and he shuttered. Harry went slightly lower, and again, whatever was being split in his chest tore a little bit more. Draco whimpered. Harry then kissed low enough to make Draco lose all control of his feet, and they jerked and twisted, his nerves boiling.

"Does it feel good," Harry asked, kissing as low as he possibly could to his trousers, and his licked right over where his lips had just touched. "Does it?"

Draco felt ridiculously warm, safe, secure; but he felt daring and on edge. On edge of a cliff, a tall high cliff with no seeable bottom, nothing but fog, nothing but danger. That is how Harry made him
feel, how he always made him feel. He felt erratic.

"Hey, are you okay," Harry popped up. "If you want me to stop-

"I'm fine. Please don't stop," Draco's throat closed.

"You don't seem fine," Harry said, sitting up.

"I..."

"Draco, talk to me. What's on your mind," Harry asked. He took Draco's hand. "I could never hurt you."

"No, it's fine."

"Draco. I'm not going to judge you or anything. If you're not ready then that's fine."

"I'm nervous," Draco whispered.

"That's okay," Harry sat up and crawled next to him. He stroked his hair out of his face and looked deep into his eyes. "I am, too."

"Why are you being so gentle?"

"Because you're not... you're not you. You are inside there, but I can't... I can't do this without knowing it's you I'm touching. This is hard for me."

"Harry, I'm here. It's me. My eyes changed color."

Harry shook his head. "There are two of you. It's not the color of your eyes that's missing. It's the look in them."

"What look?"

"The look that you gave me our first time. It was... I can't explain it."

"Try to. I want to have it. How do you want me to look at you?"

Harry shook his head again. "That's not how it works. You want me but you don't want me how you wanted me then."

"I want you now," Draco begged, his eyes lighting up and eyebrows creasing. He surprised himself that he even said that and he took a deep breath. Harry watched the rise and fall of his chest. "I do."

"Exactly. The want you had was a want of forever. The way you looked at me was the way you knew you would look at me when we woke up next to each other every single morning for the rest of our lives. It was definite. It was forever. You gave me a look of forever."

"I... I'm sorry I can't do that now."

"It's not your fault. It's whoever-is-sick-enough-to-do-this-to-you's fault."

Draco had the urge to stroke behind Harry's ear, so he did, and Harry immediately calmed. "Promise me you won't go after them."

"I can't promise you that."
"Harry-

"No. I'm not going to let this monster get away with taking you from me. I've lost so much, so many people. And now I'm losing you," he choked, and his fist closed into a ball. Draco saw that, and he unwrapped it for him, lacing their fingers together instead.

"So what, you're going to start a whole investigation?"

"If I have to," he swallowed. "I'll get to the bottom of this. Maybe we can reverse it if I figure out the spell that was used! It's not a normal obliviate, so I'll have to look at more advanced wizards to whom you came in contact with while being transferred to Azkaban so, obviously, it has to be a Dark Wizard. I'll see if I can take a trip to the Ministry, start there-"

"Harry," Draco whispered, and the lump in his throat. "You don't have to go to all that trouble."

"What else am I to do," he asked, and he kissed the top of his hand. "I want to avenge us, I want to at least get something out of this. I need something to- to..."

"You could look for another lover," Draco suggested quietly. "I'd be okay with that."

Harry's lip quivered and he shook his head, trying not to explode at the thought of Draco even saying that. "You said it yourself, we're soulmates. We didn't know it for a long time, but we found each other."

"I don't mean go looking for someone to love like you did me, I'm just saying someone you can love. Someone you can take care of. Maybe you won't meet them right away, but in the future. You could have kids, get a career. Try to move on. Maybe they'll like Quidditch, too. Maybe you'll like the smell of their skin, maybe you'll like the taste of them. You just need to branch out. Give other people a chance."

"I can't believe you're giving me dating advice. I can't believe we're having this conversation," Harry cried, his eyes watering.

"It doesn't have to be a perfect match," Draco said softly. He grabbed his sides and stroked the skin.

"I just want you to remember me! I don't want to look for anyone else! I don't want anyone but you. I love you." He started crying. "I just want to hold your hand whenever I want and kiss you in the bloody broom closet and play Quidditch with you and let you win and smile at you and make love to you every day of the week so you know that I love you. I want to wake up next to you every morning and I want you to be the first thing I see when I start my day," he let out a sob, and Draco pulled himself out from under him. "That's what it was supposed to be like. That's what we talked about after the war."

"Shhh, Harry," Draco cooed, pulling him close to his chest. "Shh, it's okay."

"It's not," Harry shouted into his shoulder. His glasses bumped into Draco's skin and skewed across his face. Out of frustration, Harry grabbed them and threw them, further collapsing into his arms. "It's not okay. We're supposed to be together and happy and live together and love each other. We're supposed to grow old together!"

It sounded wonderful. It sounded incredible. It sounded like that's what was supposed to happen. Draco wanted it. He wanted him. He wanted all of him right now. All of him. He wanted his heart and his hands and his neck and his chest and his arse and his soul.

Despite his crying, Draco practically grabbed Harry and threw him down, climbing on top of him
and taking him as his own. He kissed him. Hard. Bruisingly hard. He had his body against Harry's, as if it was his bloody right to. He had their legs intertwined because they had to be, because Draco said so. That's where he wanted him.

And with tears rolling down his face, Harry moaned and put his hands on Draco's back desperately, moving his hips frantically, trying to hold back another sob.

Draco devoured him, grinded his hips against him, created friction against their skins. Because he was meant to. This was how it was supposed to be. He was supposed to be against Harry's body like this, because- oh god, right there.

Just as Harry brushed his tongue against his lips, Draco let go and went straight to his neck, and kissed him just as Harry did to his own.

Harry looked up at the stars and tried to calm himself, tried to imagine this being years previous when they had just started experimenting. He'd looked up at the stars then, too, trying to calm himself, to breathe, since everything was so new to him. He remembered what it felt like to be that nervous, however, then it was juvenile. He remembered giving his heart to Draco unconditionally, and raw, not as he was now. Because no matter what Draco did, he could never get the thought in the back of his mind out of his head that this would be the last time.

Just as Draco reached the veins of his neck, Harry shut his eyes, tears falling down his cheeks, and breathed a way to make his throat hollow and sensitive. He moaned, and that was too much for Draco.

"Merlin," he breathed against the hot skin of his neck.

"What?"

"I never thought you could be this bloody hot!"

"Draco, I'm crying and slobbering over you. That's the completely opposite of hot." He said it so innocently, it made Draco's whole body cringe.

"For me. All for me. You've done all of this," he sat up and gestured around at the candles and lights, "for me."

Harry nodded, biting his raw lip. "I would have done more if I could. I should have brought you dinner or-mhmm..."

Draco kissed his lips again, slowly this time. "God, you're perfect," he mumbled against his lips, "so bloody perfect. You always have been."

"I- mmm..."

"I want you naked," Draco shot up from his lips a second time. "I want you naked right now."

"How are you so sure of everything all of a sudden," Harry asked, breathing heavy. "Because it's you."

Harry could see Draco's eyes were almost completely dilated. He could feel him against him, Draco's body hard and aching for him. Draco backed off and unbuttoned his trousers, unzipped them, pulled them off, along with his briefs. He then lunged and kissed him again, rolling them over so Harry was on top of him. He didn't want to look at Harry's body in fear of falling in love with it.
"Mmm, Draco," Harry moaned into his mouth. Itching at the feel of cotton, Harry got completely off of him, sitting on the blanket so he could get full view of him as he moved to Harry's pants. And for the last time, he unbuttoned his expensive trousers, slowly, almost too slowly. "Are you sure you want this?"

"Yes! Fuck yes! Now just take my bloody pants off for Merlins sake!"

Harry nodded and bit his lip and unzipped them. Then pulled them down a bit, his hip bones becoming exposed, and Harry had to cover his mouth because they were so beautiful. He swallowed back tears, having to take a moment to breathe because fuck...

He loved Draco's hip bones.

Draco didn't say anything at first, rather swallowed and allowed Harry to take a moment. He didn't judge him, didn't laugh at him, just wanted him. "Are you-"

"I'm fine," Harry swallowed, and he wiped his eyes before, pulling his trousers off, taking his sweet time in doing so, and he then moved his fingers under the material of his dark grey briefs, and he held his hips, stroking the skin.

It felt like home.

Harry smiled because of it. A bitter sweet smile as he soaked in the look of them, the point and the curve, the shape itself, and how they added to Draco's body.

He finally pulled off the briefs and held them in his hands for a few seconds, feeling the soft silk as he folded them and put them off to the side. When he tore his eyes from the material, he looked up and down Draco's body, feeling as though someone had knocked the wind out of him. He didn't look at his eyes, but if he did, he would have seen Draco's own watching him.

"C-Can you please stand up for me," Harry's lips quivered.

"Stand up?"

"Yes," he examined Draco's collarbones as he breathed.

"Why," Draco whispered.

"Please," was all Harry responded with, only to earn a nod from Draco. He stood, almost feeling like an idiot for doing so, however he did it rather than not; it was for Harry, and Harry seemed to always have a purpose. He kept there, naked, and Harry too, on the ground, was naked. They were both naked. And for some reason, Draco didn't find anything wrong with that, even though he should have.

He swore abstinence to his father when he was thirteen. He wasn't supposed to be naked in front of anyone until he was married, but right now, in this moment, with a sobbing Harry Potter, although he felt vulnerable, it felt so right. Like he was supposed to be naked in front of Harry, and stay that way all the time.

And in terms of vulnerablility, he was in second place. The man below him was screaming his soul to him with the simple blink of an eye. The man before him was totally, completely, almost stupidly naked in front of him. No walls were up as Draco expected, like in the hospital wing. When Harry told him that Draco was dead to him. No, there were no walls. It was a broken, black soul just open for anyone- for Draco- to take without even a second moments of consideration. He was being stupidly vulnerable.
Harry then used nothing more than his eyes, looking at Draco, reading Draco, absorbing him. God, was he beautiful. And it wasn't just his entirety, it was every individual thing in the entire universe that made him so lovely. His legs and his hips and his chest and his collar and his neck and his hands and his arms and his toes and his fingers and his Dark Mark and his face-God, his beautiful face that Harry would never get enough of, even if he did end up marrying him; it would never be enough-and his hair, his perfect hair and his jaw and his eyes and his nose and his ears and his lips and his bloody gorgeous cock and his chest and his sweet, sweet arse, and his heart and his soul and his head and his thoughts. Every bloody thing about him.

Harry couldn't even tell that he wasn't breathing, however when he stood, it had felt like someone had kneed him in the gut. His knees wobbled and his hands were shaking. He couldn't control his tears and he analyzed every single inch of his skin.

And Harry walked, strolled around him, not even meeting Draco's eyes, but looking at the body that should have been his own to keep and to worship every day and night until it grew old and died. Harry choked when he thought about that never happening.

He walked all the way behind Draco, where he could look at the rips of his back, where his blades were in portion to his spine, how they moved when he breathed. Harry could tell he was nervous by the way his shoulders moved up and down, almost rapidly. And Harry almost didn't allow himself to be selfish and let his eyes roam to Draco's arse, but damn it, this was the last time, and didn't Harry deserve this? Didn't Harry deserve the chance to look at the body of his lover?

After taking a long look at what he wanted to, he strolled back around almost solemnly to his front, examining Draco's side, his rib cage, how his arms rested against his body. He turned to face Draco, and he looked at his face now, seeing Draco a ruby blush with wild eyes. He looked like he wanted to maul Harry right then and there.

And then Harry started sobbing again, and he wiped his eyes furiously. "May I touch you?"

The wind brushed against their naked bodies, leaving goosebumps to make Draco's skin come alive.

"I would prefer that yes," Draco whispered, ready for a hand to wrap around his member, however that hand met at the top of his shoulders and dragged itself along his arms and back up again at his collar. Draco took a sharp inhale.

Harry moved to the middle of his chest, except instead of a hand, two fingers found themselves on the start of Draco's scars. "This was the worst d-day of my life," he choked. "I'm so sorry."

Draco moved to open his mouth, however no words, no sound could come out, so he was stuck with closing it.

Harry felt along his scars and then continued along his rib cage until the was once again behind Draco. He rubbed his shoulders and felt along his back and stopped just at the small of it. "May I touch you with my lips?"

"Yes," Draco swallowed. And he felt something he didn't think he would feel with Harry behind him: he felt safe. And he felt even safer when arms wrapped around his stomach.

"Your body, i-it looks like it was painted. Painted for me and only me to understand, to feel, as if you were made for my hands and for my heart. You're a work of art, Draco. All of you. Your skin is like a canvas that I just want to bring my lips to, like a brush, and paint," he kissed his shoulder, "and paint," he kissed where his shoulder blades met, "and paint," he kissed the middle of his spine, "and paint until I bloody couldn't feel myself anymore," he finally kissed the small of his back, placing his
hands on his hips and feeling the skin and muscle around his lower body. And then he squeezed his arse and kept his hands there.

"H-Harry, please," Draco whimpered, his cock aching. "Touch me." He was afraid he'd let go just by the words Harry was saying.

"Where do you want me to touch you," he kissed his shoulders again. Draco grabbed the hands that were on his hims and guided them to his front, and he bit his lip when a hand with the help of his own wrapped around him, hot and firm. Draco let out a small moan. "Here?"

"Yes," Draco shut his eyes as Harry's other hand glided along the skin of his hips, and thighs.

"Go, you're a bloody masterpiece," he kissed his shoulder again as Draco arched his back. He could feel Harry, hard up against his arse. He kissed him again and a again, lazily and sloppily all over his canvas, with his tongue, without his tongue, wherever his mouth could touch as he pulled and tugged at Draco's cock. "So beautiful."

"Nghh," Draco bit his lip, throwing his head back and exposing his neck. Harry stood up on his tiptoes so he could kiss it. That made Draco's toes curl, however he tried to keep from moaning by keeping his mouth shut, which Harry couldn't stand.

"Please, don't be shy. Be as loud as you want to. No one can hear you, except me. You're safe here, in my arms" Harry whispered hotly in his ear before sucking on Draco's ear lobe as he set a steady rhythm on his cock. Harry moaned, the vibrations traveling down Draco's spine.

"Oh," Draco shouted. His knees felt weak.

Harry couldn't stand it: he let go of his cock and turned him around, jumping on him so he could kiss his lips, languidly- because he could and no other reason- but also hard, very hard and rough, but loving. Draco, although surprised at first, pulled Harry tight, because it just felt so good to, felt so right to, to have a man's body, Harry's body up against his. He loved how their hips were together, how Harry fit into his chest. He loved how they were naked together. Fuck, he was naked with someone, and he always thought that it would be vain and wrong but he never wanted to put clothes on again.

He could feel Harry's wet face as their tongues danced, however he didn't pay much attention to it because Harry could kiss so well. "God, you're so talented, so lovely."

Harry, again, moaned, but this time it was involuntary. Harry kissed his cheek and then his jaw and then his neck so achingly slow. He couldn't get enough of Draco's taste in his mouth.

He kissed down his chest, lapping and kicking and worshiping his scars so tender. "So sorry," he barely whispered. Whimpers came from up above him and a hand found its way to Harry's shoulder, rubbing his back softly.

"It's okay," Draco choked, his throat closing and eyes watering. He never believed anyone could ever love him with those scars. He never believed anyone could care for him after what he almost did, how he almost murdered someone, and how he was almost killed in the act of it. But his premature-murderer was the one loving him for it, and that thought made him want to cry.

Harry kissed down his stomach, bending to do so, and he could feel Draco's hand stroke his spine. Harry went lower, putting his knees on the ground. He held Draco's hips and kiss the bones of it, biting them. He wanted to be sure he made a mark, and a damn good one at that. Draco squirmed a bit, sensitive to the feeling of someone's lips on his skin. "Oh!"
Harry sucked as hard as he could, leaving Draco to moan for him.

"Louder," Harry called. "Be louder."

"Harry-"

"Please," he looked up at him with pleading eyes. "Stop being afraid. Whenever I kiss you here you sound like a banshee. I know exactly how you sound wherever I touch you. I know you're holding back, and I don't mean to ask this of you, but please don't." Draco nodded and took his fingers and stroked Harry's cheek, and then he moved behind Harry's ear, and Harry's eyes teared again. Overwhelmed, he buried his face into Draco's hip, Draco jerking back a bit, since he didn't suspect it, and he was still so sensitive. And then he heard Harry sob. "How do you know to do that," he said into his thigh.

"I-I don't know, I just felt like it," Draco answered softly, but shaky. "Did I do something wrong?"

"N-No-" Harry tried to blink back tears. "Y-you're fine."

He tried not to believe the only thing that calmed him down was too ruined by the simple touch of Draco's skin, because the only thing that calmed him down didn't anymore: it made him angry.

It made him angry and weak and sad because, damn it, Draco should be able to do that after waking up from nightmares in the middle of the night in their bed in their home that they lived in together. He should be able to do it after they get into a fight over what drapes they should have or how dinner ended up being burnt.

But that wouldn't ever happen.

Harry glanced up at him, meeting his eyes, and it ripped Draco inside seeming him so vulnerable. But then Harry look along Draco's arm to find his Dark Mark. He felt Draco tense, could see him stiffen and stop breathing. He expected Harry to leave, to see it, remember the pain he remembered. He expected Harry to call him disgusting and to spit on him. But instead Harry grabbed his hand and start kissing his arm... he was kissing his arm. He was doing something Draco could have never expected to happen with any person he would ever come across.

Harry, The Chosen One, The Boy Who Lived, the I Can Kill A Dark Lord With The Blink Of An Eye, the I Died And Came Back To Life Boy Wonder, Potter was kissing-no- worshiping his Dark Mark. And he was doing it damned well, too.

Draco couldn't help but let out a sob. He covered his mouth and tears fell from his eyes without his consent.

"What," Harry asked against his arm.

"You don't hate me," Draco said, shaking. "You don't c-care?"

"No. No, of course not," he whispered.

"You could never forgive me for this-"

"But I have. I don't care, Draco. Truly. I don't. I couldn't..."

Draco's shoulders started bobbing as he weeped. Astoria held it against him every day he knew her. And he was supposed to marry her. And every day he would be reminded about how much he hated himself, how much he wanted to rip his arm off.
But Harry. Oh, Harry.

Harry didn't care. Harry would never do that to him. Harry, who was bloody murdered by the Dark Lord himself, didn't give two shits. Harry would be the only person in the entire world until he died to not give a shit about what was on his arm.

"It's only a tattoo," Harry said.

Draco's lip quivered as he registered what he'd just said. Because he wanted to, because no other reason for him to live in that second than to physically dive on top of him and kiss him mad. He had no other purpose in the world.

He knocked him on his back and climbed over him, his body aching and trembling his touch, his lips craving his lips and mouth. As he made out with him, Draco rocked their hips together in such a natural feeling, it was is he had done it before, well, because he had. He remembered doing it.

Harry moaned with an open mouth, arching his back slightly. He could feel all of Draco's weight on him, the friction of their hips driving him into the ground. "Oh, God! More, please more!"

Draco pumped his hips, harder, faster despite feeling awkward doing so, but he loved the sounds Harry made. And he loved how Harry rocked up against him, how he made sure they set a rhythm. Harry swore if they kept at it like this, he would surely come too early; he wanted it to last. So, he rolled them over so Draco rested on his back as he continued to kiss him for as long as he wanted. And then he kissed his chest and dragged his tongue along his stomach all the way to the start of his hips. "Would you like me to make you feel good?"

"Yes," Draco breathed.

Harry nodded and then took Draco's member into his mouth, slowly kissing the tip of it. Immediately, Draco shouted, and Harry almost smiled at it. And then he took him in further, doing nothing but tasting him, long enough to where he would always remember the taste of it. And then he sucked, and Draco squealed, jerking his hips and shoving himself into Harry's mouth, however Harry anticipated it, so he relaxed his throat and took him in on it, choking a bit, but not enough to make him withdrawal.

Draco couldn't stand the noise, it made him want to turn into an animal and fuck his mouth harder, but he restrained the urge.

Harry placed two hands on his hips, holding him down, and sucked him even harder, leaving Draco to see stars and grasp the grass next to him, pulling on its roots. He didn't even know he shrieked for a few seconds. The sound of it went straight to Harry's cock. He wanted to touch himself but he knew if he did, he'd completely unravel.

"Please Harry," Draco gasped. Harry let him out of his mouth just so he could breathe a bit, and then he took him back in, bobbing and making an easy pattern for himself, almost taking him completely in. "Nghahh!"

"Put your thighs on my shoulders," Harry ordered.

"W-Why?"

"Trust me."

Draco did so, his legs shaking, leaving himself more exposed to him. Harry kissed his inner thigh,
causing him to jerk and squeal, and then Harry liked Draco's balls, playing with them before taking half of his sack and putting it in his mouth to suck. Draco went crazy: he screamed, kicking his legs and pulling the grass out of the ground, and he threw his head back in pleasure. "Harry!"

Harry took the opportunity of Draco being distracted to take a finger and shove it past Draco's tight rim, He made sure to moan as he sucked him so that Draco would feel it in his very core. Remembering lube, he cast the spell wandlessly, Draco filling up with warm, smooth liquid.

"What are you doing," Draco gasped.

"Prepping you. I don't want any of this to hurt."

'Yeah, says the one who's in unfixable pain right now,' Draco said to himself. He nodded.

"I need you to relax, okay?"

"Okay."

Harry moved back to his cock, loving it as he took him in again. And then he added a second finger, massaging the inside of Draco's body. Draco screamed. "Shh, I know, it's different, but it'll feel better, I promise." He licked up his cock and played with the tip again as he added a third finger. "Tell me when you're okay."

A few tears slipped Harry's eyes. It would be his last time doing this, and their last first time. And it broke Harry's bones knowing that.

It took Draco a bit to feel completely okay but when he did, he told Harry and Harry stood to his knees, pushing Draco's legs back further. "Are you ready," he swallowed. Because I sure as hell am not. He wanted it to sound nicer, to sound sexy and lovely and loving but he considered himself lucky to even get out what he did because he couldn't feel his raw throat.

"Yes," Draco nodded, at first looking into Harry's eyes, but they were so hurt and pained that instead he turned to the stars and the floating candles.

"This might hurt. A lot. You need to make sure to tell me if and when it does so I know to slow down or stop. It burns at first but then you get used to it, it should feel nice, but if it doesn't, tell me."

Draco nodded again and Harry moved to where his cock sat at his entrance. Draco could feel it, and despite it feeling foreign- well, it didn't feel foreign. It felt right.

"Wait," Draco called, looking back at Harry, and the boy stopped dead.

"What?"

"How are you so good at this?"

"Good at what? Sex?"

Draco bit his lip. "Knowing me."

Harry almost smiled at that. "Years and years of practice."

Draco's heart ripped a little at that answer, and he tried to ignore it. "You can go now."

"You sure?"
"Yes."

"Okay," Harry started, and he pushed himself inside the rim of his arse, and Draco clenched right away. Harry grasped his hand so Draco could squeeze it. "Shh, it's okay, shh," he cooed shakily as he pushed further inside of him. "I could never hurt you, shh. You're safe."

Draco groaned, squeezing his eyes shut and gripping Harry's hand, hard.

And then Harry was completely inside of him, causing Draco to open his eyes at the feeling of being completely filled with nothing but Harry. He had found that Harry had crawled so that he was over him, face to face, chest to chest. Harry reached down and kissed him softly, sweetly, trying to push the thoughts in the back of his mind away and just feel.

Harry pulled out a little by little, hearing Draco again, feeling him hold onto his hand hard enough to feel his pulse.

"I love you," he said, not being able to help it. It made Draco shatter, hearing it from him. And then he pushed back in. "Are you okay?"

"Mentally? Or physically?"

"Physically," Harry laughed.

"I'm okay. Is this supposed to feel strange?"

"Yes. Does it hurt?"

"A little."

"May I keep going?"

"Yes."

Harry did so, trying to ignore how tight Draco was, how hot and delicious it was to be inside of him again. But it was still awkward. Really awkward. Because it wasn't Draco no matter how much Harry or Draco himself wanted to convince him. And he knew for a fact that this wasn't going to be the best sex they ever had. He found he could live with that. Harry quickened a bit, but Draco clenched and he slowed back down.

"No, damn it," Draco snapped, "Keep bloody going! If we can do this for seven hours straight we can do it for ten!" Harry about feel apart at his words, and he started crying. "Just start being selfish already. This is your last time with me so use it."

"I don't want to hurt you," Harry choked, and he sniffed.

"Bloody hurt me! Whatever makes you feel good! It's whatever you want!"

Harry swallowed and nodded, and he started moving much faster, Draco's pain dulling and numbing away. But Harry, oh Harry wanted to scream because of how good he felt, but he couldn't because he knew it would be the last time. "No," Harry said, and he pulled himself completely out of him.

"What?"

"You do me. I can't do this. I can't. And I can't look at you so please, just take me and get me off, okay? Then we can spend whatever time we have left in each other's arms. But this hurts too much, it's not the same. It's not like the time we had before you got arrested. Please, just do this for me."
Tears just fell down his face uncontrollably. He couldn't help it. He tried to be strong but it failed. It failed miserably and there's nothing he could have done to keep from falling part. It was even difficult to stay erect like this.

He turned around, putting his knees to the ground, his arms holding him up.

"You're sure you want to do it like this?"

"Yes. Maybe if I don't... if I'm not in control I can pretend that this isn't real. I'm weak. Just please take me like this," Harry begged. "I'm weak."

"You're not weak-"

"I am. So let's just do this, please, because I can't take this anymore." Draco swallowed and nodded before taking his finger and pushing it into Harry, but Harry reached back and grabbed his arm. "No. Don't prepare me. Don't make it feel good. I want it to hurt. I want to feel this for weeks. Just go as bloody hard as possible."

"No, Harry."

"Yes, Draco. Do this for me. Making this tender would not. I can't, Draco. Just bloody fuck me, okay? Make it hurt as long as you can. No lube. No preparation."

"That's not right-"

"Draco, do it!"

"You're sure?"

"Yes," Harry cracked, tears springing in his eyes, sadness and pain taking over him. He couldn't physically handle it anymore. Even so, he felt his body being filled with lube and he swore he could have killed Draco right then. "Draco!"

"I'm not doing this without you at least like this. I won't bloody prepare you, but I'm not doing you without this."


Draco, incredibly nervous, lined himself up and pushed his cock in slowly at first, and he could hear Harry clench his teeth and growl at the pain of it. "You're su-"

"Yes! Harder." He could feel his muscle being ripped and stretched to an extreme, but he fucking loved it. "Please!"

Draco slammed into him and Harry screamed, collapsing into his arms. "Harry!"

"I'm fine, I promise," Harry sobbed. He was, truly, well, in terms of his arse, because his chest hurt more than any other body part could in the moment. "Fuck, please. It feels so good, Draco," he lied. He was going mad. Harry turned to the ground and started weeping "I love you! I love you so much!"

"Harry," Draco cried.

"Keep going," he ordered.

Draco set an even pace whimpering at how good it felt to be inside of him, however the sounds of
Harry practically torturing himself made him want to scratch his eyes out. He hunched over, kissing down Harry's spine and shoulder lovingly. "Shhh," he whispered, kissing wherever he could. He reached down and put a hand on Harry's cock, stroking it to where it was fully erect, and Harry's painful screams turned into shouts of pleasure. "Yes, that's right, Harry," he chanted to him. "Calm, Harry, shh. Relax. I've got you- Merlin, you feel so good, so tight."

Harry bit his lip and moaned, trying to forget, letting his mind go blank, because Draco was inside of him, loving him no matter what he said to it. And it felt bloody lovely.

The pain eventually went away, just in the fact that Harry allowed it to. He relaxed, realizing that Draco would have a better time if he did.

But that didn't stop his crying, especially when Draco hit his prostate. He screamed, and so did Draco, right in his ear. Their bodies were together, hot and perfect even though it was such a massacre to do this.


He pumped his hips harder, pumped his hand harder so Harry could feel oh so good. Harry started to feel a build coming, and so did Draco. "I love you, Draco."

"I love you, too," Draco said without even thinking it, and that's what made him go over the edge with a cry, with hands gripping Harry tightly, and with tears rolling down his face. Harry sobbed before, too, reaching climax. And the lay there together, naked, blushed and sweaty bodies against the cold unforgiving wind.

Harry's eyes had never stung so much in his life as to when they were done, and he was crying the entire release, sobbing as Draco moved out of him and wrapped an arm around his waist, pulling him close. Sure he'd cried after sex a few times in the past, just because of how astonishing it felt to completely open up to Draco and connect, but it wasn't like this. No, these were tears from a dementor. These were tears from hell.

He reached over and sought for his trousers, which were discarded not to far from where they were lying.

11:56

Four minutes.

"How much time," Draco asked, stroking Harry's back. His eyes were dilated, but his face showed remorse. Harry couldn't physically answer that question. When he opened his mouth, his lips quivered so much he couldn't even speak, and he held up four fingers. Harry broke down; he couldn't help it, and Draco rushed to his side, hugging him.

"Hey," Draco said softly, "It's okay."

"No it's not," Harry practically yelled into his shoulder. "I love you, I love you so much, please remember that! P-please."

"I will, I promise," Draco said, kissing his forehead and reaching for his clothes. Harry grabbed his wrist.

"We have three minutes together, please just stay," Harry begged. "Give me three minutes."
Draco held him and laid back, but Harry rolled over and propped his elbow up on his stomach so he could look Draco in the eyes.

"You are so beautiful," Harry stroked his cheek and kissed him again, tears blinding him. "So beautiful. I was so lucky to have you even for just a little while. So lucky."

"I'll give you the rest of the night, Harry," Draco whispered. "You said you wanted to fall asleep in my arms. I want to at least give you that. I'll at leave when you fall asleep."

"I'll never go to sleep then," Harry smiled, sniffing a heavy load of snot. But exhaustion hit him hard. His eyes were drooping and he didn't have enough energy to move. Draco could see that.

"Harry, you need to sleep," Draco stroked his hair. "You'll be okay, Just promise me you'll always love me, and you'll never leave me."

"I promise. Thank you, for doing what I asked. I'm sorry it wasn't as enjoyable as our real first time."

"That's okay," Draco grabbed hold of Harry's hand and pulled him down, grabbing Harry's dress robes and throwing it over the top of them. Harry snuggled onto him so hard, Draco lost circulation in his hand.

Draco kissed him, and Harry's last thought was the fact that that would be their last kiss.

"I love you."

And he drifted.
Harry woke two hours later, a crisp breeze biting at him. The ground, beneath him was, although soft, however also cold and damp and the air smelled deeply of musk and wood.

He opened his eyes to find himself alone, naked, his own shirt covering only half of his body.

"Oh God," he mumbled. Upon only moving a centimeter, he diagnosed his body was completely sore and he had an insane headache. The wind picked up again and the sound of scratching filled his ears. Following the noise curiously, he turned his eyes a little above him where a small piece of parchment was readying itself to take off into the fall leaves. Harry immediately caught it before its awaited departure and the words seemed to mock his as revenge.

"You promised," it had in Draco's handwriting, which was for once sloppy, rushed even.

"Fantastic," Harry breathed, attempting to swallow even though it was almost impossible. He wasn't allowed to see Draco anymore. He was supposed to watch his love, his best friend even, go through with a miserable arranged marriage and there was nothing he could do about it anymore.

Harry screamed.

Then, he crumpled the paper and slammed his fist to the grass next to the dewy blanket he was rested on. He wanted to cry but no tears would even dare to cross his eyelashes. The boy felt he was completely heartless. There wasn't such a thing as a broken heart. There wasn't anything left to be broken anymore.

He sat himself up in dismay and put his clothes on, slowly, as that of a turtle, almost as if his limbs couldn't function anymore. The gryffindor stood, although his legs wanted to give, but he wouldn't allow them to. Not until he was out of there.

Taking one last look around at the area that use to be his escape, now was a nightmare, he sucked it all in, knowing it was the last time he’d go through the green ropes again. There were too many memories that haunted him here.

It was still darkness that covered the land. The candles had been blown out, probably by Draco, the table was gone, everything but the blanket he was just laying on. It truely was a beautiful place. The stars were burning out yet again, the moon was reflected on the water and was slowly saying goodbye, the grass was.. well, grass, the leaves dead, ready to be reborn, just as Harry wished he could be.

Reborn. Forgotten, then remembered, as someone new, as someone less damaged, as someone who was alive.

For some strange reason, the boy wished to say thank you. To thank the trees for being so secret for them, to thank the floor for holding him and Draco, for the water for reflecting their love.

So he did.

Before leaving the special place forever, he examined each and every inch of the magic. Silver reflected in the corner of his eye and curiosity involuntarily took over and he found himself staring at the area it came from.

Harry knew what that was.
"Don't do it, don't do it, don't do it," he told himself, clutching the rope, but he couldn't contain himself and his feet numbly carried him to the jewlery.

Harry picked up the ring which was inbeded under layers of dirt and he blew the grains of sand off of it.

This was supposed to be his.

He placed the band around his left finger, a perfect fit, and examined it. It was pure. It was strong. It was beautiful. The diamond was stunningly huge, the silver around it was flawless, and the engraving was heartbreaking. "I love you endlessly," it read.

He ripped it from his body and chucked it into the water, before fleeing fro the area.

Hot tears ran down his face to his hatred. He didn't want to cry anymore. Not for him.

The castle was empty to his advantage, since the night previous was the ball and everyone probably was already passed out. He figured it was 4 in the morning or something around there. Harry didn't dare even think about Draco's pocketwatch. In fact, he didn't dare think at all. Thinking led to pain, and frankly, he'd felt enough of that lately.

By the time he reached his dormroom door, he decided he was done. Completely, one hundred percent done. He didn't even dare look at Draco's door. It was like he didn't even exist anymore. Like he was already away and married, Harry didn't think he existed anymore.

Isn't that what Draco wanted anyway?

Harry quietly stepped into the shower without waking Ron. He hoped he had fun with Hermione at the ball. He wished he would have went to the ball instead of going through with some stupid date that he knew deep down wouldn't work. Not on Malfoy.

Once out of the shower, he went directly for his bed, laying down and snuggling under the covers, his back to Ron, who was awake.

"Where were you, mate," he whispered, "you missed out."

Harry didn't answer. He just turned to Ron who saw the tears falling down his cheeks.

"What happened," he asked, sitting up.

Harry shook his head. "I don't want to talk about it, I'll be fine," he sniffed.

"Are you sure about that-"

"Of course not. I just don't want to talk...think, just please leave me alone," Harry choked out, turning away.

"If it was that git-"

"Who else would it be? Just please leave me alone, okay?"

"Okay," Ron sighed, solemnly, "If there is anything I can do to help, just let me know."

Harry wanted him to shut up. He wanted to scream at him that there was nothing he could do. He wanted to cuss him out. He wanted to punch his teeth in. But he controlled himself and just thanked him for his concern before drifting into an uneasy sleep.
When he woke, he felt sick again and cried immediately. It was if nothing could dig him out of this whole of darkness. It was later in the morning, and he decided to get out of bed. He wasn't going to have another fit. He would be strong.

Well, as strong as he could be given the circumstances.

Upon walking to the common room, he found Hermione and Ron on the couch quiet. They heard him walking, and they both turned around, Ron standing. They waited for him to speak, and at first, Harry stared at the floor, but then he looked up at them.

"I'm done," he said, his voice cracking.

"Harry," Hermione started in a quiet voice, but Harry cut him off.

"No. I am. I'm done. Remembering him isn't going to do me any good. I don't have any use of him anymore. I need to get on with my life."

"Mate, that's not a good idea," said Ron. "Isn't he in too deep?"

"Maybe I could fall in love with someone else without him, though," he said hopefully. "Right now I can't think about anyone else because he... he-"

"Harry, you're sure," Hermione asked standing and maneuvering next to him. "You know you can't go back once you've done it."

"It'll be good," he nodded. "He won't remember, I won't remember. It'll be like nothing happened and life will be livable again."

"Don't you think this is the easy way out," Ron asked.

"I don't care what way out it is. It's out. I need out."

"Don't you at least want to tell us what happened last night?"

"What is there to tell? We slept together and it sucked."

"You two did it," Hermione asked.

"Yes, we did it, stop acting like a child. Whatever. It's done. Just get it out of my head." Harry took his stance in front of her. "It's one word and I'm free."


"Completely. What do I have to lose?"

"A lot, Harry," Hermione said, "Look at Draco-"

"Don't say his name!"

"Look at him, then, Harry. He's losing his mind. He has flashbacks and headaches-"

"His mind is fine. He knows what he's doing."

"Mate, something happened last night. Come on, tell us." Ron pushed.
"Just let me forget about it, and it'll be done."

"No. We need a good reason to do this."

"Is having sex with your soul mate for the last time not good enough for you? Is knowing that no matter what, we'll never be together not good enough for you? Is the fact he's engaged not good enough for you?"

"He's engaged, not married," Ron said.

"He's in a marriage contract! There is no physical way," he cried.

"Harry, are you sure you don't want to think this over a little more? Maybe he'll get his memory back."

"He left me this morning! He said he'd stay with me until I woke up and he left me alone," Harry felt hot tears drip down his cheeks, blocking out the noise of people coming in to the common room. "He left me. He would never leave me if he remembered me. Please. Just do it."

"Okay," Hermione said. "You're sure?"

"Yes. I'm sure."

Hermione grabbed her wand from the couch and stood in front of him. "I'm sorry this had to happen to you."

"Don't be. It's fine. I'll deal with it. Just do it," Harry snarled.

She raised her wand and pointed it to his head. "Obliv-"

She couldn't finish her spell because Harry had feel over, well, was knocked over. Draco had run from the entrance all the way where they were standing, and the momentum as he hit Harry knocked them both over, and Draco was on top of him.

He grabbed his face with both of his hands and had him pinned.

"Harry," he said in a panic, "Harry, what's my name."

"Malfoy-"

"No! Harry! What's my real name, please!"

"Draco, get off of me!"

"What's my favorite type of literature?"

"Fuck! It's Greek Mythology," he growled, struggling under him. "Let me go!"

"Where was our fourth date," his voice cracked.

"The bloody forest until three in the morning because we couldn't stop talking, now just-"

"Where's my favorite place to be kissed?"

"Your neck."

"Where's my favorite place to kiss you?"
"My arse-"

"During our first time-"

"Draco get off of me," he shouted, and he was crying."I can't be around you right now-"

"During our first time, when you first saw my scars, what did you say out loud that you didn't mean to?"

"I said I was a monster," Harry swallowed.

Draco got off of him and picked him up by his arm, and once he stood, Draco had him suffocated in his own embrace.

He hugged him for a minute, squeezing him as hard as he could, but then he released him, and pushed him over almost.

"How could you, you arsehole!"

"The fuck do you mean by 'how could you!' You left me!"

"That doesn't mean you can go around erasing your memory, you ignoramus!"

"Why would you care!?"

"Fuck, are you that stupid?"

"Oh, fuck you!" Harry's lips quivered, and eyes filled with tears.

"Harry! I-I remember you," Draco said.

Harry didn't say anything. He froze. With a pale face and quivering lips, he stared at him, to afraid to move, but he did anyway, and a hand reached out to his cheek, and he saw that Draco was crying.

"What?"

"I remember you," he said again.

"H-how?"

"Last night-"

"Where were you this morning," Harry asked, and he jabbed at Draco's shoulder.

"I went to get you breakfast and I wanted to surprise you-"

"Damn you," Harry sobbed, and Draco grabbed his face again and kissed him, and Harry felt like he was going to explode. He didn't know where to put his hands, they were shaking.

In that moment, it was just them two. It was relief. It was almost scary.

"Draco," he sobbed again, and Draco kissed him on the forehead.

"Come on, let's go somewhere, okay? Just us two. The Room of Requirement."

Harry nodded, and Draco held his hand, leading him, but Harry's knees felt weak and he almost fell. So instead, Draco picked him up bridal style, and Harry wrapped his arms around him, clinging to him, and he cried into his shoulder.
Harry put a hand on Draco's cheek and made him look him in the eyes through his tears. They were mercury.

"It's you?"

"Yes, Harry." Draco nodded, and Harry kissed him.

Draco carried him out to the Room of Requirement with Harry leaning against his shoulder.

"Well, so I guess that they're together again," Ron turned to Hermione.

"Guess so," she said, and she put her wand in her pocket.

When they reached the Room of Hidden Things in silence and unnoticed to the empty hall, Draco put him down, walked three paces, picked him back up, and took him inside.

The room they were given was extraordinary. They walked onto a twenty foot platform that ended with a ladder that led down to a swimming pool sized bed- in fact the entire floor was a bed.

Harry jumped on Draco, hugging him, their bodies as close as possible. Draco wrapped his arms around him, one along the small of his back, one around his shoulder, and a hand rested in his hair.

"Draco," he weeped, his whole body shaking.

"Harry, I'm so sorry," he said, and he started crying again as well. "I'm so so sorry! I love you so much! So much!"

"I love you," he bawled into his neck.

"Shh, Harry, relax. Relax. I'm here. You're safe."

Harry moved to his him, and what Draco expected to be a slow loving kiss, he got a much more frisky, erotic one. Draco moved to unzip Harry's jumper, and Harry got the wrong idea and started working Draco's belt, but Harry grabbed his hands and stopped him.

"Whoa, slow down there."

"But you were-"

"Harry, I want you to be more comfortable. We're not making love now."

"Why not," he searched his eyes.

"Because you're sick! You haven't slept properly in Merlin know's how long! No. You're sleeping in my arms."

"But, I need you! What if I wake up and this is all a dream?"

"What kind of lover would I be if we had sex right now? I'm not putting your body through that! I'm not going to hurt you!"

"Draco," he put his forehead against his chest. "Please."

"No," Draco reached into his pocket and pulled out a small vial. "You are going to take this, and we are going to sit this out, okay?"
"What is it?"

"It'll calm you down. Relax. I got it from Pompfrey when I went to go get you breakfast. She said to give this to you."

"Is it a sleeping potion? I don't want to take it! I'll wake up and think I'm dreaming-"

"No, it's not a sleeping potion," he cringed. "Just, lets go lay together and you'll be in my arms and we can talk it all out."

Harry nodded and sniffed before Draco guided him down the ladder, and he carried him to the back of the room so they could be as far away from everyone as possible.

"Drink," Draco demanded, and he opened his mouth so that Draco could pour it down his throat.

Immediately, Harry felt drowsy, and he leaned against Draco's chest, and Draco wrapped his arms around him.

He yawned. "Why am I so tired?"

"It's a side affect. Just relax."

He eyes started to droop, and his fatigue fell rapidly. "You said this wasn't a sleeping potion."

"...Well," Draco started.

"This is a sleeping potion?" The corners of his vision started to fade.

"Harry, you need sleep and you don't need another break down. I have to make sure your health is okay first-"

"What! You drugged me!?"

"Kinda-"

"No! I want to be with you! I want," he yawned and his eyes fell closed. He fought to keep them open. "No! Draco-"

"Shh, Harry, just sleep." Draco ran his hand through his hair.

"Draco," he whispered, and the unconscious swallowed him with a heavy heart and sour taste in his mouth.
When Harry woke, he found his cheek up against black silk, a distant scent of French cologne and vanilla soap lingering throughout his nose and he furrowed his eyebrows. It reminded him of Draco, so he refused to open his eyes to find it gone. With a grunt, he buried his face deeper into what he didn’t know was Draco’s thigh, and he wrapped his arms around his pointy knee as if it was his stuffed snake.

Suddenly he heard a small huff and a hand found its way to caress the skin and hair behind Harry’s ear. “Good to see you’re finally awake, lazy arse. You’ve kept me waiting for days,” A soft voice came, and as a result, Harry opened his eyes. A chill went down his spine, and his heart skipped too many beats to count. He forgot to breathe at the sight of Draco’s beautiful, beautiful eyes.

Harry tensed and he finally remembered to breathe with a sharp intake. He opened his mouth and tried talking, attempted to sit up but Draco pushed him back down gently. “Shh,” he whispered. “Relax. It’s okay. Relax.”

“Draco,” Harry’s voice cracked, and his eyes stung.

“Just breathe. Everything is okay. You’re okay. We’re okay.”

“I’m dreaming,” Harry shook his head, “I have to be dreaming.”

“You’re not. I promise,” Draco stroked his hair tenderly. “You don’t remember what happened?”

Harry reached his hand up to touch his cheek, “This isn’t real. It can’t be.” He sat up, and this time, Draco let him, in fact, he let Harry do a lot of things. He let him touch him wherever he wanted. Harry felt along his arms, and he scrunched up the sleeve of Draco’s pajamas, running his fingers along his Dark Mark. Then, he looked up to Draco’s neck, and he fingered the top button of his nightshirt.

When he released the button he saw the sparkle of Draco’s necklace, and he hooked his index finger around it. It was warm. Draco had been wearing it long. Draco eyed him as he did so, a shy hint of a smile on his lips.

Harry cleared his shirt much quickly after that, almost ripping apart the buttons. Spreading it, Harry caught glimpse of Draco’s scars, and his throat began to burn. “Whenever I have dreams, you never have these,” he choked as he dragged his fingers along them, “even in my nightmares.”

“What about my Dark Mark,” Draco asked quietly.

But Harry didn’t want to answer that. “Why…How? Do… D-do you remember me?”

“H-Harry,” Draco said all too emotionally. He knew Harry had been asking himself that question every single day for the past few months.

“Do you? Or are you here because we ended up hooking up and you were too guilty to leave me here alone like the night of the ball?”

“You really don’t remember what happened?”

“Just answer the question,” Harry croaked with bared teeth, his heart boiling.
"Yes, Harry. Yes, I remember you," Draco looked into his eyes honestly, and proud.

"Where did we want to go when we planned to run away together?"

"America. And we wanted to move from state to state each year so that we wouldn’t be found."

Harry swallowed hard, and his hand shook as he placed it to Draco’s cheek. His eyebrows furrowed and he found himself searching Draco’s eyes too thoroughly. “Where did we have our first kiss?”

"Harry. Relax, I remember you!” He’d heard it too many times in his nightmares.

“ANSWER ME,” he shouted as if he was staring into the brink of insanity. He grabbed both sides of Draco’s face, holding him tense. “Please answer me.”

“Which one? You kissed me in the transfiguration classroom as revenge, and then I kissed you in the hallway hiding from—"

That was enough for Harry, and he threw himself at Draco, wrapping his arms so tightly around him, Draco couldn’t breathe. He was on his back and he enclosed Harry in his embrace with a smile.

“Oh my God,” he cried into his shoulder, and Draco kissed his neck softly.

“Shhh,” Draco whispered, “Relax. This is exactly why I made you take the potion. It’s going to be overwhelming.”

“It’s you?”

“Yes, Harry. It’s me.”

“How did we get here,” he mumbled in his shoulder.

“You tried erasing your memory and I caught you right before it all happened and then we came here so we could be alone together.”

“Really,” Harry sat back on him, Draco’s stomach being crushed.


“Oh, yeah,” Harry furrowed his eyebrows, and suddenly a pit in his stomach turned over, “I remember now. You drugged me with a sleeping potion.”

“I didn’t want you to freak out. It was a hard enough night, you had. No need for you to have a mental breakdown or something.”

“Right, because I haven’t had enough of those recently!”

“Harry. You looked sick,” Draco said firmly, “You still do now. Merlin knows the last time you’ve eaten!”

“I told you, I had chocolate the night of the ball,” Harry bit. Suddenly, he felt rage and anger and hate. Fuck, Draco hurt him, it hurt looking at him, seeing him after everything. What if Draco was faking? What if he didn’t remember him completely, or didn’t even forget him to begin with? What if him remembering was only temporary?

That thought ripped apart anything that had come back together again. A new fear came.
“You and I both know that’s not enough,” Draco reached up and touched his sides. “I can see your ribs again.”

“Don’t touch me,” Harry grabbed his hands and took them off of him, and Harry climbed off.

“Okay,” Draco whispered, sitting up. “Relax. You’re probably just hungry, and you can’t think properly on an empty stomach. I have food for you.”

“I’m not hungry,” Harry swallowed.

“Don’t care.”

“Really, I’m not.”

“Then what are you? Are you thirsty at all?”

“I…,” Harry looked down, “I’m… sad.”

“You’re sad I remembered you?”

“No! I’m not, but… Fuck! I don’t know what I am! I’m not sad, but I’m sure as hell not happy! And I’m definitely not hungry. And I’m scared and lost and confused and-”

“Hey, you, relax,” Draco swallowed down his temper, “We don’t need to know yet. You just woke up. We’re going to get you some food, and-”

“But I’m not hungry,” Harry’s eyes flicked up to Draco’s, and danger cowered within them.

“It’s your favorite,” Draco tried to stay calm for him. He knew it was going to be hard, and awkward and difficult for Harry. Who knew what he was feeling? “Eggs, bacon, I have some pumpkin juice and lots of toast.”

“But-“

“Harry,” Draco snapped, and he stood up, going towards the front of the room, where Harry’s old clothes sat in a pile, and a plate of food sat under a heating charm. He also had various potions just in case. “I can get hot chocolate if you want,” he said carefully, and he grabbed the plate and took it with him where he sat back in front of Harry.

“When did you get this?”

“When you were sleeping.”

“How long have I-“

“A few days. It’s Tuesday,” Draco said softly.

“Tuesday?!”

“Yes, Tuesday. You know, the day succeeding Monday… the day before Wednesday,” Draco started, but Harry stared off into the distance in deep thought. “It’s the third day of the week, although probably in your little head it’s the second day because you think that the beginning of the week starts at Monday when really it starts at Sunday. Same concept with time. You think the beginning of the day starts at seven in the morning when really it’s at midnight-“

“I know what Tuesday is! And I bloody know how to tell time,” Harry snapped while Draco placed
the tray down in front of him.

“Sure you do,” Draco rolled his eyes. “Just like you know how to brew a simple draught of Alihotsy properly.”

“You realize we have classes, right,” Harry said, “We have responsibilities that we have to attend to and—“

“Stupid Pumblechook is not my biggest concern right now, and neither should he be yours. You are sick, and I am here to take care of you.”

“I’m not sick!”

“Harry you were in the hospital for a week. You have clinical depression, anxiety, and post traumatic stress disorder, and I understand that me losing my memory after the war did not help but—“

Harry cut him off. “Wait, how do you know what I have?”

“I was there, remember?”

“When?”

“I’m the one that carried you to the hospital wing,” Draco said lightly, as if he was happy about it. Actually, he was. He wasn’t happy about Harry’s health or anything, but carrying him to the hospital made his heart feel all warm and fuzzy. “Are you sure you didn’t lose a little bit of your memory before I got you?”

“Draco, that’s not funny.”

“I’m not joking, it’s a genuine question.” He put his hands up in the air. “Eat.”

“I’m not hungry,” Harry bit.

“Eat. I’ll feed you if you want.”

“I said I’m not hungry. I kind of… my stomach hurts a little bit. What was in that potion you drugged me with?”

“I didn’t drug you! And besides, when I drugged you I made sure everything was safe and I double checked it with Madam Pomphrey that it was just a powerful sleeping potion. And I read your file to make sure that you were safe.”

“When?”

“I’m not answering any more questions until you eat.”

“Damn you,” Harry snapped nastily.

“Eat!”

“I’m not hungry!” Harry shoved his food from him.

“Okay, fine if you want to play it this way,” Draco snapped. He kneeled in Harry’s face, and grabbed Harry’s chin. He looked him dead in the eye. “You’re going to eat, or I’m going take this food, and shove it down your fucking throat.”
Harry saw red. He didn’t want Draco touching him. He didn’t want Draco looking at him, or breathing the same air. Out of brutal, uncontrollable anger, he slapped him.

Draco doubled over and grasped his cheek, letting go of Harry involuntarily. “Ouch! I get that you’re angry, but Merlin, Harry! Calm down!”

“You want me to calm down?”

“That’s what I just said,” he bit, and he rubbed his cheek. “Yes!”

“How the hell am I supposed to calm down?”

“Figure it out!”

Harry scoffed. “Right! God damn it! You have no idea how this feels!”

Draco swallowed, and relaxed. He sat down across from him, in fact a little farther away. “No,” he said softly. “I don’t know how you feel right now. It’s bloody hard to figure it out! Hell, you probably don’t even know what you’re feeling.”

“I know what I’m feeling!”

“Then what are you feeling?”

“… I… I know what I’m feeling, damn it!” Harry didn’t have any idea. How could he?

“Alright then, tell me, and I’ll comfort you.”

“I don’t need your stupid comfort!”

“Okay, so, anger. There’s one,” Draco said. Harry groaned and combed his hands through his hair, staring at him with dark eyes. “Oh and frustration! There’s another,” he teased him.

“Damn it, I was done with you! I was,” Harry stood up on his feet, pacing, “I decided I didn’t care anymore! I was so bloody close to getting you out of my life, again, and then here you are, again, like some fucking lost dog that no one wants!”

Draco frowned and tried to breathe, but couldn’t. “You really wanted rid of me that much? That much that you wanted to erase your own memory of me?”

“That’s what you did!”

“What,” Draco stood with eyes made of daggers. “How could you even fucking say that, Harry! Listen, I didn’t ask for this to happen!”

“Then how did it happen, Draco,” Harry snarled.

“Listen,” Draco stepped to him, grabbed him by his shirt, and pulled him close, “I didn’t fucking want to wake up one day and find half of my life missing! I didn’t fucking want to forget you! I don’t have any idea how the fuck this happened, but it was not intentional. Understand?”

Harry breathed heavily, looking him dead in the eye, and he shook himself free, although something wasn’t right. He looked down to see himself in not his own clothes. Wearing black silk pajamas that were too big on him, he admired the breast pocket, which was embroidered with “DM” of course.

“Why am I not in my own clothes?
“Harry, tell me you understand that I could never want any of this to happen, past or future.”

“Draco, where are my clothes,” Harry bit, although he didn’t care, partially. Draco’s clothes were warm and cuddly, but he felt violated.

“TELL ME YOU UNDERSTAND,” Draco erupted. He felt betray that Harry could even think that Draco would do this on purpose. His hands were shaking and eyes teared up. “Harry, I could never,” he broke down into a cracked whisper, “I could never want to do this to you, especially after what we went through with war.”

“Okay, I get it.”
“Good,” Draco bit, and he inhaled and exhaled loudly, and stuck out his jaw.

“Where are my clothes,” Harry demanded. “The ones I wore in here. Where are they?”

“They’re in your bloody room with all of your things!”

“Why am I not in them?”

“Harry, merlin, calm down! They’re pajamas!”

“Why am I not in them,” he repeated just a bit louder.

“I wanted you to be comfortable, I don’t know! I thought you’d appreciate it,” Draco stuttered, much more nervously than how he intended. He was nervous. Very nervous. What if this didn’t end well? What if he lost Harry? What if-

“Appreciate it?”

“You always used to wear my clothes after the war,” Draco argued.

“Those weren’t even mine,” Harry sneered, “They were Sirius’s!”

“Well, I wore them after you did, and so therefore, they reminded me of you, so I wore them,” Draco crossed his arms. “What’s the big deal? They’re my pajamas and they’re nice, and I wanted you to be warm.”

“You saw me naked.”

Draco almost laughed. “Yeah. Yes, I did. I saw you naked. That’s what people do when they have to put on clothes. They have to be naked.”

“You did that when I was asleep?”

“Yes. I did! And you know what else I did? I kissed you on the forehead! Someone come arrest me now,” he held his hands out as if he greeted handcuffs. “I bloody well kissed Harry Potter when he was sleeping!”

Harry stuck out his jaw. “I didn’t give you bloody permission to see me naked,” he shrunk his shoulders.

“Harry! Are you fucking kidding me,” he untangled his own arms and ran one through his hair. “How many times have I seen you naked?”

“It doesn’t matter!”
“Really, considering you were well eager to get your pants off three nights ago when I barely remembered you!”

“Fuck you,” Harry spat, and he turned, not wanting to even look at him.

Draco bit his lip, and swallowed. He didn’t think this would be this hard. He expected Harry to be happy that they could be together- well, remotely. Maybe a little confused, but happy.

He spoke softly. “Harry, it’s me. And I could never… ever even think about doing anything to you that would make you uncomfortable. And I know that’s the same for me. That’s why I let us have sex the night of the ball. I knew you wouldn’t hurt me. I knew you could never. I trust you. I need you to trust me, too.”

“It’s not the same,” Harry said.

“It’s hard to understand it is the same.”

“No,” Harry shook his head. “I don’t feel like I’m talking to my bloody boyfriend, I feel like I’m talking to a complete stranger! This is awkward. Really awkward!”

“After the war was awkward, too, and somehow we still were able to shag on every single surface at Grimmuald Place!”

“I don’t want sex with you right now, though!”

“Did I ask you for sex?”

“No,” Harry bit his lip.

“So why would we have sex if you didn’t want it and if I didn’t want it.” Draco walked to him, but Harry stared at the ground.

“All I see when I look at you is the man I’ve seen for the past three months. All I see is you hating me and calling me a filthy savior. I see a blank stare and eyes turned cold. I see ‘Stay away from me’ on a piece of parchment in my hands when I just wanted to talk to you.” He closed his eyes. “All I see is you breaking down because your brain can’t handle it all, and I see you in pain. Lots of pain. And I see you saying, ‘Why are you so damned obsessed with me.’ I’m not obsessed with you,” he whispered, and tears rolled down his face, “I’m in love with you. That’s all I ever was! I wanted you to feel safe and loved and needed and you just thought I was going to hurt you-”

“Harry,” Draco whispered, and he reached out to wipe his tears away, but Harry pushed him away.

“You want to know what I see when I look at you,” he finally met his eyes and his heart burned, “I see a bloody engagement ring for Astoria Fucking Greengrass. I see you two talking at breakfast in the Great Hall, and I see you two walking each other to class-“

“Oh, Harry-“

“And I see you kissing her outside of charms right before Pumblechook’s class, where you used to ignore me and act like I didn’t even exist,” he sobbed, and Draco did the only thing he could do: he wrapped his arms around him. Harry didn’t hug him back. He just buried his head in his neck and wept.

“I’m so sorry, Harry,” Draco squeezed him tighter, and tears slipped from his eyes as well.
“How is it somehow you always seem to hurt me? Just no matter what you do, I’m always burned. It’s always you!”

“What, you think this wasn’t hard for me, too?” Draco let go of him.

“Well, you sure as hell weren’t on my side of the story!”

“There are many sides to a story, Harry!”

“So you’re saying you had it worse than me,” Harry raised an eyebrow.

“I’m not saying that! I am not saying that!”

“Then tell me, what suffering did you have to bare?”

“Harry. I didn’t know… I was so confused all the time. You wouldn’t know what it felt like, the way it was, but it was like I was missing half of myself. It was like nothing was whole. It’s hard to explain,” Draco bit the inside of his cheek, trying to think of a way to represent what happened to him. “You know when you’re getting ready in the morning and you forget something, and you know it’s not right and you feel really strange without it; you’re looking everywhere trying to find it and you realize it’s your wand? You get that satisfaction knowing you found it and that you needed it for class?”

“Erm, sure?”

“Well imagine that on a much grander scale. And imagine you not being able to find your fucking wand. And imagine throughout the day, you’re searching everywhere, and you can’t find it, and you can’t sleep, and when you do sleep, you dream of it but it ends up being a nightmare because WHY THE BLOODY FUCK IS HARRY POTTER KISSING ME? It was like that. And my head hurt so bad, it was maddening. Pompfrey said the migraines were a part of my head trying to reconnect the memories.”

“At least it didn’t feel like your heart was getting ripped out! At least you could eat and drink and breathe properly! I thought I was dying!”

“Speaking of your health,” Draco started, and he pushed Harry, because fuck it made him so angry, “Why the FUCK would you ever put yourself in a bloody hospital!”

“I didn’t want to go! I just caught a cold-“

“Caught a cold,” Draco sneered. He boiled, he couldn’t even see because he was so angry. “Harry,” he turned around because he physically couldn’t handle looking at him. He covered his mouth and pushed back tears. “Fucking caught a cold,” he shouted, and his knees felt weak. “You starved yourself! You fucking starved yourself because you found out a bloody secret of mine-“

“Why is it that every secret you have is a bomb shell? First it’s that you’re a bloody Death Eater, then it’s that you’re engaged! If you wouldn’t have kept it a secret to begin with, and fucking told me, Draco Malfoy! Engaged!”

“I don’t give a shit if I’m engaged or not! A hospital! I didn’t know what you were doing in there! What if, “ he choked. “What if you decided to… let go… What if we walked in there and you…” he let out a sob and bit his fist.

“Draco, I wouldn’t!”
“Harry, you just fought a fucking war! How would we know? I asked bloody Weasel, he said he was locked out for days! You wouldn’t come out and he couldn’t go in. I had Granger try and break the lock but she couldn’t! And you wouldn’t answer! Fuck, I didn’t know what to think- and I didn’t even know why I was so worried about you, I just was! You had a silencing charm up and I thought you…’”

“Draco,” Harry breathed, and he went up behind him, almost afraid to touch him.

“God damn it,” he spun around abruptly. “How could you do that! You look so sick!”

“I didn’t think I would hurt anyone! I just needed to be alone-“

“That’s the worse thing you could possibly do,” he shouted. “You hate being alone!”

“Yeah, well I bloody hate being with you, too,” Harry said but didn’t mean.

“God damn it, I hate you so much! You’re stupid and annoying and you push every single one of my buttons, and you piss me off on a daily basis, I get that I hurt you, but I can’t help that I’ve lost my memory. You can help being a dick! You bring out the bloody worst in me, you do sometimes! I can’t stand it-“

“MARRY ME, THEN!”

Draco froze, and so did Harry. “Excuse me,” Draco asked, out of breath and almost frightened.

Harry didn’t even know he said it. He suddenly forgot to breathe and an ache in his heart found its way to his knees and they were shaking. It was everything Harry wanted, and he just blurted it out in a white light and angry voice. That wasn’t how he wanted to propose to Draco at all. His mind went on auto pilot, and his body went numb.

“Harry, what did you just say,” Draco’s voice shook.

“I said I want you to marry me,” he said much much calmer, but his lip quivered.

“No, I want you to say it how you just said it,” Draco growled.

“Marry me, then! Marry me if you hate me so much.”

Draco didn’t respond, but only looked at him, standing there all innocent. Draco didn’t even think he could respond if he wanted.

“I want you to marry me, Draco Malfoy. I want to annoy you until you can’t bloody see anymore. I want to piss you off every single day until I die, and I want to wake up next to you every single morning because I am in love with you and I cannot physically see my future with out you. For the past five months, let’s face it, I’ve gone practically insane. That might have to do with years of abuse at the Dursleys crashing down on me; that might be because I’ve been running from a killer my entire life and I don’t know what it’s like to not be scared; that might be because I have lost so many people that I just wish I could have saved, and I deal with the guilt every time I breathe and they don’t, but damn it! It’s because of my stupid boyfriend that is so hard to get a hold of.

“It’s because of you and your idiocy. Yes, I get my health is important to you, and I currently hate you because we should be banging each other into the mattress right now, but I really do appreciate you caring enough to drug me so that I don’t have a mental break down, but I really think that you marrying me would help my health a hell of a lot.
“You are the most conceded, most ignorant, most annoying human being I have ever met. You snore, you lie about it, blame me for it, but I find that, honestly, fucking adorable. You spend hours looking in a mirror, and I just wish I could be that mirror just so I can stare at you as long as you stare at me. You barely understand what the hell just happened and how it feels right now to see you standing there as if it’s all a game again and I’m going to wake up to find you sucking face with Astoria Fucking Greengrass- and don’t even get me started about you never telling me about her!

“You’re so fucking tall,” Harry said almost breathlessly, however he used an annoyed tone, “Why? It’s not fair. I can’t even see over a bloody crowd and you’re here like a giraffe enjoying the view. You’re prissy and your bloody hands are so fucking swift and nimble, it’s like you don’t even have fingers, you just get shit done. Your nose could double as a box cutter, but you don’t know what that is because you’re a pureblooded prat who thinks so highly of himself because he was born into a rich family.

“You have made me question my sexuality probably ten thousand times since the start of this, because without you, I don’t know who I would want to date or if I was gay or straight or bisexual or pansexual or asexual or any other sexual that there is because all I see is you. All I ever see is you.

“When you walk into a room, I lose every bit of sanity I possibly have. I can’t see anything else, and it’s so bloody frustrating. And you smell so nice. I swear if your cologne was alcohol, I would overdose and be dead right now. And your hair. Your bloody fucking hair. Is it even real? Honestly, your hair makes me question my sexuality within itself. Am I hair sexual? NO! I’M BLOODY DRACO MALFOY SEXUAL!

“The fucking sex within itself is incredible! You know me. You do. And the thought of anybody else touching me makes me want to throw up, and the thought of anybody else touching you makes me want to kill them. I never thought that sex, especially with you, would be so… so… fuck! I can’t even describe what sex feels like with you! That’s another thing I hate about you! I can never think properly!

“You don’t know how to cook. You leave you clothes around as if I’m your bloody servant! You’re not open minded. Your smirk makes me feel uneasy sometimes. I hate that you’re a liar and you deceive me and everyone you know in one way, shape, or form. I hate you! I hate so many things about you.

“But what I hate more than you is being away from you. I hated and I mean hated that year and a half away from you! Those days in the forest were probably the worst days of my life! When I saw you at Malfoy Manor, I wanted to choke you with my bare hands because fuck you! These past five months when you were in Azkaban was worse than the war. It was like walking through hell, literally. Actual hell. I would have rather gone there than went through that.

“When you lost your memory, it felt like dying. It felt worse than the cruciartus curse, and I should know it! Every day I had to look at the back of your head in class wondering what was in it,” Harry choked and tears sprung in the back of his eyes, “I had to watch you hate yourself because of the things you did in the war when I knew the other side to it. I couldn’t help you! I had to watch you be hurt by other students because I couldn’t defend you, because if I did, you would have hated me more that you do! I had to watch and wait and think that I could never touch you again, or hold you, or kiss you, or have a bloody conversation with you for two months! That’s 61 days! Fuck! And I remember coming home from the Weasley’s to find you gone with a note on the door saying there was a Death Eater on my premises, but there wasn’t! It was just you! I can’t even imagine how scared you were! And I can’t even handle the thought of you in Azkaban!

“And fuck! Right now, I’m wearing your clothes, and I love it! I don’t know why I got angry at you
for seeing me naked, but I’m not! I only want you to see my naked, in fact! These things are too big for me, granted, but I find it so fucking cute! So cute! And I’m so happy you did this because you’re right, these are warm and lovely and I want to wear them forever.”

“What I’m trying to get at is that you have taken every single thing from me, every experience and twisted it to fit you! My first kiss, my first relationship, my first breakup, my first time, my 23rd time, laughing, breathing, existing! And you have so many flaws and so many things I hate about you and it makes me love you even more every day. I fucking hate the face you’re making right now! I’m terrified that if I stop talking, that you’ll say you don’t remember me and us and everything we ever had, but I’m never going to forget that face and I’m going to love it for the rest of my life and I just want to kiss you so bad, so what I need is an answer.

“Draco Malfoy, will you marry me?” He waited for a response, his heart beating so loudly, he was afraid that he wouldn’t be able to hear it. He waited and waited and waited, his hands shaking and tears in his eyes, because fuck he loved Draco. But then there came the answer, and it hit Harry like a brick.

“No.”

Harry’s face dropped and throat closed. “What?”

“No, Harry.”

“W-what? Why not?”

“I want a proper proposal,” Draco crossed his arms.

“You want a fucking proper proposal,” Harry bit, his heart scalding and chest heaving.

“Yes. A proper proposal.”

“Fine,” Harry’s eyes flashed. He put one knee to the ground. “Will you marry me?”

“No.”

“I’ll get your bloody ring later, just say yes.”

“No.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

“You stupid bastard! It’s a fucking ring.”

“It’s not the ring, Harry,” Draco said quietly, and he walked over to Harry slowly, and he palmed his face, caressing it. He noticed Harry’s eyes were red and filmed with water.

“Then what is it,” Harry’s eyes met his, his voice cracking to a whisper. “Marry me.”

“I would love to, honestly, I would. Things are too complicated right now.”

“Too complicated,” Harry shouted abruptly. “Things will always be too complicated! It’s who I am, it’s who you are!

“Especially now, Harry,” Draco stroked his cheek. “I’ve got my memory back for a total of three
I know it’s been overwhelming for you,” he said softly, “But it also has with me. I don’t… I don’t know who I am right now, who I belong to. My heart belongs to you, Harry Potter, but what about everything else?”

“Me. It’s belongs to me. Marry me and your legs and arms and feet and hands will belong to me, and I’ll belong to you!”

“Harry-“

“Don’t give me this identity crisis shit! You’re Draco Malfoy! You’re in love with Harry Potter-“

“I know I am. But I’m just… I don’t know who did this Harry. What if they strike again? What if its a classmate or a teacher?”

“It’s not! We can find out who did this to you together! I won’t let them take you away from me again!”

Draco ran his hand through Harry’s hair, petting him softly. “What if I lose my memory again? Permanently this time?”

“Fuck,” Harry hissed, “Don’t you dare talk like that! Ever! I can’t do this again.” He grabbed Draco’s hips and put his forehead against Draco’s abdomen, him anchoring against him. It was too much. It was all too much. He didn’t want to break again. He wanted to be strong, and safe and secure and happy. Harry took a few deep breaths, calming down a bit, and Draco stroked behind his ear for comfort. “I can’t lose you again,” he whispered, loud enough for Draco to hear it. “Please, just marry me and everything will be okay, because you will have promised me forever.”

“Harry, marriage doesn’t define love. I am going to love you for a very very long time. Longer than forever. You’re just going to have to trust me on that.”

“Trust you?”

“I’m not saying as a person. I’m saying that I love you and nothing can ever change my feelings for you.”

“You love me?” Harry tilted his head to look him in the eyes.

“Yes. Of course.”

“Marry me.”

“No, Harry.”

“You love me, and I love you so much! It can’t be any more complicated than that!”

“Yes it can be,” Draco swallowed, and tears stung the back of his eyes.

“Fucking marry me, Draco!”

“Harry,” he bent down and kissed his forehead.

“No! There has to be a reason! Marry me, damn it!”

“No, Harry.”

“Fuck you!”
“Harry,” Draco scolded. “Calm down.”

“I hate you so much,” Harry cried and he kissed Draco’s stomach. “Marry me!”

“Harry, I can’t.”

“Tell me! Tell me why you can’t! Stop shutting me out! You always shut me out like you’re hiding something from me and I can’t take it anymore-“

“I’m engaged, Harry,” Draco shouted over him, although he didn’t mean to. “Oh don’t look at me with those eyes!”

Harry stayed silent, in fact, he stopped breathing. Draco closed his eyes for a few seconds, breathing, and he swallowed. When he opened them, he saw Harry’s sad sad eyes glaring at him, his lips slightly parted in devastation. He put both his hands on Harry’s cheeks, stroking his cheekbones.

“I can’t,” Draco said slowly, looking him dead in the eye, “marry you because,” he swallowed again, “I am engaged.”

After a long stare, Harry closed his eyes and a two tears fell from them. He leaned forward into his stomach so he wouldn’t have to look at Draco anymore, but he still wanted to feel him, so he moved his hands from his hips to under his shirt, and he felt along the hot skin up and down his back and torso. He rubbed his fingers along the tail end of his scars.

“I’m so sorry, Harry,” he cried, and tears stroked his cheeks, too. He rubbed Harry’s shoulders, and felt along his blades.

“You don’t love her,” he croaked.

“No,” Draco said immediately, “No, not at all! I could never, Harry! I could never love anybody else as much as I love you.” He played with his hair, and Harry scrunched his shirt a bit so he could kiss above his belly button.

“You can’t marry her,” he whispered, his voice shaky. “You don’t love her. You love me.”

“I do. I love you very much.”

“Marry me.”

“Harry, I can’t,” he hiccuped.

“Marry me,” he said it louder.

“No, Harry. I can’t. Legally.”

“Marry me,” Harry looked up at him fiercely.

“No.”

“Make love to me, then.”

“God yes!”

And then they were kissing. They were kissing madly and nothing could stop them. Harry had lunged forward, jumping on Draco, and Draco caught him, holding him tightly. Their lips crashed together, off center and pinched between teeth, but there was no room to correct themselves. They
just kept kissing. Draco moved to kiss all over his face, his cheek, his nose his forehead, his whatever he was kissing.

“Marry me,” Harry breathed.

“No,” Draco said, and he kissed his lips again.

“Marry me,” he mumbled against his mouth.

“No.”

“Marry me,” he touched his tongue with his own.

And then their tongues were dancing, and Draco found himself moaning deeply.

“Marry me,” Harry grabbed his face, and jumped on top of him, wrapping his legs around his waist. At first, Draco could handle it, but suddenly his knees gave because he was just so dizzy, and his hormones and his emotions were going haywire.

The impact of the fall caused their mouths to break apart, and Harry grabbed Draco’s wrists and held them down, and kissed him and kissed him and kissed him. Harry’s legs spread over him. Draco fought under him, arching his back and pushing his hips up against him. He fended off with his wrists, trying to get Harry to let him touch him.

“Let go of me,” he struggled between kisses.

“Marry me?” Draco’s heart jumped.

“No!”

Harry kissed him sloppily, putting his tongue where he could, his lips where he could. “Mhmm…”

“Harry! Let me go!”

“Nope!” Harry kissed all over his face aggressively, and Draco still fought against him, grunting. “Marry me?”

“I can’t!”

“Marry me!”

“No, Harry!” Thinking a way out of it, Draco wrapped his legs around his waist and threw them so that Harry physically had to roll over, and, caught off guard, Draco got Harry’s wrists off of him, and grabbed Harry’s face with both his hands and devoured him. Harry’s arms wrapped around Draco’s body, his hands following all along his back, and he trailed them under his shirt.

Their lips demanded as much as they could from each other; their tongues twisted and mouths met in a heated lavish.

“Marry- mhmm- marry mmme,” he kissed.

“No,” Draco moaned back. Fuck, he wanted to say yes. “No.”

Out of breath, they released, and Draco sat back on him. He started unbuttoning Harry’s black, silk shirt, which really was Draco’s, and Harry watched him, so completely turned on.
He never imagined he’d be doing this again. Sure, the night of the ball was special to him, but it wasn’t like their first time or like any other of their times. This time would also be special to him. His heart beat so fast, and he felt as if he was on a high.

“Get back here, I’m not through with you,” Harry grabbed Draco by his shirt and pulled him back down so their noses were touching. “Marry me,” his eyes flashed.

“My love…” Draco looked at him, and his heart swelled.

“Answer me,” he fisted his shirt so tight that he was almost choking him.

“God, you’re so hot when you’re passionate,” Draco breathed heavily, and Harry’s cheeks tinted a bright red. “And fuck, you’re wearing my clothes and- and, I love you! God, I love you!”

“Marry me, then!” Harry bit and he pulled him down so their lips crashed together. “Marry me?”

“No,” Draco kissed him, then broke it, and kissed his jaw and his neck.

“Marry me,” he mumbled in his ear hotly, causing Draco to shiver. He didn’t answer and so Harry bit his neck, Draco howling to it, and he licked it over. His tongue burned at the touch of Harry’s skin.

“Mhmm…. please, love, please! Right there,” Draco breathed, his back arching and toes curling.

“You never used to call me ‘love,’” Harry said skeptically.

Draco sat up and grabbed the front of Harry’s shirt, and ripped it apart, the buttons breaking. “I’m calling you it now,” he growled. He kissed down his chest. Harry tried to prop himself up on his elbows to watch Draco. because, God damn it, he wanted to. He fucking wanted to watch him. But Draco shoved him down, keeping his hand at Harry’s throat. “Love.”

“Oh God, Draco. Marry me!” He was driving him crazy.

“No,” Draco kissed at the seam of his pajama pants, and took it between his teeth.

“No?”

“Merlin, you’re wearing my clothes,” Draco put his forehead up against Harry’s stomach, and the hand at Harry’s throat softened and he dragged his nails along the skin of his chest and stomach. Harry’s back arched to it. He reached down and grabbed Draco by the collar of his shirt, and pulled him up so that their faces brushed against each other.

“You got me in them, you take me out of them.”

“Yes, Harry,” Draco sighed in arousal, hungry for him.

“Good. Marry me.”

“No.” Draco pushed over the button silk pajamas over his shoulders, and Harry sat up so he could pull it off. “I can see your ribs again,” he snarled before even examining his body. He looked him dead in the eye.

“We’re not arguing about this again.”

“I don’t give a shit. I can see your fucking ribs.” He felt along his collarbone and shoulders. “Damn it, I hate it when you do this!”
“It’s not like I did it on purpose,” Harry fought back, “I was never hungry! What, you think I could actually eat-“

“Stop talking,” he bit, and his eyes flared. He proceeded to kiss all over his shoulders and chest and bones and ribs and everything that shouldn’t have been there. He remembered Harry’s body. He knew what should be where.

“You have to promise me you won’t do this again,” Draco kissed down his ribs. “Never again. You can’t starve yourself again. Your uncle taught you all wrong. Not eating isn’t a punishment; it’s a death wish. Promise me.” His eyes flicked up to his. “Promise me.”

“I promise,” he whispered.

“Good.” Harry’s eyes fell closed in bliss as Draco kissed back up his chest and he kissed his shoulder and he kissed his neck and he kissed his cheek and lips and forehead. “You’re so beautiful, especially when you’ve been eating well. Especially then.”

“Marry me,” Harry opened his eyes.

Draco looked at him. “No.”

“Marry me,” Harry reached out to Draco’s shirt and unbuttoned it, but their eyes stayed in a deadlock.

“No.”

“Marry me.”

“No.” Draco kissed his nose.

“No.”

“No.”

Harry pushed off Draco’s shirt, and felt along his sides and his chest. He then guided his hand to Draco’s chin, fingering it. “Do you want to marry me?” Harry stared at his lips, then they flicked up to Draco’s eyes.

“Yes. I want you so much, Harry,” he breathed.

“Will you marry me?”

“No. I-I can’t.”

Harry pulled him down by his chin and kissed him. His other hand trailed along Draco’s chest, down and down and down, to where he cupped his crotch, and he felt Draco throbbing for him. Draco moaned, and he took Harry’s lip between his teeth and bit down. As a result, Harry massaged him with his hand, and put his thigh between his, causing Draco’s eyes to roll to the back of his head.

“Mhmm Harry,” he tightened his legs so he could feel the friction of their bodies together.

Their silk pants, however, needed to go.

Harry moved his hands to Draco’s arse, and he put them under both his pajama pants and his briefs, feeling the bare, hot skin of it.
“Love,” Draco moaned as Harry found his way to his crack, and dragged finger around his hole. “Mmm..”

“Marry me?”

“Harry,” Draco breathed as Harry dug a finger inside of him, and pulsed. “My love,” he mumbled against his lips.

“Marry me.” Harry kissed him, and Draco felt that feeling that they both felt during intercourse: the opening up to each other. His heart jumped at the thought- let alone the feeling- that Harry was inside of him, touching him in a way no one would ever be able to. Not even his wife. Not the way Harry touched him, no matter where he did.

“H-Harry,” Draco’s voice cracked as Harry went even deeper with his forefinger, in and out, in and out. Draco’s arms weakened, and he fell forward slightly, wrapping his arms around Harry’s neck, putting their chests together, and he kissed him with his tongue, savoring his taste. “Mmm, Harry, I love you.”

“Marry me,” he mumbled quieter, facing rejection, but he wanted it so bad, a yes.

“I love you,” Draco let his lips go, and looked him straight in the eye. Harry pulled out his finger, and felt along his back.

“I love you, too,” he melted, and pecked him again. “Now, marry me.”

Draco swallowed, pausing. What if he said yes? Both he and Harry would be ridiculously happy, and the only thing he wants is Harry to be ridiculously happy. On Harry’s side, Draco’s eyes said yes. And he saw the yes waiting on his tongue- and wait, was he going to say it?

“No.”

“Damn it, Draco!”

“Harry, you’re killing me,” he said, and he backed off of Harry so he could pull off his trousers.

“And you’re killing me,” Harry argued, rubbing the skin of his calf against Draco’s clothed thigh, and Draco touched him. He touched him all over his calf and his knee and his outer thigh and his inner thigh and under his briefs along his hips and he dragged his thumb along Harry’s hipbone. Harry didn’t talk, but he reached out and touched Draco’s shoulder and felt along his arm, and their eyes met. “Marry me.”

Draco swallowed. “I can’t do this when you look at me like that.”

“I’m just looking at you.”

“No you’re not just looking at me. You look like you want to attack me.”

“Who said I didn’t? Who said I didn’t want to attack you right now? I want you screaming my name. I want you begging for mercy,” Harry sat up, “I want you begging me to be you husband. I want you to fucking marry me so we can do this until our legs are shaking and we’re so tired we physically can’t move,” he stood on his knees and go so close to Draco, he could feel his heavy breathing along his neck. “I want you crying. I want you covered in love bites. I want your scars covered in love bites, just like our first time. Fuck, I want to do this every day to you. I want to wake up next to you just to see memories along your skin from the previous night. I want to mark you as mine, so when Astoria asks where the hell you got all these hickies from, you can say-“
Draco’s eyes dilated. “Oh, my love…” he breathed, and his cheeks tinted pink.

“Yes, just say it like that. ‘My love,’” Harry said hotly, and he pushed Draco on his back and ripped off his trousers and briefs. “Fuck, I want to destroy you. I want to wreak you,” he dived on him, kissing his fiercely and passionately and aggressively. “I want to spend the rest of my life with you.”

He kissed down his neck, bit down hard on his sweet spot, and sucked. Draco made a noise that went straight to Harry’s groin, and his body reacted… well, his body did not react smoothly. He jerked his hips against Harry’s, and Harry shoved a leg in between his, so the friction of their thighs rubbing together could drive them both crazy.

“Harry!” Draco wrapped his arms around him tightly and his toes curled. He reached up and fisted Harry’s hair, pulling on it, as Harry devoured his neck, kissing and sucking and biting and licking; Draco’s back arched and he shouted and yelled. Harry moved to his Adams apple and to the other side so that he could be fully covered in spots by the time they were done. Draco kissed Harry’s face as he did so, wherever he could reach. He had to stop so he could moan.

“Harry,” he threw his head back.

“Marry me,” Harry demanded, kissing one of his veins and sucking on it.

“No,” Draco pulled on Harry’s hair more.

“Marry me,” Harry kissed his jaw.

“No.”

“Marry me,” Harry kissed his lips.

“No.”

“Will you marry me,” Harry looked him in the eye.

“No.”

Harry kissed him again. “Marry me.”

“No.”

“Marry me, Draco,” he kissed him again.

“No!”

Harry grabbed his lips with his own and bit, again, and Draco yelped, opening his mouth, and Harry took the opportunity to play with his tongue. They proceeded to make out, fighting with their mouths, Draco’s head spinning. His hands couldn’t find a place to rest, so he grabbed different parts of his body: his face, his neck, his shoulders, his upper back, his lower back, the small of his back, his arse (of course he squeezed it), the back of his thighs, his hips, his ribs- everything he possibly could.

“Marry me,” Harry breathed as they let go, only when they were completely out of air. Draco just put his forehead to his. Everything felt hot. So hot. And sweaty and sticky- hell they hadn’t even really done anything, yet! So hot. Hot. Harry was hot, well, sexy, Harry thought, and Draco thought the same about Harry.

“You’re so hot,” he breathed.
“That wasn’t the answer I was expecting,” Harry laughed, and he kissed him again—just a peck.

He backed up out of his embrace, and he kissed his chest, and his scars, taking his time to do so. Each inch of his scars was taken care of, licked over, worshipped with kisses and with bites. Up and down them. And if he missed a spot, Harry went back at the end and went over any place that wasn’t red. Draco made sweet sounds as Harry begged him to marry him within each spot. “Marry me.”

Each time, Draco said no. But, he did arc to him. “Love you.”

“Marry me?”

“I love you.”

“Marry me,” he kissed his stomach.

“No, Harry.”

“Marry me,” Harry kissed the skin next to his cock, and Draco moaned as loud as he could.

“Har-Harry,” he squirmed as Harry, too, bit the skin and sucked on it. “You’re giving me a fucking hickey on my crotch!?”

“You’re mine. All of you. This, especially, is mine,” Harry put his hand on Draco’s cock, and pulled it.

“Oh!”

“Say it, and I’ll suck you,” Harry positioned himself between Draco’s spread legs, hovering right above his eager cock.

“Fuck, I’m yours! I’m yours, Harry!”

“Are you just saying that because you want me to suck you?”

Draco bit his lip as Harry blew on the tip, “It’s a contributing factor!”

“Do you want to marry me?”

“FUCK YES, I DO! That’s the only thing I could ever want!”

“Will you?” Harry licked up the vein on his entire length.

“Harry!”

“Answer me, and I’ll suck you,” Harry raised an eyebrow. The sight in front of Draco made him dizzy, just the sight of it: Harry, eager for him, wanting him, begging him to be his forever.

“God, Harry,” Draco bit his lip.

“Answer me,” he kissed the tip and blew on it again. “Marry me.”

“Fuck, Harry! I can’t! No.”

“I admire your tenacity,” Harry said, and he put his mouth on his cock, taking in just a bit, and he sucked, causing Draco to fist the sheets. Harry reached out and grabbed his hand, lacing their fingers together.
“Harry,” Draco whimpered, and he gave Harry’s hand a squeeze: something that urged Harry to take him in again, deeper, and he played with it, his tongue swirling and spinning around; and just before he sucked again, Harry put his hand on Draco’s hip to hold him down. What awaited him was Draco’s annual jerk of his hips that normally choked Harry. “You’ve gotten good at that, huh? Anticipating—”

“We’ve had sex how many times,” Harry asked, and kissed his length, and licked the tip of it, which leaked with precome.

“A bloody- oh- a bloody lot!” Draco arched his back at Harry fully taking him in his mouth, and his own mouth watered and cheeks flushed and toes curled and he cried out as Harry sucked again. Harry made sweet noise that vibrated down his vocal chords, right into Draco’s groin. “Merlin, Harry!”

“I didn’t want to choke on you this time, because you can’t control your bloody hips,” Harry kissed up and down his length again.

“I can’t help it,” Draco breathed, and then he whimpered. Harry licked his cock and went down on him again, going as far as he possibly could, and Draco could hear him choking a bit. Harry had to pause, breath, relax his throat, and then, well, he went for it. Bobbing up and down on his cock, he set a rhythm. Draco met him with his hips.

Draco gripped Harry’s hand harder, and the hand that squeezed the sheets moved so Draco could touch himself, on his chest and stomach, and he squeezed his nipple. He whimpered and shouted. “Harry!”

Harry moaned on his cock, sucking it, and Draco threw his head back-

“Fuck, my love,” Draco shouted. Harry trailed his empty hand to Draco’s balls, and cupped them, played with them, Draco squirmed. “OH!”

“Spread your legs for me,” Harry breathed after he went up for air. “Just a little more.”

“Har-Harry,” his voice cracked, and he looked at him with the most untamed eyes, the most loving eyes. He nodded and did as told. Harry felt along his inner thighs, leaving Draco to make a noise that sang like angels. Harry moved to his fingers to his puckered hole, and put them inside him again. “I love you, Harry!”

“I love you, too,” Harry’s voice cracked, and he put his tongue on Draco’s cock again, and then incased him in his mouth.

“Mmmmm,” Draco whined, and his bit his lip. Harry put in a second finger, after working him- which seemed a bit easier, and he sucked it cock at the same time. Draco swore he could have come right then and there. He was close- there was a build.

“You’ve prepared yourself before this,” Harry asked with a raised eyebrow, letting up for air again. He still pulsed his fingers.

“You’ve been asleep for three days, what was I supposed to do?”

“So you anticipated sex?”

“We haven’t made love in five months. The night of the ball doesn’t count. And, fuck, I wanted you so much for those three bloody days!”

“I’ve wanted you so much for those five bloody months.”
“Oh, my love,” Draco reached down and cupped his face, ran his hands through his hair.

“Marry me?”

“Fuck, Harry,” Draco whispered, tugging on his hair a bit. The back of his eyes stung. It was the hardest thing in the world. “No,” he croaked.

“Marry me?”

“Please, Harry,” Draco begged, and Harry put in a third finger, pulsing. Draco moved his hips to him, however the burn intensified.

“Fuck, you’re so beautiful.” Harry looked up and down his body, the way he moved to him, the way he twisted his hip and his muscles contracted and relaxed. Draco whimpered. “Will you marry me?”

“Harry!”

“Fuck, I want you so bad! So bad!” Harry kissed the skin of his thigh, and bit it, causing Draco to howl.

“Take me, Harry! Take me! If you want me then take me!”

“Yes, Draco,” Harry sucked on the skin, and the lunged forward to kiss him mad. “Love you,” he said in his mouth, and their tongues met, and Harry sucked on Draco’s. Draco moaned. “Marry me?”

“Stop asking and—”

“Answer me,” Harry held his wrists.

Draco felt faint. It was the way Harry was looking at him. The intensity in his eyes, the way they dilated with hunger. But it wasn’t a temporary look of hunger, no, a look of forever- the look of forever. It was the way Harry’s naked body was up against his own, how it fit with his, how it was made for Draco’s. The heat. The heat of his touch. The fire of it. Fire. Heat. Fuck. It was the way Harry made him feel: loved, safe, secure, dangerous, loved, on the edge of a cliff, loved. He had butterflies.

No one would be able to make Draco feel like that.

The way Harry kissed him. The way he touched him. No one could do that like Harry could.

Yes, Draco begged in his mind. Yes, I’ll marry you!

“No, Harry!”

“Fuck, Draco,” Harry’s eyes flared in almost anger.

“Harry,” Draco’s eyes watered. “I c-can’t.”

“Please,” Harry teared up, too. His lips quivered, and a hole grew in his heart. “Please, Draco. Just tell me you can so I can get through this.”

“Harry. I love you so much. I need you.”

“Give me another reason that you can’t marry me. Not because you’re engaged. Give me another.”

“We’re too young?”
“That’s an awful excuse!”

“Every excuse is awful! There is only one excuse that’s keeping me from saying yes! Fuck, I need you so bad! Please Harry, just go! We can talk after. I’m aching for you!”

Harry shuttered, and kissed him again, sweetly, romantically. Then, Harry got up off of him and grabbed the back of his thighs and lifted Draco a bit. He found a pillow, and put it under the small of his back for leverage.

“Ready?”

“Yes, I’m fucking ready!”

Harry positioned himself over him, aligned his cock to his hole and pushed himself inside of Draco. Draco yelped, remembering the burn that came along with Harry’s thick cock, but it felt… it felt wonderful. It hurt. It always hurt, but Harry grabbed hold of his hand and held it, automatically making it better.

Slowly, Harry found himself completely inside of him, and Draco moaned at the feeling of being so full, so so full. Draco breathed heavy.

“You alright,” Harry asked with tender eyes. Draco opened his without even realizing he closed them.

“Yes,” Draco said, his eyes still filmed with water. “Wait a second, though. Let me get used to it.”

“Of course,” he replied, and he kissed his forehead, however Draco snagged his lips to distract him.

The burn lessened as time passed and lips kissed, and Draco found himself begging. “Please, Harry. Move.”

Harry kissed his cheek, and moved his hips backwards a bit, and the burn came back, however bearable. He moved cautiously a few times, and then they set a faster rhythm, and Harry pressed feather kisses along his neck.

“Harry,” Draco moaned, and his head spun. “Love you.”

“Marry me, Draco,” Harry groaned in his ear, and Draco grasped his back. It felt so good.

Everything felt so good.

“Har-“

“Marry me,” he begged, and he felt a tear leave his eye. “I want you so much!”

Draco just moaned, and Harry propped himself high enough so he could see Draco’s face. He was crying, in fact almost bawling. His hormones taking over, Harry’s hips sped, and he was pounding into him, legs shaking. They smelled of sweat, and could only hear each other moan and the slapping of their skin.

“Harry, love! Oh, my love,” Draco cried, and Harry brushed his prostate, and Draco screamed. “MY LOVE! Fuck, I want to marry you! I want it so bad.” Harry hit his prostate again, and Draco squealed, and dug his nails wherever he could. “Fuck!”

Harry thrusted and throbbed inside of him, crying, too. That same feeling they always got, the familiar feeling of opening up to each other bubbled in their chests. He placed their foreheads
together, sweat beading down their skin. “Draco,” Harry breathed, and then he moaned.

“Please, Harry, right there! I’m so close Harry! Please,“” Draco begged, pulling him as close as he could, and he dug his nails into Harry’s back, scratching him with tears rolling down his face. “OH! I’m going to… Harry, love, I’m going to-“

Instead of going faster, or even keeping his pace, Harry slowed down a ridiculous amount, and stopped completely inside of him, leaving Draco feeling so very full.

“Harry, what the-“

“I need to to ask you something,” Harry propped himself up on his elbows so he could see Draco face to face, so close their noses brushed.

“Not now! You can ask me later! Fuck, Harry,“” he moved his hips to get the build back, but it was slowly dying and stayed at a simmer. Harry held him down so that he physically couldn’t move. “Harry!”

“It’s important.”

“Harry, I told you, I can’t marry you,” he sobbed. “Please don’t ask me again! It’s hurts, Harry! Please!”

Harry bucked his hips a bit more, causing Draco to cry out. “I want you to tell me,” Harry’s voice shook darkly, “does it turn you on that, right now, you’re cheating on your fiancé with me?”

That wasn’t what Draco expected in the least. “What,” he choked.

“Does the thought of you cheating on your legal fiancé with me right now turn you on,” he growled.

“What the hell kind of question is that,” Draco looked at him with wide eyes. Harry pulled out a bit, and then slammed into him, right at his prostate. Draco shouted, “FUCK! Please, Harry! Please let me! Mercy, fuck!”

“Answer me!”

“It makes me feel guilty,” Draco rushed squeezing his eyes shut to sidetrack his orgasm just so he could talk to Harry.

“Does it turn you on?”

That within itself brought Draco closer. “Yes! Yes it turns me on!”

“Open your eyes.” Draco did, and Harry kissed his neck harshly, sucking on it, just so he could bruise him. “Does it turn you on that right now, I’m marking you as my territory and she is not?”

“Fuck yes, it does, Harry!” Draco dug his nails into Harry’s back again, trying to hang on, but Harry’s voice… his voice…

“Does the idea of you being my fiancé while being hers turn you on?”

“I’m not- I don’t want to cheat on you!”

“Does it turn you on,” Harry shouted, coming out from the crook of Draco’s neck so he could look at him again.
“Yes! It turns me- oh, God Harry! I’m mhhmm,” he bit his lip, trying to hold everything back.

“What if we got married right now? What if I said my wedding vows while inside of you? What if we stayed here for weeks without anyone knowing where we were, Astoria having no idea where you were, not knowing that you were making love to your husband? Does that turn you on?”

“YES, HARRY! God, yes! I’m going to, please, fuck, just let me!” Draco arched his back to Harry’s words, and he sobbed and sobbed and sobbed.

“One more question, and I’ll let you,” Harry said over him. Draco had to bite his lip to keep from coming. “Does the idea of me being your husband turn you on?”

Draco’s eyes dilated before he screamed, “MY LOVE!”

He came at the very idea of Harry marrying him, his very voice saying those words. Harry didn’t have to move at all.

His eyes shut and face turned to melted bliss, and he felt so safe and warm and happy with Harry right there, watching him unwind, watching him completely fall apart. Toes curling, the hands gripping Harry’s back weakened, and he let go.

Harry started moving again to finish himself off, and it didn’t take much. His orgasm ripped through him with tears rolling down his face. He would have. He would have said his wedding vows right then and there if he so could. The yearn to be Draco’s husband tore him apart. What if that was the last time they could do this, make love?

It could be a very long time.

Harry would have to check, and so with Draco, but right now, neither of them cared for Astoria Greengrass, not as they came down from their high.

“Love you, Harry,” Draco whispered, feeling so safe and content and spent and warm and happy.

“I love you, too,” Harry kissed him on his cheek, and pulled himself out of him. Draco thought that he was going to ask him to marry him again, but he didn’t. He just climbed next to him, wrapped an arm around his chest, and snuggled his cheek into his shoulder. He whispered a cleaning spell, and did it wandlessly. He finally could do wandless spells again. Hell, maybe he could even cast a patronus!

Harry felt like falling asleep, his eyes drooping closed and body feeling like jelly, and Draco watched him, their faces so close to each other, eyes so loving.

What caused Draco to shoot up and take Harry with him was Harry’s stomach growling. “I’m so sorry,” Draco called, looking for the tray of food. Somehow, it had found itself right where it was to begin with: on the top of the platform where Draco put it while Harry slept. “I totally forgot! You’re eating, right now.”

“But Draco,” Harry whined, and although his heart jump started, his eyes were still heavy. He lay back down as Draco stood, put on his briefs, and almost ran to the platform, and he climbed the latter barely, just enough to get the tray.

“Damn you and your temptation! Put some clothes on!”

“Make me!”
“Oh, I will,” Draco growled and put the tray in front of him. Harry didn’t move, in fact, he stretched, but still didn’t move as he look at Draco dead in the eye with a smile on his face. “Put clothes on!”

“Why?”

“Because I said so!”

“Because you’re afraid of getting another boner by the look of my naked body?”

Draco stuck out his jaw and cocked his head to the side. “Would you just put your bloody pants on?”

“Ask me nicely.” Harry smiled, just because he could, because he was with Draco after all this hell.

Draco crossed his arms, looked him up and down, smirked a cute smirk, uncrossed his arms, wiped his bangs out of his face, took a breath, took another breath, and finally proceeded to jump on top of Harry and wrestle him. Harry tried pushing him off, laughing in the process, but Draco wouldn’t budge. He reached for his briefs and tugged Harry’s legs, throwing them in the air so he could force them on. Leg by leg, they eventually ended up where they should have been, somehow, because Harry kept kicking and giggling and squirming.

“There,” Draco smiled, sitting between his legs. “Better.”

“Not yet,” Harry said.

“What now,” Draco asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Just this.” Harry tickled him, catching Draco off guard. Draco immediately squirmed and tried getting away but Harry grabbed him by his hips and pushed him down, Draco laughing and squealing and making the most amazing sounds.

“Stop it Harry! Stop,” he laughed as Harry got on top of him and tickled him mad. “H-Harry!” He arched his back and struggled and kicked his feet, but Harry weighted him down. “Please- HA! Harry!”

Harry laughed. Oh, he laughed, and that’s what made Draco want to be tickled. Harry enjoyed it. Harry was happy. Draco wanted Harry to be happy.

But he hated being tickled.

He hated it.

So, Draco grabbed Harry by his sides and threw him off, only to make him roll on top of him and kiss his neck. “Damn it Harry,” he laughed, and Harry wrapped his arms around his body.

“I’ve missed you so much.” Harry smiled. He actually smiled, and Draco moved to Harry’s cheek just so he could kiss it, his smile.

“I’ve missed you, too.” Draco smiled, and he kissed his lips sweetly. “Now eat!”

“Will you eat with me?”

“Yes,” Draco said, “Whatever makes you comfortable.”

He pulled the tray closer to them and got off of him, but he laid on his stomach and took off the cover to reveal all the delicious treasures from the Great Hall.

“God, Draco, you didn’t have to bring the entire kitchen up here,” Harry said, and Draco kissed his shoulder.
“I know it looks intimidating, but I’ll eat whatever you don’t if that helps,” Draco kissed it again. Harry nodded, and grabbed a pastry. He moved to take a bite, but instead turned to Draco and put it by his mouth. “Bite?”

“Sure,” he nodded, took a small bite, and moaned to the taste. “Harry, you need to try this. It’s like a treacle tart.”

“What’d you get this?”

“I gave the recipe to a house elf. My mother used to make these. Try it,” he egged him on. Harry took a bite, and it was warm and gooey and chocolatey and reminded Harry of Draco.

“Mmm. It tastes like vanilla,” he sighed and took another bite.

“I knew you’d like it,” Draco dragged his nose along Harry’s neck and cheek.

Harry nodded and swallowed. He stared at the pastry in front of him, but lost himself in though. Draco watched him intently.

“I don’t want to be sad anymore,” he said.

“Then don’t be sad.”

“It’s not that simple.”

“I know it’s not.”

“I don’t want to fight with you again. I don’t want to be angry like I was after the war.”

“Those two days of complete silence were awful,” Draco said, and Harry turned to him.

“They were. I don’t want that again,” Harry frowned.

“I don’t either.”

Once Harry and Draco had gotten more comfortable with each other, Draco had said something about being a Death Eater, how it was almost good that he was one so he was safe, and Harry erupted. He screamed at him, and Draco screamed at him back. That was the worst fight they’d ever had, and it ended up with Draco throwing a vase and Harry, and Harry threw a plate of china at him and Draco told him to never talk to him again and ran to one of the bedrooms and locked Harry out for around 18 hours.

That night, at around two in the morning, Draco woke up to Harry shrieking downstairs from a nightmare, and he found him on the couch crying his eyes out. They didn’t speak, but Draco carried him upstairs and placed him in the bed next to him. They still didn’t speak. The cuddled, but didn’t speak. Harry woke up to find Draco gone.

They also had sex four times within those two days.

The first time, they had angry sex. Really angry sex. While Harry searched for Draco along Grimmauld Place, somehow Draco ended up behind him and slammed him against the wall, and at some point, Draco had dragged Harry by his hair across the hall. He pounded into him up against the wall with their trousers barely past their thighs.

They still didn’t speak to each other. Not a word. Just grunts and moans of pain or pleasure,
depending on what they were doing.

The second time they had sex over those two days, was really really awkward. It was guilty, and it wasn’t meant to happen. Sex from guilt. Draco was in the kitchen ridiculously late at night- the room only lit by a candle, his knees up to his chest with a cup of stale tea in his hands. It was the only thing he’d consumed that day, well, besides Harry’s… never mind. They hadn’t seen each other since they had sex, in fact they avoided each other.

Harry walked in and they looked at each other. Draco sniffed and wiped his nose with the shirt Harry had given him, and Harry had just showered. He smelled of mint, and Draco remembered asking himself why, but Harry walked slowly to him, and kissed him, but Draco didn’t respond at first. And then they made out.

And then they made out on the table. And then they had sex on the table, but it wasn’t like they were comfortable; they still couldn’t speak to each other.

Harry guided him to one of the bedrooms with two beds in it, and he laid on one, and Draco laid on the other. They didn’t face each other until morning, well, five o’clock in the morning, when Draco had a shallow nightmare and he crawled into his bed. Harry turned around and couldn’t sleep after that. Draco tried, but he wanted Harry’s touch, and Harry didn’t let him have it until almost ten in the morning, when they had dirty sex again. That sex was in sin because it was so tender.

Still no words.

At some point, Harry fell asleep later that day for about twenty minutes, and Draco hadn’t moved, rather just stared at him. That was the first time Draco had told him he loved him.

With a heavy heart, shaking hands, and a naked body, Draco said it after two days of silence. “I love you.”

It hit Harry harder than finding out about the Dark Mark. It hit Harry… damn it hit him.

His mouth fell open, and eyes watered. He forgot to breathe. Draco had to check his pulse. He said it again, and Harry started crying.

He’d waited over three years to hear those words. “Of all the times you had to tell me,” he had claimed, and Draco just said “It felt like the right one.”

Harry disagreed with the timing, but he said it back anyway. Then they had tender sex, and they could use the others’ names, and Harry had to stop in the middle of it because he sobbed so hard. Draco said “I love you,” between every kiss.

“I’m sorry I yelled at you when I woke up,” Harry said, taking another bite of pastry.

“Give me your second pastry and I’ll forgive you,” Draco leant in and kissed him, enjoying his taste.

“You’re going to have to make me a thousand pastries to make up for this,” Harry joked, strictly because he wanted to.

“I’ll make you ten thousand pastries if you want me to,” Draco said, his eyes full of promise.

“Oh you could just marry me and we’ll call it even.”

Draco frowned. He kissed him as an answer, but Harry turned before impact, and it ended up being his cheeks instead of his lips. Harry took the last bite of his pastry and grabbed hold of his for,
shoveling in some eggs.

“I want to. Very much,” he swallowed, and he put wiped away Harry’s bangs.

“Tell me about your engagement. I want to hear all about it.”

“No, I don’t want you to know all of the details, especially—“

“Draco,” he raised his voice just a little, “You owe me that much.”

He did.

Draco exhaled. “After you eat.”

“I’ve eaten.”

“Eat more. That’s not enough.”

“Would you like anything,” Harry remained civil. Don’t push, Harry told himself. He didn’t want another repeat of Grimmauld Place.

“That sausage looks delicious,” Draco stared at the plate over his shoulder.

“Oh it is,” Harry winked and gestured down to his-

“Hey!”

“You should try it, sometime. It keeps all my clients coming back for more,” he smirked.


“Oh, you know, all the sex gods.” He took a bit of toast and a few more bites of egg, suddenly realizing how hungry he was.

“Please tell me what sex gods get a piece of your bloody package,” Draco raised an eyebrow.

“Oh plenty. But that’s classified,” Harry said, pushing his food to his cheek and taking a bit of pumpkin juice to help it down. Draco shoved at his shoulder and his mouth opened. Harry looked down at him, swallowing. “You know, jealousy doesn’t look good on you.”

“Right, because I’m jealous of those funny little sex gods that you come up with in your head.”

“Oh good, you admitted it,” Harry said, but then he laughed. Draco smiled brightly, holding back a chuckle, and he kissed Harry’s shoulder again.

“You’re unbearable.”

Harry stabbed the sausage on his plate and hovered the fork in front of Draco’s face. “What, you said you wanted it.”

Draco looked at it and gulped. “But Harry, it’s so big! I don’t know if it’ll fit,” Draco played it off.

“Take it,” Harry giggled.

“If you say so,” Draco smiled, and he licked the length of it, and put the mouth on the tip of it, kissing it.
“Stop giving my food a blow job and eat it,” Harry snapped, although he did laugh again. Good, Draco thought, he’s laughing.

Draco did eat it, and Harry finished off a lot of his food, leaving Draco proud of him, and he kissed him thoroughly, although he tasted of breakfast.

Harry took a look around the room. It was extravagant. The entire floor was a bed, and the length of the walls correlated that of an olympic swimming pool. Ten feet above them stood a platform that led to the door, with a latter that connected the two.

“This room is incredible,” Harry said, “How did you think of it?”

“I just wanted us to be comfortable, and the Room of Requirement gave us this.”

Draco walked the tray over to the platform, and jumped off the latter a few steps high, leaving him to bounce on the floor made up of only bedding.

“Oh my god,” Harry shouted, and he stood up, his feet sinking down into the mattress.

“What?” Harry just ran to the latter and pushed Draco out of the way. “Hey!”

“Well move your fat are over! This is important!”

He reached the top and looked over the entire thing, smiling.

“Are you a nutter,” Draco asked.

“Yes,” Harry answered. He took a breath, backed all the way to the door and sprinted along the length of the platform, only to jump over the latter and free-fall to the floor where he landed on his stomach, was absorbed, and sprung up again like a child on a trampoline. He laughed like one, too.

“Draco, come on, try it! It’s like you’re flying, but you’re not!”

Draco shook his head and laughed, and he climbed the latter, repeating what Harry did. To make Harry laugh even more, the screamed on his way down, and once he hit the mattress and sprung back up again, he spun so he could land on his back, and he found himself next to Harry, who was laughing like a dork.

“See! That was fun! Want to go again?”

“I don’t know, Harry, I mean, we’re getting older, and- RACE YOU!” Draco got up to run but Harry grabbed him by his briefs and shoved him back down, giving him momentum to bounce up to his feet, and as he tried getting away, Draco thought quickly, grabbing Harry’s ankle and knocking him back down.

Draco lunged forward, crawling over him and pushing him back. As he got up, so did Harry, and he chased him up to the latter, and they tousled and wrestled to get on it, pushing each other to the side, but Harry got the upper hand and started climbing. Due to his larger size, Draco could step around him and he pushed Harry off, knocking him back into the bouncy mess, and Draco made it to the top.

He celebrated by sticking his tongue out at Harry.

Draco put his back up against the door, breathed, then ran as hard as he possibly could, jumping as far as he could, and Harry laughed as he landed. Doing the same, Harry charged off the platform and leaped off the edge only to aim himself too close to Draco on accident. He didn’t hit the initial
impact, but as he flew back, he slammed right into Draco’s back, causing him to groan.

“Oh, Harry,” he complained, but Harry heard him laugh, so he kissed the back of his neck, as well as the side, as a reward. “Get off of me!”

“But you’re so soft,” Harry snuggled into his back and wrapped his arms around him.

Draco hummed sweetly. “Man, I wish I could have this for forever,” he said to himself but Harry heard him and stiffened.

“You can.”

“I didn’t mean to say that out loud.”

“I know you didn’t. I’m glad you did though,” Harry said softly.

“God, it’s just your voice,” Draco purred. “It’s your everything.”

“Tell me about the marriage contract, Draco,” Harry said, and he rolled off of him so that he could flip over, and then Harry lay across his stomach, drooping his arms around his chest, his head resting on one of his pecks and his legs cast out to the side lazily.

“You know this is going to be hard.”

“I know,” he whispered.

“I don’t even know where to start.”

“Start at the beginning.”

“Okay,” Draco took a breath. “It was over the summer of 6th year, a month or so after I got the Mark. I was busy doing something… I can’t remember much before it because it was so insane at the time. My mother called for me, which I knew was bad. Very bad. Because she left me alone after I got that Mark, she only got me whenever the Dark Lord came.”

Harry stroked his chest and closed his eyes, trying to detach himself from the pit of anger the boiled in his stomach. “I hate your father.”

“Where did that come from?”

“I just swear he had something to do with this.”

“Probably. But you’re not the only one who hates him.”

“Like really hate him.”

“Shh, he’s gone now. We don’t have to worry about him. Anyway, and so when I was led downstairs, I saw seven people: Yaxley and the Greengrasses with the acceptance of Daphne, and Greyback, Aunt Bellatrix, and Snape. I was confused at first. I didn’t know why they were there, the Greengrasses, who they really were. I’d only seen them at galas when I was younger.

“Yaxley started talking, and ignored half of it, like I normally do, but then I heard the words ‘Marriage contract,’ and I thought I was going to die right then and there.

“Apparently, they wanted to make the bond between all the Death Eaters stronger by banding them together. I think it’s because they didn’t want us fleeing. A few others had had it, but I didn’t even
think about it. I thought I was too young.

“What really was the reason, which I found out after everyone left, was that my father knew that I was in love with you, and he wanted any possibility of us together impossible. Greyback had his suspicions, too. He said if I agreed with no resistance than it means that I really was fooling you. So I had to.”

“You didn’t want to tell them to fuck off?”

“Oh, trust me, I did. But I knew this would be the easiest way out. And at that time, I just turned 16, and I figured I still had a few years until the contract was valid, and I thought I’d be dead by the time it needed to be fulfilled. Easy way out was to die, so I didn’t worry about it for a while.”

“So you just said ‘whatever’ and continued on your merry way?”

“No, no no! That doesn’t mean I wasn’t ridiculously angry. I had to sign the certificate, pretend I was okay with it. But when I looked down at the date and it was July 31st. They did it on purpose so I could see it, think of you. They played with me and laughed at me but to get them to stop I kissed her and called her my future wife, and after a bit they believed me. I just tooled them, called her a bunch of things she wasn’t.

“Things that you call me?”

“I could never call her what I call you. I called her pretty, I think.”

“What, aren’t I pretty?”

“No, you’re ugly,” Draco said, and he laughed a bit at Harry’s open mouth. “But I do think you are the most incredible, most beautiful human being I’ve ever laid eyes on.”


“Everyone left. I turned to Snape and I slapped him, and he was about to kick my arse, but my mother stepped in and pushed me out of the way. I couldn’t even remember what I yelled at him but I started crying. It must’ve been bad, but he was kind of shocked. My mother told me to go upstairs and I remember she said ‘I told you he was in love with him,” and Snape argued back that ‘It was too dangerous and this contract was going to save me.’

“And then I decided to forget about it, not to worry because I’d be dead by the time the contract was up. But that didn’t happen. I didn’t tell you over 6th year because of the same reason I didn’t tell you about my Mark.”

“That was stupid,” Harry said, opening his eyes.

“I was afraid. I didn’t want to hurt you. Ever. When I saw you, I just didn’t think about it. It was easy. But when my father escaped from Azkaban, he reminded me of it, and that’s how I came up with the idea to propose to you. I thought it would break the contract. I never got to test out that theory, unfortunately.”

“Did you just want to marry me because of the contract?”

“No, Harry. Of course not! I thought about it for a while. I wanted forever with you, I still want it very very much! I can never see myself without you, until I lost my memory, of course.”

“And then you two dated,” Harry looked up at him, his eyes full of sadness.
“Well, she was the only one who talked to me besides Pansy and Blaise, and you of course, but I sort of hated you. She reminded me about the contract, and so we started dating,” he swallowed. Harry buried his head deeper into his chest.

“How was it?”

“How did you think it was?”

“You looked happy,” Harry said.

“I wasn’t Harry,” Draco kissed his forehead. “I just didn’t think that was in another relationship. I thought that that was the happiest I was ever going to be.”

“How many times did you two kiss?”

“I didn’t count, Harry,” Draco put a hand in Harry’s hair and played with it.

“Is she a good kisser?”

“No,” he laughed. “She’s bloody awful! Too much tongue, she doesn’t know what to do with it. Her hands are dainty, and they go in all the wrong places.”

“Where did she touch you?”

“She, like, I don’t even know how to say it. Somehow her hand ended up under my armpit- I don’t… how? How does somebody do that? And she used to lick me- not like you do. Bleh! It was gross. And her boobs… they… ugh! I hated them.”

Harry grabbed his other hand and kissed his palm. “I hated seeing you two together.”

“Trust me I hated being with her.”

“Did you propose to her?” The words made him sick.

“Not officially. Legally, we’re already engaged, but I haven’t given her a ring.”

Harry took a few deep breaths. “What are the conditions of the contract?”

“We have to be properly engaged by the end of the year according to the Ministry Legality Bonding Department, we have to file it in proof or a ring. We have to go to the office together before January 1st.”

“She’s a minor isn’t she?”

“No. Her birthday is December 8th… 9th? Early December. She went into Hogwarts late, I think. Either that or she got held back… I’m not sure. She’s easy to tune out. So she’ll be legal then even though she's a 6th year.”

“What else? You have to have a wedding?”

“Yes. A traditional pureblooded wedding by the start of her 7th year. So over the summer, she started planning.

“I can’t stand the thought of you at a wedding without me by your side.”

“I would invite you, but I feel like we would just end up making out on the alter instead of kissing
her."

"That would be hilarious."

"I know it would be."

"How long do you have to be together before you can divorce? Isn’t it 6 months or something like that?"

Draco bit his lip. "Five years."

"What! The fuck do you mean five years," Harry propped himself up on his elbows.

"This is the worst part of everything."

"Five years? The fuck are we supposed to do for five years," Harry shouted, but Draco moved his hand to his face and cupped his cheek.

"I haven’t told you the worst part of everything."

"What can be worse than that?"

Draco cringed, swallowed, and whispered "Please don’t freak out. You know how hard this is for me. Please just be calm."

Harry took a few breaths. "Okay. Go."

"We have to produce an heir," he said softly.

"You have to produce and heir," Harry repeated unreasonably quiet. "An heir."

"Yes. At least one," Draco frowned. "It must be a boy."

"Wait so that means you have to have sex?"

Draco didn’t answer.

"Multiple times?"

"I think that’s how reproduction works, Harry," Draco said sadly.

"No," Harry begged. "I don’t want anybody else touching you!"

"I know, Harry."

"C-can’t you break it, the contract?" His voice shook as he spoke.

"I want to. So bad. But I can’t get into any more legal trouble, or else I’ll be sent to Azkaban."

"I could talk to Kingsley," Harry suggested.

"Harry. You don’t understand. I almost killed him. I hexed him down the stairs at Grimmauld Place. He would never help me."

"He loves me thought! I’m Harry Potter, damn it! He would listen to me!"

"The contract is already made Harry. He can’t do much."
“How do you break the god damned contract,” Harry shouted.

“I don’t know Harry, most likely get married, but that would mean breaking a legality and I could get arrested because I was apart of the Dark Arts. Rules are different for Death Eaters.”

“But I’m Harry Potter.”

“Isn’t there a loophole or something?”

“Maybe we could get a lawyer to look through the contract or something.”

“I know the loophole. I’m Harry fucking Potter! I killed the Voldemort I—‘

“Hey, Mr. Ego, calm down,” Draco looked up at him.

“Draco, that’s five years! Five years with sex!”

“You think I don’t know that!” He kissed his forehead.

“You could cheat on her. We could get a vacation home in France and stay there for two weeks at a time and just be with each other.”

Draco sighed. “I can’t cheat. It’s in the contract.”

“It’s in every contract, Draco! And people do it all the time!”

“This is a magical contract, Harry. It’s like an unbreakable vow. I won’t die or anything, but the spell just knows.”

“What’s the consequence of breaking it?”

“I’m not sure. They didn’t tell me because they didn’t think I’d break it.”

“What if she didn’t want to get married either,” Harry asked. Draco bit his lip in though. “You could make her hate you. Make her want to break it off.”

“I guess if both partners agreed… I’m not sure. She’s really shallow and clingy.”

“Try it. Please. For me.”

“I just don’t want to go to Azkaban, because then I’d be away from you forever.”

“I would get you out,” Harry said, and he reached up to stroked his hair from his face. “Marry me. We could do it. Break the contract with me.”

“Harry—“

“We could do it. We could break it. Convince her to hate you and we could wake up next to each other every day for the rest of our lives.”

“I want to, Harry. I want to so much.”

“What could go wrong? I’m tired of playing it safe. I just got you back, I’m not losing you to Greengrass.”

“Harry—“

“I will kiss you good morning every day. I will make you breakfast, whatever you like, in bed, out of
bed, you can eat off my back if you want to. I will make love to you whenever you like. I will make you laugh, and I will fight you, and I will love you until forever. Will you do one thing, and marry me?"

Draco paused, and then he smiled. “No.”

“Why not,” Harry asked, disappointed.

“I told you, I want a proper proposal.”

Harry sat up, took deep breaths. “Prat. Alright, fine. Meet me in three hours where we had our first date. Wear something nice.”

“When do I ever not wear something nice?”

Harry just rolled his eyes, got off of him, and helped him up. Draco grabbed him by his face unexpectedly, and kissed him and kissed him and kissed him.

“I love you,” he said, and he kissed his forehead. “So much.”

“I love you, too,” Harry replied, and he went to grab Draco’s pajama button up, and Draco grabbed his wrist before he touched it.

“Wait,” he looked at him with wide, excited eyes, “Before we go…” he looked at the latter. “One more time?”

“I thought you’d never ask,” Harry laughed. “Bet you I’ll win!”

“Not a chance!”

Harry met Draco at the stone circle, taking his arm just as Draco first did. He was wearing a suit without the jacket and Draco wore a silk button up.

“Right this way,” Harry smiled.

“Now what occurrence has been called for you to take me here, Mr. Potter,” Draco laughed.

“You know why,” Harry kissed his hand.

“And if I say no?”

“Then you’re getting your arse thrown in the lake.”

“Very funny.”

“I’m not joking.”

“I know you aren’t,” Draco smiled. “Does this mean I’m going to be Draco Potter?”

“I haven’t asked yet, but yes, I planned that. It has a nice ring to it, yeah.” He smiled like an idiot.

“It sounds idiotic,” Draco rolled his eyes.
Harry stopped them, turning and looking him in the eyes. “I don’t want you to be a Malfoy anymore. Not after everything you’ve been through with your father, not after what you’ve said as a Malfoy. That isn’t you, and it isn’t who you are with me.”

Draco couldn’t necessarily disagree with that. What he told Harry when he lost his memory, was completely out of line. Harry pulled them along but Draco stood still.

“Harry, wait, listen I’m sorry I called you a disgusting mudblood-loving tramp, I really didn’t mean it, even when I didn’t remember. I just wanted to hurt you,” Draco trailed off, but Harry placed a finger on Draco’s lips.

“It’s alright, don’t worry about it okay,” Harry kissed his cheek. “Really, it’s not a big deal. “But-“

“Draco. It’s fine. If you didn’t mean it, you didn’t mean it,” Harry replied softly, taking his hands and playing with them. Draco nodded his head, biting his lip. They continued walking until they made it to their destination, hand in hand, not even caring if anyone saw.

Draco had a look on his face, an unsure look, a look of insecurity. All it took was Harry saying his name.

“Are you sure you want it to be me? Of all people? Me? You can have literally any person you want. It’s just, I’ve brought you so much pain, and you still choose me.”

“Every second of me hurting is completely and wholly worth it, Draco. Every heart break, every screw up, every bump in the road, makes me love you each and every bit more. I love you. You love me. Nothing has changed since you proposed to me, just we’ve grown, as people, as friends, as lovers.”

“Yeah but who says we won’t end up killing each other.”

“It will be an incredible death, and it will be worth it. Every fight just makes me love you more and more, every interaction. I want to spend the rest of my life with you, Draco, I can’t physically live without you, don’t you see? I want to be with you. I’m not doing this just to get you out of the marriage. I’m doing this because I absolutely love you, every flaw you have, and every memory you’ve lost and gained again.”

Draco let a tear slip his face. “I love you, too, Harry.”

Harry got down on one knee, and pulled out a small box from his pocket. He was crying too. Was he really doing this, was he really allowed to finally be with the love of his life?

He remembered his first date. He remembered feeling so confused, so sure that this whole thing would end in disaster. And in the end, he got a best friend, a lover out of it: someone to share his life with.

“Fighting for you was the best battle I’ve ever gone through. What do you say, marry me?”
The next morning, at about 5 a.m., Ron woke from a clicking of the door shutting. He let a deep moan rumble from his throat as he peeled open his eyes and lifted his head just a bit.

"Sorry, did I wake you," a familiar voice whispered. Ron jolted at the realization that his missing best friend was alive and okay. He got up from his bed.

"Harry, where have you been? Everyone has been so worried about you, we almost had a search party," he said, hugging him, "how are you, are you okay?"

"Ron, I'm fine, well, excellent, really excellent," Harry smiled at the thought, patting his best friend's back and releasing.

"Where have you been?"

"The Room of Requirement with Draco." Ron's almost seemed excited.

"You finally killed him? Well done, Harry really!"

"What? Killed him? What are you on about?"

"What are you on about," Ron furrowed his eyebrow.

There was a knock at the door.

"No, Harry, please don't tell me..."

"Well," Harry sang, biting his lip as he backed up to the door, still facing Ron. He opened it to reveal Draco behind him. Ron groaned as Draco lifted Harry from behind and shut the door with his foot.

"Missed me much," Harry smiled while Draco buried his nose in his neck.

"Very much," he kissed below his ear.

"It's been two minutes, not even."

"Yes, well, I woke Blaise and he celebrated for about 30 seconds then said if I didn't shut up then he'd kick me out."

"I see that went well," Harry turned his head to Draco's face, looking into his eyes.

"Wonderful, because now I get to be with you," Draco said, cheekily. Harry took Draco's hands, which were wrapped around his waist, and grabbed on to them, squeezing them tightly.

"I think I'm going to throw up," Ron announced, grabbing the bed with his hand so he didn't fall over.

"Weasley, fancy seeing you here," Draco looked up to him, resting his chin on Harry's shoulder. Harry just looked at him in a daze.

"This is my room, Malfoy."

"Just trying to make small talk," Draco said before turning back to Harry, so close their noses were
"How long has it been?"

"How long was it an hour ago when I told you?"

"I was a bit preoccupied to pay attention," Draco almost giggled. Ron couldn't believe his eyes. Draco Malfoy, giggling, acting as though he was a 14-year-old schoolgirl under a love potion. Harry tried not to laugh too, forgiving Draco for not listening. Their activities did take up almost all of their focus... and none of their clothing.

"It's been 8 hours," Harry smiled and kissed his nose.

"It seems longer!"

"Nope, just 8 short hours," Harry smiled, leaning his head back into Draco's embrace.

"8 hours since what," Ron questioned, feeling woozy.

"You haven't told him? Harry, you need to pick up your game, you're 4 minutes behind!"

"Sorry," Harry looked back up at Ron. Draco let go of him, but he connected his right hand with Harry's left, twirling his ring around his finger and playing with it. "Erm... Draco and I... we are... sort of engaged," Harry said, biting his lip. He was all too nervous.

Draco smiled wide, an unstoppable force. It was actually happening. He was actually engaged, and not just to anybody, but to his best friend, to his love, to his Harry. Reality was stepping in, them telling their friends, and surely he'd mail his mother when he could stop shaking from excitement.

Ron looked like he was going to blow up, but Harry's eyes searched for approval. Draco could see and he squeezed Harry's hand harder, and Harry looked into his eyes lovingly. Almost as if they were communicating through them, Harry knew he always had Draco despite what everyone else thought.

Ron saw the act of loving. The two were chastely blissful together, and he didn't want to ruin that. The Weasley had too big of a heart. He could see the love in their eyes, almost as if the couple were a work of art; so much pain, such a story, but still beautiful. He wouldn't admit it out loud, but he was staring at pure love in the flesh. "Hurt him again, I'll kill you, married or not... but if Harry's happy, so am I," he said after a deep breath. "Congratulations."

"Thank you," Harry breathed. It was if a big cloud lifted from both of their shoulders. Draco took Harry's chin with his finger and pressed his lips to Harry's own.

"Oh God, I'm going to puke," Ron heaved, running to the bathroom. Harry and Draco didn't care if he was faking or not, they were lost in their own world.

"I can't wait to kiss you whenever I want, all day, everyday," Draco beamed into the kiss.

"I can't wait to receive them," Harry replied, kissing him deeper.

"I should probably get going," Draco reluctantly let go, "Don't want anyone seeing me sneak out of here."

"Wait, about that, when do you want to tell? People are going to see our rings and we will be questioned. It's not going to take long for them to figure out."

"What do you want to do," his face went serious, "I'll do what ever you want."
"I don't want to give you up just yet. I want you all to myself. It's just people-

"If people find out on their own and connect the pieces, good for them. It's not like we can hide it forever. But I'm ready when you are."


"It's perfect, Harry. I love you," Draco kissed him goodbye.

"Love you too," Harry responded. "Wait," he called as Draco put his hand on the doorknob.

"Yes, my love?" Harry almost immediately melted to those words.

"First call me that more often. Second, should we be friends, you know, out there?"

Draco thought, but then answered, "I think people are already sort of suspicious since you beat up Jensen and half the Hufflepuff quidditch team for me," while smiling. "Oh and whatever you say, my fiancé."

"I like 'My love' better," he quirked his lip to the side.

"Whatever scarface," Draco rolled his eyes, leaning his back against the door.

"They beat you up! How could I let them get away with that?"

"I knew you wouldn't of. But yeah, we should be friends...sort of... well I mean I have been particularly nasty to you lately... We'll have to ease into it."

"Alright, I can work with that," Harry kissed his cheek and started walking away to his bed.

"Ah ah ah... come here," Draco grabbed Harry's cheek and stared into his eyes, "I need a real good morning kiss."

"You're so needy," Harry laughed, smashing their lips together. "Good morning," he said after releasing.

"Good morning. I'll see you in transfiguration?"

"Transfiguration it is...Malfoy," he joked.

"Not for long, Potter, " Draco kissed him one more time before leaving to his dorm.

Harry loved him, he really did, and sometimes he couldn't even comprehend how much he did. He brushed his finger over his ring and immediately smiled. It was really happening. He finally had his Draco back.

"Is he finally gone," Ron begged from the bathroom.

Harry just rolled his eyes.

Later that morning, Harry found himself at breakfast with Ron and Hermione, who he'd yet to tell. "So, how's Draco," Hermione asked bluntly, trying to hide her smile.

"Hermione, I didn't even tell you I was with him yet," he laughed.
"I'm a girl, I can tell. It must've been good," she said while digging into her food.

"To answer your question he is wonderful, and yes it is very good."

"Well go on, spill!" Harry was just about to answer the curious girl when he reached for his pumpkin juice completely unfocused, and he accidentally knocked it over, the liquid pouring over a small portion of where they were sitting. "I didn't mean it literally, Harry."

A few people stared but gave no thought to it. Hermione reached for her wand and was about to use the spell to clean it up, but a certain sparkle caught her eye. On Harry's left finger, his ring glistened as he picked up the goblet he just knocked down. Hermione's mouth dropped as she turned to the boy. "Harry," she said breathlessly, almost speechless, diving in for a hug, "you and... you're... Harry that's incredible!"

She looked up to the slytherin table to find Draco not there. "Where is he?"

Harry furrowed his eyebrow but then just relaxed about it, "Probably in his room getting ready. He said he'd meet me in Transfiguration."

"Well this is exciting isn't it!"

"No Hermione, not at all," Ron said sarcastically, only to drop his voice to a whisper. "Our best friend is engaged, totally boring."

"How are you not exploding by now? You hate Draco," Hermione turned to him, equaling to his volume.

"I still think this is some horrid nightmare that's why," Ron said while Harry just smiled.

"It will hit him, Hermione, just give him chance to let it sink in."

"How does it feel? Being engaged," Hermione asked, excited.

Harry bit the inside of his cheek, attempting to find an answer to the question. It truly was indescribable. "Like I'm the luckiest man in the world."

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Harry strolled to first block with the widest smile on his face. He couldn't keep from it. He was engaged. Engaged! To the man he loved, to the man who loved him. Everything seemed happier and brighter, especially due to the excruciating hate he'd been manifesting within himself for the past few months, it finally being obliterated.

He walked into the almost vacant classroom and Professor McGonagall eyed him suspiciously, which he didn't know why, but he just flattened his lips and nodded his head. The only other person in there was Draco who rested his head on his arm, a smile on his face.

Harry was about to sit down when he saw an object on his desk. It was a rose, a bright red, lovely rose. Attached to it was a note, and he opened it erratically, eyeing Draco with a raised eyebrow. Not caring how closely the Headmistress was looking over her glasses frame at them, he completely ignored the 8th years coming in the door.

"To my love,

I know that no matter what I do, I could never make up to you the pain I put you through, and I
cannot apologize extensively for it. But enough of the past, you taught me that, the past is behind me, and I need to let go, but I will never forgive myself, nor do I want you to forgive me.

I want you to know how much I love you. I love your dorky glasses and your overrated scar, which I know you're going to use against me in future fights (which I can't wait to win). I love your hair, which, let's face it, is as hopeless as you are... but I'm not mentioning it again, and know I am further denying it for future reference. I love your undeniable and undeserved loyalty towards me.

I love your smile, and your laugh. Since I heard it the first time back in fourth year, I'd believe an angel received its wings the second you started. I still believe that. Every single time. And I love your lips, your sweet, sweet lips. I love your body, and how it fits directly to mine. I love it when we hold hands, and yours is just a little sweaty, not like the awkward sweaty, but like the "You make my heart race because I make your heart race" sweaty.

Disregard that last...

Anyway, I love how you treat me, even though I could never live enough life times to earn it. I love how you know absolutely everything about me, where to kiss me, what to do when I'm angry or upset. You snap me out of it, and I want to be snapped out of it when I'm with you.

There is so much more to be said, and so much more you do that I love, but what I'm trying to say is that I love you.

I love you endlessly and hopelessly and I absolutely cannot wait to spend the rest of my life with you. Only you.

And I know you love me too.

Love,

Your love."
Together at Last

Later that night, Harry took Draco on a boat ride instead of going to dinner. It was Draco’s idea to fill all the bad memories with good, happy ones, so they found themselves staring off into the sunset drifting atop of the Black Lake. Harry lying opposite of the boats initial structure, he had his head, as well as his legs, off the ledges, his feet swirling in the water.

“I can’t believe you couldn’t stop smiling the rest of the day! Are you trying to get everyone suspicious,” Draco said, causing Harry to bare a grin so large it hurt his face.

“I couldn’t help it! It was so sweet. And you made my mouth hurt from it,” Harry massaged his cheeks.

“Not the first time,” Draco smirked. Harry put his fingers in the bone chilling water and flicked them at Draco.

“Hey, not nice! You do realize it’s so cold, you’re going to freeze your toes off,” Draco raised an eyebrow, playing with Harry’s hands. His head rested on Harry’s stomach and he splayed his body down the rest of the dingy. “It’s supposed to snow soon.”

“But it hasn’t. Besides, we’ve slept outside when it was snowing, and that was with just a fire, not a heating charm. I can handle it,” Harry smirked.

“So, can you feel your ankles?”

“Erm… I can’t necessarily move my legs, but I’ll be fine,” Harry threw it off like the water hadn’t affected him.

“Harry,” Draco sat up on his knees, “You’re going to get sick!” Harry bit his lip to keep from smiling. “They’ll freeze, the blood will stop flowing, and you wont be able to walk! We’ll have to amputate them!”

“It seemed like a better idea earlier,” Harry said, a trace of humor in his eyes. He tried to move his legs from the water, but he rocked the boat and ripples of the liquid disturbed the peaceful lake.

“No! No no no no no no no! Harry you’re not flipping this boat again!” Draco put his hands on Harry’s thigh to keep him from moving. “I’ll help you.”

Draco tried lifting Harry’s leg out of the water, but he couldn’t, for the limb was too heavy for the angle he was at, so he repositioned himself better, but he didn’t however, realize how close his leg was to the ledge, and he put far too much weight on it, and the boat tipped over into the black water. They both surfaced practically shaking, their lips almost blue.

“Lo-oo-oo-k wh-o t-t-t-tipped the bo-b-boat th-th-this t-t-t-t-t-time ,” Harry said through his teeth. “At least my t-toes are warm n-n-n-now.”

“Th-that’s because it’s s-o-o-so cold, so v-very c-c-cold,” Draco tried to speak but only small squeaks came out. Draco paddled his way harshly through the water to Harry, his hair clinging to his skull that reminded the Gryffindor how he used to wear it in first and second year. He looked like a lost, wet dog.
Harry met him in the water half way, and Draco placed his forehead to Harry’s, attempting to soak up any warmth he had as he closed his eyes. “W-we need to flip the-the b-boat,” Harry shivered.

“C-c-can’t m-m-m-move,” Draco shook his head, finally looking into Harry’s eyes. His glasses had small water droplets on it, but behind was those beautiful irises. How he loved said irises, especially when they were looking at him so lovingly.

“We’ll have to j-just get used to it, then. G-go under?”

“Y-you’re in-insane.”

“I know,” he smiled, causing his sore mouth to burn again, and he grabbed onto it.

“Is is it warm in t-there,” Draco replaced his hand where Harry’s was on his cheek.

“It’s debatable,” Harry replied, looking at Draco’s lips.

“I’ll take it,” he says, smashing his lips to Harry’s as their skins began to numb enough to move. His lips were warmer than any temperature they were surrounded by but Draco had been inside Harry’s mouth extensively: he knew how hot it was supposed to be.

Harry wanted to take this somewhere, he wanted to get out of the water and just go anywhere, and so he decided to speed up their numbing process by pushing them under and the frozen water enclosed them into the deep depths of black.

Harry knew Draco didn’t approved as he was sucked under since it made their numb faces sting, but Harry held him close and wrapped his arms around him so he wouldn’t swim away, and Draco put his feet hugging Harry’s waste.

It wasn’t until they could move their bodies freely without bother, almost as if the water around them was warm, when they surfaced.

“I hate you,” Draco played as he splashed Harry, gasping for air, “bribing me and such.”

“At least it worked,” Harry said, swimming to the boat, waiting for Draco to catch up so they could flip it over. They both climbed onto it and were immediately cold from the stinging wind.

“T-t-t-this is w-w-w-orrre!” Draco’s teeth clattered and he climbed on top of a soaking wet Harry, who was huddling against the wooden deck made for the seat. “M-m-m-m-make me w-w-w-warm,” he spat, crawling in between Harry’s legs and putting his head into his shoulder.

“Y-y-you sh-should be m-m-ma-making me warm. Y-you fl-flipped us!”

“B-b-beca-ause,” he shivered, not able to control his mouth from shaking, it was almost hard to understand him, “You-you w-w-w-were ssssstupid!”

“I kn-know, but one d-d-day in ten y-y-years, when we are m-m-married, we we we can j-j-just laugh at t-this.”

“I’m not l-l-laughing! I’m f-f-f-freezing!”

“Me too-oo. How about w-we g-g-go to the prefects b-b-bathr-room and t-take a nice w-w-w-warm bath.”

Draco looked up at Harry, his lips blue. “Brilliant,” was all he said and the pair made their way, slowly but coldly, to the dock. Their skin had dried, making their clothing ridiculously unbearable.
They were heavy and every time they walked it sloshed against their bodies making each step horrible. At first they locked arms so they could try and get heat off of each other, but Draco had better ideas.

“H-Harry, c-carry me!” He unlaced himself and jumped so his leg wrapped around Harry’s hips, as he wrapped his arms along the latter’s neck, and his hands shook by his chest.

“W-w-wimp!” Harry grabbed Draco’s legs so he was stable. He raced up the stairs, just trying to get some heat in him as Draco pressed his cold lips to Harry’s damp neck, his hair kept dripping what felt like icicles.

They got to the entrance and Harry dropped Draco to the floor. Harry opened the door to go inside, only to see the hundreds of students flooding out of the hall. Harry grabbed Draco’s arm and pulled them out of view of the people before they could see, and the couple huddled next to the lit torch to try and head up.

“We can’t j-just stay out here in the c-cold,” Draco said, rubbing his hands together.

“Go in one by one,” Harry suggested, greedily taking in the heat next to his body. Draco tried thinking of another idea- at least making time go by so the rush of the crowd wasn’t as thick. “If we go in together, even a few people will notice and spread rumors.”

“Yeah, we could hide in a big group, if we go in an interval.”

“Alright, meet you at the prefects bathroom,” Harry pecked the corner of his mouth.

“Wait! How come you get to go first,” Draco complained, “I’m freezing!”

“Well so am I! And you flipped the boat!”

Draco sighed. “Well alright, I guess if you want to be fair about it, you can go first. But let me give you a kiss first, just in case.”

“In case of what?”

“Well what if another war breaks out!”

“What are you on about,” Harry was getting distracted, the cold of the night setting in even more than normal.

“I’m just saying! It’s just in case, you know? I’m sorry I just wanted to make sure that you knew that I loved you in case something crazy, yet again, happens.” Draco acted vulnerably, crossing his arms and ducking his head down, a pout on his lips. “I’m sorry I just wanted to show you I care,” He bit his lip, trying not to shiver, the frost biting at him.

“Awh, Draco, I’m sorry,” Harry tried to tilt his head up, but Draco turned away and he followed the new direction, “I want you to kiss me!” He uncrossed the blonde’s arms for him and took his hands, as Draco looked up to the sky, sniffing. “I really do Draco, I love you, I promise. Please kiss me before we go.”

“Alright then,” Draco tried to hide his malicious smile, “close your eyes, drop your hands.”

Harry did as told, and Draco quietly shimmied around him, breaking for the door and running inside, calling “nice fooling you, Scarface,” as he went to their planned destination in a sea of students.
“Bastard,” Harry breathed to himself, smiling. Harry waited a minute and then entered, following in Draco’s wake to the prefects bathroom. People stared but he didn’t give a thought to it. He was reminded of how cold he was when he opened the door to find a bath already drawn, a naked Draco popping out from under the water. He locked the door.

“Nice of you to join me,” he said playfully, rising from the hot spa, “You know, it is mighty toasty in here, and there is room for two.” More like room for twenty. The bathroom was absolutely huge complimented with the bath to match it’s mad size.

“Yeah, y-yeah, yeah,” Harry shivered, peeling off his jumper. “You’re lucky I don’t pitch you off the astronomy tower for that one, leave me hanging like that.”

“A little violent are we,” Draco smirked, raising an eyebrow. “I’ll make it up to you.”

The blonde walked out of the water, naked in his glory, going unnoticed to the focused Harry unbuttoning his shirt, his hands numb and shaking. Harry only looked up when Draco’s hands touched his own, and moved them away from the plastic brooches. The gryffindor looked up to see the steamy water dripping off of the boy. Harry’s eyes involuntarily traveled down his fiancé’s body. It was all his. Draco undressed him, looking into Harry’s searching eyes, as well as at his lips, which were shivering.

“I want to kiss you,” he said, his voice deep, causing Harry’s eyes to flick up.

“What happened to kissing me five minutes ago?”

“It was a diversion, duh,” Draco rolled his eyes before taking Harry’s artic lips between his own boiling ones. It was almost as if he was thawing out his mouth, but the rest of his body was still frozen and it made him shiver so much, he had to break the kiss. He was shaking ferociously. “Oh God, you’re going to get sick,” Draco unbuttoned Harry’s trousers for him, since the boy’s hands were completely trembling… well, that and he really liked taking off Harry’s pants. He pulled them down, as well as his briefs, and he picked him up, taking him into the hot water.

Harry immediately relaxed into the glorious heat, instantly thawing out.

“Better?”

“Loads,” he bit his lip. “Although if I wasn’t fooled and hadn’t sat outside getting frostbite for another five minutes after my feet turned to ice, maybe we wouldn’t be in this situation.”

“How would you have felt if our positions were switched and I was shaking like a scared rat, coming in here all trembling?”

“Not necessarily horrible, because then I would make you warm.”

“Really? How would you do that?” Draco’s heart sped.

“Well, I would hold you, and rub your thighs with my soothing hands. And then I would kiss you slowly, gently even, and run my warm hands in your hair to get the cold out. After that I would kiss down your neck, then along your scars, as always, and then I would keep going down further and further, and you would moan my name, over and over again,” Harry breathed hotly in his ear.

“And then what would you do to me,” Draco asked in anticipation, biting his lip.

“I would take you, right here in the prefects bathroom- a place we aren’t even allowed to step foot in, let alone,” Harry breathed in eagerness, “make love in,” he was cupping his cheek, leaning in to kiss
him. Once Draco closed his eyes, Harry brushed his nose against the blonde’s, and then he backed away, “But since you left me stranded out there in the cold, it isn’t going to happen.”

“What,” Draco’s mouth dropped as he splashed him.

“That’s what you get,” Harry splashed back.

“Come here,” Draco ordered, swimming after him and practically jumping on the boy, them both falling back in the water. Draco shoved his mouth onto the others, as Harry pulled them back to an edge for support. “That’s not fair,” he said before forcing his heated tongue into Harry’s mouth, swirling in it, tasting him until they couldn’t breath

“How is it not fair,” Harry flipped them after gasping for air following their steamy make out session. “You tipped the boat,” he bit Draco’s bottom lip, pulling on it. Harry was on top of him, his legs straddling Draco’s own.

“You stuck your feet in the water until you physically couldn’t move them, you twat,” Draco stopped all kissing, looking at him dead in the eye, but his lips turned upward a bit, humor in his eyes.

“But,” he smiled, “you still tipped the boat,” Harry smiled, kissing him sweetly, pressing his forehead to his and closing his eyes, wrapping his arms around Draco’s neck. The blonde had his hands rubbing along Harry’s back, pulling him closer.

“How is it you always take me breath away,” Draco exhaled after a bit of silence, his words sending a chill to Harry’s spine, causing him to open his eyes. Draco moved his nimble fingers to Harry’s glasses and took them off slowly, staring into Harry’s deepest depths as he set the spectacles onto the cool tile.

“I was just born with it,” Harry tried not to smile but failed miserably. He looked at Draco’s pales face, running his damp fingers through his hair, which was half dry, only to tug on the end.

“Harry Potter, are you pulling on my hair,” Draco accused, his mouth agape. While Draco was pouting, Harry took a handful of bubbles and plopped them on his lover’s head. “And putting bubbles on me?”

“Maybe I am, maybe I’m not. It could be Moaning Myrtle for all you know.”

“I can see you do it,” Draco smiled, moving his face towards the mirror that was against the post next to them. Harry turned his head to find his own reflection staring back at him, as well as Draco’s. He then repositioned himself so he could just stare at it, and he leaned up against Draco’s shoulder in the nape of his neck, his legs now conjoined as he sat on his lap.

“You know, I stand by what I said back in sixth year.”

“And what’s that?”

“When we come out, we’re all too adorable. Everyone will be too jealous to function,” Harry said simply.

“I couldn’t agree more,” Draco looked back into Harry’s eyes, taking his finger to his chin, and kissing him softly. Harry wanted more, and he broke it, moving long Draco’s jaw, only to straddle his legs again. He made his way to his ear and bit it playfully. “You know, no one could ever be able to imagine us like this.”
“I wouldn’t want them too, I want you all to me,” Harry made his way to Draco’s neck, “I want you like this only with me.” The heat from the water caused them to sweat, and Harry could taste it as he kissed his throat. Draco went into a visible state of bliss and his eyes rolled in pleasure, groaning as his starvation was being fed. “Look at yourself, over there in the mirror. I want you to see yourself like this. Just us two.”

Draco did as ordered and he watched himself completely uncoil. Now he knew what Harry meant when he said he was so easily turned on by just the look on his face. “Harry,” he whispered.

“What was that,” the boy asked, biting on his special spot and rocking their hips together.

“Harry!” His name echoed along the bathroom walls in erupted matrimony to it’s own doing. “I need you, now!”

“Going a little fast are we?”

“Too fast? We aren’t going fast enough! I’ve wanted you since you got stuck in the damn water! I could have done anything to you as I pleased… I really regret that now!”

“Want me to make it up to you,” Harry kissed down his chest, going so low his chin touched the burning water below.

“Yes…please!”

Harry picked him up and set him onto the cool tile, drops of water from their body’s covering the floor around him as Draco leaned back against a support beam, spreading his legs for his lover.

Later that night, Harry and Draco walked up to the common room together just chatting, since it was a vacant castle and was past curfew.

“Who have you told,” Harry asked, causing Draco to smile immediately. They decided not to hold hands, just in case any unwanted eyes were looking, but they didn’t mind bumping shoulders or winking openly.

“Just Blaise.”

“No Pansy?”

“I’ll tell her soon.”

“And your mother?”

“Sometime this week, maybe next,” Draco contemplated.

“Do you think she’ll approve?”

“I know for a fact she absolutely loves the idea of it,” he smiled and so did Harry.

“That is excellent,” Harry wanted to kiss his cheek but resisted, and it was a good thing he did because they ran into an unexpected rat.

“Mr. Malfoy, Mr. Potter, what would you two be doing, out after hours,” Pumblechook spat, not even caring for an answer. “I will have none of it. I don’t care who you think you are. Detention for both of you, starting next week at 7:00 pm.” He gave a nasty smile. Neither Draco nor Harry wanted
to stay around for another lecture, so they left without another word.

When they made it to the common room they just started rolling their eyes and complaining.

“God I hate him so much,” Draco laughed, them both ignorant to the group of 8th years relaxing by the fire.

“I think he smells worse than stinkbombs to be honestly with you, and I don’t just think it’s his personality.” Draco laughed, taking Harry’s hand and winking at him.

“Aren’t you just a clever little-“
“Harry why are you and Malfoy holding hands?” Neville’s voice brought them back to reality.

“And why did Malfoy want to hold hands,” Seamus stepped in.

“And why aren’t you letting go of Malfoy’s hand,” Dean questioned. They all looked at Harry like he was crazy and the room went quiet. Harry looked around the area to see Ron and Hermione on a love seat, cuddling, Seamus on the floor while Dean was in a chair, them both playing wizards chest, and Neville lounging on the three seated sofa; they were all just staring at Draco and Harry’s intertwined hands.

Draco disconnected their fingers and they both backed away from each other. “No reason… who’s winning the match?”

“We just started, where were you?”

“Erm… well.. we were-“

“Potter was stupid enough to leave his notes in Herbology,” Draco bit, going from cute and cuddly to nasty and rude in .8 seconds, “and on our way back the wind picked up and the moron dropped them into the wind. We’ve been searching for the past few hours but the nitwit couldn’t find them-“

“Hey don’t talk to Harry like that! Didn’t he save your life like twice,” Seamus snapped.

“I can talk to him as I want to talk to him-“

“Malfoy,” Harry warned, looking him in the eyes, and for a second he widened his own, and Draco got the sign and realized, he wasn’t who he wanted to be at the moment.

“Right, sorry…Habit…”

There was an awkward silence and Harry and Draco just stared at each other.

“Why are you still here,” Dean questioned.

“Right. I’ll just be going then,” Draco said timidly.

“I’ll go too,” Harry cut in. Everyone followed the two with their eye’s until they reached the their doors.

“Good night, Potter,” Draco said, the venom in his words absent, and he almost said it loving.

“Good night, Malfoy,” They wanted to hug and to kiss goodnight but they just looked at each other in the eyes, for far too long, and Ron warned them by coughing, since they were still visible. They both broke ey contact and went into their rooms.
It wasn’t two minutes later when Draco went out of his door and banged on Harry’s door. “Potter, I need my quill! Open up!” Harry opened the door immediately and grabbed Draco by his shirt, shutting the door behind him.

“That was awful,” Harry exclaimed before shoving their lips together and wrapping an arm around his waist and one in his hair, messing it up.

“I know,” Draco smiled, kissing him again after they released.

“I love you.”

“Love you too, goodnight!”

“Okay goodnight!”

Draco left, only to turn around as the door shut behind him, the 8th years looking at him as if he was crazy.

“What about my quill?”

The door opened and a quill was shoved against his chest, before it shut again, leaving Draco to turn to the staring students, and cheekily smile.
The next morning, Draco woke up extra early, as well as Harry, and they met in the hallway outside of their doors to share a chaste kiss.

“Good morning,” Draco whispered, pulling Harry tighter into a hug.

“Good morning,” he responded just as quiet if not even quieter, kissing him just below his ear with a smile on his face.

“Sleep well?”

“Yeah,” Harry breathed, “You?”

“Wonderful,” Draco responded, looking him in the eyes. They stood like that for a few moments, but when they heard a door open, they immediately split apart. “Move, Potter!”

“Get out of my way, Malfoy!”

And they went back to their rooms to face their angry roommates, slamming their doors with a wink sparkling in their eyes.

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At breakfast just a little bit later, Draco was nibbling on a piece of toast peacefully when a tawny school owl perched itself right in front of his breakfast. It dropped a tiny roll of parchment precisely onto his plate, its feathers slapping his face once. He just smiled at the action and look up at Harry who was holding back a small giggle, instead of the predicted scoff.

He opened it, the words reading:

“How is it people are already suspicious? Stop smiling.”

He looked up to the Gryffindor table, and Potter’s posse was staring at him, and then back at Harry who looked as though he was having a stimulating conversation with Ginny. Draco ducked his head as a wave of jealousy overcame him. Harry had kissed that bitch...It may have been two years ago… but he still kissed that bitch. Draco looked down at his ring to soothe his thoughts, remembering how much he loved Harry and how much Harry loved him back.

Flipping the paper onto it’s back, the slytherin wrote:

“Damn it, Potter.

We have been hiding this thing for almost 4 years. Do not let your stupid Gryffindork friends ruin it. Act like your old self instead of a 12-year-old girl high on a love potion, or so be it I won’t kiss you for a whole month, you sodding prat. With that being said, I hope you have a marvelous day. Dinner tonight?

Malfoy (almost Potter, but Malfoy showing)

P.s. Every morning, I want to wake up early and do that again.

P.p.s. I love you”
He attached it to the owl and it flew directly to Harry.

Of course, he would be the one to look directly up to him with a smile beaming on his cheeks. Draco tried to be serious and he sneered at him, but he couldn’t help but smile too, and Draco put his dead down on the table so his face couldn’t be seen. He decided to ignore Harry and finish his breakfast before he was on his merry way.

Almost to his destination- potions- Draco’s walk was going quiet smoothly, until, of course, he was pulled into an empty broom closet, and, of course, lips were placed to his shortly.

“You are ridiculous,” Draco reprimanded, “Didn’t you want us to be a secret anyway?”

“Just as much as you did, but my friends… I can trust them, just as you said, if people find out on their own, let them.”

“I didn’t mean it like that! I meant if someone walks in on us kissing or sees us by the lake on accident, then it’s okay as long as they keep their mouth shut. At the rate you’re going, you may as well just put a sign on your head saying ‘I’m engaged to Draco Malfoy and we had sex in the prefects bathroom last night,’” Draco scolded, whisper-shouting.

“But it was really good sex,” Harry pouted.

“…I know but still!”

“You’re just as guilty, if not guiltier than me! You’re supposed to be this coldhearted bastard; at least I have a past of cherub-like demeanor. You’re smiling in front of people now. What kind of opposite behavior is that,” Harry reproached.

“It’s only because you’re smiling!”

“I’m smiling because you’re smiling! What happened to that Malfoy mask?”

“I misplaced it,” Draco bared his teeth to keep from beaming.

“Misplaced it? How do you misplace your damned mask! It isn’t even a solid object,” Harry complained, “It’s a personality.”

“That sort of changed, thanks to you, sir!”

Just then the bell ringed indicating them late for class. “We can’t just walk in together all happy and cheery. It’ll look like something’s up, us both being late.”

“But we can’t go in separate because that will look like we planned it,” Draco said after a bit of though. “And skipping completely would be the worst of all.”

“But it would be so much fun,” Harry wiggled an eyebrow suggestively.

“No you! You’ve been out of class too much. This is your second day back after two weeks of not even going, and you want to skip,” Draco said protectively, “My dear, Harry Potter, you sure are pushing your luck.”

“Buuuuut… we could make out.”

“Sorry, I can’t help it, I just really like kissing you,” Harry leaned into kiss his lips firmly and Draco
just smiled at the compliment but broke it early.

“Do you want to pass your NEWTS or not?”

“Ugh, fine! But we can’t just go in there all buddy buddy.”

“There is only one solution I can think of,” Draco sighed, starting back to their original dilemma.

“What’s that?”

“Want to avenge me breaking your nose in 6th year?”

“I’m not punching you,” Harry retorted, taken aback.

“Why not? It can be payback for what I’ve put you through recently,” Draco said, taking Harry’s hands and swishing them back and forth with his own.

“Why don’t you just skip and then I use nightmares as an excuse?”

“Slughorn saw us in the Great Hall this morning, I would get in trouble. Just hit me, and if you feel bad about it, I can hit you, too.”

“Draco, I’m not hurting you. Aren’t we supposed to be friends anyway?”

“I guess you’re right… plus that would contradict what happened last night, and when you beat up Jensen for me.”

“You’re never going to be able to let me live that down aren’t you,” Harry asked, pulling them closer together.

“Most definitely not,” Draco said in a daze, looking into Harry’s eyes.

“We are going to be at our wedding and in your speech, all you’re going to talk about is how I hit up some guys just for you,” Harry rolled his eyes.

“Oh, I am going to be telling our kids one day.”

“You want kids too,” Harry got elated.

“Of course,” Draco’s eyes lit up like a fire in a pitch-black room.

“How many?”

“Two or three, depending on how many we can adopt- wait, we are getting side tracked! Class. Now. We just walk in and say that I dropped my books and you helped me,” Draco ordered.

“What’s with a couple stares and a few questions later?”

“Alright, sounds good to me,” Harry started to head for the door, but stopped just before opening the handle. “And yes, most definitely dinner tonight.”

Draco kissed him and they both went into class shoulder to shoulder.

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Later that night, the two ate dinner at the clock tower while everyone else feasted at their usual location.
“I like how you brought a candle and everything,” Harry said, chomping on a lettuce leaf. They ate on the floor with a small candle floating in between them, it set ablaze, and on a blanket they relaxed, their feet outstretched.

“It’s not as extravagant as our last first date, but it works. You really outdid yourself there, I have to say.”

“I knew you’d like it,” Harry smiled.

“Of course I did,” Draco smiled back. There was a comfortable silence before they spoke again. Harry got up and sat on the ledge of the clock window, examining the snow flurries while tucking his knees to his chest and resting his cheek on his knee.

Draco got up and sat next to him, mimicking his movement and smiling at him. “What are you thinking about?”

“Remember when we had that fight here, in 6th year?”

“Yeah I remember.”

“That’s good,” Harry looked up into his eye with a beaming grin.

“That’s all you wanted to say?”

“Yup.”


“What’s your favorite memory of me?”

Draco contemplated for a bit, just thinking through all the times they spent together, before finally coming up with something. “When I woke up the day after the war, and your naked body was on top of me.”

“Not what I expected to be honest with you,” Harry raised his eyebrow.

“It was the moment I realized you were finally mine completely and freely. We went through an entire war, and I almost lost you and I realized that I could never love anybody more than I love you,” Draco said softly while Harry’s face relaxed, ”and I knew when you would wake up, I would get to see that realization hit you as well.”

“Damn,” Harry looked at him as though he was a god, ”that totally beat my answer.”

“What was yours,” Draco asked, knowing he had it in the bag. “When you dumped a sack of flour on my head... And in that moment,” Harry let his voice grow intensively dramatic, putting his hand over his heart, “I realized that flour tastes horrible before,” he moved his hand to his forehead as though he were to faint, “it makes pancakes!” He pretended to pass out. His head hit the window and his body went limp.

Draco rolled his eyes, smiling. He got up quietly and grabbed Harry’s ankles, dragging his body towards his own, despite Harry’s frantic giggles. “Draco! What are you doing?”

“Making memories,” Draco said simply before bouldering on top of Harry and sitting his butt on his stomach.

“Because I will always remember the time when you climbed on top of me and squashed my vital
“Oh of course,” He laid his chest upon Harry’s and started stroking his forehead after taking off his glasses, looking at Harry’s features.

“Kiss me?” Harry closed his eyes, slightly puckering his lips. Draco took his finger and dragged it along Harry’s bottom lip.

“Don’t tell me what to do,” Draco smirked before getting off of him and running to the opposite wall, attempting (and failing) to hide a smile.

“Draco!” Harry got up, chasing after him. Draco got halfway down the hall when Harry grabbed him by his waist, spinning him around. “Kiss me!”

“You are so demanding,” Draco shouted with a smile on his face as Harry stopped spinning them, but still his arms were draped around his hips. They were so close, Harry’s chest was up against Draco’s back and he could feel the curve of it, and the blonde could feel his lover’s speedy heartbeat. He pulled him closer, his chin stabbing into Draco’s neck as he snuggled up to him. “How do you want me to kiss you?”

“Now would be preferable.”

“I mean,” he undid Harry’s arms quickly and grabbed his wrists twisting around to look at him, their faces so astronomically close, Harry could taste Draco’s breath, “do you want it aggressive and erratic?” He twisted his hands only so it added resistance, but then let go completely, advancing on him slowly to the wall and putting two fingers to his cheek, stroking it lightly, just so it ticked the sensitive skin, “Or slow, and soft?”

They both shut their eyes and Draco brushed his lips and Harry felt a chill go down his spine. He waited for an answer, just feeling the Gryffindor’s breath caress his cheek. “Both.”

“Ah ah ah, no, you pick one and only one.”

“Fine… erratic,” Harry said, and the second he did, Draco forced their mouths together, unmoving at first, but then he started sucking and dancing with his lips. He put his hand up against the wall behind Harry for support, but when Harry tried to put a hand on him, Draco grasped it and laced them together, forcing their limbs against the cool stone.

The Slytherin slipped his tongue into Harry’s cave, tasting his flavor that was so unique… so Harryish. The boy moaned in his guilty pleasure as he felt the fire to the roof of his mouth, lavishing in Draco’s heat. It was almost a half an hour of passion as they continued kiss, only taking short breaths so they could go back to work.

They gasped for air, heaving, sweating, their desire filled. Draco still had his eyes closed and he got off of Harry putting his back against the wall next to the boy, pulling him closer by his hand. Harry got off from the wall and stepped over Draco, facing him, the blonde’s legs in between his. He leant up against the Slytherin, resting his head on his neck and Draco wrapped an arm around him.

“You know, that was a really great kiss,” Harry mumbled, his head spinning. “I think the best we’ve ever had.”

“Really,” Draco replied, finally opening his eyes, “what about that one time-“

“Oh yeah that one time…” Harry opened his eyes as well, staring into Draco’s mercury ones.
“Pfft… you don’t even know what I’m talking about.” Draco rolled his eyes. His lips were red and swollen, his eyes glassy as if he was in a trance—almost drunk. Harry looked the same, and had a glimmer in his iris saying ‘I’ve just had the best make out session in my life.’

Harry just smiled in response.

“We should probably head back to the common room,” Draco started and visibly saw Harry’s face drop, but argued with reason, “don’t want Pumblechook giving us more detention for next week.”

“Yeah, what’s the deal with that? Why would he wait until next week,” Harry asked.

“Not a clue,” Draco responded, slowly pushing Harry off of him and taking his hand to their picnic. After cleaning it up they ascended to their common room with very few people in their way, wishing they could hold hands and flirt in the halls, but alas, they couldn’t and walked as though they were civilized.

When they reached the fifth floor, that’s when the problem started.

“Dracooooo,” a whiny voice called from behind the pair causing them both to turn back. Astoria Greengrass: a small, weak girl with dark brown hair that reminded Harry of waste. The 6th year acted as though she owned everything and the second she found out about the arrangement, she was elated. For the money of course.

Harry immediately felt a wave of jealousy drowned him in envy and he clenched his jaw as he sent daggers to Draco. Draco looked annoyed but saw the look on Harry’s face, and begged for his wand, which Harry was reluctant to give up. But he knew, oh he knew, Harry wanted to hex her into a billion bits and stomp on the pieces, so he forced it out of his hands before she approached.

“Draco, why haven’t you talked to me since before the ball, which you refused to go to without a solid reason not to, which you so have not told me. I have a right to know, since I am going to be your wife, shouldn’t I know everything?” She put her hand on her hips. Harry just stared at her like she was utter prey. He automatically hated her. She was disgusting in his eyes. Clingy and annoying, a daddy’s girl, a snotty aristocrat that got whatever she wanted. “Why won’t you even look me in the eye? And why are you hanging out with Potter?”

“A reason, which is none of your business, first of all, and second of all-“

“I am supposed to be your wife!”

“Well you aren’t-

“Because you have, arrogantly, yet to propose. Has it even crossed your mind you haven’t properly kissed me? I mean, we are supposed to have a child together and you won’t even kiss me?”

“That’s because you’re a terrible kisser,” he tried to not sound harsh, but screw that. He already had over a head of height on her, and being intimidating was certainly easy.

“Because we haven’t kissed properly,” she said, leaning in, grabbing Draco by his shirt and then She kissed him.

She fucking kissed him.

And Harry almost flipped a gasket. But before that, he looked at Draco, whose eyes were wide-open, staring back at Harry. He looked so uncomfortable it was if he was set on fire, and not in the
way that Harry had just made him feel.

Draco, still attached to the leach, grabbed his wand and pointed it at Harry who looked like he was going to send her to the deepest depths of hell where Voldemort lay dead. He flicked it and Harry was bound to the corridor wall, looking at Draco as if he was his new target for eternal damnation. Draco pushed Astoria off of his body.

“Listen, Greengrass, I don’t like you. I want out of the marriage contract, I’m not going to propose to you,” he bit.

“You’re not getting out of if, you’re mine now,” she wrapped her arms around Draco again, but she pushed me away. “What’s wrong I don’t understand? I’m rich, I’m the prettiest girl in school, and you’re rich.”

“What’s wrong is that I don’t love you, I never can or will love you, and I refuse to marry you.”

“I’m anything you could ever want! And besides, no body could possibly love you~“

“You’re wrong,” Harry’s voice bellowed in the empty corridor, much stronger than he intended to. He didn’t want to spill anything, however, he just knew that there was one person who could absolutely adore him and love him unconditionally, and that person was himself. He was engaged to the man- he intended to defend him until the end of time.

“Excuse me,” she squeaked, turning to Harry. Draco, his wand behind his back, threw a simple silencing charm onto Harry’s lips and the man was silent, but he knew the second he’d be released, he would never hear the end of it.

“Ignore him,” Draco distracted her, “you need to break the contract, I’m sure you’ll find another rich, heartless man somewhere to suit your personality,” he said coldly.

“You’re barking,” she shouted, and you could see tears start to form in her eyes. “What did I do wrong?”

“It isn’t your fault-“

“Who is she?”

Draco visibly tensed, imagining the look on Harry’s face right now. “Nobody,” he said.

“Is it Parkinson? I’ll kill her. Just you wait, I’ll destroy her-“

“It isn’t Pansy, give it a rest!”

“It doesn’t matter who she is because you’re not marrying her. You’re marrying me, I’m not breaking the contract. You will be my husband, Draco Malfoy. You’re mine.”

Up against the wall, Harry’s face dropped, and he started screaming “Oh hell no he isn’t, he’s mine,” but no one could hear him, although, Draco could feel his rage vibrating off of his skin.

“We’ll see about that, Greengrass.”

“Would you please just tell me why,” she started crying, envisioning her entire world coming apart.

“You’re a snobbish brat, you’re ugly, and I love somebody else, who by the way, is much prettier than you, now would you leave me alone.”
She burst into tears and ran away, calling him something he couldn’t quite catch, but he didn’t care. Draco took a breath.

He turned around to see Harry basically fuming. “At least I called you pretty,” Draco said, trying to lighten the mood. Harry mouthed ‘I’m going to kill you,’ and he was set free, but his muffaldo was still in tact.

The Gryffindor started arguing with him silently as they made their way back to the common room. It honestly was a smart choice, keeping Harry quiet since he knew he would throw a fit in the middle of the school. When they reached his and Blaise’s room, he saw Pansy laying in Blaise’s lap on their bed just relaxing. Draco bid them a hello and gave a warning. Before releasing the charm on Harry, he kissed him, getting the gross taste off of his lips.

“Sorry, I had to do that.

“Of all the people in the room, you choose to pin your fiancé against the wall and muffle his voice so he couldn’t defend you,” Harry shouted, slapping his arm.

“FIANCE,” Pansy shouted, getting up from Blaises lap.

“You may as well call Rita Skeeter and ask for our wedding to be the front page since you’re speaking as if I’m deaf! I was just trying to protect us,” Draco said a bit quieter.

“Fiancé,” Pansy asked again, being ignored. “Wedding!”

“Why didn’t you let me hex her, or at least you hex her so you wouldn’t have to deal with the bitch anyway!”

“Just calm down-“

“You want me to calm down? That disgusting hag fucking kissed you and you pinned me against the wall, you’re fiancé, and you want me to calm down!”

“Yes I do! It’s over and done. Hopefully she will leave me alone and I can spend time with you without having to worry about her exposing us.”

“That would have been a damn good time to come out,” Harry pouted.

“It would have, but she would have made it a wreak! Think of what she would of said to the media.”

“Like I’m going to make you,” Harry advanced toward him and Draco backed up, hiding behind Blaise’s bed, where the baffled Pansy lay.

“Fiancé!?“

“Yes, fiancé,” they both shouted at the same time.

“What! Since when?”

“A few days ago, get with the program, Pansy,” Harry snapped.

Thankfully her squealing got their mind’s off of the horrid event that had just happened, and they shared their rings with her, catching her up to the point in which Astoria bloody Greengrass kissed Harry Potter’s fiancé, Draco Malfoy.
And before Harry went to bed, he made sure to kiss Draco extra long, ensuring Draco knew that he was his.
Again, early in the morning, the two met in the hallway to share a delightful kiss as they had each
day previous. It was Monday, meaning their first day of detention. They spent each night leading up
to it together, as well as the entire weekend.

This time, they kept kissing and Draco pulled them back through his door as he sucked on Harry’s
bottom lip.

“Morning Blaise,” Harry mumbled through his lips as Draco pushed him back onto his slytherin-
green bed. Blaise just gagged and said he’d let them have their privacy as he raced to the bathroom.
The pair was far too busy to hear the shower start up. Draco opened his mouth and Harry slid his
tongue inside. Harry enveloped his arm around Draco’s neck and pulled him closer so that the
blonde was laying on him completely, and he moved his hands to his chest and on his hip.

Harry flipped them, rolling Draco on his back. He kissed down his jawline, running his hands
through his white hair and tugging on it.

“Harry,” Draco breathed his eyes closed and a peaceful smile was etched on his face as Harry’s hair
tickled his ear.

“Good morning,” Harry grinned as he moved down to his neck and nuzzling it. “I would keep going
but I’m staving and would hate to miss breakfast.”

“You could have me instead,” Draco smiled, biting his lip, looking into Harry’s eyes lovingly.

“Oh I would love to,” Harry kissed his nose, “buuuuut I need to copy Hermione’s herbology notes.”

“Always the alternative motive,” Draco smacked Harry’s arse.

“Draco Malfoy, did you just spank me,” Harry’s mouth dropped as he tried to hold back a chuckle,
his left butt cheek stinging.

“Maybe I did,” Draco raised an eyebrow squeezing the same spot he just whacked. He shoved his
hand down Harry’s pajama pants and started to play with the waistband of his briefs, sending Harry
into a state of squirming.

“Draco, no,” he giggled, trying to get away from his grasp before things got out of hand. They had to
get to their first period or else, they predicted Pumblechook would be horribly unfair, especially on
the day of their first detention. “Not now!” Draco pulled him by his shirt back to him and he kissed
down his neck. Harry tried to get away, climbing over Blaise’s bed.

“I’m going to get you,” Draco said in a husky, deep voice.

“Draco!”

“I’m coming for you Harry.” Draco ran over the bed and tried to grab him, but missed.

“Come catch me, ferret,” Harry shouted before running out his door, through his common room and
to the seventh floor. Draco sprinted after him. They spent their time scouring staircases, sprinting
through empty hallways, and chasing each other through untouched corridors- all barefoot, their PJ’s
the only thing keeping them warm.
They made their way to the trophy room, where Draco pinned Harry to the floor and proceeded to make out with him. They then got out of there as fast as possible to ensure no one saw them. Sneaking back onto the seventh floor, before they entered, Draco squeezed Harry’s arse again just before they reached the door. Harry smacked his arm with the back of his hand, a grin on his face, but Draco didn’t whack back. He took the Gryffindor’s chin and kissed his lips sweetly.

“I never got to say good morning,” Draco said, grabbing Harry by the waist and hugging him, resting his chin on top of Harry’s raven hair.

“Good morning to you too,” Harry replied, getting on his tiptoes and kissing his forehead.

They went in separately, well kind of. Harry told Draco to stay behind for a few minutes and they could say they were gone for separate reasons, but as Draco put it- he got cold- he was about two seconds behind him.

“Where have you two been,” Neville asked, his tie drooping from his neck, it undone. Harry’s friends were outside their doors, a few sitting on the couch. Ron and Hermione stood together, Ron kissing her cheek.

“He stole my quill again-“

“So he chased me around the entire damned castle,” Draco said, rolling his eyes, acting as though he was visibly annoyed.

“I was teaching you a lesson, Malfoy,” Harry bit.

“You’re a horrid teacher, remind me to never ask for your help.”

“I’m a better teacher than you,” Harry called, his insult was weak, and no venom was laced in his words.

Draco, rolling his eyes yet again, went to his room, and Harry was about to as well but Neville called him back over.

“Why didn’t you just beat him up, or report him if he stole something. I’m sure you could kick him out faster than a blink of an eye.”

“Yeah, and why are you two hanging out all the time,” Dean asked.

“I mean we aren’t hanging out, at all, actually,” Harry hardly fibbed, the silence and innocence of the group getting to him.

“It just seems like you two are always around each other.”

“You guys don’t even fight properly. You sound like an old married couple,” Seamus raised an eyebrow. Harry thought to himself ‘not there yet, but that’s the goal.’ He couldn’t wait to grow old with Draco. He imagined them together, waking up on Sundays and sleeping all day, or going to cafés with him and eating all the scones, or raising a family together.

“I thought you hated him, we hate him,” Dean accused, tying his tie.

“It’s complicated,” Harry spoke, “I don’t hate him, and I don’t think you should either.“

“But Harry, he’s a death eater!”

“I know but he’s saved my life, I saved his. He’s not a death eater even though he has the mark."
We’ve fought and gone through the tantrums, but agreed to be friends. He’s really not that bad when you get to know him.”

Draco finished dressing, probably spellwork due to the speed and accuracy, and went towards the door only to give Harry a death stare as he walked by him, although he did squeeze his arse going unseen by the rest of the group since Harry was facing them, as they bumped shoulders. Harry went beet red.

“Potter,” he spat.

“Malfoy,” Harry replied just as strong. Their eyes followed until Draco reached the door and once he was out of sight from the others, he winked, and Harry involuntarily winked back slightly before turning back to the group.

“Right, not that bad,” Neville said almost cautiously.

“It just seems like you’re always staring at each other, or just involved,” Dean spoke.

“What can I say? He’s magnetic. But I really do think you guys should at least give him a chance,” Harry finished before going to his room to shower and get ready.

“There’s something going on between those two,” Neville concluded before heading down to the great hall with his friends.

In Defense Against the Dark Arts, Draco and Harry were both asked to stay after class as Pumblechook called for them to.

“You’re detention starts at 5:00 and you will meet in here. I will explain the rules once there. It will last all week and if there is so be a peep from either of you, or I will make it two. Out,” the professor bit, and they were headed to divination, late.

“Are you sure you want to be seen walking with me,” Draco said quietly. They were rushing to their next class and the hallway wasn’t that filled, but noisy, so they could be close together, but no one could hear them.

“Yeah, don’t worry about it. I told my friends we were kind of friends today, so I think we’re okay.”

“How’d they take it?”

“They didn’t scream, so very well actually.”

“And everyone else?”

“Who cares about them? We’ll be gone soon enough anyway. And you made me miss breakfast! I’m going to be starving all day now,” Harry whined. “And I only got to copy half of the notes.”

“It’s not my fault you don’t pay attention in any of your classes!”

“It’s not my fault that you have an obsession with my arse.”

Draco was going to argue but decided against it, “It is really nice. Do you think after detention, we could head to the Room of Requirement? I haven’t touched you in forever.”

“You’re kidding. Shall we count this morning’s groping or no?”
“No,” Draco decided after a bit of pondering.

“So it’s been a total of 15 hours since we… you know,” Harry started but didn’t want anyone to over hear it.

“Made love?”

“Shhh! You say I’m bad! Let’s just go scream it at the feast why don’t we.”

“Do you realize how hilarious that would be?” Harry hit him, “Sorry… but 15 hours isn’t good enough. It’s entirely too long. I could take you now if I had the chance,” Draco said nonchalantly.

“Oh would you shut it. We survived over a year without seeing each other, control yourself you horny bastard,” Harry said that last part to himself.

“Right because ‘kiss me, kiss me’ isn’t horny at all.”

“Shh!”

“You said it first.”

Once there, they sat together, despite the stares of their friends. Ron, Hermione, Pansy, and Blaise brushed it off as if it was nothing.

The class was boring. Harry’s stomach rumbled halfway though causing Draco to scoff, holding back a chuckle. Harry just gave him a death stare.

At the end of class, Draco snuck out before the bell rang, and Harry watched him go, lingering his eyes on him. The action didn’t go unnoticed by his classmates, but he was in a far too deep daze to notice. He wondered where Draco was going, but was quickly swept away from the thought when Ron and Hermione swooped him away to their next class: charms.

Draco walked in just as the bell rang and took a seat next to Harry again. Under the desk he tapped Harry’s knee. Harry turned to him, a blank look, and Draco rose and eyebrow, then focused on Flitwick. Harry furrowed his eyebrows slightly then turned back to the professor. Draco took Harry’s hand without looking and opened it, dropping a light object into it. Harry looked down to see a small piece of cauldron cake within it.

Harry immediately looked up at Draco lovingly. ‘Thank you,’ he mouthed, beaming, before eating the piece whole. The next time Flitwick faced the board, he broke off another piece and rested it in Harry’s hand under the desk. The Gryffindor happily ate it with a subtle smile on his face.

They continued on until the cake was finished and crumbs rested in Draco’s robe pocket. They then held hands under the table and Harry stroked his knuckles sweetly. It was only when Draco needed a new roll of parchment when they reluctantly let go.

As Draco reached down into his bag, Harry took Draco’s notes and wrote, “You’re the absolute best,” in the corner margin.

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At five o’clock, Draco and Harry walked to detention together, unexcited and already agitated.

“This is ridiculous, a week of detention because we were out late one night,” Draco complained. “Pumblechook hates us to an unreasonable extent, just because he lost one case doesn’t mean he needs to hate us.”
“I know, but we may as well get it done with. There are only a few weeks until holiday break.”

Walking into the room, there was one flame illuminating the entire room. It was an eerie sight, and Pumblecook sat right next to it, grading papers.

“Harry,” Draco whispered, “I don’t know about this.”

“Want to make a break for it?”

“Ah, Mr. Potter, Mr. Malfoy. Do come in,” the professor said, almost a trace of humor in his face. “Sit,” he ordered. They both made their way to the front desk and sat in it, but the man spoke again, “Not there, Mr. Malfoy, over there, in that desk.” He pointed to the table, literally right next to Harry. It was pointless. Draco did it anyway, not wanting to waste any more time in the horrid atmosphere than needed. Besides, he and Harry made a promise to meet up in the room of requirement when finished. Now that, he was excited for.

“The rules are, no talking, no looking, no tom-foolery nor hijinks, no looking at each other for more than three seconds, but that won’t be a problem because you will be spending your detention separately. Mr. Potter, you will be cleaning the trophy and only come back when you are finished, no wand allowed, Mr. Malfoy you will be staying with me tonight until he gets back.”

“Oh tonight is making up for that. The rest of the week is to teach respect,” he raised an eyebrow as he lifted himself from his seat. “You two notoriously and constantly make my classroom a joke, and I will not have it.”

“You do that yourself, sorry to say, sir,” Draco rolled his eyes.

Pumblechook inhaled deeply. “You know,” he challenged, “I feel as though you think, Mr. Malfoy, you own the world, as though I am not anything but just a laugh to you.” It was true to be honest. He did make fun of him openly a lot, and normally Harry would object if it was any other teacher, but this was completely personal, plus he hated the bastard. “Well, you see. I am anything but, and if anything I should be considered a threat to the both of you.”

“And why would that be,” Harry asked, his teeth on edge.

“Well,” he laughed an arrogant laugh, “if you do recall at our first… wonderful detention together, I did promise the both of you I would find out what was going on between you two. And I concluded you two don’t hate each other. Care to speak?”

“We’ve had our differences. We’ve came across them,” Draco said, angry, his heart beating.

“Nothing else.”

“Really now, because, I feel like you’ve settled a bit more than differences.”

“Stop saying what you feel,” Harry bit, “get to the point.”

“Mr. Potter, try not to be so impatient,” he said with humor laced in his eyes. He reached to his desk and picked up a few pieces of paper and slapped them in front of Harry. They were photographs. Photographs of them kissing at the clock tower, outside the 8th year common room, embracing in an empty alcove, them coming out of a broom closet, were splayed in front of them. Harry picked one up of them; the one where they were practically eating each other alive and held in in his hands so hard it tarnished the ends of it. His heart beat faster and he wanted to throw up.
Draco rushed to the table, picking up the one of them holding hands and leaning in for a kiss before class, ignorant bliss in their eyes. “You’ve been following us, you sick git!” Draco rummaged through the pictures ending up on one taken a few weeks ago. Harry was on one knee, he was crying and it shifted to Draco jumping on top of Harry screaming “yes,” over and over again, only to then kiss Harry on the lips. They were engaged.

“Oh no, I’m far too busy for that. I have ways. And to get to the point, Mr. Potter,” he smirked, an evil glare on his face, ”I wouldn’t think you two would want these getting out.”
"You're sick," Draco shouted, "You're sick, you're disgusting, you're perverted-"

"I didn't do this for my own pleasures, that would be vile and illegal. For your information, I do have a wife-"

"How'd you manage that," Harry asked. Draco couldn't keep from giving a nasty laugh and Pumblechook gave him a deathly glare.

"Right, another snarky comment, another joke, just like you two think my class it, but this is so much more than a little game. Have you two ever wondered why I'm here, and not in a courtroom?"

They both sat there with looks of disgust on their faces, but neither had really thought about that, so they sat there in silence.

"Mr. Malfoy, your case was going to determine whether or not I was fired or promoted, and when an eighteen year old boy comes and ruins my opportunity to be Head Lawyer, I must say I might be a little angry," he stared at them solemnly, "So, since I had lost my job, due to you two insolent little brats, I decided to research further, and looked into a job in which I could examine your behaviors."

He started pacing. "You two hated each other. I was baffled. How is it that one minute, I hear you two despise each other during school, then Mr. Potter is defending you at a trial determining your fate, and then turn around two weeks later and absolutely hates you?"

"I thought it was just a good deed on Mr. Potter's part, but upon your attitude changing and lack of attendance recently, I realized what was going on and sent someone to... do more research."

"Who," Harry's voice was a knife ready to strike.

"That remains conclusive," the professor smirked. "The point is you two ruined a career I had spent decades building for myself. I was top of the line! I was the best there was."

"There mustn't be that many good lawyers if an 18 year old can take down the best one," Draco balled his hand into a fist.

"Draco, stop," Harry said quieter, grabbing his hand and pulling him to sit next to him. They laced their hands together under the desk and Harry could feel Draco's heartbeat though his pulse; his fingers went numb due to the strength. He knew he was keeping Draco from shaking.

"The hell are you talking about, Harry? This man is disgusting, he's a psychopath."

"I know what he is, but I want to hear what he has to say," he looked Draco deep in the eyes, pulling him closer. "Trust me," he whispered.

The anger in his eyes relaxed a bit, just a bit, and Draco finally said, "Okay, I trust you."

"Ahh, young love... isn't it sick," the cruel man almost laughed.

"What do you want from us," Harry asked, trying to keep his voice low.

"I want you to be aware. I want you two to stop disrespecting me- especially Mr. Malfoy here, or else these," he grabbed the photos and Harry and Draco mentally scolded themselves for not taking them, "will be sent to Rita Skeeter."
"They won't be," Harry assured.

"And," Pumblechook continued, "From you Mr. Potter, I want a letter of recommendation to be signed back onto Wigeamont, saying what a fantastic lawyer I am, and that the charge was a fluke."

"I'll write the letter. But I am not, by any means, saying anything about the case," Harry said after a bit of thought. He knew if he even so mentioned Draco and the end result wrong, they would call the jury back, a new trial, and Harry wouldn't be so fortunate to have Draco even sitting next to him.

"You're just giving up like that," Draco warned, turning wild eyed to the Gryffindor.

"Listen I think we should do what he says," Harry pulled him close and whispered in his ear.

"And just bow down to him? Harry, we should go to McGonagall about this."

"Shhh. Listen we will talk later about it, okay? Just trust me. He wants us to go so that he can further deny it and we will look like fools. She'll think we've gone mad."

"Well so will every other wizard in the Wizarding World when the Prophet gets a load of this one."

"Yeah but a different kind of mad," Harry looked at the side of his face, still whispering.

"I would appreciate it if you two would stop your little pow-wow and get to your stations, unless of course you would like to attend here next week as well."

"Later, okay," Harry ignored Pumblechook, but got up anyway.

"Wait!" Draco pulled back his hand and pulled Harry back to him. He turned to the Pumblechook with a sneer on his face. "Since we have nothing to hide, I have no shame in doing this." He turned back to Harry and grabbed his cheeks, smashing their lips together and moaning loudly. When they released they looked each other dead in the eye. "I love you."

"I love you, too." He responded, a look of longing in his eyes. Then, Harry walked to the door and before his hand touched the handle, he was called back in.

"Mr. Potter, your wand." Harry growled and rolled his eyes before turning back and walking across the room again. He slapped his wand in Pumblechook's outstretched hand, looking him dead in the eye and squinting a bit. The Gryffindor had to bite his lip, which was still tingling from Draco's touch, to keep from saying a nasty comment. He stormed out of there, slamming the door behind him, only after Draco followed eyes with Harry.

Draco gazed at the handle for a bit after he left, already missing him. "Can't we just catch a break?" He said it more to himself.

"Pardon," Pumblechook questioned, wondering whether or not he was trying to be disrespectful.

"I said," Draco chewed, hate flooding over him as he turned back to the man, "why is it that we can never catch a break. Why is it there are always monsters like you in the way, constantly? I just want to be with him and everything in the world is trying to stop it."

"Maybe that's a sign that you shouldn't be together in the first place."

Draco opened his mouth to defend himself but he realized he didn't have to prove himself to the man and kept his trap shut, only asking what he was to do.

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Draco had done lines for hours on end. He went through 2 quills and 5 bottles of ink within the time being, just wanting Harry to come back. How long does it really take to clean a trophy room?

Pumblechook sat at his desk grading papers. The room was dead quiet and Draco felt fatigue and drowsiness overcome him. Draco's blood only flowed when he got up to turn in more parchment stating, "I must respect my superiors." As a joke to himself, on one line in the middle of the endless rows he wrote "I must try to respect arrogant bozos." He knew it would go unnoticed.

But it went noticed to Draco's ignorance, and Pumblechook knew how to get under the slytherin's skin. The next time he turned in a page of lines, the professor stared ever so rudely at his arm.

"Pity your have the mark. Does Potter hold it against you?"

Draco bit the inside of his cheek and subconsciously pulled down his sleeve. "He doesn't mind it."

"Really? It doesn't bother him you're a murderer? You should be in askaban right now along with your filthy death eater father." Draco slammed his hand against Pumblechook's desk. If he had his wand he would hex him into the next century, but unfortunately it was located in a cherry-wooded drawer next to Pumblechook's left knee. The professor raised an eyebrow with a glint of humor in his eyes.

"I shouldn't be in askaban, the result was justice." Draco's tone raised but he tried to keep it down. Sitting back at his desk as he began another sheet, just begging for Harry to hurry up. "Don't blame me, because you are too unapt at your own job that you can't even take down two eighteen year old boys in face of a murderous trial. And for your information, no, it doesn't bother him, because I am not a murderer."

He wanted to punch his face in. He wanted to scream at him, he wanted to maim him. Draco just thought of Harry though. If he was here, he would ask him to calm down he would hold his hand. Pumblechook decided he wasn't going to stop there and brought up another dialogue a few silent minutes later.

"I'm just surprised he really loves you, of course, if he surely does."

"Oh he undoubtedly loves me, I guarantee you," he snapped, keeping his voice low."

"But he could do so much better."

Draco's nostrils flared and he couldn't even think of something to say, so he did the only logical thing he could think of while fuming. He turned and stomped at the door, wanting to make a break for it, but once he touched the handle he realized it was locked from the inside. Struggling, he kept tugging on it, only giving up after he slammed his hand against the wood.

He turned back to the teacher and gave him a deathly glare. "Never talk about my personal life!" He marched back to his desk looking anywhere but at the professor. "And never talk about Harry!"

"Why aren't you defending yourself," the man said, smirking behind his moustache and putting down his quill, "or is it that you believe that, too?"

Draco bit his tongue to keep from talking, but knowing that he would end up saying things that would cause further trouble wasn't the only reason he kept his mouth shut. He knew a small piece in his heart that the man was completely, 100%, without a doubt correct.
Harry showed up what seemed like days later. He was so sweaty his shirt was a completely different color, and he smelled rancid. His hair was soaked and his glasses were falling off of his nose because of the droplets pooled on it. The boy's face was red and flushed and he walked like he was ripping each and every single muscle in his body. Draco was half asleep, well, 15/16ths asleep when he came in as the shipwreck he was.

Draco immediately got up and rushed to him. "What happened to you?"

"I cleaned the trophy room," he bit at Pumblechook. He grabbed his and Draco's wand and they both left with dirty glares and headed down the endless spiral staircase.

"What took you so long?"

"He charmed the room so when I touched the door handle, it would reset and it gained twice as much dirt as it had the last time," he said walking down the stairs slowly. "I cleaned it, by hand, hunched over, probably 15 times. Do you know how many trophies are in there?"

"How many," Draco finally took an arm and wrapped it around his waist so Harry had support. He himself was so tired, he only guessed it was around midnight, possibly later.

"Too many," Harry mumbled.

"Do you want to go to the Room of Requirement," Draco yawned pulling him closer, "We could sleep.

"Not tonight. It would be too much of a tease," Harry yawned back, "Maybe tomorrow if detention isn't so late... and tiring. How was yours?"

"Horrible. I wanted to punch his face in," Draco woke up a little bit more due to the anger surfacing. "What'd he do?"

Draco debated on telling him but decided against it. "He was just being an arse."

"At least we don't have class with him tomorrow," Harry looked up to him with exhausted eyes and a sleep-drunken smile.

"Always so positive," Draco smiled and ran his fingers through Harry's greasy hair. "Ew, that's disgusting. You need a shower."

"So do you, you smell funny," Harry teased, burying his head in Draco's armpit. That tickled Draco, and I think we all know how Draco feels about being tickled, so, although trying to hide the sensation from Harry, he picked him up, piggy backing him. Harry lolled his head against Draco's neck, kissing it before nudging into it again and closing his eyes.

"You know, we are going to have to stop doing stuff like this," Draco brought up.

"Stuff like what," Harry raised his head and kissed his earlobe, sucking it. Draco felt a wave of pleasure go through him and a small, almost undetectable moan surfaced.

"Stuff like that."

"Rats," Harry stroked Draco's luscious locks. Draco smiled to himself.

His sweat cooled as they made their way to the 8th year common room and Draco let Harry down at the door. They both entered. Harry immediately stumbled down on the couch, eyeing Draco up and
"Are you checking me out," Draco raised an eyebrow.

Harry nodded his head before speaking in such a tired voice; he didn't know whether or not he was awake. "I'm thinking about what it would be like if you came over here and laid on top of me." Draco wore a small grin. "And I'm imagining you naked." The blonde rolled his eyes and crossed his arms. "Are you going to stand there all day or come here and cuddle with me?"

"Fine." Draco traveled to the couch and splayed himself on top of him, Harry pulling him closer.

"What did he have you do?"

"Lines. 'I must respect my superiors, I must respect my superiors,' blah blah blah. If you would have hurried up, I wouldn't of had to write it twenty thousand times. I feel like my hand is going to fall off."

"I'm sorry! It's not my fault." Harry took Draco's hand and massaged it, kissing it. "How did you get out of there?"

"Wandless magic when I figured everything out. What time do you reckon it is?"

Draco didn't get to answer for someone cut him off when he tried to guess.

"Harry! There you are mate," Ron held, already in his school uniforms.

"Why are you up so late? Shouldn't you be asleep," Harry yawned, rubbing his eyes.

"What are you talking about? I'm actually late for breakfast, I was supposed to be down there 5 minutes ago. Almost everyone's gone. Hermione is going to kill me."

"Breakfast," Draco questioned as he sat up off of Harry, and he sat as well.

"Ron, what time is it?"

"7:20! Where have you two been?"

"Detention," Harry's adrenaline pumped as he got up off the couch. "We're going to be late! Thanks Ron! Don't wait up for me."

Harry ran to his room and Draco followed, and they both started stripping their layers. "What are you still doing here?"

"Saving time," Draco rushed as he threw off his undershirt.

"Does that mean you're going to distract me half the time," Harry asked, unzipping his trousers.

"Do you want me to," Draco raised an eyebrow.

"Well obviously," Harry said, looking at him dead in the eye.

"Alright then," Draco nodded, taking off the rest of his clothing then throwing himself on Harry and kissing him while pushing him back into the tiled cubical. He turned on the shower and it doused them in water while he pushed his tongue in Harry's mouth. Harry audibly moaned as Draco grabbed his arse cheeks. The Gryffindor wrapped his arms around Draco's neck and leaned his head to deepen the kiss. When they finally cried for air, Harry made his way to Draco's neck.
"I guess this is making up for missing last night," Harry said as he moved up to Draco's mouth again.

"Maybe... like a quarter of it."

"Have I ever told you that you are so demanding?"

"You may or may not have mentioned it," Draco looked into Harry's eyes before kissing him again sweetly, his heart fluttering.

"How am I ever going to keep up with you?"

"I don't know," Draco smiled. He really didn't. And the thoughts he'd been thinking since their first real date surfaced. What if Harry finally came to his senses? When Harry turned around to get shampoo, his smile dropped slightly as he registered what not only Pumblechook had said, but Ron too, and Snape, and everyone else.

Harry reached to put clear gel in Draco's hair but Draco backed away. "What is that?"

"Cucumber, what else would it be?"

"Is that what you use in your hair?"

"Yeah?"

"I'm not using that!"

"Why not?"

"Do you even look in the mirror? Harry, your hair is a mess!"

"But you love it," Harry gave a small smile and put it into Draco's hair despite the pout on his face. Harry vigorously scrubbed and then pushed him under the water where Draco took over and cleansed the shampoo out of his hair. Harry took a bar of soap and started washing Draco's chest and shoulders, adoring it.

He went further down to have Draco flinch as he reached his stomach. Draco grabbed Harry's hands by his wrists. "Don't you dare," he warned.

"What?"

"That tingles."

"You mean tickles?"

"Don't say that word," Draco pouted, keeping a serious face, while Harry laughed out loud.

"Will you just come here," Harry said, shifting their weight so he could finish cleaning him. "You know, you are adorable when you pout."

"Am not..."

"Most definitely are too." He pecked his pursed lips. Harry took some of his shampoo and put it on his own hair, beginning to scrub it, but Draco swat his hand away and did it himself- still pouting. "You think we'll make it for breakfast," Harry questioned.

Draco quirked his lips to the side, "No."
"So we will be running on no food, no sleep, and no sex all day." Draco smiled slightly at that, a half-smirk so to speak, before frowning oh so faintly as he massaged Harry's head.

"It will be a challenge, I have to say."

"We could fulfill the third one right now," Harry suggested before leaning his head back into the water.

Draco looked at him longingly, contemplating it, but then said, "We would miss potions."

"That's a sacrifice I would be willing to take," the Gryffindor spat out water.

"Harry, stop it, have some self control," Draco started soaping up his body.

"You're one to talk!"

"Shut it! I could swear you don't even want to have a career."

"I do, but I was already offered into the Auror program. The only reason I'm at Hogwarts is because of you," Harry said. "I hope Kingsley will let me back. I kind of went off on him when I found out he was the one who caught you."

Draco kept quiet. He shut off the water and there was a dripping silence. If it wasn't for him, Harry could have had a job already, or at least training for one.

Harry took a towel and started drying off Draco's legs and worked his way up to his blonde hair. He ruffled his strands and then looked Draco in the eyes, he still had a pout on his lip, but this one was much more solemn though. Harry took the towel and wrapped it around his head, only to leave his nose open to the air where he gently placed a kiss upon it.

Draco got out of the shower while Harry wiped himself down, and Draco spelled the rest of his damp hair dry.

"Now since you followed me in here," Harry raised an eyebrow, "you have nothing to wear." Draco stood in the realization that his uniform was tucked away in a neatly folded cabinet all the way across the hall. Harry let out a chuckle.

"Harry, can I borrow your invisibility cloak for like two minutes," Draco asked, closing his eyes, just imagining the look on someone's face if they saw him.

"I don't know, can you?"

Draco took the towel draped along his abdomen and slapped Harry with it. "Smart arse."

Draco left, completely naked, only to find Harry's trunk at the foot of the bed. On top was all of Draco's things given to Harry when he had his memory wiped from him.

"Hey! I was looking for these," Draco called, pulling out their old photos, the Gryffindor hoodie, his stuffed lion, and various other trinkets from their relationship.

"Sorry! Blaise gave them back to me when you kept having memory attacks."

Draco took the photo of Harry kissing him on the cheek and smiled at it. "This was two years ago."

"So much has changed," Harry commented as he pulled out his uniform.
"So much has," Draco agreed, "for the much much better."

"The much much much better," Harry kneeled next to Draco and kissed his cheek, just like he did in the picture.

"Do you still have the pocket watch?"

"Erm, I think it's broken," he answered, and began searching for the old time teller. It was at the bottom of the trunk and it popped up after Harry yanked its chain.

1267.

Harry immediately smiled as his heart beat out of his chest. He was paralyzed with happiness.

"What," Draco asked.

"It's not broken. It was stuck on 1260 for the past five months. And its been one week since you got your memory back, which means you love me again, or at least remember it."

"I do love you, very very much, Harry," Draco turned him and kissed his forehead before grabbing his items and the invisibility cloak and going across the hall to change.

Harry smiled and assembled on his clothing. It was only when he pulled over his sweater vest and tucked in his tie, did a shirtless ferret sneak behind him in the mirror and put his slytherin tie loosely on top of Harry's gryffindor one.

Harry raised an eyebrow at the hands surrounding his neck and Draco popped out from behind him, smiling. "Almost ready," he questioned.

"Help me with my shirt?"

"And why should I do that," Harry hardly smirked.

Draco kissed Harry persuasively by grabbing the back of his head and tugging at his hair, just smashing their lips together. On top of his tiredness biting at him, he grew dizzy and breathless.

"That's why," Harry said anxiously, licking his lips. Draco grabbed his shirt and positioned it around his shoulders, putting his arms through the holes. Harry, with the upmost focus, started buttoning the white material and Draco watched him. When he reached the middle of the shirt, Draco craned his neck and kissed Harry yet again, grabbing his cheek.

"Your kisses are like my caffeine," the blonde said, his eyes looking into Harry's own closed ones.

"I hope I can keep you awake today," Harry said only to give him a few more pecks as he placed his hand on Draco's chest. Draco kissed him long and deep, his passion and love leaking from his saliva. Harry moaned and rubbed his skin, reaching behind his shirt.

"Now, we could stay here for 7 minutes and sprint to class, barely make it, or we can finish this up now and make it there on time," Draco gave the options.

They arrived to potions, sweaty and winded, just as the bell rang.

The day was exhausting, both boys hitting fatigue by 10:30; they almost fell asleep in every class. Before detention, they even had to go to the hospital wing to get a pepper-up potion, just to make it
through the night.

Once arrived at Pumblechook's office, the boys were forced to sit on opposite sides of the room and were told to do lines through 96 inches of parchment.

The first few hours went smoothly, but suddenly, Draco was writing what he was supposed to, but the quill was writing something else.

"He's too good for you," and "he could do so much better," appeared on the page, and Draco couldn't tell if it was his quill or his subconscious.

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"Do you want to crash in my room, I'm sure Ron wouldn't mind as long as we were quiet," Harry asked as they were walking back from detention. There had been an awkward silence and finally Harry decided to fill it.

"Erm, no it's okay, I mean, there are only two more hours until we have to get up anyway. Might as well not get comfortable," Draco said, unsure and quiet. Detention lasted until 4:00 in the morning.

"What?"

"I don't want to cramp you bed though. It's okay."

"We could go to the Room of Requirement and sleep," Harry suggested.

"I mean, if you want to."

"Draco, are you alright," he asked, concerned.

"I'm fine, Harry, just tired."

"Alright..."

They made their way to the Room of Requirement and it conjured up the room they had met up in for dates and Christmas gatherings, a four-poster bed ready to be laid in. The boys stripped, but Draco did it more slowly.

Harry waited for Draco and when they got into bed, he immediately wrapped his arms around him. Draco buried his head into Harry's chest and held onto him protectively.

"Good night, Draco."

"Good morning, my love."

Harry kissed the top of his head.

And Draco found himself clinging onto Harry as if he was his only lifeline.

--------------------------------------

During classes, Draco had completely avoided Harry and Harry didn't understand why. Although, the sleepiness covered a mental film over them, they weren't thinking properly, and it's not like they had completely gotten over the memory loss incident. Pumblechook took note of the behavior.

The next detention, Draco swallowed hard as he was told they would be separated again. He was sent to the storage closet outside of the Charms classroom, to clean and organize it, wandless again.
Harry was forced to stay there. When he opened the door he found himself in a room filled with so many books, he couldn't see. His task was to put them in alphabetical order, but he knew that wouldn't happen within the night. He got to work, filling up shelves and clearing the piles.

Under one of the bigger piles, lay a trunk, dusty and moldy. Draco debated on opening it, but he knew with Pumblechook's deceiving, psychotic mind, he would be force to go back if he skipped a pile.

When he opened it, he was forced back due to an unseen force, and dust was thrown everywhere, forcing him to shield his eyes. He started coughing and he stood, only to find Harry standing above him when he opened his eyes.

"Harry! How did you escape Pumblechook?"

"Don't call me that," Harry bit, a look of disgust on his face.

"What?"

"You're nauseating, you're vile."

"Harry what are you talking about?"

"How could you ever think I love you?"

"Harry! No, what are you saying?"

"You're not good enough for me. There are so many better people out there, which are so better than you. Better than a filthy death eater."

It took him a second to realize he was talking to a boggart, but that idea wasn't grasped firmly enough because he kept thinking the body before him was real, and what he was saying was real.

"No matter what you do, I know that I could do so much better," the boggart chanted. "I'm too good for you, and you could never live up to me. I'm going to end it with you, even if it takes me days, weeks even."

Draco found himself covering his ears and backing up against the wall. He didn't have a wand. He couldn't make it go away.

The only thing he could do was wait for the door to unlock.

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It was 6:30 in the morning when Draco made it back to the defense against the dark arts classroom. He was crying and shaking. The boggart hadn't stopped talking the entire time, hours on end. It made him rethink the whole relationship and Harry's feelings for him.

Draco stood outside the door, wiping tears from his face and taking a deep breath before he walked into the room. He just went up and took his wand not even looking in the professor's direction. Harry got up and grabbed his own wand as Draco rushed out the door.

"Draco," he called.

He didn't answer, but just kept walking, ignoring his calls. At the moment he wanted to punch a wall in.
"Draco," Harry shouted, running up to him. "Draco, what's wrong with you?"

Draco just kept walking, as if Harry wasn't there.

"Draco, damn it! What the hell is wrong with you? What happened in there," Harry begged, getting angry. "Draco!"

He took him and pinned him to the wall.

"I'm talking to you! What the hell happened! Have you been crying?"

"Harry, just please, I'm fine, just leave me alone."

"Just tell me what happened to you!"

"Harry, leave me alone," Draco said sterner, all tears gone from his eyes.

"Draco, please just tell me what's wrong!"

"Potter, get off of me," he shouted, using his strength to muster Harry off of him. He left Harry standing there, wondering how two days ago, they were making out in the shower, and now he wouldn't even talk to him.

He could only wonder.

----------------------------------------

The next day, or should I say 45 minutes later, they didn't speak at all, and Draco avoided him to every extent. The reason: he thought what the boggart said was a completely true statement and he didn't want the real Harry to end it with him once and for all.

Although, it would be much easier to think if they hadn't been running on 3 hours of sleep every day that they got from napping during dinner. Harry would try to reach out to Draco but he would shut him away. He hid during the two hours before dinner, and Harry found himself looking at his seat across the hall, figuring he should be alone for the time being.

"Where's Draco," Hermione asked, only to taunt him more.

"I don't know. He hasn't spoken to me all day. I don't know what's going on to be honest with you," Harry said solemnly.

"Do you think he's having second thoughts?"

"Why would he be? I love him and he knows that, and he loves me, it's not that difficult."

"Yeah but sometimes the demons come back, Harry."

"Maybe he's just tired?"

"Maybe..."

----------------------------------------

Once arrived at detention, they were told to sit together, although Draco sat at the very edge. His eyes were poled with darkness and wrinkles were forming, as well as Harry's due to the lack of food and sleep. Their irritability level was massive and classmates and friends started to notice.
"You two have worked very hard these past few days," Pumblechook said, raising an eyebrow, "Which is why I decided to cut your detention short. As long as you two keep what you're doing up, I'm sure we will get over this bump in the road quickly," he almost had a smile on his face, but what Draco saw was a malicious act of mocking. He knew. Oh he knew. "Mr. Potter, once you write the letter of recommendation and put it on my desk, you both are dismissed."

Harry gave a sigh of relief as Draco just crossed his arms and hugged himself. Pumblechook went upstairs to his office while the two had to stay in the classroom.

"Hey," Harry smiled, turning to Draco, "We're free," he whispered. Draco just stared off into space, blinking vigorously. "Are you alright? Have you been having nightmares?"

The slytherin nodded his head. He had, but they were alive, living within him, constantly biting at him.

"After this is over we could go to the Room of Requirement," Harry suggested," We could just sleep."

Draco swallowed, shutting his eyes and putting his head down on the desk. Harry rubbed his back a bit before concentrating on the letter he was about to fake.

There was an awkward silence as he scribbled on the page, and finally when he signed it, Draco stood, refusing to look Harry in the eye. Harry just furrowed his eyebrows and walked over to Pumblechook's desk, placing it in the center.

"We need to talk," he told Draco, causing the blonde's heart to race. Draco was genuinely terrified. They made their way to the room of requirement and the silent tension grew between them. The room offered the same cubical they normally went in and they both sat down on the couch. Harry was ready to pull him close and hold him, but Draco scooted all the way to the opposite side of it.

"I feel like we haven't talked in forever," Harry started.

Draco sat there, shaking his leg and biting his lip, staring off into space. Harry watched him silently, barely breathing. He looked like he wanted to cry again.

"You hate it when people shake their leg. It irks you," Harry said quietly. Draco just stopped shaking it, blinking again. "Are you just going to sit there and stare off into space or are you going to tell me what's on your mind?"

"How was detention," Draco replied sharply, still looking in front of him, biting his lip.

"It was fine," Harry said confused, caught off guard from the question.

"Did Pumblechook talk to you at all," Draco swallowed.

"No, he was actually quite respectful the whole time, which was surprising."

"Good for you."

"And yours?"

Draco was silent for a long while before speaking in a ghostly tone. "When are you going to realize you could do so much better than me?"
"What," Harry questioned, raising an eyebrow, sitting up in a crisscross position," What are you talking about?"

"Harry, I'm not good enough for you and you know it deep down so why don't you just admit it to yourself and we can move on with our lives?"

Harry wanted to laugh as if Draco were playing a joke on him. "And where would you be getting this from?" Realizing Draco wasn't by him wiping his eyes, Harry questioned, alarmed, "What happened in detention yesterday?"

"Nothing," Draco answered all too quickly.

"Draco, answer me."

"I didn't have my wand, okay," Draco bit unexpectedly," I couldn't do anything about it."

"Do anything about what?"

Draco answered after a moment or two of nauseous silence. "There was a boggart."

"A boggart? And?"

"Harry," Draco finally said a little louder, turning to him, "you know what my biggest fear is."

"Losing me," he said just above a whisper, thinking more to himself, his heart fluttering and chipping at the same time.

"Losing you. I was stuck in there for six hours, six Harry. And you stood there and mocked me and told me I could never be good enough for you for six goddamned hours. Oh and on Monday, Pumblechook talked to me about being a death eater and about you, and on Tuesday he made me do lines and they all said the exact same thing no matter what I wrote it said the exact same thing over and over and over-"

"He's been torturing you and you haven't told me!"

"Well-"

"Why are you even listening to him?"

"Don't you get it? It's because I believe it."

Draco stood, "I always have, ever since you didn't shake my hand, I knew it was because I could never compare to the Great Harry Potter! That's why I hated you for years, that's why I thought I could outsmart you by pulling the prank on you, that's why we had so many arguments in 6th year about it, that's why I questioned you when you proposed to me. Because I know one day when you wake up, you're going to realize that you could do so much better than me and you're going to fall in love with a Swedish underwear model and leave me alone to wallow in my own sorrow. Everyone who has told me it, including Pumblechook, just makes me know it's true even more. I've believed it since the first time I met you, I'll believe it until we die, because you are so special, and so extraordinary, and I'm just a follower from a washed up family. I don't deserve someone as astonishing you!"

Harry sat there in silence, looking at Draco as if he had grown three heads before softening. "I didn't know you felt that way."

"I do," Draco said, turning away from him.
"Wait who has told you that you aren't good enough for me?"

"Weasley-"

"Ron? You're serious?"

"Over summer."

"Snape over the summer in 6th year too, just before Hogwarts. Pansy has too before."

"I thought he loved us being together."

"She does," Draco sniffed, "But that doesn't mean that there aren't other people out there, smarter than me, better looking than me, nicer than me," he swallowed and swallowed hard, "braver than me. And it's like sitting on an exploding snap waiting for you to realize it."

"Why have you been hiding this from me for so long? Why didn't you trust me enough to tell me?"

"I've hinted at it before. And besides, it would induce you breaking up with me anyway."

"Break up with you? Why would I break up with you," Harry stood.

"I already told you. I'm not good enough for you!"

"Oh would you stop acting like a child?"

Draco stared at him with wild eyes.

"You heard me. Stop acting like a child and making things complicated. You know I love you, and I know you love me. Why are you making it any harder than that? You're just pitying yourself," Harry scoffed. He was growing angry, knowing that Draco had hid this from him, well had even thought it anyway.

"Harry, don't you see how scared I am? Girls hang around you all the time, and if the world knew you were gay, so would thousands of men too! You get what, hundreds of letters everyday from fans!"

"You don't think I'm not scared too? Draco, I'm absolutely terrified! You're legally engaged to a girl you don't even know, who won't break a contract binding you together! What if she won't stop it, and you're forced to be with her? What if along the way you actually get to know her and fall in love with her?"

"You're sick to think I would fall in love with that cow!"

"You're sick to think I would leave you!" Draco groaned in frustration and began walking out the door on to have Harry stop him. "Where are you going?"

"I just need to be alone okay," Draco bit, turning back to Harry. Harry wanted to argue it but he could see there was so much more bothering him than just a small fight with his fiancée. He saw his exhaustion and need for solitude and rest so he nodded.

"I want you to remember that if I didn't want to be with you the rest of my life, I wouldn't of asked," Harry said softly, his tiredness kicking in as well. Draco stopped for a few seconds, turning back to bid him a good night, and leaving into the empty corridors.

--------------------------------------------
Draco woke to rapid knocks on his door, which turned to bangs.

"Malfoy, wake up," Ron's frantic shouts were muffled from the door, but were indeed rushed and desperate. Draco shot up to the door while Blaise just rolled over in his bed.

"What's wrong with Harry," he immediately asked.

"How did you know it was him," Ron asked, dumbfounded.

"Like you would want to have a chat with me at two in the morning," Draco rolled his eyes. "Now what's it, go on?"

"Harry's having nightmares, I think, either that or a heart attack, but I'm pretty positive it's nightmares. I've tried everything. He won't wake up, and he keeps screaming your name." The blonde was guided into their room. Harry was having a fit, he was shrieking and crying and shaking and sweating. The blankets were on the floor and the pillows were nowhere to be seen, the sheets were twisted as a tornado.

Draco immediately ran to his side, shaking him, grabbing his hand, and kissing it. "Come on Harry, come on Harry," he chanted, knowing that either he would wake, or he would have to wait it out. Draco climbed on top of the shivering boy and pinned his arms down to his sides, straddling him. He was saying anything he could to wake him.

Harry, despite being unable to move, shook his head by his neck and struggled, screaming 'No,' over and over and over again. Draco could see the pool of sweat beading down his neck, and most of his shirt was wet. Harry shrieked again, long and vocal-chord-ripping.

"Damn it, Harry! Wake up!" Draco kissed his forehead, and although he may have relaxed a bit, he was still screaming. And then he was crying. Draco kissed his temple, down to his jaw, and he finished by tasting his salty neck. "Harry, please wake up my love," he whispered in his ear, and finally he did.

Harry's eyes shot open and he was shaking, panting for oxygen. He was winded and looked up to see a concerned Draco. He almost thought he was in his nightmare again and started screaming, only to have Draco shush him, and climb off of him.

"Draco! Oh god Draco," Harry gasped, his lips quivering as he grasped onto him by the neck and pulling him closer. Draco held him, his hand on the back of his head, the other pulling him close by his back.

"Shhh, you're okay, you're okay," Draco whispered, hugging him tight, "It was just a bad dream."

"Draco, it was awful," Harry started, his words almost couldn't be recognized due to his sobbing, but Draco cut him off from further speech.

"Hey, shhh, we don't need to talk about it right now just relax, we're okay," Draco cooed, stroking his hair away from his face.

"Draco, I'm sorry, so sorry" he cried, squeezing him so his bones were crushed.

"Don't worry, Harry," he whispered, letting go of him and getting up from the bed. "It's alright, I'm sorry too."
"Wait, no! Don't leave me," Harry begged.

"Wouldn't dream of it, I'm not going anywhere. How are we supposed to sleep without a pillow?" Draco searched for the bed's accessories and fixed the sheets while Harry watched him, breathing unsteadily. He tucked Harry in and climbed in bed with him, wrapping his arms around him, and Harry hugged him as well. Burying his head in the nape of his neck, he began sobbing again. Draco took his hand and laced their fingers together.

They lay there silently for a while, except for a few sniffles or chokes from Harry, expecting one another to fall asleep, but Harry didn't dare, and Draco wasn't planning on going unconscious with Harry as freaked out as he was.

And then there was Ron. He watched the entire thing, although he was forgotten. Even though he still hated Malfoy, and probably always would, watching him comforting Harry like that, with the look in his eyes, he was actually happy he was with him... but he would never admit that.

"Do you want to go to Madam Pomfrey?"

"No, I'll be okay," Harry whispered back.

"What about tomorrow, just to see what's going on-"

"I know exactly what she's gonna say. It's nightmares because of the war and she'll try to give me dreamless sleep potion and it won't work."

"Yeah but, Harry, it's your health."

"Draco, no I'm not going," Harry raised his voice.

"Shhh, Harry relax, if you don't want to go you don't want to go, it's okay, we won't go. You know they're nightmares, or are they flashbacks?"

"Nightmares," Harry shook.

"Alright," Draco kissed his forehead. "It's not real, I promise."

"It seemed like it," Harry whined. "I'm sorry, Ron for waking you," he turned to the boy.

"It's alright mate," Ron said quietly.

"Do you want to go to the room of requirement," Draco asked.

Harry nodded his head and they proceeded to get out of bed while Draco grabbed Harry's invisibility cloak and wrapped it around them. They held hands all the way down to the room, and Harry wished it could be like that without the material shielding them from the world. Once inside they peeled the cloak off.

"Draco, it was awful! Voldemort had us captured and-"

Harry started but was cut off by Draco placing his lips on his own as a hand grabbed his cheek.

"Shh, we don't need to talk about it tonight. We can talk about it tomorrow. We've gotten no sleep in four days, let's just rest, okay?"

"Okay," Harry looked up to him with loving eyes before kissing his nose, leaving Draco with a small smile. Draco pulled him into a tight hug, Harry's skull under his chin. They stood there for a bit and
Harry could have fallen asleep right then and there but Draco let go, holding his hand and leading him to the bed.

"Wait, before we sleep, I want you naked."

Harry furrowed his eyebrows at it. "Why?"

"Because I want our bodies together, no clothes. It's more romantic that way, just trust me."

"Okay, Mr. Romance," Harry gave a small, sleep-drunken smile and peeled off all his clothes. Draco did the same, and they both lay there under the goose feather blankets, their body heat comforting as Harry snuggled closer to Draco, him encasing his arms around the boy.

"Good night my love," Draco whispered, causing Harry to shiver a good shiver. He kissed the top of his head.

"And you say you're not good enough for me... rather I'm not good enough for you," Harry said softly before closing his eyes and drifting.

Draco smiled to himself.
Harry woke to the heavy breathing of Draco next to him. It was moving his own messy hair and the air ran along his expression, barely on his neck. He was face to chest, and upon opening his eyes, he ran them along Draco’s scars. He immediately felt guilty and glided two fingers along them. Draco stirred slightly. Harry kissed right over his heart, and Draco bent his head while Harry leaned up to kiss him, causing them to bump each other. Draco let out a groan after his teeth smashed into the top of his mouth by Harry’s forehead.

“Sorry!”

“Good morning to you, too,” Draco said sarcastically, rubbing his jaw. Harry lifted himself to the point in which he was even with Draco and grabbed his cheeks with both hands before placing their lips together. Draco put a hand on Harry’s and then followed his arm up to his shoulder, squeezing it, then continued up to his cheeks and finally ended up pulling his hair. Harry smiled into the kiss, only before deepening it, just feeling his soft sweet lips that were carelessly responding to him.

“You don’t understand how much I love being kissed by you,” Draco gleamed, looking into his eyes when they finally released.

“I don’t think you understand how much I love kissing you,” Harry said softly, his voice breaking. He pulled the blanket up to his face so Draco could only see his eyes. It was incredibly warm and cozy and they snuggled closer to each other. They stared into each other’s eyes before Harry closed his again, ready to surface into another slumber. Draco reached a hand and pet his hair oh so delicately, his tender touch comforting Harry to an extreme.

“Any nightmares,” he whispered.

“Never with you,” the gryffindor smiled before drifting away, Draco watching him in adoration. The blonde stayed awake, just thinking about their future together, only until unconscious pulled him away involuntarily.

When Draco woke, the first sight he had was Harry’s face, and the weight of his body that was leaning on him was pushing him deep into the bed. He looked at him with a raised eyebrow, almost as if he was crazy.

“What,” Draco asked, waking up more and more each second.

“A Swedish underwear model?”

“It was the first thing I could think of,” Draco confessed slumping his shoulders.

“You really think I’m going to leave you, my fiancé, who I’ve known since I was eleven, dated since I was fourteen, been through a war with for Merlin’s sake, for some stupid Swedish underwear model to whom I’ve never met.”

“Well when you put it like that I sound like a bimbo,” Draco said solemnly, not meeting his eyes.

“You are a bimbo! Very much,” Harry looked down at him before stroking his cheek with the back of two fingers. Draco let out a huff of air before finally meeting Harry’s green eyes. They just stared, reading each other, almost having a conversation, their blinks as use of periods.

“You are so beautiful,” the Gryffindor blurted out. Draco found himself blushing abundantly causing...
Harry to smile a million smiles. “Awh look who’s blushing.”

Draco grew even more ruby and called his name in an embarrassed tone as he rolled over trying to hide his face.

“Draco Malfoy is blushing as red as a rose,” Harry taunted playfully, flipping him back over. Draco took a pillow and put it over his face, mumbling into it.

“Stop it Harry,” the muffled cries as bashful as ever. Harry adjusted himself so he was lying next to him and he buried his head under the pillow as well.

“You’re blushing,” he would call repeatedly in between kisses down his neck. Draco let out a muffled groan before lifting the pillow off of his face; his cheeks still a scarlet shade. Draco wore a glare but Harry’s smile didn’t falter as he sat back up.

Draco rolled his eyes before saying, “You’re very pretty yourself.”

“Pretty? That’s all I get,” Harry threw himself on top of him rolled them over so he was on the bottom, the blankets being tousled between them.

Draco smiled, looking him in the eyes for a long while only to smirk, “You’re hard, aren’t you?”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” Harry tried to pull off an innocent look but failed miserably.

“Harry, I can feel it,” Draco refused to leave their deadlock stare.

“Well in that case, we may as well avenge this week,” Harry raised an eyebrow.

“We may as well,” Draco smirked, “besides, I want to show you how much better I am than some irrelevant Swedish underwear model.”

“Can’t wait,” Harry smiled before pulling Draco down on top of him and kissing him fiercely.

“You know what I realized,” Draco asked. Harry’s head was lying on top of Draco’s stomach and he was petting the raven hair. They had been telling stories for hours on end, laughing, frowning, cuddling, endless words pouring out of their mouths.

“What’s that?”

“We haven’t planned anything out for our wedding,” Draco quirked his lips to the side.

“Or for Holiday break,” Harry reminded, analyzing the ceiling.

“I see you have your priorities straight,” Draco snorted.

“What? Holiday starts in two weeks, our wedding won’t be for…”

“Harry, we haven’t even planned that out either,” Draco snorted again, causing Harry to laugh.

“Wow, we are horrible,” Harry giggled, “Alright so we have two weeks.”

“I need to be with my mother,” Draco mentioned, “She’s under house arrest all alone, I’m sure she would die to have my company. And don’t get me wrong, she’s going to love you, but I think she would want us to be alone for a while.”
“And I want to see the Weasley’s a bit, too.”

“So the first week we go with our families, then meet up at my house on the day before Christmas Eve,” Draco questioned, soughing for Harry’s approval with the nod of his head. “We have dinner and I can show you around, and you can sleep over.”

“And then on Christmas Eve, I take you to Grimmauld Place and we get ready and have dinner that night with the Weasley’s and go back home after that so we can spend Christmas together, as well as the next week.”

“That sounds good… but terrifying.” Draco said biting his lip.

“What, are you scared of the Weasley’s,” Harry’s eyes lit up.

“Harry our families have hated each other for years! It’s going to be horrible,” Draco said, a worried expression on his eyebrows. Harry got up and sat next to him, letting Draco lean his head on his shoulder as they held hands. “I feel like they are all going to beat me up in their Weasley glory.”

“Draco, they won’t beat you up! First of all, I’ll be there, like I’d let that happen, and second of all, they already know our story and Arthur Weasley is very grateful you saved his life. They’re forgiving people, and it’s not like you’ve personally ever wronged them, you’ve just been snarky.”

“I know but that doesn’t mean I still don’t have the mark They’re going to hate me.” Draco looked up at Harry, and Harry down at Draco.

“They won’t hate you! They’re going to be thrilled to actually meet you. I’m like a son to them, and if I love you, they’ll love you, too.” Harry kissed Draco’s forehead. “I promise.”

Draco looked back up at Harry as if it was the first sunrise he’d ever seen, wonder within his irises. “Okay,” he said before leaning back on his shoulder, only to kiss it first.

“Now about our wedding,” Harry smiled and Draco lifted his head up beaming. “When do you want it to be?”

After a bit of thought, Draco finally said, “You know what would be romantic?”

“What?”

“If it was on our anniversary, February 25th.”

“That would be very romantic,” Harry smiled.

“But-“

“Oh God…”

“What?”

“You pay so much attention to detail, this is going to take years,” Harry teased, earning a whack of the back of Draco’s hand on his chest.

“Anyway, to get to my point, a winter wedding? It would be snowing and everything.”

“So you don’t want one in the winter?”

“No,” Draco took charge.
“When, then?”

Draco went into a deep thought again before speaking again, an idea hammering his brain. “What about October 31st?”

“The anniversary of my parent’s death,” Harry looked at him as if he was crazy.

“I mean you can look at it that way, but it’s also the night—” Draco said with a sparkle in his eye before Harry cut him off.

“The night you got your memories back,” Harry softened. Draco nodded his head.

“And besides, your parents died because they loved you. I love you. It’s a day of love… and candy.” Harry laughed at the last part but then thought it through.

“It would be a great time to do it,” he agreed.

“Okay so, October 31st. Where do you want it to be?”

“That’s an even harder question!” Harry lent his head back, looking at the ceiling and groaning.

“I’m not asking you to save the world or anything! It’s planning a wedding.”

“Draco, I’ve already done that like a million times,” Harry whined. Draco looked at him his mouth dropping slightly as he squinted his eyes.

“You cocky bastard,” he mocked, causing him to laugh.

“How about a garden,” Harry asked, still smiling.

“A garden?”

“Yeah, think about it. It would be like our spot in the forest. The leaves would be falling, there would be so many colors. There wouldn’t be pollen so you wouldn’t be sneezing half the time, and it wouldn’t be storming either.”

“I like it,” Draco nodded his head in approval. “What about the music?”

“Ah ah ah… no no,” Harry spoke, laying on top of him, “I think we’ve planned enough for the day.”

“But Harry—"

“Shhh! We have until October,” Harry dived into Draco’s neck, kissing it. Draco shut his eyes and relaxed.

“You’re right,” he said with a sigh before taking Harry’s chin and kissing lips slowly. “I can’t wait to tell people you’re my husband.”

“I can’t wait either. What are you doing tonight? Oh just going out to dinner with my husband, no big deal or anything,” Harry smiled, “Me and my husband are visiting Paris, sorry I won’t be in touch!”

“I apologize mother, “ Draco said with a fake serious face, “I won’t be stopping in for tea, my husband and I are going house shopping.”

“Ron I can’t play quidditch with you today, my husband want’s me home early,” Harry laughed.
“To do what,” Draco asked, raising a suggestive eyebrow.

“Play chess of course!”

“Play chess?”

“Yes, Mr. Potter,” Harry leant down and kissed him again.

“Draco Potter,” Draco rolled his eyes.

“Think about it Draco… Harry Malfoy?”

“That would be awful,” Draco agreed before giggling. Harry smiled at him again only to roll off of him again and place his head on his shoulder, taking Draco’s hand and drawing circles on it.

“We’re going to have to tell my friends one day,” Harry spoke after a while.

“And we are going to have to tell the world too, one day.”

“That one day is going to be a mess.”

“I couldn’t agree more,” Draco sighed. “What if the media gets in the way of our relationship?”

“They will. I’m sure they’ll put in a bunch of rubbish trying to. I trust you over the paparazzi. I know who you are and what you do.”

“They’ll try and get us to break up,” Draco said softer.

“We won’t, okay? And besides I think Pumblechook is trying to. I thought it through while you were snoring your head off, and it only makes sense. We cost him his career and I imagine it would be the only thing that he could hurt us with, so he separated us so we wouldn’t talk all week and then he put doubts in your head so he knew we would fight about it and break up.”

“It’s a theory, an excellent theory. What are we going to do about it?”

“Since he’s black mailing us with these photos, I think that we just have to act like we broke up, and we can’t be seen together, only in the common room.”

“Harry, that sucks! I can’t believe we are bowing down to him.”

“I know, it’s just that’s how it’s always been anyway. It shouldn’t be too hard.” Harry said although there was sadness in his words. He liked being a little more lenient, and even kissing Draco in front of Pumblechook was a relief.

“When do you want to tell the world?”

Harry spoke after a bit of silence. “I want to tell my friends I’m gay before break, so it’s easier for them to take in. I think telling them before graduation is the best bet, and if they figure it out before then, that’s okay. I want to tell the media after graduation. Hogwarts is a safe haven to me, even if we still fought a war in it. I don’t want it to be ruined by a bunch of nosy brats.”

“I like that plan,” Draco nodded his head in approval.

“Thanks, I came up with it.”

Draco just smiled and shook his head.
“What time do you reckon it is?”

“Probably around five o’clock or so,” Harry guessed.

“One day we are going to get in trouble for missing so many classes,” Draco theorized.

“It’s not like we can go back and change it now,” Harry said without a care in the world. “I don’t want to leave here. I just want to stay here with you, forever.”

“I wish, Harry,” the blonde dreamed, and then brought up another topic, “So, same rules as with Snape?”

“What?”

“We’re going to have to act like we broke up… again.” He spoke as if it was a boring grind, a struggle if you will. Honestly, it was, acting as though they weren’t endlessly and hopelessly in love with each other.

“I never thought we would have to do this a second time,” Harry groaned.

“And we can’t just half arse it, either. Remember 6th year when we really did? Now we have standards.”

“Are we going to beat each other up again,” the Gryffindor asked.

“We should make it look like we did,” Draco said solemnly. “Make me cry.”

“How am I supposed to do that?” Harry sat up, stroking Draco’s cheek again.

“Don’t do that,” Draco snapped, whacking Harry’s hand away from his face. “Just be creative.”

“Isn’t there a spell? I don’t want to make you cry again,” Harry stated. He really didn’t. He hated seeing Draco crying, it drove him crazy seeing his love in so much distress.

“I think I know which one you’re talking about,” Draco sat up. “Should you give me black eye, too?”

“Don’t make me, Draco, “ Harry whined. “You know how much I hate that.”

“You didn’t hate it the day after I got my memory back,” Draco accused. Harry had punched him so hard he still remembers the headache he had when Harry fell asleep in his arms upon realizing the miracle blessed upon them.

“That was because I was angry at you and it will never happen again,” Harry cried. “I swear! And besides I didn’t know you got it back, I thought it was a joke!”

“Harry relax, I know,” Draco reassured. “You know how much I hate that.”

“You didn’t hate it the day after I got my memory back,” Draco accused. Harry had punched him so hard he still remembers the headache he had when Harry fell asleep in his arms upon realizing the miracle blessed upon them.

“That was because I was angry at you and it will never happen again,” Harry cried. “I swear! And besides I didn’t know you got it back, I thought it was a joke!”

“Harry relax, I know,” Draco reassured. Harry hated dishing it more than taking it. He could handle himself in pain but not anyone else. They both got up and started dressing themselves for dinner. Of course Harry helped Draco button his shirt again with an exchange of kisses. “So about that crying charm.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah, we have to make it believable!”

“Alright,” Harry reached in his pocket, pulling out his wand. “Ready?” Draco nodded his head, and
without speaking the spell, Harry casted it, and Draco immediately fell to the floor in heart wrenching sobs. “Draco,” Harry shouted, falling next to him as he dropped his wand. He didn’t expect it to be that bad, more like a few tears and a pale face.

“Harry,” Draco wept, tears rushing down his face as if they were competing in a marathon.

“Draco, no!”

“Harry,” he cried, “It’s not real!” Although he was speaking shakily and was trembling violently, Harry had a hard time believing it was fake. He searched for his wand before Draco grabbed onto his hand. “Don’t you dare try and undo it,” Draco howled.

“I can’t stand you like this!”

“I don’t care! I don’t care,” Draco buried his head in Harry’s neck as Harry hugged him tightly. “It’s your turn.” Draco grabbed his wand with shaky hands and muttered the spell as well, causing Harry to break down as well.

“I hate this,” Harry sobbed, letting fresh, uncontrollable tears escape his eyes before he moaned in the overwhelming sorrow he was engulfed in.

“I know!” They both made their way to the couch where they then started crying into each other shoulders. “This was the stupidest idea in the world, Harry!”

Harry hopelessly dug his face into Draco’s chest before looking back up at him. “You’re such an ugly crier!”

“What and you look like a Swedish underwear model?”

“Just like the one I’m going to run away with,” Harry shouted before throwing himself at Draco and causing the crying boy to fall back on the couch.

“How long does this last,” Draco asked, his lips quivering as more tears sprung from his eyes.

“I don’t know,” Harry moaned while salty drops made it into his mouth.

“Harry!” Draco cried, his shoulders shaking as he pulled him close. It didn’t hurt, crying, but it was annoying constant flow. It wasn’t like they were fighting; it was emotionless.

“Can you control it at all,” Harry propped himself up on his elbows so he could see Draco’s face again. Hot tears were falling on top of Draco’s face, making him look like he was crying even more.

“Does it look like I can control it?” Draco cried yet again. “I’m never doing this again!”

After they finished crying, which was several moments later, they got up and stood in front of each other, wiping their eyes.

“That was horrible,” Harry admitted. “Alright, now we have to act light we fought!”


“Do you want to break up? Just for like two hours.”

“No! That would be even worse,” Draco said defensively.

“Yeah but it’s not like we can wear our rings, he would know it was fake,” Harry brought up the
“Hold on, how is it that no one else has noticed that we have been wearing matching rings? Has it not occurred to anyone?”

“I don’t know, we lucked out,” Harry said in an unreasonably happy tone.

“It’s probably that they still don’t understand how we’re even friends, let alone engaged!”

“Yeah probably,” Harry said, “Has anyone asked you about the ring?”

“Everyone has been assuming it’s Astoria. She keeps spreading rumors of how ‘happy in love we are.’”

They both looked at each other with an idea in their eyes, but Harry spoke.

“Do you want to make it seem like you’ve really moved on?”

“No way! I’m not going anywhere near that toad!”

“But please, for me?” Harry stuck out his bottom lip. Draco was about to talk but Harry cut him off again, “wait no, just kidding, you’re not going near that bitch, she could try and kiss you again.”

“Alright,” Draco backed up from Harry’s boast, “so we just act really angry?”

“Or become really angry.”

“How are we going to do that?”

“Give me a senerio,” Harry suggested.

“Why?”

“Just do it,” Harry egged on, preparing himself. “Make it really believable.”

Draco dropped his face gave a dismayed frown, “Wait Harry, before I do this fake senerio, I need to tell you something very much real.”

“Yeah go ahead, you can tell me anything,” Harry softened.

“You’re going to hate me,” Draco crossed his arms and grew shy.

“Draco, I could never hate you! Stop being coy.” Harry grabbed his hands and pulled him closer, but Draco tried to get away.

“You will.”

“Just spit it out, Draco.”

“Alright,” he took a breath, “You know when I lost my memory? And I was hanging out with Astoria a lot.”

“Yeah?”

“Well, I lied about how many times I’ve kissed her,” Draco started. Harry rose and eyebrow and he could see the anger starting up again. “In fact one night…” Draco dropped off and got choked up, “You know this is really hard telling you this Harry.”
“Go on,” Harry stared having an attitude, biting his lip.

“Harry, just please sit down,” Draco took his hand and brought him down to the couch again, his voice cracking.

“Draco…”

“Before our last first date, that week, me and her hung out… and she just got on top of me and we started snogging, and at the time I was really angry I even agreed to going with you, so it’s not like I knew what I was doing and-”

“Draco,” Harry growled.

“-and she started taking off her clothes and then she moved to mine, and I didn’t stop her-“

“Don’t you dare say you two had sex,” Harry glared at him, using a deathly tone. He saw red.

“Harry if I would have known I wouldn’t of done it! I really wouldn’t of! You know I love you Harry!”

“Draco-“

“That’s not the worst part Harry… she’s pregnant,” Draco whispered as tears went down his face. Harry couldn’t keep from his inexorable rage and the first thing he could think of was slapping Draco across the face and then grabbing his shoulders and throwing him to the ground before pinning him to the floor.

“You got that bitch PREGNANT!” At first Draco cowered but then his frown turned to a smirk, and then almost a laugh. Harry just looked at him as if he was a piece of meat, his eyes wide and piercing.

“Mission accomplished.”

“What?”

“You told me to get you angry,” Draco smirked, “Mission accomplished.”

Harry opened his mouth to start yelling at him but stopped and softened a bit- just a bit. “I hate you.”

“What happened to, ‘Oh Draco, I could never hate you,’” Draco raised an eyebrow, no longer afraid of the threat in front of him.

“I thought you were serious!”

“Merlin no! Harry really?” Harry sat back on his stomach with a confused face, and Draco propped himself up on his elbows, but when Harry saw that he freed him he immediately trapped him again, pinning his arms to his sides.

“I swear if you ever joke about something like that again, I’ll kill you,” Harry growled, his face full of fury.

“I was just following orders,” Draco said coolly. Draco reached up with his neck and kissed Harry before the gryffindor pulled away.

“You’re lucky it worked. To let you know, before I rip your head off, meet me in the common room after dinner.”
“Alright,” Draco looked up at Harry in a loving daze despite his own stinging cheek and Harry’s empty threats. Harry eyed his face in a deathly glare, only to see a bruise forming. Harry got off of him and Draco sat up and cupped his cheek.

“Damn it Draco! You know I hate it when I hurt you,” Harry bit, worry on his face mixed with anger. “I’m sorry, I lost control.”

“Harry I wanted you to! Good job, I’m proud.” Draco ruffled his hair. Harry rubbed his thumb over Draco’s newly bruise and the blonde tried his hardest to keep from yelping, and Harry saw it.

“Hit me.”

“No Harry, I’m not hitting you.”

“Draco. Hit me.”

“Would you relax?”

“I’m not going to see you in pain like this, you’re going to hit me, or I’m healing you and we will stay in here. Draco I’m not playing around, please just hit me,” Harry said in a deathly serious tone.

“Will it satisfy you?”

“Very much.”

“I’m only doing this because it will make you happy! We’ll heal each other right away, right?”

“I wouldn’t sleep at night if we didn’t.”

“Fair enough…” Draco raised his arm ready to strike. “Wait!”

“What?”

“Make me angry too! I want to mean it.”

“Alright. You’re the girl in our relationship, “ Harry said simply. “And you’re wearing the dress.”

Draco struck him across the face causing it to sting. “There, happy?”

“Very,” Harry gasped, bending over and grabbing his cheek.

“Are you okay,” Draco asked, bending down on his knees so he could see Harry’s face. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to make it that hard, I just got angry!”

“No, I would have had no idea if you didn’t tell me that Draco, I thought you were having a grand time and your hand just slipped,” Harry said sarcastically.

“At least we’re even now,” Draco supposed while standing up, letting Harry lean on his shoulder.

“I don’t like being even like this though,” Harry spoke in a low tone.

“Me either,” he pouted, “Hopefully this is the last time we have to do this.”

“Hopefully.”

They stood there for a minute, Draco pulling him close and hugging him tight. “I’ll see you after dinner?”
“After dinner,” Harry nodded his head. Draco leaned in to kiss him, but Harry stepped back. “We shouldn’t. We always look like love sick puppies, and that’s not the idea.”

“Yeah,” Draco agreed. “We should have done the tears last…”

“Do we look normal,” Harry asked.

“No, you look horrible,” Draco reassured, “it would have been better if we were crying on our way in.”

Harry shrugged his shoulders, “Bye.”

“Bye,” Draco said solemnly, going into character. “Wait! The rings!”

“Oh right! Where should we put them?”

“I’ll carry them,” Draco offered. Harry handed over the ring and sadness poured over him. He felt naked without it on, and so did Draco. They stared at each other for a few minutes as if a piece of them were missing. “I guess it’s over, Potter,” Draco whispered glumly. “Well, for two hours I mean.”

“I guess so, Malfoy,” Harry aforesaid sadly, dropping his head. He started walking towards the door and he had his palm on the handle when he turned around again to see Draco staring at him the whole way, a look of longing in his eyes. It wasn’t a lust filled longing, but an ‘I want to be with you right now,’ longing.

“This feels horrible, Harry,” Draco started his lips quivering. “It’s like you’re actually walking out on me.”

“Awh Draco!” Harry ran over to him and gave him a big bear hug before walking back to where he was. “I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

With that, Harry left. Draco stood in the same place, staring at where Harry just stood.

“Why can’t we just catch a break,” he spoke alone. He took Harry’s ring and felt its warmth, knowing Harry was wearing it seconds ago. He thought back to when Harry got really upset over Astoria when an idea popped in his head. He knew exactly how to make Harry mad.

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Harry walked into the Great Hall when it was half filled and before taking a seat next to Ron and Hermione, he glared at Pumblechook slow and deathly. Pumblechook raised an eyebrow back before the realization hit him when Draco walked in crying. The man gave a smirk of satisfaction.

“Harry! What happened to you,” Ron asked, glaring at his cheek.

“Nothing,” Harry shouted, picking up his glass of pumpkin juice.

“Harry,” Hermione whispered, “what happened to your ring?”

“I’m fine,” he almost screamed. He could feel the rage coming from Ron in his seat, and Hermione’s sorrow. When he was sure Pumblechook wasn’t staring at him he turned back to them and started whispering, keeping his head low.
“Listen. I’m okay. It’s all a performance. Draco is in on it, we’re okay, it’s only acting. Pumblechook has pictures and he’s blackmailing us to put it in the prophet as revenge to him losing the trial.” Harry looked back up to see if he was looking but the professor was just chatting with Slughorn. “We’re making it seem like we broke up because that’s what he wants—“

“How did he get the pictures? What are the of,” Hermione asked.

“Ron’s new boggart,” Harry said in annoyed whisper cocking his head to the side and pursing his lips. “Everything we do is just pretend so if I walk out crying, which is probably what I’m going to end up doing, or make a scene, just trust that it’s just an act.”

“Harry, what did he do to your cheek,” Ron asked, his eyes wide.

“I hit him first,” Harry threw it off like it was nothing. “We’ll heal each other later, it’s not the biggest deal. We’ve been doing this for years.”

“He has it, too?”

“Both of you look at him but if you do make sure it’s a dirty glare, nothing less, and I’ll act like I’m really upset,” Harry whispered before putting his head on his crossed elbows. They both did.

“So is that why Draco is sitting with Greengrass,” Hermione questioned.

“What,” Harry shot up to find Draco and Astoria sitting dangerously, and I mean dangerously, almost toxically close. She was stroking his cheek and he was squeezing her arm, giving her a most believably loving look. She then plopped a kiss on his cheek, and Harry felt himself fill with jealous as he clenched the table. Draco turned his head and placed his lips on hers and Harry slammed his hand on the wood beneath him. Harry stood only to turn to Pumblechook.

“Are you happy now,” he shouted across the hall, causing it to go dead silent. He then stomped out, his footsteps leaving echoes in the room. Hot tears rushed down his face and he gave one last glare to Draco, who was looking at him, before leaving completely and sprinting to his room, a ghostly sob leaving the Great Hall in mutters.

But no one would have guessed it was because the love of his life was kissing his lawfully contracted fiancé instead of himself.

“I’ve got to say that was a fantastic performance,” Ron commented, genuinely impressed.

“He should get an Oscar for it,” Hermione replied, digging into her dinner.

“A what?”

“It’s a muggle thing,” Hermione smiled to herself.

Draco walked into dinner crying his eyes out. He made Blaise charm him again and entered when the spell was just cooling down. He glared at Pumblechook before placing his head on the desk, crying into his sleeves. A body sat next to him and he could smell the expensive, yet distasteful, perfume that Astoria always wore. She placed a hand on his back and rubbed it.

“Hi,” she said softly.

“Why are you so caring,” he sat up.
“You’re my fiancé. Shouldn’t you want to be comforted by me?”

“You’re too good to me,” he said hopelessly. He wanted to answer no but he didn’t want to spoil this. If he played his cards right, Pumblechook would never mess with him and Harry again.

She placed a hand on his cheek where it was bruised and he held in the pain it was bringing him.

“What happened?”

“I broke up with my girlfriend,” he lied smoothly. “I realized I was cheating myself of a brilliant woman like you. She obviously got a bit angry. I’m just going to miss her though.”

“Don’t worry.” She smiled, not a nice smile like Harry would of, but a crooked one, as if she sabotaged it herself and took pride in it, “I’ll be much better than that slut.” She kissed his cheek, which also stung. He then braced himself for what he was about to do. ‘For Harry,’ he thought to himself.

He grabbed her chin and placed his lips onto hers, but he immediately felt like gagging. All he needed to do was wait for Harry to notice…

He noticed. He heard Harry start to yell and immediately felt a sting in his heart. ‘Please don’t be crying, please don’t be crying,’ he chanted to himself before breaking the kiss.

He was crying.

Shit.

He watched Harry storm out of the Great Hall only to make eye contact with him. He felt like throwing up as his heart burned. Draco wanted to run after him. He wanted to hug him and heal him and make it better.

“That was odd,” Astoria commented.

“A bit,” Draco tried showing no emotion.

“And it’s odd that you two have almost the same bruise on your face,” she raised an eyebrow.

“Maybe he got into a row with the Weaslette?”

“I thought she was dating Dean Thomas.”

“Maybe that’s what they were fighting about,” Draco suggested.

“Maybe… So when are you going to propose to me for real?” The girl grew ridiculously excited and it made Draco want to spell her face off. Draco took a long deep breath. He knew the contract was in place and he had to follow it all he could until he walked to their parents. Although, if Astoria agreed, there was a possibility he could extend it.

“You know, Astoria, I do like taking things slow. And the reason that I haven’t proposed to you, besides my rotten girlfriend, is because I feel nervous. I feel like I’m being pressured to do it within the end of this year, and I’m just not comfortable with it. I want to plan it out and take my time. I kind of wanted it to be a surprise.”

“A surprise?”

“Yes! I mean, think about it. Who would want to be proposed to on Christmas when Valentines Day is so much more romantic and intimate?”
“You wanted to propose to me on Valentines Day? Awhhhh,” She cooed, leaning her head on his shoulder.

“Shhhh, it’s a secret, Tori,” Draco fake-smiled.

“Tori!” The nickname made her heart flutter. “That’s so cute! I want to give you a nickname too! How about Drackiepoo!”

Draco just sat there with his mouth hanging open.

“I made you speechless,” the girl squealed, pulling him into a tight hug before going back to her meal, as happy as a sunflower.

“But the thing is Tori, we are going to be spending the rest of our lives together and I don’t want to blow it all away until we are officially together. I want to make it last,” Draco said, getting his hopes up.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, I like to take things slow and I don’t want to rush into it. I’m already uncomfortable as it is just breaking up with my girlfriend and I don’t want to hurry into anything. What I’m saying, I just want to be alone, Tori,” he said with almost loving eyes, “Alone until Valentines Day, and I’ll make that day so special. Could you do that for me, Toribear?”

She nodded. “I understand you’re fragile right now. I want you to be happy with me, okay? I’ll do whatever you want. If you want space, I’ll give you space.” She sounded like a shaking Chihuahua, rushing every syllable.

“Thank you,” he said, grabbing her hands and squeezing them. She leant down and kissed him again and he smiled.

Draco had the urge to rip his mouth off of his face.

Astoria got up and sat with her friends. Once gone, Draco immediately frowned and thought of Harry. At least they could be alone until Valentines Day, and even then he could have a diversion.

The blonde turned to his food and pushed it away before getting up and leaving, wiping his eyes in the process. He left Pumblechook smirking to himself on a job well done.

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The Boy Who Lived Twice was lying on the tan sofa when Draco opened the portrait door. The slytherin marched past him, leaving Harry staring at him wildly and Draco immediately went to Harry’s door, knocking on it.

“Harry! Open up, I need to talk to you.” He started banging on it. “Harry! Open the door!”

“I’m over here, you bimbo,” he called from the couch.

“Oh.” Draco maneuvered to where he was seated and set his legs crisscrossed in front of his face. “Hey you,” he tried to smile, but Harry looked at him gravely.

“You had to kiss her. Of all the things in the world, you had to kiss her,” Harry choked, the firelight reflecting a bit of his face which had dried tears to them. In the corner of his eye, one was trying to break free, and Draco anticipated it so he could wipe it away.
“I thought it would make you most angry. We were just playing it off, remember?” Draco’s voice was soft and caring, but it didn’t matter because it didn’t help Harry any more than any other voice would have.

“Yeah but that doesn’t mean you could go on kissing her!”

“I know Harry,” he whispered, stroking Harry’s hair.

“It hurts so much,” Harry cried, letting the tear fall from his eye, and of course, Draco did his duty.

“Harry, it was just a kiss.”

“It’s not that. It hurts knowing that even know you say you’re mine, you belong to someone else anyway. It’s like when you’re playing quidditch, you’re so close to the snitch and you can almost feel the metal in your hand, and then you catch it and it’s the best feeling in the world, and then suddenly, they take it away from you. It’s like that, but it’s so much more valuable.”

Draco was thinking of things to say, something to reassure him that no matter what, he was going to marry him despite what ever it takes. “That was an incredible analogy, I am genuinely impressed.”

“Shut up,” Harry almost smiled.

“Harry,” Draco said taking his hand, “I will never ever marry Astoria. That’s a promise. I don’t care what law I break. I don’t care if they arrest me. I will only be with you until the day I die, and that’s a promise, okay Harry? Besides, I told her that I wanted my space and she gave it to me. She won’t bother us for another two months. And now Pumblechook won’t even come close to troubling us. You should have seen the look on his face, Harry!”

“Was is good?”

“He looked so happy I thought he was going to quit being a teacher right then and there. We did a good job!”

Harry sat up and invited Draco to sit on the couch next to him, which of course he did. He took out his wand and muttered a healing charm, the skin on Draco’s cheek turning back to the white it was. It was vise versa and Harry was healed too.

Draco took Harry’s hand and pulled out his ring, only to slide it on slowly, the green eyes flickering in between Draco’s and his hand. It was like how it would be on their wedding day. Due to their proximity, they found themselves sharing small smooches as they interlocked hands.

“I know what can cheer you up,” Draco said matter o’ factly.

“What’s that,” Harry grinned, waiting for it.

“I originally wasn’t going to tell you this, but… I got a new nick name.” Harry raised an eyebrow quizzically. Draco took a big breath before answering. “Drackiepoo.”

Harry’s mouth dropped, only to be filled with endless and obnoxious chortling, which caused Draco to chuckle too. It was nonstop and Harry had fallen over when the rest of the 8th years entered their dormitories, finding both boys in tears due to their outrageous laughter.

“Do you think they’re okay,” Neville asked.
“Not in the very least,” Seamus responded, only to continue walking away from them as if it was almost normal for mortal enemies to be in a laughing fit together.
It took a while for them to stop laughing, and Harry's confused gryffindor friends were just staring at them until they did. Somehow they both ended up on the hardwood floor, Draco chuckling at Harry's chortle. He honestly wanted to throw up at the name "Drackiepoo" and even calling her Toribear made him nauseous.

"What if I ever called you Drackiepoo," Harry giggled as he sat up on the couch.

"I would murder you to the point in which you would be dead ten times," Draco bit, seriousness flooding over his face. He sat next to Harry, forgetting there was anyone else in the room.

"Oh come on Dray," Harry gasped with fake hope in his eyes. Draco huffed and gave him a grim glare before pushing him back on the couch by his shoulders, pinning him, and getting intimidatingly getting close to his face. Harry had a trace of humor in his smile as Draco spoke.

"You're dead, Potter," he growled, ready to make out with him but the clearing of one's throat kept him from it.

"Hi Harry," Neville spoke so awkwardly that Harry could punch him if he had his hands on him, of course if he could register it. Upon being startled, Harry pushed Draco off of him and felt his face immediately start blushing.

"Hi Neville," Harry gave a fake smile as he sat up, "Dean, Seamus, Ron, Hermione... how are you all doing?"

"Fine," Dean commented, looking at him with furrowed eyebrows, "How are you..."

"We were just coming to check on you," Neville spoke.

"You ran out of dinner and we wanted to make sure you were okay," Seamus said in his accent, which stood out from all the others. Ron and Hermione just stared at each other, sitting in the love seat to the left of them as the fire crackled.

"I'm fine, just detention problems," Harry nodded his head. Draco had finally joined him on the couch. In his head, he was chanting 'go away,' over and over.

"How was detention," Dean sat down. Draco internally groaned as the rest of the Gryffindorks sat around him.

"Horrible," Harry responded truthfully. Draco could relate to that one. "How's Ginny?" Draco felt a wave of jealousy, knowing Harry asked that just to make him envious as revenge to kissing Astoria.

"She's great," Dean exclaimed, perking up. "Remind me again why you broke up with her- not that I regret you doing it but- why?" Harry bit the inside of his cheek, feeling the eyes of Draco fall on him. Hidden from the others, he took a finger and dragged it along Harry's thigh, causing him to shiver slightly enough for his friends not to see it.

*I am in love with a ferret who so happens to be sitting right next to me.* "We didn't... connect as much as I wanted us too," Harry spoke, "Plus she's head over heals for you. I was more comforting her than loving her."

Draco pinched his sensitive skin causing him to flinch. They all turned to stare at Draco who gave an
innocent look and eyed the ever so interesting coffee table in front of him.

"So Harry," they all turned back to Seamus, "who's your girlfriend?"

"Erm, I don't have one..." Harry said awkwardly, feeling his cheeks heat again. Ron and Hermione kept from snickering.

"Oh come on," Draco put his hands on Harry's shoulders, shaking him, "surely the notorious Boy-Who-Lived-Twice has a girlfriend!" Harry glared at him, bathing in the incredulous irony that was secretly happening right before everyone's eyes to their own ignorance.

"I don't."

"Come on Harry," Dean joked, pushing Harry playfully, coincidently in to Draco, who pushed him off, trying not to smile.

"Who's the luck girl who's been making your eyes light up for the past few weeks?" Neville jested, ruffling his hair. Harry couldn't keep from grinning while he eyed Draco for a few seconds as he was being pushed around.

"There isn't a girl, there isn't anyone," Harry smiled, lying through his teeth. They kept pestering him until Ron cut in, surprisingly.

"Harry couldn't possibly have a girl," the Weasley boasted.

"And why would that be, Mr. Hotshot," Seamus snickered, causing the rest of them to laugh.

"Because I don't like girls," Harry said with upmost confidence leaning back into the couch resting his neck on the top of it as he looked up at the ceiling, begging for it not to be awkward.

"What," Neville furrowed his eyebrows.

"He's gay," Ron said as if it was any other comment in the world. It was quiet for a bit as the rest of them stared at each other. Draco, to the boys' ignorance, took Harry's hand and squeezed it, stroking it. Hermione and Ron could see it from their view and their stomachs grew warm when he gripped back.

"So..." Seamus broke the awkward silence, "who's the luck guy whose been making your eyes light up?"

They boys then started pestering just as hard, if not harder, and Draco found himself grinning. At least off of his friends accepted him. Now they just had to wait another few months for them to catch on, and hopefully before NEWT's their inner friends would-

"It isn't Malfoy, is it," Seamus joked. Both Harry and Draco's face dropped as they stared the boy down. Seamus's eyes widened. "It is Malfoy?"

"You've got to be kidding me," Harry groaned, ready for them to boast out in rage as they figured it out. Draco knew he didn't want that just yet, especially since there was definitely anger in all of their eyes, so being the brilliant fiancé he was, the blonde started speaking.

"Alright, you've caught us," Draco surrendered as Harry eyed him, "We've been dating since fourth year. Every Friday night we would skip dinner and go to the lake and at midnight we would have study dates and we play quidditch on weekends, but of course I always let him win to be the incredible boyfriend I am," Draco was using a snarky and sarcastic tone, biting at them, "I bring him
flowers and he gives me chocolates and we sneak into the prefects bathroom to have sex, and in fact, we didn't even have detention for disrespecting Pumblechook, we were in the Room of Requirement having sex as well. And indeed he proposed to me just a few weeks ago, and I said yes. See, here's the ring." Draco showed him his ring, but during his speech, he had pulled off Harry's band and pocketed it in case they examined the matching jewelry.

"And after graduation," Harry joined, "We're running off and getting married and raising little death eater children- no it's not Malfoy!!"

"Really Finnegans, I thought you were just shy of average intelligence but as we can see here, you exceed less than average intelligence quite profoundly," Draco shook his head with a grin on his face. Ron and Hermione had to admit that they played that off damned well.

They both started laughing again and so did Ron and Hermione, as well as the rest of them, but for a different reason. If only they knew.

"I haven't found anybody," Harry spoke again after it quieted down, only to raise his ringless finger.

"So wait Malfoy, are you still single," Dean asked, genuinely curious.

"Why are you talking to me," Draco looked at him as if he were a wild animal. Harry slapped his knee, the whack echoing across the room. "Ow!"

"You promised you'd be nice to my friends," Harry eyed him.

"When," Draco furrowed his eyebrows, thoroughly confused. Harry hit the same spot again.

"Now," Harry said simply. Draco rolled his eyes before turning to the three boys.

"No, I am not single."

"Who," Neville asked. Draco was about to speak but he got confused. Who was he engaged to? Legally it was Greengrass, in his heart and on his finger, it was Harry.

"Astoria Greeengrass," Harry spoke for him. It grew awkward between the two but the others wouldn't know, except for Harry's two best friends. "He's engaged to her."

"That tramp," Seamus didn't hold back. "Why her?"

"It's arranged," Draco grew solemn, staring off into the fireplace, biting his own cheek. Harry brushed his fingers against his hand softly.

"So you don't like her," Neville asked.

"I absolutely loathe her, Longbottom," Draco looked him in the eye as if he respected him for once.

"Me too," he responded. Draco actually smiled at him.

"I hate her too," Harry said, disconnecting them. Draco just smiled more and pushed him over into the arm of the couch. Harry pushed him back. Draco did the same. Harry mimicked.

They began wrestling with their hands until they both stopped at the same time, crossing their arms. They then both laughed.

Just then, Blaise and Pansy walked in holding hands.
"Draco, there you are," Pansy scouted, "Why are you hanging around the Gryffindorks?"

"Potter," Draco said simply. Pansy and Blaise both smirked.

"Alright," Blaise sneered, pulling Pansy by the hand so that Harry and Draco had to scoot so close to each other, their legs and arms and torso were completely touching as the other pair sat on the couch with them. Harry took a mental note to thank them later. He wanted Draco's touch. "How about we play a round of Wizard's Chess? Draco, are you up for it?"

"Of course! Only if I play Weasley," Draco demanded. Weasley stared at him wide-eyed. "As I recall, you aren't an owl, Weasley, yes I did say you. Harry tells me you're quite the chess player. I want my go at you."

"What's the catch?"

"What catch," Draco batted his eyes innocently. The rest of the gryffindors were still trying to grasp what Draco had just suggested.

"You're a slytherin... there's always a catch."

"Alright I'll make one up," Draco contemplated. Ron closed his eyes in frustration. He didn't mean to egg Draco on. "I want to see your face covered in pie."

Harry burst out in laughter just imagining banana cream over either of their faces. But Draco was of course preferred since he knew he could personally help clean it.

"Alright. So winner throws a pie at the loser. Get ready to be covered in whipped cream, Malfoy."

"What makes you sure it won't be you, Weasley," Pansy smirked as Draco stood, getting into position as he sat at one end of the table, near Neville, Dean, and Seamus. Ron sat down on the opposite end, floating the chessboard over with his wand.

"Are you serious, Parkinson," Seamus squeaked, "Ron's never lost a game in the years he's been here."

"He helped us win the cup in first year, just by playing one game," Neville reminded.

"Yeah, the cup you stole it from us," Blaise looked intimidatingly at them, but they Gryffindors wouldn't budge. "Kiss ups."

"Skill," Dean corrected.

"Cheating," Blaise corrected back, a hint of a smile on his face. He wrapped an arm around Pansy and Harry pulled his feet up to his chest. The whole event made him nervous. His best mate against his fiancé, in front of his group of friends who hate his fiancé, playing to throw dessert into the others face. That's going to end well.

While Neville ran to get a few pies while they got started. Seriousness rang through the air. There was no joking around when it came to chess, and even when Harry would try and joke with him, he would just get a "Shut up, Potter."

Harry did adore the concentration on Draco's face, however. The pieces of his hair was floating just above his eyes as small droplets of sweat due to focus creased his brow. The blonde bit his lip subconsciously sometimes and Harry could honestly take him right then and there if there wasn't anyone around because of it.
When Neville arrived, he brought a tray filled with two pies. One in case the winner (cough cough Ron cough) missed. They were almost done, and the odds could go either way, but when there was "Checkmate," the whole world went quiet.

"I told you, I've never lost a game at my years at Hogwarts," Ron smirked. Draco just stared at the board, trying to comprehend how it happened. "Go ahead and sulk, but first I would appreciate if you stood over there to receive your pie to the face."

Draco swallowed hard, still frozen in shock, but then hoisted himself up and stood away from the furniture. It was as if he was walking to his death. All of the friends just stared as if they were watching him sacrifice himself. The only person who had an excited look on his face besides Ron was Harry. The others were terrified it would ruin anything that they would further do in the common room.

Taking his position, Draco closed his eyes and waited for the inevitable impact. When Ron finally launched the pie, it was like an explosion thundered upon the placid face beneath it. Everyone was deathly silent as the tin and crust slid off of the toppings that drenched Draco's face. It plopped on the ground with a squishy sound that ran around the quiet students.

Harry, of course, started shortling in laughter, breaking the noiseless atmosphere. Everyone stared at him as if he was crazy to even dare to laugh at a moment like this. Draco, under his whipped cream and embarrassment, gave Harry the worst death glare he ever had in his life.

"Oh come on, you brought his upon yourself," Harry bent over, his hands on his knees, trying to recover from his giggle fit, which didn't happen since he began laughing again. Everyone else could tell Draco was fuming, but this just reminded Harry of their flour fight together. Everyone expected an eruption. Harry expected the exact opposite.

Draco sprinted after him, wrestling the boy to the ground, only to end up straddling him across his stomach, pinning his shoulders to the hardwood. Harry reached up and took his finger, dragging it across the pie guts dripping from his cheek. He then put it in his mouth and sucked the remnants off of his finger.

"You taste like Banana Cream," Harry smiled. Draco just glared at him, his chest heaving and angry.

He finally spoke in a livid tone, the one he used to bully the lot of them with. "Give me the extra pie."

Ron didn't hesitate and put it in Draco's hand, only for him to smash it on Harry's face as he was helplessly restrained and struggling. All movement stopped, except for Draco's hand, which was kneading the pie into Harry's more and more.

Draco then turned back to Ron. "I want a rematch tomorrow."

Draco then peeled the tin off of Harry and cleared his nose and eyes for him. The Slytherin sucked the remnants on his fingers, tasting the pie that was doused on Harry. "Now you taste like Banana Cream."

He wanted to take it further. "Blaise, would you please take Harry's arms." Blaise did as told and pinned his hands to the floor, snickering, while Draco released. Harry struggled to be free.

Still pinning him to the ground, Draco backed up just a bit to the point in which he could lift Harry's shirt. If it was they two alone, he would of most definitely started rocking their hips together, but that wasn't the biggest prize tonight. Nope. Not at all.
He raised the material up to his ribs, only to reveal Harry's abdomen.

"Draco, what are you doing," Harry asked nervously. Draco remained silent, however and wiped the extra goo off of his face and palmed it in his hand, only to take it and spread it all long the bare skin in front of him. To finish, he took Harry's shirt and put it straight, only to have it soak in bananas and cream.

Harry inhaled and exhaled angrily before breaking out laughing as well as Draco. Everyone eyed them as if they were bonkers, but then started sniggering too.

"Blaise, you can let go now," Draco smiled, getting off of Harry. Harry sat up with the help of Draco's hand. They then both stood, covered in pie, it dripping on the floor. "I'm going to shower and try and sleep," Draco said sincerely. While he had his back turned as he walked to his door, Harry reached down and scraped up any last gloop of pie guts in one of the pans, receiving a heavy handful of it. Just as Draco reached to open his door, Harry sneaked up behind him and pulled on his waistband, shoving the banana cream pie down his trousers.

Draco just stood there, feeling the cool pie slide in every place he didn't want pie to be. His mouth dropped open as an eruption of laughter boomed throughout the entire common room. Harry turned and went to his room, which so happened to refuse to unlock in time. It finally did when Draco grabbed onto his shirt and he shoved him fiercely into the gryffindor's room. It slammed shut and locked behind him while he tackled Harry to the floor.

"What do you think he's doing to him in there," Seamus asked.

"Probably killing him," Hermione answered before a snarky slytherin could even say a word.

"And probably more," Blaise raised an eyebrow before laughing suggestively. Ron just swallowed hard.

Dean and Seamus set up a new game of chess while the rest lounged on the couch. Neville sat and watched as Ron and Hermione went back to cuddling on the love seat.

"Do you think he's really killing him in there," Neville asked, more concerned than he should have been. They could hear a crash of furniture and suddenly everything went silent in the hallway.

"Longbottom, I am going to answer that question as truthfully as I can," Pansy spoke," I think Potter is genuinely doing okay."

Remote in Harry's room, Draco had pinned Harry yet again, this time, kissing him to the point in which their lips would bruise tremendously. The blonde refused to let Harry move at all, having his legs and arms completely restrained. He then took Harry's blue shirt and ripped in in half with his bare hands, wanting him to the point of paroxysm.

Since Harry was now free, he grabbed Draco's crotch and started groping it. "That was for kissing Astoria," Harry bit.

Draco took his hand a put it on Harry's jaw, forcing it to the ground, exposing the entire side of his face. "If you were smart, Potter, you'd stop wearing jealousy. It looks so damn sexy on you, and you turn me into an animal."

"Is that a threat?"
"Hell yes," Draco growled in his ear before biting it, receiving a yelp from Harry. "I tried restraining myself the minute you walked out of the Great Hall. I've wanted you since then." Draco moved down to Harry's neck, biting it immediately, forcefully, "Imagine me hearing your voice, just teasing me all during that match. I could feel your eyes staring me down the entire time."

Draco moved to Harry's stomach and looked at it as if it was fresh meat. "I only wanted to pies to make Weasley a laughing stalk to get my mind off of you, but instead I get underneath them." Draco took his tongue and dragged it all along Harry's stomach, tickling him with his taste buds. "I wanted to take you right then and there, but I wanted to be classy and go have a wank in my room, pretending it was you, but then you put it down there," Draco bit so hard, Harry was almost scared rather than not.

"At least you have the real thing now," Harry smirked, shoving Draco off of him. He grabbed him by his collar and threw him on his own bed, the crash of the bed going into the wall. "Did you put up a silencing charm," he asked, kissing Draco's neck as he started to unbutton him.

"Should I?"

"Obviously!"

Draco did as he was told, only to groan as Harry unbuttoned his pants with his teeth.

---

"Do you think Harry has ever thought of Malfoy being something different than an enemy," Neville peaked up. "Like a friend."

"It's possible," Hermione contemplated, trying to get Neville off track, "but not very likely. If anything, someone who needed help, rather a friend."

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They were both naked... well almost Harry had gotten Draco's pant's down to his knees, but no farther as he started cleaning up the mess he created. Hot tongue reaching hot skin, Draco groaned at his touch.

"Harry I need you. I need to be inside of you, Harry please!"

"Are you begging?"

"Yes," he gasped, biting his lip as Harry touched him.

"I like it when you beg," Harry smiled evilly, "Do it again."

---

"Does anyone else feel like they have some sort of connection," Neville asked out of the blue, the rest of them having quiet conversation.

"What are you on about," Ron asked.

"Malfoy and Harry," Neville stated. "I feel like they are just... connected."

"Neville, you're sounding ridiculous," Hermione told them.

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They were both so close, screaming each other's name over and over again. Draco pounded into Harry as if he never had before. It was rough, it was hypnotic, and it was dirty.

It was them making passionate love.

----

"Draco is engaged," Pansy told him.

"Harry isn't. And Malfoy doesn't even like his fiancée."

"Neville," Dean raised an eyebrow.

"I think they would be good together, if they overcame their differences. I think Malfoy could make Harry happy," Neville said genuinely.

"Neville, they'd kill each other if they even heard you speaking like this," Dean testified.

"They hate each other," Seamus spoke.

"I wouldn't be so sure," Hermione eyed them before turning back to Ron, and continuing their conversation.

----

"God, I love you so much," Draco said breathlessly, panting.

"I love you too," Harry smiled, kissing some more whipped cream off of Draco's face. Their naked bodies lay on each other. Draco was still inside him, but out of exhaustion, they both just laid there until they had the energy to move again.

Finally peeling out of Harry, he gave him a slow and sweet kiss.

"I'm sorry for distracting you," Harry pouted very fake indeed, but Draco didn't care. He just placed a kiss on his forehead.

He gave him a sweet smile before letting it drop and saying, "Don't do it again."

"Oh, don't worry, I will," Harry smiled, sitting up. Draco just rolled his eyes. "How are we going to make it seem like we fought instead of had sex?"

"Undo the concealment charm, I'll call you a name or two and walk across the hall and slam my door shut with an angry look on my face" Draco sought for approval. "Honestly it isn't the biggest deal to me anymore. It's not like they hate me. If they did, they would have pulled me off of you when I shoved that pie in your face.

"That's very true. They'll keep quiet. How should we tell them though?"

----

"We should set Harry up with Malfoy on a blind date," Seamus suggested. The three boys had been contemplating ways to get them together while Blaise, Pansy, Ron and Hermione all sat there look at them as if they were fools.

"Oh please," Hermione giggled," They would kill each other the minute they found out what was going on."
"Stop being such a downer, Granger," Pansy faked a sneer, "I would love to see how they would play it out."

"Yeah Hermione," Dean joined in, "Don't ruin it. We could be noted as the friends who got the perfect couple together!"

Hermione just threw her hands in the air and tried to keep back a chuckle.

"Alright, how about tomorrow before the chess match," Seamus suggested.

"Sounds brilliant," Neville shouted. "Wait what does Malfoy like, you know so it can seem like Harry knows him?"

"Draco loves a man in uniform," Pansy gave a mischievous glare.

"Perfect! We'll do a quidditch match before hand! When they played quidditch together, they always stared at each other, so Malfoy would be familiar with it and attracted to it," Seamus added.

"And roses," Blaise reminded.

"We could give one to Harry before so he could give it to Malfoy! That's brilliant!"

"Wait whose the girl in the relationship," Dean asked on a serious note.

"Definitely Malfoy," They all said together.

---

"How about after the chess match tomorrow, we tell them," Harry suggested.

"Yes, the only problem is that I'll be distracted again," Draco rolled his eyes.

"Oh rats, you'll get pie in your face again. Look where that led us!"

Draco looked down at him and smiled. "I wouldn't have it any other way."

"Me either," Harry smiled, "Now get out of my room!"

Harry helped him dress and made it look like they were fighting instead of making love. He was about to be sent away but stopped just before the door.

"What about my hair?"

"You are such a girl," Harry shouted before literally kicking him out of the room. Draco shouted, only to slam his door just as planned.

God, he loved him.

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The next Harry heard from Draco was when there was a soft knock on the door at 6:00 in the morning the next day. Although Harry was upset he couldn't sleep in on the Saturday, upon opening the door to see it being Draco, he was elated again.

The boy was wearing an insecure face and had his arms crossed tightly. Harry could see the sadness in his eyes.
Careful not to wake Ron, he shut the door behind him quietly and led Draco to the sofa in the common room. Before he sat down, he pulled Draco into a tight hug.

"Good morning," Draco whispered.

"Hey you," Harry whispered back, "What happened?"

"Nightmares. Obviously not as reactive as yours but, still, terrifying."

"Do you want to talk about it?"

"He made me torture Ollivander again," Draco murmured despondently.

Harry squeezed him tighter before releasing again. He took him by the hand and pulled him down to the couch cushions. "It's not real anymore."

"It was real though."

"I know, but it's over now. Do you have nightmares often," Harry asked, laying down so Draco could lie on top of his chest.

"Every night," Draco responded.

"Me too. Some are worse than others, obviously as you found out last night, but they're always there."

Draco inhaled deeply before saying, his voice muffled as he spoke into Harry's chest, "Why us, Harry?"

"I wish I could answer that Draco, I really do."

"What are your nightmares mostly about?"

"Mostly about reliving the battle, or looking for Horcruxes. Those normally end with Voldemort in the corner of my eye and I wake up before anything else can happen."

"What about the one you had last night... or the night before last... you know what I mean."

"I do," Harry smiled before frowning again, "Those, I can't wake up from. They normally involve you, or the people lost during the war. The one I had, Voldemort caught us and made you torture me, and you did, but it wasn't good enough so he made me watch you suffer, and then I had to hurt you."

"How?"

"I'm not telling you how. But then he killed you after all of our agony and then everyone who died because of me, including you, turned into inferi and attacked me. When you woke me up was when you were killing me and I was looking at you and trusting that you'd stop, but you didn't. You laughed."

"Harry that is so highly improbably. I wouldn't be inferi, I would be a ghost and haunt you wherever you went," Draco joked. Harry laughed a little bit. "You would never be able to tell time incorrectly while I was around."

Harry put his hand in Draco's hair and stroked it. "Do you want to sleep? I'll stay up with you."

"Harry, sleep. I'll probably fall asleep when you do."
"You sure?"

"Positively," Draco smiled. Harry shut his eyes and Draco watched him sleep, examining the calm features over and over again.

They didn't know Neville, who was in the corner of the room, in a blind spot to them, was watching them from afar. This was why he wanted them together. This was the connection he saw in them. He didn't want the glory of them being together because of him like Seamus and Dean, rather the satisfaction that two people were going to be happy.

----------------------------------------

"Malfoy, come quick," Neville shouted from across the hall. They approached each other.

"What do you want Longbottom," Draco asked in an annoyed tone.

"It's Harry," was all he said for Draco's eyes to turn wide and immediately follow.

"What happened to him," Draco kept asking over and over but Neville refused to speak. The blonde's heart hammered. Once guided through various passageways, they reached an abandoned classroom and when Draco stepped inside, the door behind him was shut and locked.

"Longbottom! Where's Harry! What happened to him? You better answer me or I swear Longbottom-"

"Harry's fine," Neville's shouts were muffled through the door. "You two deserve to be happy with each other!"

"What?"

"Trust me!"

"Why on earth would I trust a gryffindork like you?"

Draco's calls were never answered because Neville had left him alone locked in an abandoned classroom. It wasn't 10 minutes later when the door was opened and another person was thrown inside.

"Seamus, what are you doing?"

"Just trust me!"

"Trust you? You're shoving me into an abandoned classroom, why on bloody Earth would I trust you?" The door slammed shut.

"That's what I said to Longbottom," Draco said, standing. His heart raced at the sight of him.

"What are you doing in here," Harry asked curiously.

"Not a clue. What about you, how did you end up here?"

"Seamus told me that some Ravenclaw kid was getting the crap beaten out of him and that his life depended on me saving him," Harry told.

"Harry, that is the biggest piece of bollocks I have ever heard."
Suddenly a table showed up in the middle of the room, with two chairs. They both eyed each other before walking over to it. There were two plates full of food and a candle and a rose on it. Attached to the rose was a note.

**Dear Malfoy and Harry,**

**Although you’ve loathed one another for years, you two should give each other a chance. Have fun on your date.**

--All of us

"What just happened," Draco asked, confused.

With furrowed eyebrows, Harry glanced up at him, then back at the table, then back at him, and he looked him up and down. "I think my best friends just set me up on a blind date with my fiancé."

'I told you they were idiots," Draco crossed his arms, "What are we going to do about it?"

"Well first we are going to eat this food because I am downright starving, and then possibly..." Harry reached out and put a finger through Draco's belt loop and pulled him forward.

Draco raised an eyebrow, and looked up and down yet again, more obvious this time, "Well, you know how I feel about a man in uniform," he smirked, leaning into him. "And if you don't, I should teach you." Draco grabbed his hips and pulled him tight, kissing his salty neck.

"Mmm," Harry tilted his head so the veins of his throat were easily accessible. "But seriously, what about my friends?"

"What about them," Draco reached up under his jersey, feeling his damp skin.

"I want them to know," he said, swallowing and shivering to Draco's touch.

"That we're about to have sex on this table after we clear it? Or at that point, we would have already had sex..."

"No," Harry laughed as Draco moved down his neck to his collarbone. "I want to tell them that you're my bloody fiancé. I want to come out to them."

"What are we just going to say 'joke's on you, we've been in love this whole time,'" Draco asked, going back to the same spot he was before.

"Something like that," Harry smirked, and he snatched Draco by his arse and kissed him on the lips.

----------------------------------------------

Ron had prepared three tiers worth of pies for the night's rematch of chess. He was incredibly excited to destroy Malfoy, and throwing deserts in his face was a fantastic experience. They were all talking about their worries over Harry's blind date around the fire and chess table when the two came in the door, practically screaming at each other.

"Who set us up on a date," Harry bit, turning to the others. Their response was pointing at each other to take the blame.

"Maybe you didn't hear him. Whose stupid idea was it to set me up on a date with that street urchin," Draco shouted.
"Street urchin, how classy, Malfoy! I feel sorry for your fiancé! She's the one who has to live with you for the rest of her life, bloody babysitting. Maybe she'll jump off of a bridge so she can end it early. I know I would!"

"What, you jealous Potter? Wish you were her," he cocked his head and grabbed one of the pies, flung it at him. Harry ducked in time, and it was in that moment when Neville noticed Harry had a hickey. "How do I know you didn't have your stupid Gryffindork friends set this up? That's it, isn't it? You have a crush, don't you?"

Harry did. "That's not true--"

"That's it, you're bloody obsessed with me!"

"I'm not! You're the one obsessed with me, Malfoy!" Harry grabbed a pie and hit him straight on the chest, and then Draco took one, however before he had a chance to splatter him, Harry grabbed Draco and wrestled him to the ground, pinning him.

"If you wanted me on my back, Potter, you could have just asked," Draco smirked and Harry's mouth dropped in shock. They could hear Seamus and Dean freaking out in the background, shouting and screaming, *Ooooo!* Draco pushed him off, standing, and he grabbed Harry by the collar and then pushed him away. "You're a bloody ponce for me, aren't you?"

"Don't talk to Harry like that--" Seamus started however was cut off.

"Right, considering the fact you wank to me every time after you watch me play quidditch," Harry shouted.

"I don't--" Draco does.

"You do! I hear you in the bloody showers, '*Harry, oh!* Please, *right there!* *Mhmm!*' for an hour," Harry moaned, and Draco advanced forward. They were mere inches apart.

"Oh *fuck you*, Potter!"

"Bet you'd like that, Malfoy," he bit, also stepping forward.

"Bet you would," he sneered.

"Damn right I would," Harry grabbed the back of his neck and smashed their lips together.

"Oh shit," Dean shouted, and the room erupted in noise as the two got lost in each other. Harry wrapped his arms around his neck, Draco around his waist. He gripped him harder, moving their hips together.

Their kissing wasn't innocent. It wasn't cute nor clean, however sloppy and erratic, and it definitely wasn't how they usually made out. In fact, it was a very gross version. They used almost too much tongue, and it was a bit when they didn't even use their lips. Times like this Harry wished he could hear when he kissed Draco just so he could identify their reactions.

Whatever they were, Draco wanted to make it worse, so he decided he wanted to take Harry's arse in his hands and squeeze it. So he did. Hard. Harry was on the same page as him, so he decided to jump on top of him, wrap his legs around his waist. Their tongues danced together and the catcalls echoed all throughout the small common room.

Neville leaned over and whispered to Ron, "He has a hickey," and Ron answered, "Doesn't he
"Always."

"Doesn't he always what," Seamus asked, unable to tear his eyes away in horror.

"Have a hickey," Ron didn't think about it, and Hermione hit his arm. "What? He does!"

"Harry has a hickey," Seamus shouted.

"WHAT!"

"Yeah, and they normally don't kiss like that, either," Ron rolled his eyes, and he went back to face Hermione, complimenting how her hair looked nice. She blushed in result.

That, Harry did hear and he started laughing into his lips.

"Normally," Dean asked, his eyes wide.

Draco let him down, frankly because his arms were getting tired. They'd already done this today, they were both sore. When they released, they rested their foreheads together, almost smiling.

"If you all paid attention, you'd realize he has one too," Harry panted, looking into Draco's trusting, lovely eyes.

"What!"

"Here," Draco winked at Harry and turned to them and lowered his collar to show them. It had faded a bit. "But that one was from last week."

"Last week? Harry, how long has this been going on," Dean asked.

"What is it," Harry turned to Draco, "Three... almost four?"

"Weeks?"

"Years," Draco responded, pulling Harry close to him so they were hip and hip. He kissed his forehead.

"Years," Neville looked at them wide eyed.

"Yeah," Harry gave a prideful smile and looked up at him Draco. "Oh, and no we don't usually make out like that, that was disgusting," he wiped his mouth, and moved to wipe Draco's for him as well. "I've found he's actually a wonderful kisser."

"And I've found that he's wonderful at a lot of things," Draco smirked. Harry hit his chest, then pulled him closer. They were in each others arms, and Harry loved it, loved being in front of people, loved showing off that Draco was the one who made his heart race.

"But your fiancé, Malfoy," Seamus asked with wide eyes.

"What about him? He's right here," Draco squeezed him. Seamus just furrowed his eyebrows. "Oh you mean my other one? She doesn't know. No one does. So what that means, Finnegan is that, yes I guess your intelligence is within average range, however tell anyone, we'll kill you."

"And not in the way we kill each other."
Christmas

The common room had become a safe haven to them. It was the only place in the entire castle that they trusted completely. Even the forest seemed to have its disadvantages, because if either one of them were seen entering it, separately or together, there could be the smallest fraction of an opportunity of them being caught.

Although they hated bowing down to Pumblechook, the threats in class were much more minimized. He treated Draco and Harry as individual human beings, instead of his normal visualization of the two together. The punishments stopped. In fact, neither Draco nor Harry talked in the class. They just did the assigned work and continued on to their next class, where they would be much more lenient with each other. It was just that one class where they acted as though they hated each other.

Luckily for them, they knew what they were doing due to past experiences with Snape. They didn't completely ignore each other; that would raise suspicion. They also didn't stare at each other all the time; that would cause the professor to think there was a chance for them to join together again.

They would just give solemn glances sometimes. If one answered a question, the other would scoff or strive a look of disgust.

Other classes were different. Since it was just the 8th years, Draco and Harry could sit together, laugh sometimes, and even talk. Potions hosted a dangerous atmosphere, though. There was one time throughout the week when Harry had difficulty brewing his potion. As a result, Draco sniggered at him, and Harry threw a rat-tail at him. Harry threw back pixie dust, causing sparkles to go over him. Ron had to go between them before there was a huge accident.

So instead, Draco sought back to sabotage Harry's assignment but adding extra frog liver and the Gryffindor found himself in the hospital wing with a deformed arm due to an explosion. Draco was with him the entire time in the hospital wing, laughing his head off.

Their friends forbid them to sit together in potions ever again.

Any spare time over the week before holidays, they would spend in the common room. Before breakfast, after classes, after dinner, before dinner: it didn't matter, for it was all spent in the 8th year's dorm.

That grew frustrating. They hated the nonexistent change in atmosphere, and the inability to breathe. It was suffocating, being locked in their rooms all day.

It was a week later when Harry was studying with his friends on the old seating arrangement. On Monday, which is two days later, they would be leaving for Holiday vacation.

"Take this back," Draco threw Harry's old Gryffindor hoodie at his head only after he walked from his room.

"What? Why," Harry asked concerned. "Did I do something wrong?"

"No," Draco said simply.

"So why are you giving me back my jumper?" Harry was immensely confused. Even when they broke up, Draco never gave him his hoodie in return.

"Because it doesn't smell like you anymore," Draco complained, crossing his arms. "It just smells
like my trunk, and if I won't see you for a week, I want to at least smell it when I miss you."

Harry immediately softened, relieved. "Oh." Harry pulled the hoodie over his sweater to find a pleased Draco looking at him. Draco then sat on Harry's lap, completely disregarding the essay splayed on it. He took the quill and parchment and held it in his hands as he plopped on top of Harry.

"Please Draco, take a seat," Harry strained.

"Don't mind if I do," Draco smiled as he leaned back, crushing Harry's internal organs. This caused Harry to groan and laugh at the same time. "What are you working on?"

"Potions essay," Harry mentioned, trying to breathe.

"You're just starting now! Harry, he assigned it last week, it was due yesterday."

"He said I could turn it in tonight."

"What excuse did you use," Draco asked.

"I told him I was too busy tutoring fourth years and got distracted," Harry remarked.

"You are so evil, Harry Potter," Draco started reading his introductory paragraph.

"And you're crushing me," Harry exclaimed, trying to push him off.

"Scoot over, Longbottom," Draco snapped as he wedged himself between him and Harry. "Thank you," he said and Neville stared at him as if he was a wild creature. "What?"

"I never thought I'd see the day Draco Malfoy said thank you," Dean confessed. A week since they found out, Harry thought they were taking it quite well. Although surprised at some points, they had gotten accustomed to the nicer Draco, plus sometimes Harry and he were being immensely adorable and it was difficult not to admire them.

"I never thought I'd be sitting by the fire with a bunch of Gryffindorks, either, but look where I am now," Draco rolled his eyes. "Harry this introduction is awful," he told him truthfully.

"I have no idea what I'm talking about! What is this lesson even on?"

Draco pinched his nose with his fingers. "Sometimes I just think to myself: why you?"

Harry started laughing. "I'm awful at potions!"

"You really are!"

Harry stared at Draco with a smug look on his face, as if he were up to something. "Want to know what would make you the best fiancé ever?"

"I'm not writing it for you," Draco looked back at him. Their faces were admirably close.

"Please!"

"No."

"Please!"

"No, Harry!"
"Please!" Harry batted his eyes oh so innocently.

"Fine! But I'm paraphrasing and it's only going to be 10 inches instead of 12." Draco took the quill and started writing. "I'm only doing this to make you shut up," he bit.

"Thank you," Harry kissed his cheek, "You are the best!"

"Yeah yeah yeah," Draco rolled his eyes in response. "The things I do for you..."

"I love you," Harry smiled. Draco huffed in response. "Come on, you know you want to say it back."

"I love you, too," he said through his teeth and Harry ruffled his hair.

Draco pushed him off the couch.

--------------------------------------

It was the morning of the start of holiday break. The train would be leaving at 11:00 and currently, and according to Harry's pocket watch, it was 8:15 in the morning. Draco found Harry sitting on the common room couch and not at breakfast. He was staring off into space.

He silently walked to him, only to plop on the couch next to him and rest his head on his shoulder. "Good morning, my love."

"Morning," Harry sighed, kissing his temple as he wrapped an arm around Draco and pulled him closer. "How'd you sleep?"

"Alright. You?"

Harry took a deep breath before responding, "I've slept better. Why aren't you at breakfast?"

"Packing. Why aren't you?"

"Not hungry," Harry swallowed, pulling him tighter. "I'm going to miss you."

"It's only for a week," Draco spoke. "And we can always write."

"It's the longest we've been apart since you lost your memory," Harry said miserably. "Well, the only time we've really been apart for over a day."

"We'll be okay," Draco spoke.

"What if I have another nightmare, you know, one I won't be able to wake up from," Harry looked at him with worried eyes.

"Write to me the second you wake up and I'll come for you."

"I don't want to keep you from your mum though," Harry spoke, "That's your quality time. I wouldn't want to be a burden."

"Harry, really?"

"What?"
"You could never be a burden. Annoying sometimes, yes, but never a burden," Draco squeezed him tighter.

"You're just as annoying as I am," Harry joked. "If not annoying-er."

"Shut it Scarface," Draco smiled, looking up into his eyes and in taking the perpetual scent that he loved so dearly. Harry then took him by the chin and kissed him slowly, but deeply.

"I'm going to miss you."

"I will too, but Harry, come on, it's only for a week. What's it going to be like when you're on your Auror missions?"

"Probably ten times worse," Harry stated glumly before picking himself up again. Just the small talk of possibilities in their future made his heart skip a beat. "I should probably go pack."

"You haven't yet," Draco scolded. "You're insane! We have to board the train in two hours!"

"Two hours is a long time though," Harry contemplated, "I should be fine."

"Would you like me to help you," Draco offered.

"Of course."

"Does that mean I get to distract you again?"

"Duh!"

"So I take it two hours isn't going to be enough to pack then," Draco raised an eyebrow before sniggering.

Draco was sitting alone in his carriage when the door opened and Harry walked in.

"Why are you all alone," Harry asked, standing in the hinge, leaning his hip against it.

"Because Pansy and Blaise wanted to make out," Draco answered before looking out into the rolling hills. They had been on the train for hours, and it would only be a matter of time before they would have to separate. Harry looked left and right in the hall to ensure no one was watching before turning back to him, a gleam in his eyes.

"Well, we'll just have to fix that now won't we," Harry raised an eyebrow.

"We will." Both Draco and Harry smiled before sitting across from him and putting his feet up next to the blonde. "Who knew my best friends would end up together?"

"That's what I thought with Ron and Hermione," Harry laughed. "But they work for each other... not as well as we do though."

"We do work well together," Draco nodded. "Look at the sunset," the blonde pointed out to the horizon, where mountains were swallowing the sun and the clouds were pink.

"It's beautiful," Harry spoke softly, drinking every detail. While Harry was distracted, Draco slipped a hand over his shoelaces, and gently pulled on one end, causing the gryffindor's shoes to become untied. "I never thought I'd live to see another day like this."
"Why?"
"Thinking back to it, when I was hunting for horcruxes, and walking through the forest, I thought I wouldn't live through the war. Sometimes at night I would think about what's I would miss, and what I would never do again. Seeing a sunset was one of them."

"What was another," Draco asked. Taking out his wand ever so slightly from his pocket before flicking it ever so gently at Harry's untied laces, causing each shoe to tie together.

"Not being able to eat another treacle tart. Not being able to play quidditch anymore. Not tying my tie anymore or waking up to Ron snoring," Harry took a breath, looking at Draco who gave a fake look of innocence, "Not being able to kiss you again."

"Harry, I'm touched," Draco put his hand to his heart. He turned serious, too, "I didn't think I would live through it either. I thought I'd die when I failed the mission."

"What happened? You know, when you left in 6th year," Harry's curiosity drove him to look at Draco.

"You don't want to know, Harry." Draco crossed his arms and shrunk within himself. Harry bit his lip.

"He tortured you, didn't he?"

"Of course he did, Harry. I failed him."

"Did he use the cruciatus on you?"
Draco stayed silent.

"He did!"

"Yes, Harry, he did. He used it a lot. And he made me tell him things about you that I didn't want to share, and I would have to lie to him, and every time he thought I was lying, he would do it on me. I thought I would never see you again and I thought I'd be better off dead than dealing with him, but now look where we are. We're engaged, Harry! And we are going be married in less than a year. We are going to travel the world and start a family and live happy lives."

"We are," Harry grinned so wide, it hurt, but he couldn't stop. "We are, and it's going to be fantastic and amazing and wonderful and incredible and I can't wait!"

"Me either," Draco smiled. "You should probably get going, as much as I don't want you to. I can see Kings Cross. I'm sure there're going to be reporters everywhere. Wouldn't want another photographer stalking us."

"I'll see you in a week," Harry asked.

"Only if you don't get yourself killed like you do every time I leave you," Draco said sarcastically.

"I'll try not to, but no promises," he smiled. "Just don't forget me. I'll be at the Weasley's or Grimmauld Place if you need me. Just write."

"Oh don't worry, I won't! And I'll write! It's you we have to look out for." Draco got up and gave him a quick peck so that no one passing could see. He wanted to kiss him so much more, taste him so much more. "I love you."
"I love you, too."

Draco helped Harry stand by taking his hand, a gesture Harry thought Draco was being polite as, however, he then sat right back down as Harry smiled at him a bit. He tried to take a step forward but couldn't due to his tied laces.

When Harry realized what was happening, Draco too the pad of his foot and kicked his chest so he fell backwards, ending up hitting the ground with a thunk. Draco immediately roared in a shortle as Harry's face showed one mixed between anger and shock.

"You're going to pay for this," Harry shouted from the floor as they chugged up to the station. Their personal cart stopped right in front of the Weasley's much to their ignorance. The family could just see Draco having a fit of laughter, causing them to be confused. Then, Draco stood and helped Harry up so he could be seated across from him again.

Draco began untying the knot while he was still laughing and Harry started giggling as well.

"Tell your mother I say hi," Harry said.

"I will," Draco was shaking away his last hiccups as he finished tying Harry's shoes back together. "See you in a week?"

"A week," Harry winked before getting up again to leave. He wasn't paying attention, and Draco stuck his foot out to trip him. Harry, however, caught himself of the seats but sent Draco a glare, causing him to laugh even more.

The Chosen One left and Draco was still smiling as he was long gone to his own trolley. Draco went out to scan the crowd, only to find the Weasley's looking at him. He had no idea what to do, so he stuck his hand up and waved ever so slightly. He was grateful to that family, even with the past he's had with it. Ron could have honestly been so much worse on them, but he wasn't, and he imagined the rest of them would be the same. Even Ginny in the hall, sometimes at most, would raise her eyebrows and press her lips in a line to him. Draco would do the same back to her in return.

And Harry kissed that bitch.

But then again, she could be a lot harder on him as well. From her point of view, Draco stole her crush, not the other way around. He was happy she accepted him as well. Now just the rest of the Weasley's.

The family smiled to him warmly and waved back at him as if it was an unspoken bond. Harry walked onto the platform and they all gave him big bear hugs and welcomed him and Ron as well as Hermione. They all turned and smiled at Draco eventually, and Draco bowed his head.

Harry looked both ways to make sure no one was watching and then stuck out his tongue to him. Draco mimicked, and the family then apparated away.

Draco took his time getting off the train. He grabbed his things slowly, not having a reason to go any faster, and he then exited the Hogwarts Express, only to step onto the platform, where he received angry looks and scoffs and disgusting glares, and he then apparated to Malfoy Manor.

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He had to admit; Malfoy Manor had gotten a little less terrifying, but more gloomy and haunting. The memories inside were ghosts, but still living. Each crease had a memory, good or bad (but mostly bad), and it didn't seem like home anymore. But then again, it never was.
Draco walked down the wide path of trees and up to the gate, where ministry guards stood. They didn't say a word, but just opened the gates for him, and locked him inside the monster house. He imagined security would be tight due to his mother's house arrest.

The doors creaked open and Draco stepped inside, only to take off whiff of the familiar smell that existed before the raid of Voldemort. Not one of blood and anger, but one of rich cologne, of course not as much as it used to.

He wheeled his trunk to his room with slow steps, swallowing as he stepped them. Draco felt a wave of terror etch over him, expecting a death eater to pop out whenever he turned a corner.

He wished Harry was there, with him.

Once finally to his personal quarters, Draco plopped his things by his bed. The last time he stepped foot in his room, he didn't even know who Harry was due to his callous memory loss.

Upon remembering such feeling, he searched his trunk and found the five pictures of him and Harry together, only to examine them as he lay back on his bed. Finally, he placed them by his nightstand so it could be the last thing he saw before he went to bed.

He thought about Harry, and thought about his touch, and thought about how lucky he was, and thought about what it would be like if he was laying in the bed next to him, and what it would have been like to kiss him one last time before they departed.

He knew it was going to be a long week.

Draco then realized why he was there: to see his mother. So, taking action to his epiphany, he started walking to the possible places where his mother might be. Only did the sound of laughter, cause him to identify her exact location. Laughter? There weren't supposed be anybody else in the house besides he and his mother.

Draco walked into one of the various sitting rooms to see his mother, and Harry Potter sitting across each other and drinking tea while giggling. They looked up to see Draco standing in the doorway with a confused expression upon his face.

"Hey you," Harry said enthusiastically before sipping his cup. Draco just looked at him, then walked out, then walked back in to see him still sitting there.

"What are you doing here? I thought you were supposed to be at the Weasley's," Draco furrowed his eyebrows, trying to determine whether or not Harry was actually sitting there, and not having it be one of his horrible nightmares that turned ugly.

"I was, but then I decided I wanted to do something," Harry smiled a mischievous smile, as if he were to be hiding something.

"And what would that be?"

"Well," he turned back to Narcissa, smiling at her, "First, I wanted to thank your mother for saving my life." He turned back to Draco, "Secondly, I know how important your mother is to you and I wanted to start everything off on a good foot, so..."

"He asked me for your blessing," Narcissa smiled.

"And she said yes," Harry grinned as well, and Draco felt his heart skip a beat.
"Really," he begged for it to be true. He never did tell his mother about Harry because he'd been too excited about it. Draco was happy she really did accept it as well.

"Really." Harry stood and Draco ran to give him a great hug. Draco squeezed him tight. He wanted this on the train, and on the platform, and at least he got to do it before the two separated.

"Congratulations," Narcissa smiled again. "I can't believe my son is getting married to the Great Savior."

"I'm only a Great Savior because you saved me," Harry returned, letting go of Draco, but instead took his hand and sat him on the couch next to him.

"Oh please don't worry about it Mr. Potter-"

"Harry," he corrected.

"Harry. Narcissa," she reached her hand out and Harry took it, shaking it. "So how did you ask? When?"

"I'd just got my memory back, and since I'm still in the contract with Astoria, he wanted to make sure he did it before she got to me," Draco started.

"So I took him to the place where we had our first date. The sun was setting, and there was a breeze."

"It was gorgeous, mother," Draco smiled.

"I wanted to make it much grander, but we just sought it done after we went through so much with his memory loss," Harry confessed.

"Wonderful," she smiled before taking another sip of tea.

"Mother, how are we supposed to get out of the contract with Astoria," Draco asked and Harry squeezed his hand.

"I'll write to the Greengrasses and see what they say about it. I'll convince them, don't worry," Narcissa nodded and they both smiled in return.

"Thank you," Harry said. "I should get going," he stood, "I wouldn't want the Weasley's getting worried."

"Wait," Draco begged, "Mother, can he please spend the night?"

"No, it's fine! I wouldn't want to intrude," Harry started but was interrupted by Narcissa.

"Of course he can, just as long as I can spend time with you. It's been maddening here, all alone."

"Don't worry, ma'am, I'll be gone by morning," Harry said. "You won't even see me!"

"It's no trouble," she smiled. "I'm sure you two are exhausted from traveling all day. I'll send food up in a bit if you would like to go to your room, Draco."

"Shall I lead you to my quarters," Draco asked, grinning as he took Harry's arm. Harry nodded and thanked Narcissa again before they walked out of the room.

The two were silent as Draco guided him to his sleeping quarters before practically jumping on him,
digging his head into his neck as he wrapped his arms around his neck.

"Hello to you too," Harry chuckled before enclosing himself in the embrace.

"I love you so much," Draco mumbled into his neck. Harry smiled, "I don't think you understand how much this means to me."

"I've wanted to do it before I asked you, because I know how much it would hurt you if your parents- well parent- didn't approve. I'm sure your father doesn't, but still. And then we got engaged and I felt if I didn't do it, it would be a bit wrong."

"It's fantastic, Harry," Draco kissed his cheek, all the way to the corner of his mouth before placing their lips together. He moved his hands and felt along his back. Harry took his hands and wrapped them around Draco's neck as he turned his head to deepen the kiss. Draco picked him up and Harry enfolded his legs around his waist and carried him to the bed where he lay down with Harry on top of him.

Harry licked his lip and Draco opened his mouth, only to have their tongues touch and touch again, only to finally dance together. Draco moved his hands down to Harry's arse and squeezed the cheeks, almost kneading them. Harry moaned and moved his hand to Draco's hair where he then started pulling on it before moving to his neck. He teased around Draco's weak spot, only finally nipping at it, causing a whimper from Draco.

"I'm so glad we get to do this," Draco confessed.

"Your mum could catch us at any moment," Harry spoke, before sucking on his neck.

"What a situation that would be," Draco smiled.

"Not as bad as your father who almost killed us," Harry moved back up to his lips where he sucked on them slowly.

"Oh yeah, that," Draco mumbled into his lips. Harry moved down and kissed his chin, then began unbuttoning Draco's shirt and kissing down his chest. He only stopped when there was a knock at the door. Draco practically threw Harry off of him across the bed while he started buttoning his shirt again. "Come in!"

Narcissa walked in with a tray of food, only to find two boys sitting crisscross, adjacent to each other. Their faces were flushed and red, but she tried not to notice that Draco's shirt buttons were messed up. She kept back a smirk as she placed the food on their bed.

"I hope you like it. Since I'm not allowed magic or house elves, I've had to learn on my own. It's been a challenge, but I've been perfecting it."

"It looks delicious, Narcissa, thank you," Harry smiled, trying to cool down his blushing face.

"If you need anything else, let me know. But I'm sure you'll be fine," She smiled a suggestive smile before leaving them alone.

When the door closed, they both let go a huge breath they were holding.

"I told you," Harry smiled. Draco took a pea from his dinner and threw it at Harry. Harry ate it.

They ate their food in subtle conversation. It wasn't the best meal either of them had had, but they ate it anyway. Draco put the tray on one of the many tables in his room and lay on the bed with Harry.
"So, this is the room the mighty Draco Malfoy grew up in?"

"Yes it is," Draco smiled.

"I like the photos on your nightstand," Harry smiled, climbing over and grabbing them. "Were they always there?"

"They were in the drawer," Draco pointed to it. "We wouldn't want a house elf to find them now would we?"

"No we wouldn't," Harry laughed. He then went to open the drawer but Draco stopped him. "What?"

"You can't look in there," Draco said, rushed.

"Why not?"

"Because... I want you to kiss me first!" Draco thought that if he kissed him silly, it would all work out and he would forget about it. Draco climbed over him and started kissing him yet again, but Harry broke it.

"But why can't I kiss you after?"

"Because, I just want you now, Harry," Draco whined. "Don't you want me?"

"What's in that drawer," Harry squinted his eyes.

"Nothing! That's why it would be pointless to kiss me after when you could snog me senseless right now. To save time." Draco made sense with the logic and then forced his tongue into Harry's mouth. This time Harry relaxed into it and let Draco invade him. Draco then lifted Harry's shirt from his head and went for his skin and sucked on his collarbone.

"Draco, what are you hiding from me," Harry gasped as Draco put his nipple in his mouth and started playing it.

"I'm not," Draco growled before he lightly bit it and sucked on it again. Harry moaned uncontrollably.

"Draco... Draco, we aren't alone...What if your mother- oh Draco!" The blonde made his way further and further down and dragged his tongue all the way down and up again.

"What were you saying," Draco breathed hotly in his ear and Harry visibly shivered. Draco went up to kiss him again and Harry's head cleared a bit only to realize what his main objective was. Harry pushed Draco off of him- although he was having an excellent time- and went for the furniture. Draco, a little slow due to the fact that he thought Harry was flipping them, finally recoiled and as Harry knelt next to the drawer, about to open it, he grabbed him by his waist and threw him away from it. "Harry!"

"Draco why are you being so secretive?"

"I'm not, it just don't want you in there!"

"Why not! Don't you trust me?"

"Of course I do!"
"No you don't."

"Yes I do!"

"No you don't!"

"Yes I do!"

"If you did you would let me go in your drawer-"

"Harry! It's where I was hiding your Christmas present!"

"Oh." Harry relaxed and grew silent for a bit, softening. "Was?"

"Well, I'm not keeping it there now," Draco said. "You'll look for it when I'm sleeping."

"I feel like a moron...I'm sorry," Harry tucked his knees under him, sitting on his calves, and pouted. "It's alright, you were only being curious," Draco forgave, going over to him and hugging him.

"You know, you could have told me you didn't want me looking in there and I would have stopped. I can't believe you tried to seduce me just so I wouldn't find my Christmas present!"

"I thought it would be the most fun to be honest with you. Would you like to continue?"

"Oh, I would love to but I'm not," Harry scooted away from Draco's embrace.

"Why," Draco was taken aback.

"It's payback from the train," Harry said simply. He got up and put back on his shirt to leave Draco staring with his mouth hanging open. "What?"

"You're a horrible person, Harry James Potter!"

Harry just shrugged and smiled at him before kissing his cheek, but Draco anticipated it and turned his head last second. He grabbed Harry's cheeks to keep him from leaving. Harry wanted to push him away and tried to, but Draco held no avail, and forced his way into Harry's mouth. The hand that was applying force upon Draco relaxed and was still placed on his chest.

Draco then slid his hand down Harry's chest down to his arse where he then squeezed it and moved it to the front of his lower region and shoved his hand down his underwear and palmed him. Harry's breath hitched.

"Draco," he used the strictest tone he could at the moment.

"Please Harry! It's one week! One whole week without making love with you," Draco could feel Harry responding to him as he leaned against his neck, begging while he licked his ear.

"Only if you lock the door, put up a silencing charm, and you're bottoming," Harry ordered in fast, heated breaths. "And make it quick."

Draco contemplated before saying, "I'll take it."

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Harry's looked into Draco tired eyes and smiled sweetly.
"Are you satisfied now," Harry asked.

"Most definitely," Draco nodded, staring back at him. Harry beamed and ran his fingers through Draco's white, sweaty hair. They pecked each other's lips before Harry got up from the bed and put on his briefs and t-shirt.

He started examining Draco's bedroom, genuinely curious as to how he grew up. There was an entire seating area, a fireplace, a bookshelf, a gigantic bed with two nightstands next to it, a dresser, a full body mirror- which he could only imagine little Draco getting ready in it long ago, and a desk in front of three giant windows that covered one entire side of the room, draped in dark, heavy curtains.

Harry walked over to the bookshelf and scanned the titles of the many different rows as Draco stood and sat on the bed, watching Harry.

"Why do you have the entire works of Gilderoy Lockhart," Harry asked him as if he was senseless.

"We needed them for second year," Draco explained. "No need to criticize!"

"You kept them? I burned my copies."

"Did you hear he went insane?"

"Yeah... that was kind of my fault," Harry kept perusing the books.

"Of course it was! What happened?"

"Remember how Ron broke his wand in second year and you teased him about it?"

"Yeah?"

"We made Lockhart go down to the Chamber of Secrets with us and when we found out the mystery he threatened to erase our memories. That's how he wrote those books, he stole the works from others by obliviating them. He used Ron's wand and it back fired."

"That's horrible!"

"No, it was actually pretty funny," Harry snorted before exclaiming. "I can't believe you have this!"

"Have what?"

"'Romeo and Juliet!'" Draco had an entire row dedicated to Shakespeare and Romeo and Juliet was the first novel.

"Okay, in my defense, my mother joined a book club when I was about eight, and one of the units was on Shakespeare! I only read it when I was fifteen because I remember her and her friends were freaking out about it!"

"You read it when you were dating me," Harry shouted, surprised.

"I wasn't love sick before, so it was over the summer before 5th year, okay. I was just curious!"

"How'd you like it?"

"To be honest with you, it's over dramatized. It was great for it's time, but there are better love stories out there. When you look at it from our time, Romeo was just an impatient moron who could have waited at his home for another ten minutes and cried there so he would have gotten the letter and it
would have been okay. And besides, killing yourself over a three-day love affair is foolish. They
could have easily found different loves and gotten married after having two conversations with
someone else. How would they ever know if they truly loved each other? There are much better
romances."

"Like ours?"

"Yes, exactly like ours," Draco said smugly. They both had to admit: their love story was epic.

"Draco, oh Draco, where for ought thou Ferret," Harry put his hand over his heart and made his
voice light and almost feminine. Draco threw a pillow at him. "I feel like you would have cried at the
ending of 'Romeo and Juliet,' though," Harry said in his normal voice. He then turned back to the
bookshelf and put the book away.

Draco was silent and that caused Harry to get suspicious and upon realizing, he shouted.

"You did cry, didn't you!" Harry let his mouth go agape. Draco tried to conjure up an excuse but
couldn't, and stuttered. "I'm never going to let you live this down!"

"Shut up!"

"Draco Malfoy, death eater, who's been ordered to kill the headmaster of Hogwarts School of
Witchcraft and Wizardry, cried at the ending of 'Romeo and Juliet,' ha!"

"Tell anyone and I'll kill you!"

"Oh, I'm telling everyone!"

"Harry!" Draco took another pillow and threw it at him. Harry, although smiling, kept looking
through the rows upon rows of shelves.

"Good to know you have an entire shelf dedicated to the Dark Arts. That's assuring," Harry played
sarcastically. "A couple of books of potions was expected," he kept browsing. "'Twelve Fail-Safe
Ways to Charm Witches'?"

"Pansy got that for me in case we didn't work out," Draco rolled his eyes. "I was for my fifteenth
birthday."

"I like how it's right next to the 'Biography of Harry Potter: The Life of the Chosen One,'" Harry
smiled, picking up the thick book, "When did you get this?"

"Our last Hogsmeade trip," Draco answered, lying on his stomach.

"Why? You have me right here."

"I was curious."

"It's written by Skeeter. I couldn't imagine why," Harry rolled his eyes. He put it back, only to keep
searching. "'Mudbloods and How to Spot Them!'"

"Christmas present from Daddy when I was nine," Draco bared his teeth. Harry looked to see his old
books from previous years and a few other Quidditch books.

"'Men Who Love Dragons Too Much,'" Harry pulled it out. "Is this about me?"
Draco smiled.

"Do you have Edgar Allen Poe?"

"Bottom shelf, to the right," Draco instructed. Harry did as ordered. "Also one of the books my mother used to read. I haven't yet, but everyone says he was insane."

"He was. I'm surprised you have it. In primary school, we had to read The Raven and I don't know why, it just spoke to me."

"You said you hated reading in fourth year. It was, like, our first date you told me."

"Awh you remembered. And you love poetry. But when we had to read it, I finally gave in. I could kind of relate to it, the Raven," Harry figured and flipped through the copy of 'The Raven.'

"If you liked it, I'm sure I will," Draco reasoned. "Do you want to read it?"

"Sure," Harry went and laid on one of the many couches, leaving enough room so Draco could lie next to him. Draco took the blanket that was tangled on his bed and wrapped it around himself like a robe and made his way over to him, where he then lay on his bicep while covering them both with the duvet, as Harry wrapped his arm around him so both could see the book. Harry could feel the heat from Draco's naked body next to his own.

Harry opened it to the first page and they read the first stanza silently before Draco interrupted.

"Harry?"

"Yeah?"

"Will you read to me?"

"Do you really want me to?"

"Yeah. I like your voice," Draco complimented. "It's soothing."

"If you say so," Harry chuckled. He started off with "Once upon a midnight dreary,' and by the time he was to, 'Quoth the Raven, nevermore,' Draco had his eyes shut and his breathing had evened out. "How'd you like it," he asked, only to not get an answer and discover a sleeping dragon curled up against him. "Obviously not very much since you fell asleep," Harry snickered quietly.

Harry shut the book and gently put it on the floor next to him, as well as took off his glasses and set them down next to the pages. He then examined the sleeping Draco. His face was highlighted in the firelight and his features were so calm. The man before him is so valuable, so precious.

He felt his heart flutter at the thought that he was going to be married to him. He was going to spend the rest of his life with this man.

With that thought, Harry drifted with a little smile ghosted on his face.

Narcissa walked in twenty minutes later, deactivating the locking charm, to find the boys completely asleep with each other, buried under the blanket.

And she had to admit: it was one of the happiest sights she'd seen in a while.
Harry woke at dawn, his arm half asleep and tingling. Draco hadn't moved at all and was cutting off his circulation. Harry tried stirring but couldn't as he shifted his arm, but Draco barely moved.

"Draco," Harry almost mouthed he spoke so softly. "Draco," he repeated a bit louder. He took his other hand and cupped his cheek, stroking the blonde's peach fuzz with his thumb. He didn't want to move his muscles. "Draco."

They boy didn't even open his eyes, rather, he just grunted. "Harry," his voice cracked. "What is it?"

"I have to leave soon," Harry whispered softly, "I promised I would be gone by morning, and the Weasley's probably think I'm dead."

"No Harry, just sleeeeep," Draco whined, opening his eyes slightly.

"I would love to, but one: I can't feel my arm, and two: I want you and your mother to be together. And I made a promise with her, I wouldn't want to break it."

"Gryffindor honor, huh?"

Harry smiled a small smile. "As always."

Draco snorted, still half asleep. "Don't go yet," he begged.

"Draco, I have to," he kissed his forehead. He climbed over Draco and kneeled next to him, stroking his hair.

"I'm too selfish to let you go," Draco grabbed hold of Harry's hand and squeezed it. Harry squeezed back and smiled at him.

"At least I got to stay the night," Harry brought up, kissing the top of his hand. Draco just stared at him, gazing into his eyes softly, the firelight dimmed to almost coal just as the sun was rising over the trees on the horizon. "Do you want to sleep on your bed?"

Draco nodded slightly and Harry picked him up bridal style with the blankets draped over him, only to gently place him on the mattress and tuck him in. Harry kissed him softly on the lips.

"Goodnight, oh ferret of mine," Harry smiled. Draco rolled his eyes slightly, still squinting due to his exhaustion. "I'll see you in six days?"

"Wait! Don't go yet. At least wait until I fall asleep first."

Harry nodded and climbed next to him. He stared down at him in adoration, stroking a loose hair out of his face.

"Goodbye, my love," Draco breathed before shutting his eyes.

"Good night, my love," Harry whispered.

"Good morning," Draco corrected before his breath evened out and he fell unconscious.

Harry apparated to the Weasley's an hour later. He wanted to leave earlier, but the angel-like glow on Draco's face kept him from it. One of these days, Harry yearned to stay up the entire night and just
watch him sleep. The sweet relaxation splayed on his face drew Harry to just adore him. It reminded
Harry not of only their happy times, but also the times of pain and misfortune. The fights. The fire.
The break up. The memory loss. Finding him bawling his eyes out on his bed after the war. Hell, the
war in general.

And looking back at his face, sweet and relaxed, it made him think what he had overcome with the
lover in front of him. It made him want to fall in love with him all over again. It did make him fall in
love with him all over again.

Harry appeared in front of the rickety old door of the Weasley's home, only to just walk right in.
Molly was up making breakfast, as everyone was asleep, except for Arthur who sat at the table
drinking a cup of black coffee.

"Harry," Arthur spoke in a surprised, but relieved tone.

"Harry," Molly exclaimed, turning away from the bacon she was preparing. "We were going to start
getting worried."

"She was, I wasn't," Arthur smiled.

"We thought you'd be back last night," Molly started, "But Ron said not to get my knickers in a twist
and you'd be home soon enough. I just worry about you sometimes that's all."

"How was he, the boy?"

"Draco," Harry said, "He's good. We just lost track of time and fell asleep, sorry if I caused any
trouble for you."

"It's no trouble at all. Why were you there again? You said you had to do something," Arthur raised
an eyebrow as he took another sip of coffee.

"I did," Harry smiled automatically.

"Take a seat, Harry, tell us all about it." Harry did as ordered and took a seat across from Mr.
Weasley, uncontrollably grinning.

"The last time we saw you, you were absolutely devastated, Harry, it was awful. Thankfully that's
changed," Molly turned back to her cooking, still listening and excited to.

Those three days... After Harry found out about Draco's memory loss, he hadn't slept, eaten, or
talked. The Weasley's were absolutely terrified for him, and almost insisted he stay home so he could
heal, but Harry went to Hogwarts anyway, without even saying goodbye on the platform.

"Indeed it has," Harry smiled. "It took two months but Draco got his memory back."

"How'd you manage that," Arthur asked.

"Erm... It just came to him in bits and pieces. He denied it for a while, but when he
realized it was true, he gave in on Halloween. But I didn't see him until the next morning and he sort
of surprised me. It was truly awful for a while. He hated me because I kissed him and I told him if he
went on a date with me, he wouldn't have to deal with me ever again. Somehow, we got a miracle."

"How'd you celebrate?"

We had sex. "We cried. Literally. We went to the room of requirement and just cried," Harry told.
"And then we fell asleep and I was out for two days straight. I didn't go to bed for those two months, so he wanted my health to be okay." Then we had sex when my health was okay.

"That's sweet," Molly cooed, flipping the sizzling bacon. Ginny stormed down the stairs and sat next to Harry.

"I don't think I've ever seen two people skip that many classes," Ginny laughed, "But then again, I don't think I've ever seen two people so in love with each other either."

"We haven't skipped that many classes," Harry accused, turning his head from the scolding Arthur giving him a beady eye.

"You should see them, Dad. They give each other puppy-dog eyes across the Great Hall," Ginny exclaimed. "Oh and what I heard from Hermione is that Malfoy left Harry a rose everyday in their first period since he got his memory back. He's so loving!"

"Who knew Draco Malfoy would be a romantic," Molly laughed.

"He's honestly a softie," Harry smiled, his cheeks red, "He reminds me of a teddy bear."

"Have you told him that," Ginny asked. Harry was happy she accepted them and had moved on from their almost nonexistent relationship.

"No, but I will," Harry agreed, getting an idea.

"How have you two been," Molly asked.

"Fantastic for the most part. The only problem is, is that Draco's in an arranged marriage with Astoria Greengrass, and he doesn't want it, he wants to be with me, so we're trying to get him out of it."

"That's awful, Harry," Arthur said, setting down his empty coffee cup, "You really do love him, though, right?"

"I do very much, since 4th year, actually, which is why I asked him to marry me," Harry smiled yet again, and both Mr. and Mrs. Weasley looked up in shock. "And he said yes," Harry raised his left hand to show them the ring. Molly ran to him and hugged him dearly.

"Congratulations," she squeezed, "When did you ask him?"

"I ordered the ring the first week of school and got it the Hogsmede trip before Halloween. Finally after he got his memory back, I asked him that night." Harry couldn't keep from smiling the entire time after. "Yesterday I asked his mother for her blessing and she also said yes, but we would have gotten married anyway, despite her decision. Then Draco just wanted me to stay over so we ate and fell asleep." We had sex.

"Who would have ever guessed Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy would be engaged, soon to be married by the time they were eighteen," Arthur shook his head, a grin on his face, "I'll believe it when I see it."

"Trust me, Dad, you'll believe it," Ginny grinned.

"When will we be seeing him, then," Molly asked, putting the bacon on plates and starting on the eggs.

"Christmas Eve, if that's okay with you. We wanted to spend Christmas together, and Christmas Eve
Eve, I'm going to his house and spending the night."

"That sounds wonderful, Harry," she said. "I can't wait to meet him."

"About that..." Harry bared his teeth, "He is absolutely terrified to meet you."


"Don't get me wrong, he loves you for taking care of me, but he's a bit afraid you'll beat him up for everything he's done wrong to this family. He doesn't want to be judged by his name rather who he is," Harry told. "And since you are my family, he's already nervous to meet you in general."

"Tell him not to worry, Dear, he'll be fine. If you trust him, and care about him as much as we think you do, we're sure he'll fit in just fine."

"Well that and the fact he's an ex-death eater..."

"He did save my life during the war," Arthur commented, "That's something I will forever be grateful for. You did tell us he didn't want to do it."

"He didn't. He just wishes he could have been there for Fred, too," Harry said solemnly. Molly stopped all movement before starting again.

"Everything will be fine Harry," Molly smiled. "There's nothing he could have done."

"How have you all been holding up?"

"I'm not going lie and say it's been easy, but it is getting better." Harry remembered after the war when Draco was in askaban. Molly would breakdown out of nowhere and then Arthur would cry, and then the rest of the family.

"George though," Arthur started, "We don't see him. He's either at the shop, or he's in his room. It's hit him the hardest, but sometimes we think Fred wouldn't want us to act like this."

"I don't think anybody we lost in the war would want us to act like this," Harry said. Suddenly there was a rapping at the window. Harry got up and entered a dark owl with a dark purple envelope, 'Scarface,' written on the front of it. He knew that bird from countless letter deliveries when hunting for horcruxes, and upon realizing it was Draco's owl, he instantly smiled.

Draco opened his eyes when Harry shut the door to his room. So he was gone again. And this time it would be for six days.

He could already feel a yearn in his heart for Harry go off as the click rang in his room.

Unlike earlier, Draco was completely awake despite showing Harry he was asleep and he rolled over and stretched to push the morning blues away, but upon plopping his hand on top of the pillow Harry was laying on, he felt paper.

He raised his body by pushing on one arm and leaning on it, only to reach for the object, which was an envelope. Draco's heart started racing as he immediately smiled. On the top was written in Harry's messy handwriting,

"Ferret."
He turned it over and opened the envelope carefully to find a small parchment resting inside, waiting to be opened. He pulled it out and discarded the letter where he then lay back on his pillow and started to read.

"Dear Ferret,

I'm writing this while you're asleep, in hope that when you wake up, I'm the first thing you think of.

You're so peaceful when you sleep, did you know? Probably not because you're unconscious, how could you know? While I was watching you sleep I just kept thinking about us. I kept thinking of sixth year, and how you never ate, and how you never slept. And I remember when you lost your memory, when I never ate or slept. And I thought of a few nights ago, when you said you didn't think you were good enough for me and I wanted to laugh at that joke, until I saw you were serious. I thought you crazy to even think that, and I still do.

But that doesn't matter, because you could put any thought into my mind. You could tell me you never loved me and this was all just a game the entire time, but I could never stop loving you so deeply that even with I'm with you, I feel as though I'm being starved to the point of famine. It almost hurts to be with you rather apart from you because I know no matter what we do; I could never get tired of you.

And you're giving your life up to me, and I shake and my legs grow weak at those very words, that even that eternity could never be long enough with you.

You snore, did you know? Well you do. So don't argue, now I have it documented.

You know, they say that your wedding day is they happiest day of your life.

I disagree.

Because I know that everyday after my wedding day will be the happiest day of my life because I'll be with you.

And I figured this entire deep, emotional speech while you were snoring your head off, and I felt it be appropriate to share it with you. Although I shouldn't, because this is good stuff for our wedding vows...

Congratulations. You just read my wedding vows.

Draco... we're having a wedding!

See what you do to me? All because you're sleeping you put me into a creative thought process that ends in me pouring out my soul to you. Damn you!

Anyway, I bid you a sweet six days, my love.

Scarface"
For the entire day, Draco didn't stop smiling once.

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Harry rushed to open his letter to see what Draco had to say; maybe something simple, maybe just as Harry's. It was an answer he was dying for and as he pulled the letter out, but the second it had been released from its binds, it was snatched away from his binds from an eager Ginny.
"Dear Scarface," she read in a pompous tone as Harry snatched it back, "is that what you call each other? You don't have real nicknames like baby or babe?"

"Oh, God no," Harry scoffed. "Those sorts of names are as fake as it gets. It's too generic. It's either Scarface and Ferret or just our names."

He didn't want to tell them about calling each other 'My Love,' because it was too personal for them. That was something he wanted to keep between the two of them.

"Go on, what's in the letter," Ginny teased, "What are you hiding?"

"Nothing! It's just personal."

"If it was that personal, you would of hid it under your pillow and I would have snuck in your room to read it later. Go on, what do you two talk about?"

"The weather," Harry said simply.

"The weather?"

"He likes clouds."

Ginny didn't give in and she ran around the table and Harry got up and backed to the staircase, where he hid the letter behind his back. Little did he know that Ron and Hermione were behind him, and Ron slipped the letter from his hands.

"Ron!" The boy ran across to the opposite side of the room and Harry chased after him, only to have him raise his hand high so Harry couldn't reach. "Ron that isn't fair!!"

Harry started jumping, his fingertips barely brushing the letter each time he leaped. Then in a quick motion, Hermione ran next to Ron and he quickly gave it to her, only for her to escape next to Mrs. Weasley.

"Hermione!"

"Oh come on, Harry. We're only curious, that's all," She flipped the letter and uncrinkled it.

"It's an invasion of privacy," Harry pouted and sat at the table.

"Oh, Harry, how bad could it be," Ginny asked the rhetorical question before turning to Hermione to read it. It could be bad. It could be a vivid sex fantasy, it could be a vulgar inside joke, or even worse, a generic wizard pick up line.

"Dear Scarface," she equaled the tone of Ginny's previous. "I have to admit, I am a little creeped out at the fact you watch me when I sleep to the point in which you want to bare your soul to me. But I do it too sometimes, so it's okay... but it's not that thought provoking, so I'll do the best I can in return.

"When you left, my mind wandered back to sixth year too, but also to fifth, and fourth, and third, and even the first time we met, and even to before I knew you. Thinking back to it, I was such a snobbish git, but back then I thought I was on top of the word, but little did I know, I was at rock bottom. I assumed I had the world at my feet when really I was struggling to dig myself out of a hole.

"But then I found you," Hermione's voice softened and then laughed, "And I wanted to hit you with the shovel I was digging myself out with."
Harry looked up to see the rest of the family amused as his cheeks flushed. Hermione continued. Percy, Bill and Fleur, along with Charlie all walked in and sat quietly.

"And then in fourth year, I met someone different, someone who changed me... but you were there for that part so I don't need to explain it again. And if I had a copy of myself in third year standing next to me now, and looking back at that comparison I truly realized what you have done to me.

"Harry Potter, you have completely destroyed me. You have completely obliterated my wake and ripped me to shreds. You have torn me to pieces and abolished my thinking. You have broken my heart with four eradicating words and made it whole again with three simple ones.

"But isn't to love to destroy? Upon the experiencing disaster we've faced in our years together at such young ages, I realized what love truly is.

"To love is to scald. To love is to bleed. To love is to die.

"And be reborn again in anew, burning water in its wake," Hermione read the letter just above a whisper, her heart clenching at the words scrolled on the paper, "and dancing in the stars and constellations in hope you don't get lost, but realizing you don't care if you do.

"Sometimes I question why we are marrying at such a young age. Why don't we just wait and not get tied down, maybe even travel the world together. But I realized we've (well mostly you) lived through more lifetimes than those who die now and realize I can't wait for you any longer.

"I've never told you this but, I feel as though I have met you before in my last lifetime. Like, it was written in the stars that every time we live, we have to find each other again to love each other despite the challenges in the road, and it's possible that each lifetime gets harder and harder and if that's the case, I will go through everything all over again and more just so I can see you breathing.

"Maybe it's as if we get different personalities, and different backgrounds and families, and different settings just so we can overcome it and love each other again. Maybe in our last lifetime our lives were switched or possibly I met you in a flower shop when we were thirty, striving to meet our lover again. Maybe the lifetime before, we were muggles and somehow you moved into the flat next door and had a Swedish underwear model as your boyfriend with you, but I completely destroyed your relationship, but it worked out because we still found each other again, even if you threw a vase at me for breaking you up. Maybe before, you've died in my arms and that's why my greatest fear is losing you and not finding you again," Hermione read aloud, getting almost choked up again. The room was completely silent.

"And maybe in the next lifetime, I'll be blinded and you'll be deaf but I know we will still find a way to love each other again.

"I want it to be like that. I want to fight for you every single second of my life just so I know you're mine and I will not stop any day of the week, loving you wholly and completely and endlessly and hopelessly, Harry Potter, do you understand me.

"Congratulations. There's my wedding vow.

"I hope you have a wonderful time with the Weasleys, and I bid you a cheerful six days.

"Ferret.

"P.S. I do NOT snore. I was faking it the whole time you stupid prat. You'd better write me back or
so be it Harry Potter, I will find you. I have yet to pay you back for the pie incident."

The whole family sat there in silence, but then turned to a ruby Harry who rested his head on his hands on the table. After a bit he sat up and rubbed his face before mumbling into his hands, "God we've gone soft!"

"What the bloody hell was that," Charlie asked.

"Harry's fiancé," Ginny responded, smiling. "Isn't he romantic?"

"Draco Malfoy," Bill raised an eyebrow.

"That's the most poetic thing I've ever read," Hermione commented, sniffing.

"Who could've known," Molly asked, finally closing her mouth.

"Is he always like that," Arthur asked.

"No, not at all," Harry sat up, "We used to call each other bastards and arseholes up until the war. We used to trip each other and laugh when we did it. He used to provoke me and I would punch his arm, hell even in sixth year he broke my nose on the train. We never used to be so lovey-dovy, well not until recently with his memory loss. When he wrote me notes with the roses, he was never that deep even. In fact after a week or so, he started using corny pickup lines."

"Really," Mr. Weasley asked. "And you say he's terrified to meet us after he treats you like that?"

Harry smiled. "Indeed. He really has changed though. With the memory loss, it was the worst pain either of us have ever felt, though, and this is the first time we've been apart since. He has this irrational fear that one day I'm going to realize that I'm going to find, how did he put it, 'a Swedish underwear model,' that is so much better than he is."

"Are you kidding me Harry," Bill added, "I don't think that's possible."

"That's what I told him," Harry shrugged his shoulders. "I don't think it is either."

Harry got up and found a spare piece of parchment before writing the simplest sentences on it and he then sent it away with the Malfoy owl

"Dear Ferret,

You are such a sappy bastard.

Scarface

P.S I finally wrote you back."

Harry didn't stop smiling that entire day.

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According to Draco, those were the slowest six days of his life. He discovered that while he was sitting crosscrisscross outside of the manner, just in front of the door, not caring how cold it was. He was wearing Harry's Gryffindor hoodie and black trousers, along with his slytherin scarf, but the frost still bit at his nose. Draco was awaiting Harry's arrival at the manner, and he was probably the most excited man in the world.
During those six days, Harry and Draco wrote each other about two or three times a day, and sometimes at night. Sometimes it wasn't even intentional, but Draco would stop everything he was doing to tell Harry something, small or important.

They both did have a great time with their families, but neither of them felt their families were their actual families anymore. Draco just saw his mother as his mother, not his family, and the same for the Weasleys. Draco was Harry's family, and Harry was Draco's family.

And they couldn't wait to see each other.

Draco was staring off at the gate over a half an hour when Narcissa opened the door, the snow flurries flying inside the door.

"Draco, you said he wouldn't be here until 1:30 this afternoon! It's only one o'clock and you've already been out here for almost an hour. You're going to get frost bite!"

"Worth it," was all Draco called before bringing his knees to his chest.

"You're going to get sick," she yelled in the wind.

"I'm fine," he bit, just wishing Harry would show up. Draco sat there again, taking a stick from his overgrown shrub and playing with it. When the clock stroke 1:30 from inside, he could hear it, but not see Harry at the gates. He sat up a bit, and five minutes later still no Harry. The door opened behind him but he still stared at the gate waiting for Harry to get there.

"He hasn't shown up, Mother," Draco pouted, it stroking 10 minutes past.

"Who are we looking for again?"

"My fiancé? Who else would it be?"

Harry sat next him as Draco kept staring at the gates, waiting for him to arrive.

"What does he look like," Harry asked.

"It's Harry Potter for Merlin's sake, Mother," he complained.

"A description would be nice," Harry leant his head on his shoulder.

"Mother, stop playing around. Just go away," Draco sniffed. Harry exhaled deeply before getting up and walking towards the front door.

"Alright, if you insist. I'll just be off, drinking tea with your mother as you wait for your beloved fiancé. Let me know when you realize he was standing right next to you," Harry sang before opening the door and walking inside.

It took Draco a moment's realization that Harry was home and he immediately got up and hoisted open the door to see Harry standing there, looking like the great buffoon he was with his cheeky smile.

"Harry!" Draco jumped into Harry's arms and squeezed him as tight as he could. They rocked slowly back and forth and Harry kissed his cheek before Draco went to kiss him eagerly, but was stopped when they both heard a cough coming from across the room.

"Harry, you do still realize that's my son, right. I still see him as my little boy," he could hear Narcissa speaking softly as she leant on the doorframe.
So close.

"Sorry," Harry reluctantly let go of Draco, but they were still close together, feeling the body heat run off of the other. "I've just missed him so much."

"It's fine," she smiled. "What are you two going to be up to?"

"I wanted to show him around the Manor," Draco answered, "A grand tour if you will."

"Alright," she nodded, "Dinner is at seven," she smiled. "Have fun."

Narcissa walked out the door into the kitchen and Draco and Harry leaned in again only to be stopped by her clearing her throat again as Narcissa stuck her head through the archway. "There is a three-second kissing maximum."

"Mother! I'm eighteen," Draco complained.

"My house, my rules," she ordered as she smiled playfully and finally left.

"She doesn't mean it, right," Harry asked. "No snogging over three seconds?"

"She'd better not," Draco looked down at Harry, leaning in slowly, checking to make sure Narcissa wouldn't show up again. Finally their lips met and Harry mentally counted one...two...three...four...and there was a crash from the other room causing them to jump.

They both just laughed at each other, before Draco got excited.

"Okay, now I get to give you the grand tour," he said.

"Alright, so where do we start?"

Draco didn't say anything but opened the door to his house and shoved Harry out of it into the freezing snow, slamming it in his face. It was almost immediately when it was opened again slowly and peacefully where Draco had a proper posture, almost arching his back while he wore an exaggerated look.

"Good afternoon, everybody, and welcome to the Grand Malfoy Manor Tour, with your host, Draco Malfoy-Almost-Potter. Today we will be covering Malfoy Manor, also known as the No-Nose Insane Asylum or the Dark Lord Penitentiary, where in fact Lord Voldemort himself tortured countless innocent muggleborns and hens forth completely ruined my life for over two years. Before we start does anybody have any questions?" Playing along, Harry raised his hand. Draco scanned the invisible (and nonexistent) crowd, completely scanning over Harry, practically ignoring him. "No? Good," he snapped.

"Hey! What about me," Harry whined, snow falling on his hair.

"Sorry, I didn't see you there," Draco played it off well, "What is it?"

"How long did it take you to realize you wanted to do this?"

Draco pulled out small squares of parchment from his hoodie pocket, where bullet points laid on each sheet with different facts he wanted to impress Harry with. "All week. Now does anybody else have any questions?"

Harry raised his hand again.

"Ahh, yes, you with the obnoxious scar on your forehead," he pointed.
"Will there be a giftshop at the end of the tour?"

Draco grabbed Harry with his raised hand, pulling him out of the snow. He snaked an arm around Harry's lower back and pulled him so close as to their waists were pressed up against each other. "Only if you treat your Tour Guide well," he smirked, and then whispered in his ear, "Just a warning in advance, he likes to stop and snog the visitors unpredictably."

"And how many tours has he had?"

"This will be his first," Draco let go of him, "But don't worry, he's a professional."

Draco grabbed hold of Harry's hand and led him to the first room to this left.

"Our first stop consists of the dining room, which is where I sat at that very seat and took the Dark Mark at the mere age of sixteen. It is also where I personally watched the muggle studies teacher be devoured by a snake over the summer of seventh year. Most death eater meetings took place here."

Harry changed his grip so they were arm in arm. "That's horrible."

"Like I said, Dark Lord Penitentiary. But this is the worst part. It was also where I was tortured for not fulfilling Albus Dumbledore's murder. Moving onto the next room."

"Wait! Are we eating in here?"

"This is the first time I've stepped foot in this room since the war... so that would be a no."

"We didn't have to come in here," Harry said, feeling guilty.

"Harry, it's fine," Draco pulled him along to the next room, which was the Drawing Room. "Now if some of our guests do remember, this is where I was called upon to identify the notorious and big headed Harry Potter. I, in fact, lied to my lunatic Aunt who then went on an undomesticated rampage before I knew it, I had lost my boyfriend once again, it being the first time I'd seen him in a year."

"Seems like there's less havoc without Bellatrix here," Harry commented.

"Duh! Without any of them... but without the madness, it's quiet around here and I still don't know which is worse."

"How's your mother holding up?"

"Personal questions will be accepted only at the end of the tour," Draco snapped, pulling him along to the next room.

They continued like that all throughout the mansion, arm in arm to the point in which their elbows were sweaty and sore. Draco was right about the flirtatious tour guide. In dark hallways, behind bookcases of the library, leaning against the table in his study, and even in front of portraits of his ancestors, much to their disgust, did Draco snag kisses from Harry multiple times, each slow and making the moment last. And if they were to ever go above three seconds, something would happen and they would be forced to stop.

Although most parts of the tore were sad, there were also a lot of mesmerizing things. Draco showed Harry his own personal study where he learned everything about magic. Also along the way in his Wing, there was a closet with all his old toys he had when he was a toddler up until Hogwarts. He even had a little broom too.
To complete the tour, they ended back up in Draco's room.

"And drawing our demonstration to a close, this is where only seven nights ago we made love on that bed, but don't tell the rest of the group that," Draco softened his tone causing Harry to laugh.

"A perfect way to end it." Harry had his hands rest on the back of Draco's neck while Draco grabbed his hips, pulling him closer into a kiss. And of course three seconds in, there was a knock at the door. Harry pouted and Draco groaned before the pulled apart and called for Narcissa to come in.

"Just a reminder, dinner starts in an hour," she smiled.

"Thank you," Harry said graciously. She eyed how far apart they were and approved. "Would you like any help?"

"Oh no, I'll let you two catch up," she smiled, but then grew stern. "But don't catch up that much."

"We won't," Harry almost laughed.

"Mother," Draco shouted and Narcissa laughed as she walked out, "I'm nineteen," he hollered at her and Harry heard her cackle.

"Draco, you're eighteen," Harry told him.

"Eighteen!"

"How did you forget your own age," Harry asked with humor in his eyes.

"Because I was thinking of stripping you down at the moment," Draco snapped.

"Are you thinking about it right now?"

"...Trying not to," Draco bit his lip.

For a second they stared at each other, an unspoken conversation before completely attacking each other. Their faces were pressed together and Draco almost whimpered as Harry's glasses were pressed to his cheeks. At first, Harry's hands were on Draco's biceps, squeezing them, but that wasn't enough for Harry, and he wrapped his arms around Draco and pulled him as close as he possibly could.

"Missed you," was all he said into Draco's hot mouth.


"You have such an obsession," Harry laughed into his neck as Draco kept kissing his cheek roughly, down to his neck. "Draco we shouldn't."

"She didn't catch us last time."

"She didn't have a kissing maximum either. And somehow if we made it past that, something would happen. I would hate to have your mother walk in on us completely naked, making love on the floor." Despite Harry's protest, he let Draco unzip his jacket anyway and went deeper into his neck, almost at his collarbone.

"You don't even think we'd make it to the bed?"

"Not at the rate we're going," Harry laughed as Draco lifted Harry's shirt and kissed his chest down
to his stomach. Draco started playing with Harry's pants, letting his shirt fall back onto him and
Harry, reluctantly, squirmed away by kneeling and kissing his lips. Draco grabbed Harry and picked
him up practically throwing them against his dresser, the furniture banging against the wall. Draco
shoved a knee between Harry's legs and Harry audibly moaned.

Draco smiled, still playing with Harry's mouth, "You like that, don't you?"

Harry was going to answer with a whimper but stopped completely dead when there was another
knock at the door.

Three seconds later, Narcissa walked in to find Harry and Draco sitting next to the fire, cuddling on
the couch. Draco had leant his head on Harry's shoulder and Harry was reading aloud "Fantastic
Beasts and Where to Find Them."

"Are you two alright," she asked, eyeing them.

They pretended to act startled as they turned to her. "Of course we are mother," Draco smiled.

"I heard a bang."

"It wasn't from us. We were just reading," Harry said oh so innocently.

"Mum, you're going insane, you've been stuck in these walls for far too long," Draco shook his head
turning back to Harry.

"Alright," she spoke suspiciously, "I'll just leave you two, then."

"Bye mother," Draco smiled sweetly, and if Harry didn't know him, he could still tell it wasn't real.
The door clicked shut and they both let out a big breath they didn't know they were holding. Then,
they chuckled.

"Why is she so uptight," Harry asked after they stopped laughing, slamming the book shut.

"I've never had anybody over before," Draco admitted, resting his arm around Harry's shoulders.
"Really? Not even Blaise or Pansy?"

"Not for fun, and most certainly not for romance. If anything, it would be phony parties where
everyone acted as if they liked each other the whole time and then went home and talked bad about
them behind their backs, only to be ecstatic for the next one. So I'm sure having Harry Potter of all
people, him being her son's fiancé to whom she's never truly met besides behind the bars of a holding
cell, is just a bit strange. Besides, she hasn't ever seen me come out of my shell like this. She says I'm
like a whole new son."

"Perks of dating me," Harry smiled. He got up and put the book away and Draco came from behind
and helped fix the books they knocked down while sprinting to the couch. From then on they boy
lay on the bed, Harry's head on Draco's shoulder as he wrapped his arms around his lover. "You
really have become a softie."

"So have you!"

"Not as much as you!"

"Ugh, Harry," he laughed, "How have you been," Draco asked.

"Miss you," Harry replied, "How have you been, here in Malfoy Manor?"
"Horrible to be honest with you," Draco stroked hair out of Harry's face, "I love my mother and all, but it's like living in a nightmare to be honest. I don't understand how she's survived thus far."

"Have you been sleeping alright?"

"I've had nightmares practically every night, but that's just from being back here I presume. They weren't too bad. What about you?"

"Every night, but I could wake from them except for the second night."

"Were you okay?"

"Yeah I was fine. That's when I went to Grimmauld Place alone. I still never fixed it up from when you were sent to the Ministry, so that brought back memories, but after that and after I cleaned it up, I stayed with the Weasleys."

Draco nodded in approval. "We need to get a home, Harry, like a house."

"We do," Harry smiled, causing Draco to smile. "Would you like a house or a flat?"

Draco thought for a bit and Harry stroked his arm with light fingers, "How about a flat to start out with, a nice one though, and then when we want to expand, we do it into a house."

"Sounds good. Would you like it in the Wizarding world or the muggle world?"

"Harry... is that even a question?"

"Think about it... the muggle world is so much more peaceful, and we could get away from everyone," Harry sat up crisscross next to him, "Close your eyes- do it! Close them. Good, now just imagine me coming home from work, just me."

"Can you be naked?"

"Yes I can if that pleases you."

"It does," Draco smiled, his eyes closed.

"Anyway, I'm coming home from Auror Training-"

"You just said work! Make up your mind, have you got the job yet or not," Draco snapped keeping them shut. Harry took the pillow next to him and hit Draco's chest. "Ow!"

"Next time it's your face! Anyway and somehow I'm naked for no particular reason-"

"Your clothes were spelled off as a joke and so you had to come home to me, who's probably wanting to get you naked anyway... less work for me," Draco sighed. Harry hit him in the head with the pillow.

"Do you ever stop talking?"

"Alright! Go, start over," Draco ordered. Harry groaned before speaking again.

"So we're in the wizarding world and I'm coming home from the ministry, somehow my clothing seemed to be missing. The second I walk in the building, into the elevator, what happens?"

"You blush?"
"No there'll be people all over me. I could see the headlines now! Boy-Without-Pants. All the wizards and witches in that elevator will want something from me, even with clothes on, but in the muggle world, people would just think I'm drunk."

"What about me?"

"Have you seen the Prophet recently?"

"No," Draco opened his eyes.

"Draco, it's bad," Harry frowned, "They keep accusing you of things you haven't done. The people think you should go on retrial. You won't but, it's hard to change the public's mind."

Draco deflated. "What does that mean?"

"I don't want people to know about you, for a long time. I'm trying to get out of the prophet as quickly as I can. I think that the second we graduate, we pack, and we go somewhere in hiding for a while. I'm selfish and I want you. I want to be with you, alone, just the two of us, just get away for a while. We just got back together a month ago, and I don't want to be apart from you ever again because of some stupid newspaper spreading lies about us."

"Okay, Harry." Draco said softly. "Muggle world it is." Harry leant down and kissed him, clearly happy with their decision. "Don't make me regret this!"

"I won't."

"But the flat has to be nice and on the top floor. And we have to have a good bed, too. I'm not sleeping on rocks."

"Can we get a pet?"

"No!"

"Please! We could get a ferret," Harry laughed, laying his chin on Draco's stomach.

"I would kill the ferret and then I would kill you! A dog if anything but we aren't."

"So a dog! Yes! We'll be getting a dog!"

"Only if you name him after me," Draco crossed his arms.

"Don't you think having a dog named 'Ferret,' is a bit contradicting?" It was Draco's turn to take the pillow and whack Harry with it. "Hey!"

"You deserved it!"

"I did, didn't I," Harry smiled, looking into his eyes before looking down at Draco's clothes. "I love your jumper. Where did you get it?"

"I know a guy," Draco smirked.

"Don't you think it's a bit too Gryffindor for your tastes?"

"Don't you think that you're a bit to Gryffindor for my tastes," Draco asked.

"The Slytherin in me balances it out."
"I suppose," Draco rolled his eyes.

"Do you ever wonder why I have so many hoodies?"

"All the time."

"Well, it's because when you're in them I can do this," Harry smiled, laying down next to Draco, only to snake his arm through the pocket in the front, pulling him closer and spooning him.

"That's an excellent reason to have a bunch of hoodies, Harry."

"You know, I never got to thank Mr. Malfoy-Almost-Potter for being such an amazing tour guide," Harry kiss below his ear down to his neck, "Would giving him an hickey before dinner be suffice?"

"Give me a hickey before we have Christmas dinner with my mum and I'll kill you."

"I guess we will have to do it later then," Harry tickled Draco's ear and he shivered.

"Thank-yous are only permitted in a four-day period. No refunds, returns or exchanges."

"Why four days?"

"Because today, no, tomorrow we are at the Weasley's and then Christmas is probably when we are going to relax all day, and then the day after is our four year anniversary of our first kiss, so I wanted to spend that day sucking your face off and making love to you until dawn."

"How have you already had this planned out," Harry asked. "Did you spend time with your mother at all?"

"Yes, but most the time I was thinking about you." Harry rolled his eyes. "What, don't tell me when you were at the Weasley's you didn't think of me once!"

"I thought about you all the time," Harry said quietly.

Draco smiled.

"Are you still nervous about meeting the Weasley's?"

"Petrified."

"You'll be fine!"

"They'll hate me!"

"They read the first letter you sent me. And they told me that you thinking I'd run away with a Swedish underwear model is stupid!"

"You told them," Draco sat up.

"Kinda...they stole it out of my hands."

"What if I wrote something really bad, Harry? Like something vulgar and sexual?"

"I would have died of embarrassment," Harry told honestly. "But they do think you are a huge romantic and can't wait to meet you. Don't worry, they'll accept you, I promise."

"Merlin, I hope so Harry."
Soon enough, Draco escorted Harry down to dinner where they ate in one of the many sitting rooms, a feast in front of them. The meal went along swimmingly, Harry being as delightful as ever while laughs echoed through the Manor.

It was a charming meal.

When done with their desserts, they moved to another room where they sat by the fire and told stories until midnight when Draco and Harry finally went to sleep on his pillow-top bed, draped over each other.

Ten hours later, Draco woke Harry by lightly kissing his eyelids, and in return, Harry pushed him off the bed.

At breakfast Harry dabbed jam on Draco's nose and Draco on Harry's chin, only to giggle down the rest of their food.

When it was time to leave, Draco gathered all his belongings that he could ever want, along with Harry's Christmas present when he wasn't looking and headed for the front door.

"Thank you so much for having me," Harry hugged Narcissa, but before they released, she put a note in hand. When Draco went into hug his mother, harry opened it to read, 'Take care of him,' in almost identical calligraphy to Draco's.

Harry gave her a reassuring smile and they were escorted to the gates where they apparated to Grimmauld Place.

"How did you end up getting past me yesterday? I was waiting out in the cold for an hour," Draco asked.

"I snuck in the back, just like I did after the war."

"You're such a sneaky snipe aren't you?"

"I am known for it," Harry agreed. "Alright, so I promised we would be at the Weasley's at five, so that means we have two hours."

"First hour we make out, third hour we shower and get ready," Draco suggested.

"Good," Harry nodded, "but when do we have sex?"

"Between the first hour and the third hour."

"Excellent," Harry smiled before jumping on top of him and kissing him mad.

"You're going to be fine," Harry assured, brushing though his hair. Draco was across the hall putting on clothing, and Harry could feel the nervousness radiating off of him from the other room.

"No I'm not," the muffled shout carried its way to Harry's ears.

"Just be yourself!"
"That's what I'm afraid of!"

"Damn it Draco!" Harry went to go comfort him... again... but the ended up running into each other in the hallway. "What the hell are you wearing?"

Draco had on a nice shirt and a tie, a suit jacket to cover it. "I'm trying to impress them. I want to dress nicely. I'm basically meeting my fiancé's parents."

"Draco," he ran a hand through his hair, "you're over thinking this. We are eating Christmas dinner just like we did last night, just at different house with different people."

"Who could kill me!"

"They aren't going to kill you!"

Draco let out a deep breath, "Fix me."

Harry went to him and immediately undid Draco's tie and ripped off his jacket. He pulled Draco's button up out of his trousers so it wasn't tucked in, and undid the top two buttons. He messed up Draco's hair slightly and then grabbed a hold of his cheeks and pulled on them.

"What are you doing," Draco asked though his teeth.

"Loosening you up." Harry pulled just a bit more and then playfully slapped one before kissing him. "There. Ready?"

"As I'll ever be," Draco sighed taking Harry's hand.

"Go up and shake their hands, but they probably are going to hug you anyway. Don't be afraid to smile, and try not to say anything about Fred, okay?"

"Oh my God, I forgot about their son for like ten minutes."

"Relax, okay. They don't blame you. There's nothing you could have done."

"Yeah but-"

"And if you like their food, which I love, don't be afraid to tell Mrs. Weasley. Arthur loves muggles so he might ask you strange questions about them, although you wouldn't know much. Do you have your present?"

"Yes," Draco nodded.

"Excellent. And most importantly, be yourself," Harry smiled at him. "Mrs. Weasley will love anybody who sits down and has a conversation with her."

Harry squeezed it before apparating them to The Burrow.

Draco and Harry arrived outside the Weasley's home seconds later, and they didn't stop holding hands as they walked to the door. Harry lifted his other hand to knock but just as his knuckle was about to hit the door, it opened, and out popped a thrilled Ginny, jumping on both of them.

"Welcome home," she smiled at Draco.

"Since when did she like the idea of us together," Draco turned to Harry and said it through his teeth.
"Since you wrote me the letter of us being lost souls finding each other every lifetime," Harry said back. Draco felt this cheeks heat up. "She thinks we're perfect for each other."

"She's not the only one," Fleur came out and gave Draco a giant hug, along with Harry. "Nice to meet you," she said in her thick accent, "It was very sweet, what you wrote to Harry."

"Thank you," Draco said awkwardly. Next came Bill. Draco stuck out his hand but he ignored it and went in for a hug.

"Sorry, we're huggers," Bill smiled.

He was much taller than Draco.

"Is this what it's like when I hug you," Draco asked Harry.

"Pretty much," Harry grinned, hugging Bill.

Charlie came out and hugged Harry then Draco. "Nice to meet you," he told.

Next was Percy who just stuck out his hand, and Draco hesitantly took it.

Next was George who only hugged him so he could get close to his ear. "Hurt him, I'll find a way to hurt you."

"I have your word," Draco said back.

Then Hermione hugged him sweetly, and then went to Harry. Ron stood there and eyed him, only to have Draco raise an eyebrow at him.

"Only because it's Christmas and everyone else did it too," Ron said before he gave Draco the quickest hug in his life.

Finally were the parents, and Draco already felt his arms go shaky. He stuck out a hand to Mr. Weasley who just shook his head no. Draco's face dropped like he was in deep trouble but then Arthur wrapped his arms around the boy, and he visibly relaxed.

"I never got to thank you properly for saving my life during the war!"

"Really," Draco smiled, "It was nothing."

"Ahhh, you don't give yourself enough credit," Arthur messed up his hair and then went to whisper in his ear. "Do you know what an AK-47 is?"

"No sir," Draco looked at him confused.

"If you hurt Harry, you'll find out," Arthur spoke gravely and Draco swallowed hard.

"I won't, sir."

"Oh stop pestering the boy, Arthur," Molly hit his arm before turning to Draco. "Nice to finally meet you, Draco," she grinned widely and surrounded her arms around the boy in a deathly tight hug.

"The pleasure is mine," Draco smiled.
"I've heard so much about you. I just wish Harry would of told us about you much sooner."

"I wish I could of met you all earlier, I mean, you are the people who've taken care of Harry."

"Ohhh," Molly squeezed his shoulders, "He's been wonderful."

"He has," Draco agreed, looking at Harry and smiling.

"Now, lets go inside," Molly ordered, "You two must be freezing."

Harry and Draco were both ushered inside by then entire family of Weasleys. Molly and Arthur got back to cooking in the kitchen and Ginny and Charlie both sat on the floor by the couches, playing exploding snaps on the coffee table. Bill and Fleur sat together on a love seat while Ron and Hermione cuddled on the couch. Percy read a book in the single Draco looked at the place in awe.

"This place is incredible," he said genuinely, more to himself. Thanks to Harry and the value of the Manor being haunted by memories, he actually grew to like the Burrow. It was closed, yes, but cozy, and it made him want to snuggle up with Harry by the fire. He walked over to the staircase and just looked up to see the marvelous structure.

"Thank you," Arthur answered.

"So Draco, how have you been? You were visiting your mother?"

"Yes I was," Draco replied. Harry guided him to sit down at the dining room table. It was like being questioned at the trial all over again.

"How is she doing?"

"She's hanging on best she can, but aren't we all. How have you been?"

"We've been dealing," Molly answered.

"I'm sorry...about..." Draco trailed off and Harry slapped him under the table. Harry's eyes were screaming at him, saying, 'There was one rule! Not to talk about it and that's the first thing you say!'

"Thank you, Draco," Molly smiled sincerely, but he could see the pain in her eyes. "We appreciate it."

Draco eyed Harry back, 'She appreciates it, HA!'

"So Draco," Arthur started, "what are your future plans? Sorry, but since I'm technically Harry's father, I have to ask all the uncomfortable questions."

"Don't worry about it, what man would I be without answering them," Draco smiled awkwardly, "Erm, well for one, I plan on marrying Harry. We want to get a flat after graduation and Harry wants to become an Auror. I haven't really picked a specific field, but I am really into potions. When I was little I used to want to create my own original potion, so I think I want to go off of that."

"That sounds excellent," Molly encourages. "Oh dear, we've been horrible guests, would you like anything to drink?"

"I'm fine really, thank you," Draco started but Molly had already poured him a glass of water. "Thank you," he repeated as the glass was placed in front of him before taking a sip.
"What's another awkward question I can ask," Arthur talked to himself, "Oh! Are you two practicing safe sex?"

Any water that made it to his mouth had fallen all over him and the table as his mouth dropped as well as Harry's. It was Ron whose laughter ignited the spark of the fire setting the entire house ablaze with chortles. It was the laughter that you rock back and forth from to the point in which you have spasms and need to relieve yourself in the bathroom; and at that point in time the entire family was in a fit of it.

Draco had never been so red in his life, if fact he was almost purple in spite of it. Harry had completely buried himself in his arms on the table and Draco finally covered his face with his hands.

Ron had gotten up to excuse himself but his legs were so weak he just fell to the floor next to the stairs. He couldn't breathe. Harry was shaking and no one could tell if it was from pure humiliation, laughter, or tears.

Upon lifting his head almost a minute later, Harry was laughing and got up from his spot and retired on the stairs due to his wobbling knees. Draco was still so red; you almost could see it through his hands.

It took several moments later for the laughter to calm down and Draco knew he was still red but he uncovered his face. He opened his mouth to say something but only a squeak came out before he shut it again, shaking his head and slamming his forehead on the table.

Eventually he lifted his head up and he looked to Harry who wasn't there. He had to deal with this on his own.

"Sir. I-I I can't get him p-pregnant," he covered his mouth with his wrist, propping it up with his elbow.

"I mean, you could have an STD," Arthur tried to remain serious, but there was a glint of humor in his eyes.

"Harry's the only one I've been with, I swear," his voice cracked. "I..I don't... no... just no!"

"Draco! We were supposed to play it off like we were virgins," Harry called from behind him. 

Draco's face bent in mortification. The whole room roared again and Draco rested his head in his arms in screamed into them.

"Not with the way Harry's been talking about you," Molly added. Ron got up, holding his stomach and tried to climb the stairs and eventually made it up there but his cackles could still be heard floors below.

Draco just tried to contain himself and bit his lips. "Can we please stop talking about this?"

"I think the boy's had enough," Molly smiled.

Harry finally had the strength to get up and sit next to him. Draco just gave him a death glare.

"What?"

"You left me here! You left me here alone to deal with that by myself," Draco shouted. Harry just laughed again and Draco hit his arm. If there hadn't been the Weasleys there, he probably would have killed him on the spot. Hell, if this wasn't for Harry and it was any other guy, he would of went home. So instead of leaving, he toughed it out and looked around the room to try and spark a conversation with any object he could find, when a very strange object on the sink caught his eye.
"What is that?"

Arthur picked it up, "It's a rubber duck."

"What does it do?"

The man didn't answer but just turned to Harry, "Harry you'd better hang onto this boy with your life."

Draco just furrowed his eyebrows while Harry smiled, although his face hurt to, "I intend to."

Draco grinned at him, his face turning back to a tinted peach, as if he was only blushing.

"So Draco, Harry's told me you play quidditch,' Molly brought up, turning back to the stove.

"I do," Draco replied, finally happy with the change of subject. "I was a seeker."

"So I imagine quidditch matches were very interesting between you two," Arthur accused.

"Yes they were," Harry replied. "We used to make bets as to who would win in 5th year before he got us banned from it."

"Ahh, George told us about that," Molly spoke in a tense tone.

"About that," Draco started, nervous again, "I am very sorry about that," he turned to George. George's smile dropped.

After a bit of silence he finally answered, "Don't beat yourself up about it, Ferret, it's Umbridge's fault. I did have a pleasure beating the crap out of you though."

"I deserved it. But yeah, I've been playing since I was small."

In that moment, Harry realized that was the first time George had smiled.

Just then, Ron came back stumbling down the stairs trying not to laugh again. "I'm sorry, I had to excuse myself, and it's just Malfoy- HA!"

"Oh Ronald," Draco sang, "Have you and Granger been practicing safe sex?" Ron and Hermione both turned beet red as everyone started laughing. "How does it feel," Draco taunted, sniggering.

"Shut it, Malfoy!"

"Has Ronald told you about our chess matches," he asked Mr. and Mrs. Weasley

"No he hasn't," Molly concluded.

"Every night we play a match and whoever wins throws pie in the losers face," Draco told, "And every time we play, he wins."

"I already told you, Malfoy," Ron said cockily, taking his seat next to Hermione, "I haven't lost a match."

"It's true," Bill spoke, "Even when he was young, he always beat us."

"I'm not that old, you prat," Ron threw a pillow at him.

"Are you up for a game right now," Draco asked.
"If you want the embarrassment of losing in front of my entire family."

"Let's do it," Draco said after a bit. "But no consequence, just embarrassment."

"Sounds good, Malfoy," Ron smirked, clearing the table and setting it up.

Draco took his place next across from him.

"You do know, you're going to have to call him Draco eventually," Harry called from his seat, "He won't be a Malfoy anymore."

"That's why I'm enjoying it while it lasts."

"Have you planned out the wedding yet," Molly turned to Harry, eager, as they started their game, the Weasleys watching them intently.

"Yeah, a little bit," Harry started. He told them their plans as the match continued on until dinner was ready. Ron won yet again.

They ate in happiness with story telling and secret sharing as the sun went down and Christmas lights glowed from the tree and the fire roared.

"This really is delicious," Draco told Molly and she smiled in return, promising them any leftovers. He really enjoyed the meal, it was honestly one of the best he'd ever had. He never knew the Weasley's could be so fun, and any anxiety was disintegrated.

When finished, they all went to the couches where Molly gave out their presents. Draco wasn't expecting anything, but received the notorious Weasley sweater with 'D' on the front. In return Draco gave them their presents, which were all scarves and he gave Molly and Arthur matching coffee mugs. Cheesy, but they were gracious anyway.

Draco immediately put on his sweater and snuggled into it. Harry put his on too so they were matching and they cuddled on the couch. Draco yawned when Arthur asked if there were any presents left so he could spell away the wrapping paper.

"Wait, I have one more to give to my girlfriend," Ron said, turning to Hermione.

"Ron, I already got mine."

"You have one more," Ron smiled. Harry sat up, excited. He'd forgotten about Ron's decision back in October.

He got down on one knee.

Hermione gasped and covered her mouth.

"Hermione," Ron started, his nerves on edge, "I love you, and everyday since I met that snobby know-it-all on the train, has been incredible and I want to spend the rest of my life with you. Will you marry me?"

She nodded her head, tears escaping her eyes before he slipped the ring on her finger, and she jumped into him with open arms as everyone clapped.

Draco smiled and turned to Harry and whispered softly to him, "Called it."

Harry just laughed and took his hand, squeezing it softly and stroking his ring.
It was 10:30 and pitch black when they decided to leave, after hours of games and giggles.

"Thank you so much Mr. and Mrs. Weasley," Draco smiled as he was pulled into yet another hug from Molly.

"Of course, dear! It was wonderful meeting you," she smiled. "Please stop by any time you need anything."

"I will! The food was wonderful. It was a great time."

"I don't think you need to worry about the AK-47," Arthur smiled, "Okay, maybe a little..."

"What," Harry asked as Draco gave a confused face. "Mr. Weasley, you can't just threaten him with a gun. He doesn't even know what it is."

"All the more advantage," Arthur raised both his eyebrows. "Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas! Good night," Harry called.

"Harry, what's a gun," Draco asked as the door shut behind them so the family heard the innocent question (and laughed about it), his breath white and foggy.

"A gun is something muggles use to kill each other with," Harry said, his lips flat. "And an AK-47 is a reeeeally big one."

Draco's eyes widened looking back at the door with a fright.

"Draco relax, they loved you."

"Really?"

"Really!"

Just above them, mistletoe grew before the couple. They stopped and stared at each others eyes for the first time the entire night. It was quiet, and peaceful, and they both leaned in, their cold lips placed against each other.

Four seconds later there was a bang on the window, and all the young Weasleys were watching them, laughing. The two just laughed and shook their heads before kissing again, deeper this time, and catcalls could be heard from inside.

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The next morning Draco woke up against Harry's chest, in his embrace.

"Merry Christmas, Draco," Harry whispered.

"Merry Christmas," he grinned.

"You snore," Harry kissed the top of his forehead.

"So do you," Draco stretched, yawning.

"Sleep well?" Draco nodded. "I told you they wouldn't beat you up in their Weasley glory."
"No but I was asked the most awkward question of my life! That was horrible! And you just left!"

"I though I was going to pee my pants to be honest with you," Harry laughed.

"I think Ron did to be honest with you," Draco smiled too.

"I think he did too. What would you like for breakfast?"

"Your amazing pancakes should be suffice," Draco leant up and kissed him.

"I'm hiding the flour from you."

"Now you're just begging for it," Draco smirked.

Harry rolled his eyes and kissed the top of his forehead before getting out of the bed and walking around it out the door.

"Wait!"

"What," Harry turned around.

"Now it's cold, get back here, I changed my mind," Draco crossed his arms.

"Deal with it, Ferret," Harry cocked his head before leaving. In his defense, they changed into sweatpants, and Draco slept in Molly's sweater. He had to admit it was unimaginably soft. It wasn't five minutes later when Draco finally got up to find Harry cracking an egg into a bowl.

"Could you teach me how to cook," Draco asked.

Harry turned around. "Really? I mean, sure! It's not like I'm a professional or anything, but I'll teach you."

Draco nodded and stood next to Harry.

"Okay so, first you need to measure out all the dry ingredients, but I've already done that for you. Now you need to crack an egg. So take it in your palm and tap it against the edge of the bowl."

Draco barely hit the bowl and nothing happened.

"Harder," Harry ordered.


Draco then smashed the egg into the bowl and let the yolk drench his hand.

"Not that hard!"

"That's also- never mind," Draco cowered away from his glare. Harry spelled out the eggshells and Draco tried again, and finally did it right after three attempts.

"Good! Now you need to beat them together with this," Harry told, pulling out a whisk. Draco looked at it as if it was an alien. "Watch." Harry started whisking and after a few spins, Draco tried it but his form was awful. Harry grabbed hold of Draco's hand and guided his arm how to do it, causing Draco to smile and kiss his cheek.

Harry then put the batter on the skillet and formed sand-dollar-sized circles. "So what you want to do
now is wait for them to turn golden brown and flip them like this," Harry demonstrated, but Draco was far too distracted by Harry's proximity. He wanted to kiss him. He wanted to touch him and make love to him, and give him his present. "Draco!"

"Sorry," Draco grabbed hold of the spatula and attempted to flip the pancake but failed as he couldn't scoop it up and chased it off the pan.

"Like this," Harry grabbed his hand again and showed him how to do it yet again but Draco just stared at Harry's lips. Harry's eyes flicked back to the pan and back to Draco's multiple times before he said screw it and shoved his lips onto Draco's own.

They didn't stop until they smelled smoke to see the pancakes on fire.

Harry grabbed his wand and put out the flame only to turn back to Draco again, kissing him sweetly. They both laughed.

"Do you want your present now," Harry asked. Draco nodded. "I'll go get mine, you got get yours and we meet on the couch?"

"Excellent."

They both went on scavenger hunts to find their presents and in less that three minutes they were both sitting next to each other, boxes in their hands.

"Me first," Harry got all eager. "So remember when I had to turn in my essay that you did for me?"

"Yeah?"

"Well on my way to the dungeons, I saw McGonagall speaking with Pumblechook and it looked like they were going to be there for a while, so I snuck up to his office where I found these, and may or may not have taken them away from his grasp," Harry smiled, handing them the photos that were taken.

"Harry!" Draco sorted through them all and a big relief flowed through his system. "Wait! What about the one where you asked me to marry you?"

From behind his back, Harry pulled out a square wrapped in paper. Draco ripped it open to see the beautiful picture in an elegant frame. Draco couldn't help but to smash his lips to Harry's.

"I love you so much," Draco smiled.

"I love you, too! Now where's mine?"

"Right here," Draco pulled it from behind his back. "Now it's not the prettiest thing in the world but I did make it myself."

Harry ripped open the wrapping paper to find a box. He opened it, seeing a small Christmas ornament in the shape of a ball. It was painted by hand, red and green, and in black letters was 'February 25th, 1994, The day you changed my life.'

"Merry Christmas, Harry," Draco smiled.

"Merry Christmas, Draco," Harry smiled.
A Mornings Disturbance

Draco walked into their room on the last morning of break. Harry was still sleeping, his arm hanging off the bed as drool slipped on the pillow. He snored.

Draco leant against the doorway, smiling at the sight as he watched the rise and falls of Harry’s chest for a bit; Draco’s guilty pleasure. Soon enough he went to Harry and kneeled on the hardwood next to him. He eyed his features up close, then grabbed his hand and kissed it softly. Harry still didn’t wake, and Draco let out a sweet huff of air.

Draco raised his body so he could kiss Harry’s lips and did so softly. When he released he found Harry’s eyes staring at him, a smile on his lips.

“Good morning, my love,” Draco grinned, putting his chin on the edge of the bed, oh so close to Harry, he could feel this breaths.

“Good morning,” Harry beamed before dropping his face to one of question, “did you come to bed last night?”

“I have a surprise for you,” was all he responded before kissing his forehead and heading out the door. Draco was still wearing his clothes from yesterday, he concluded. Furrowing his eyebrows he got out of bed, only to have an incredible smell fill his nostrils. He quickly put on pants and ran down the stairs to have Draco standing in the kitchen door with a whisk in his hand.

“Draco, what have you been doing all night with that?”

He remained silent, and grabbed Harry’s hand and lead him into the room where the table was covered in piles and piles of food. Harry’s eyes widened. It wasn’t just piles of food, but elegantly designed, smartly placed, beautifully decorated piles of food.

“You cooked the entire night?”

“I wanted to make you breakfast, and like you said last night when you made dinner, practice makes perfect,” Draco crossed his arms. “Cook really is easy. It’s like potions.”

“You didn’t even sleep?”

“No, but it was worth it! Go on, have some.”

Harry sat down hesitantly and grabbed a fork, only to bury it in a bowl of scrambled eggs. Draco watched him intently as he placed it in his mouth to the fork and tasted his work.

“This is actually good,” Harry said after a bit of chewing.

“Gee, thank you Harry.”

“No, like, really good, Draco,” Harry took another bite, “like incredibly good.”

“Oh, I have something else for you, too,” Draco walked further down the table and grabbed a plate, placing it front of Harry. It was a giant stack of head-sized pancakes, with chocolate hearts drawn on it, dusted with powdered sugar, and decorated with berries. “It took me about 8 tries to get the perfect consistency, but it was done.”

“Draco, it’s too pretty to eat.”
“Pretty? That’s all I get?”

“Draco, your pancakes are the most gorgeous pancakes I have ever seen and they were made by an even more stunning person, but in fact, I think I’ve fallen out of love with you and in love with these pancakes and I am arranging a wedding with them.” Harry leant down and kissed the pancake, “I love you pancake.”

“Shut up, prat,” Draco rolled his eyes, taking a bit of chocolate on his finger and smearing it on Harry’s cheek.

“These do look professional though,” Harry smiled, before cutting into them.

“Thank you,” Draco smiled smugly, “I remember that’s how they used to be made by our house elves, so I sort of just went off of them.”

“You used to eat pancakes with hearts on them?”

“No! They had snitches on them, and sometimes a snake, depending,” Draco said matter o’ factly. “The hearts were for you.”

“Oh my god,” Harry’s voice muffled from the food in his mouth before shoving more in.

“Calm down, you’re going to choke.”

“It’s so good!” Harry swallowed, “You know, you’re going to have to cook for me every day now. And you’re just proving your feminine side.”

“I don’t have a feminine side, Potter,” Draco snapped.

“That’s not how you acted last night. ‘Harry, Harry, take me Harry,’” he moaned in a high pitched voice. ‘Take me right here on the floor!’”

“Hey I did not slave all night for your sass, mister! And I do recall, aren’t you the one who’s been cooking this whole time, cleaning-“

“I only clean because you complain.”

“You just wave a wand! Still counts. You bottom most the time-“

“It’s equal!”

“Our first time you bottomed,” Draco smirked.

“I was only thinking of you! And besides, you’re the one who has the designer clothing, and your hair has so much product in it-“

“It’s called having class, Potter!”

“Oh and speaking of Potter, you’re taking my last name, Potter!”

Draco took Harry’s pancake in his hand and crashed it on his face.

“Does that mean I win the argument?”

“It wasn’t an argument,” Draco barked. “It was a domesticated quarrel.”
“That was our first domesticated quarrel wasn’t it,” Harry smiled, wiping chocolate from his eyes. “Am I always going to be covered in food?”

“It’s entertaining enough,” Draco got up from his seat and licked Harry’s cheek before sitting back down and grabbing a plate before digging in. “At least it’s not in your pants, which sounds tempting enough.”

Harry just laughed.

They ate in small conversation until they were stuffed.

“How would you like to spend our last day together before we go back and act like we hate each other again,” Draco asked.

“I just want to be with you, and besides you haven’t slept at all, so we may as well relax.”

“I’m not tired,” Draco snapped. That was something that Draco always did for the past couple days. Harry was willing to stay up all night, but he knew Draco wouldn’t make it half the time. He put up his resistant speech on how awake he was and then suddenly he was out like a light. Harry found himself having conversations with a sleeping Draco, rather himself.

“Really Draco?”

“Really,” he yawned, playing it off as if he were coughing, “Sorry, I have pancake in my throat.”

“Sure you do,” Harry rolled his eyes. “I’ll clean up, don’t worry about it, just meet me in our room,” Harry smiled.

“Okay,” Draco pecked his lips, nodding, before leaving.

Harry cleaned the rest of the food and persevered it for later, only to run up the stairs and find Draco under the covers in a blanket donut, his eyes closed. Damn, he was so adorable sometimes. ‘All the time,’ Draco’s voice corrected in his head.

Harry lay on the bed and Draco opened his eyes as he ran his fingers through his hair.

“Any room under there for me,” Harry asked.

“It can be arranged,” Draco contemplated before releasing one of the sides and having Harry sneak into his tent of warmth.

“I don’t want to go back,” Draco admitted.

“Me either but it’s for only a semester,” Harry spoke softly.

“A tough, stressful semester.”

“We can make it through.”

“We can,” Draco gave a microscopic smile before closing his eyes.

“Draco,” Harry asked

“Yeah?”

“Are you going to cry at our wedding?” Draco opened his eyes.
“You know, I’ve thought about this before, and right now I’m going to tell you no and sound all macho, but to be honest I know for a fact I will. What about you?”

“Definitely,” Harry answered.

“God, we’ve gone soft!”

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Going back was like a hungover Monday morning. They couldn’t smile at each other in the halls; they couldn’t even be around each other with the identity of the photographer unknown.

Homework was the worst of all and it kept them apart with various study dates with friends, all the more frustrating.

Three weeks into classes at full blast, the two woke to a normal day.

“Harry, me and Hermione are going down to breakfast, we’ll meet you there,” Ron called.

“Yeah that’s fine,” Harry responded, buttoning his shirt. He was already running late and didn’t want to keep his friends back anyway. He went across the hall finishing his buttons as he knocked on Draco’s door. Draco was just putting on his robe when he answered.

“Morning,” Draco kissed him quickly.

“Get a room,” Dean called pushing through them. They both just rolled their eyes.

“Sleep well,” Harry asked. Draco started doing his tie for him.

“Not at all, studying.”

“Me too,” Harry yawned. When Draco finished, Harry thanked him.

“I’ll see you in potions?”

“Yeah,” Harry kissed him again. “You go down first.”

“Okay,” Draco smiled before heading out the door.

Twenty minutes later Harry went down after reviewing some notes. He missed the mail and just wanted a bite to eat before his test in Slughorn’s class. When he walked in, the Great Hall was silent, and he figured it be another Monday filled with exhaustion.

He sat at the table next to Ron and Hermione who looked petrified. “What?”

“Harry,” Hermione whispered, “You need to get out of here.”

“Why,” Harry asked, yawning.

She didn’t speak, but she just pushed the Daily Prophet to him, the headline reading, ‘Harry Potter’s Deathly Love Affair.’

He froze completely, and felt the blood rush from his face. He unfolded the paper to see a gigantic picture of him and Draco making out. His eyes widened as he looked up to see every face in the room staring at him with disgust. He turned to Pumblechook, who had the most malicious smirk on his face.
Harry felt if he were to throw up right there.

He looked up at Draco who was just staring at the Prophet, his face so pale he was going to be sick.

Before he knew it, they locked eyes, and then they were running, chatter, yelling, anger erupting from the hall. One girl fainted. When they reached the door the grasped hands and left the entrance hall, Harry pulling Draco as fast as he could through the arch into the snowing outdoors where they sprinted to the forest. They didn’t look back to see if anyone was following, but they were sure somebody was.

They didn’t speak until they were completely hidden and their breaths weren’t jagged.

“I don’t understand! You stole the pictures from him,” Draco howled.

“I know,” Harry bit.

“Wait! When you grabbed them, did you check if they had a protectant charm on them?”

“They did.”

“Harry! He made copies of them! He was waiting for the perfect moment, it being after we stole them!”

“It’s not like I knew that,” he snapped. They were breathing heavy and it could be seen from the coldness in the air. Draco held the copy in his hand and slammed it against the tree. He shouted. Harry backed up against the same tree and hit the back of his head against it. “Beating the paper up isn’t going to unprint it.”

“Want to see the damage,” Draco asked, after hitting the living crap out of the Prophet.

“May as well,” Harry slid down and sat in the snow, not caring what he did to his robes. Draco sat next to him.

“Harry Potter’s Deathly Love Affair, by Rita Skeeter.” Draco read and Harry groaned.

“Oh god, it’s by Skeeter!” Harry put his head in his hands then ran them though his hair. Draco was shaking. “Do you want me to read it?”

Draco didn’t speak and Harry grabbed the newspaper from his hands despite Draco’s resistance. He wanted to choke the paper. Instead Harry let Draco take his hand and he squeezed it so hard he felt Harry’s pulse. He wasn’t as upset because there was an actual article, but he was more upset because he knew this wasn’t what Harry wanted.

“With vanquishing the Dark Lord, Harry Potter has become the star of the Wizarding World with his works during the Second Wizarding War. He’s been a symbol that children and peers have looked up to since he was just a toddler, the King of Hogwarts, only standing up for the greater good, but has The Chosen One been hiding a dirty little secret?

“Upon recent evidence brought to me to an anonymous source, it has been discovered that our so-called Savior has been having a love affair with Death Eater, Draco Malfoy.

“Draco Malfoy was freed from Azkaban due to Harry Potter’s incredulous testimony at his trial, however, the Wizengamot thought he was doing a good deed as always, but upon the realization of
his motive, the entire Wizarding World was shocked. During his charming lawyer debut, he spoke
highly of the Malfoy Heir, stating, ‘He was a confused boy,’ and that ‘[Draco Malfoy] was more
innocent than [he] was. It was also claimed that they ‘were two sides of the same coin.’ Little did all
of us know that the two had romantic relations behind it all.

“One strange thing about the trial was pointed out to me by the Prosecutor, Xavier Pumblechook,
who openly spoke with me about said pilot. He now works at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and
Wizardry due to leaving his job as a lawyer, and hoping to teach the youth of today as Defense
Against the Dark Arts.”

“That’s bollocks! He was fired,” Draco shouted.

“Draco, this whole thing is going to be bollocks! The source was him! He’s quoted in it twice!”

“Probably paid her off to do it.”

“Ugh! He’s such a dick!”

“’The boy [Malfoy] was given veritaserum before we testified. I remember looking at Potter to see
him completely panicked. That’s when I identified that there was something different between the
two,’ Pumblechook said. ‘It was the looks they gave each other that made me think that something
devious was planned. I don’t know how they did it, but I made sure to ask [Malfoy] about their
relationship and as I recall, Mr. Malfoy answered that they weren’t even friends, but upon recent
news, I sense a new conspiracy theory and that the veritaserum was fixed.’

“Conspiracy theory,” Draco squealed. “What the hell do they mean by conspiracy theory?”

“’There’s a dark feel whenever they walk into my classroom,’ the professor said, ‘there is a
possibility that Mr. Potter could be under the imperious curse. Another scenario I discovered is that
Mr. Potter could be against the Wizarding World in question. My thoughts consist of Mr. Potter
pulling a goody-goody act until he is at power, and there is evidence he plans to overthrow the
ministry.’”

“Over throw the ministry,” Draco roared standing up and picking up snow before chucking it onto
the frozen lake, “Come on Harry, let’s just go to Shacklebolts office and use the killing curse on him.
We’ll rule the world!”

“Draco sit down!”

Draco did as ordered. “I’m sorry, but this is just ridiculous!”

“It’s like 5th year all over again, Draco.” Harry continued reading.

“It could be a possibility that both Potter and Malfoy are trying to overthrow the ministry, but as a
personal view Mr. Potter could be under the imperious curse by Death Eater, Draco Malfoy.

“The relationship is said to be far along, as Potter is seen on one knee proposing to Malfoy. ‘It could
be a possibility that this was apart of Malfoy’s plan. If the couple is married, it could increase their
bondage between the curse,’ said an anonymous source. Draco Malfoy is said to be engaged to
Astoria Greengrass since before the war, however, the pair has yet to be married.’”

“It could be that the two are under a scandalous relationship as well, though. Stolen secret moments
involve kisses and touches when thought to be alone. It has been known that the two have hated
each other since their first days at Hogwarts, but the two could have over come that hate, however
Pumblechook disagrees.
“I don’t see them being in love. I see Potter following Malfoy around like a minion,’ Pumblechook said.”

“Liar,” Draco cried.

“We’ve tried to be in contact with both Potter and Malfoy, but they refuse to answer.”

“That bollocks,” Draco shouted. “They haven’t tried anything.”

“So now its up to you. Are the two really in love, or is it all just a plot run by the Malfoy Heir for Wizarding World conquest? More details soon.”

Harry cursed under his breath.

“I know.”

“You aren’t trying to dominate the wizarding world!”

“Actually Harry…”

Harry just gave him a glare.

“Kidding,” Draco replied.

Harry sighed, “Fantastic… This is how we come out…”

“Everyone is going to hate me,” Draco crossed his arms, “More than they do now.”

“Everyone is going to hate me too,” Harry rested his head on Draco’s shoulder.

“They can hate us together,” Draco turned and kissed his temple.

“Together.” Harry let out a small smile. “That one day is today, Draco.”

“I wish I would have gotten a letter,” Draco said, looking off into the frozen lake.

“Right… ‘Watch out for January 19th, it’s going to suck!’”

Draco let out a heavy breath. “At least the people who needed to know, know. It’s just others we need to worry about.”

“Yeah, that is very true,” Harry agreed. “It’s going to be one hell of a semester.”

Draco nodded. They sat there for a bit, just thinking and preparing for the steps ahead of them.

“Come on,” Draco stood, “We can’t just mope. There’s nothing we can change now,” he grabbed Harry’s hands, “We have a potions exam to get to.”

“It’s a good thing it isn’t Pumblechook’s class. I want to rip his throat out.”


“I love you too,” Harry embraced him tighter before they leant in for a deep kiss filled with passion.

They held hands until they got to the doors before the Great Hall. They wanted to go unnoticed, so they ran through the doors and hooked a right to lead to the dungeons, where they the sprinted down
the stairs. People saw them and began shouting and gave them dark stares.

“Plotter Potter,” a couple hufflepuffs shouted, and other comments were being spat. They made it down to the dungeons but were thrown into a closet by strong hands when they turned a blind spot.

The door shut behind the person and Draco and Harry already had their wands out, threats on their tongues.

“Hey! Calm down,” Ginny shouted.

“Oh it’s only you,” Harry relaxed.

“What is it,” Draco asked.

“The next few days are going to suck, I know, but I have an idea,” Ginny spoke. “Tonight I was thinking of pulling all the gryffindors to the common room, and I wanted to talk it out with them, you know, tell them all it’s a lie. The entire table was ambushed when you left.”

“That’s brilliant Ginny! They’ll believe you,” Harry exclaimed. “You’ve got to tell them that Pumblechook is lying and he’s black mailed us and tortured Draco.”

“I will, don’t worry, I’ll convince them.”

“And Pansy can talk to Slytherin,” Draco suggested.

“I can talk Luna into telling the Ravenclaws about it,” Ginny contemplated. “What about hufflepuff?”

“Susan bones,” Harry asked.

“Sure! But it won’t be easy. Like I said, a couple of days, and I’m sure that the reporters are going to try and talk to us. The Prophet is going to dominate for a while, but the more we talk to them, the better. Just stay in hiding for a while, will you,” Ginny demanded. “We will give everyone a couple days to calm down.”

“Thank you Ginny,” Harry hugged her, and so did Draco, together. “Now get to class!”

“And give Pumblechook hell for us,” Draco ordered.

“Will do,” Ginny smirked, and left.

The pair ran the rest of the way to potions, holding hands, to find everyone there, the room silent.

“Harry,” Ron shouted, “You alright there, mate?”

“What do you think? We just got chased out of the castle.” Slughorn gave them a look of uncertainty as they sat together. “Sorry we’re late, Professor.”

“Needn’t mind,” he replied, although he looked almost afraid of them.

“We aren’t plotting against everyone if that’s what your wondering,” Draco sighed, sitting back in his chair. Slughorn just flattened his lips into a line and handed out the test.

The rest of the day was complicated. They either left class really early to get to the next, or really late, sprinting the entire way. The two spent lunch in the Room of Requirement, discussing how hard
this was going to be for them.

On their way back to the common room, they found themselves dodging curses and hexes from other students alike, and had to take a separate route where they then ran into Astoria.

“This is why you didn’t want to marry me,” she shrieked. “Because you’re hooking up with the bloody Chosen One!”

She slapped him.

“That and you’re a psychopath,” Draco said, holding his cheek.

“Draco Malfoy! You bastard!” She slapped him again.

“You aren’t going to help,” he turned back to Harry, who was sitting back, watching him get hit.

“You should have told her,” was his argument. “Besides, I’m not hurting a girl.”

“I hate you sometimes,” Draco shouted.

“It’s not my fault you didn’t tell her!”

They started bickering back and forth, and Astoria just sat back and watched, a smirk on her face. She stopped them a few moments later.

“I’ll leave you two be,” she didn’t let her face break, “But Potter was right, you should of just told me. It would have spared you.”

Draco furrowed his eyebrow at her choice of words, but his curiosity was answered when she reached into her bag and took out a camera, placing it in his hands. His eyes widened in realization.

“You! You’ve been the photographer!”

“I wanted to marry you Draco, but I knew when I saw you two that something was up, plus you bailed on me for the ball and went out with him. So one night, I followed you and found you two making out, and sought revenge. You could of just told me and I would have understood,” she said. “Pumblechook had the same motive and wanted to watch you pay, so we teamed up and waited for the perfect moment. You did the work for us.”

“God,” Draco put his palm on his forehead. “I’m so stupid.”

“I wouldn’t of minded. You were just too stereotypical to let me prove myself,” Astoria crossed her arms. “In fact I think you two are good for each other.”

“So why would you let him say that stuff to the prophet? You could have just sent in the photos and gotten the money without all the rumors,” Harry bit.

“I wanted to, but that wasn’t apart of the deal,” she quirked her head to the side, “I must be off then, tah tah! By the way…it’s over Malfoy.”

Draco and Harry just stood there, watching her leave, unable to move.

“Damn it,” Draco groaned. “This is all my fault.”

“No it’s not,” Harry replied, “you couldn’t of known. It’s neither of our faults really. It’s that rotten professors’.”
“What are we going to do about it,” Draco asked but was interrupted by the sound of hexes and shouting, so they took off to the 8th year dorm: the only place where there wasn’t a possibility of death.

Later that evening, Ron walked into Harry and his room with Hermione on his arm. They were laughing from a date they’d just been on. Harry wished he could do that with Draco without having his head ripped off. He knew that everyone hated him because of his so called ‘plot’ against the world. Even Draco’s fiancé– scratch that- ex-fiancé, thought they were good together.

Oh ex-fiancé. What a wonderful term.

“Hey Ron,” Harry asked, lying on his back, half of his curtains drawn so his legs were hidden.

“What is it, mate? You okay?”

“Hanging in there. Today was hell, but would it be okay if Draco spends the night?”

Ron’s face dropped. “Erm… you know we have that test tomorrow in herbology-“

“Please!”

“Harry-“


Ron flattened his lips. “Hi Malfoy. I take it your sleeping over.”

“I am.”

“Hello Draco,” Hermione smiled.

“Hermione,” he dipped his head.

“So it’s okay, yeah,” Harry asked.

“Since he’s already here,” Ron contemplated, sitting on his bed next to Hermione.

Draco smiled and scooted next to Harry, taking his hand and kissing him.

“Only if you minimize that!”

“Fine,” Harry groaned, still holding Draco’s hand.

There was a knock at the door.

“Come in,” Ron called. They were expecting Dean or Seamus, or even Neville, but instead Professor McGonagall opened the door. “Bloody hell,” Ron exclaimed, hiding under the covers. He wasn’t even dressed inappropriately, but he just wanted to be prepared.

“Language Mr. Weasley,” she snapped.

“No intention of being rude or anything, but why are you here,” the Weasley asked.

“Just to inform you, Mr. Weasley, I am the Headmistress now. If I so wish, I could come in here at three o’ clock in the morning and give you all a pop quiz, but that is something I do not show interest
in,” McGonagall raised an eyebrow at him. “I’m here to check up on Potter.”

She turned to them and they tried to sneakily scoot apart, but it didn’t go unnoticed.

“How are you two doing?”

“Dealing, Professor,” Harry said.

“Professor, We aren’t plotting against anybody-” Draco said rushed and terrified, but McGonagall cut him off.

“I don’t believe what is to be said in the papers. I just wanted to talk with the both of you tomorrow before dinner. Meet me in my office, and maybe we can try and figure this whole situation out,” she nodded her head.

“Thank you, Professor,” Draco said.

“Now, I would appreciate it if the partners would return to their own personal quarters. You all have classes in the morning. That means you, Miss Granger,” she said sternly.

“Good night, Professor,” Hermione said sheepishly before walking past her.

“Good night to you all,” the headmistress bid before leaving them to their sleeping.

“How come Malfoy didn’t have to leave,” Ron asked, scandalized.

“Because we can’t get pregnant, Weasley,” Draco cocked his head to the side, “No matter how hard we try.”

Ron screamed into his pillow.

“And don’t worry, Weasley, we try a lot,” Draco smirked, and Ron could feel it through the material. Harry kept from laughing with great effort. “Well goodnight,” Harry said cheerfully.

“Night, Harry…Ferret.”

They shut their curtain so Ron couldn’t see them. Beneath the red, Draco turned to Harry and put his finger on his lip. Harry furrowed his eyebrows but when Draco winked, he trusted him.

“Harry! Oh Harry,” Draco squealed as if they were making love and then audibly moaned as loud as he could. “Harder Harry, harder!”

Harry bit his fist to keep from laughing, and then banged his hand against the wall in periodic thumps. “Draco,” he repeated over and over breathing deep and erratic.

Ron, on the other side, was going to puke, but decided to tough it out like a man and prepared for what he was about to see on the other side. Envisioning the worst, he drew the curtain and found Harry and Draco completely clothed, sitting as far apart on the bed as possible staring at him with smirks on their faces.

“Do you really think I would want to do anything with my best mate in the room? Really Ron,” Harry said sarcastically.

“That would be disgusting,” Draco cringed, but then grew back into a smirk. “Unless of course you would want to join.”
Ron heaved and ran to the bathroom, leaving the two laughing.

The next day brought another article basically as the first, but more accusations were given of a conspiracy, leaving the students misled and confused, angry even.

When they walked into Pumblechooks class, they sat together and proceeded to make out before the bell rang. They didn’t care, but Pumblechook didn’t say anything, just raised an eyebrow.

Later that day, they were called into McGonagall’s office, where a visitor was standing to greet them. Minister Kingsley Shacklebolt awaited their arrival, and Draco’s blood ran cold.

Oh God. There was going to be a retrial. He was going to be sent to Askaban and rot in a cell next to his father. He would never see Harry again.

“You’re here to take me back aren’t you,” Draco said above a whisper.

“No! No, no no no,” Kingsley shook his head. “I came to apologize to Harry. If I would have known the circumstance and he would have told me that you were innocent and of your relationship, I wouldn’t of ever arrested you to begin with. The trial is over and all the evidence points to you being innocent. It would just be a waste of time. Just because you and Harry had a relationship doesn’t change the result. However, I did want to ask you a few questions, please take a seat.”

Draco let out a huge breath and took a seat next to Harry in front of McGonagall’s desk.

“So, first we need to talk about the trial,” Kingsley started. “How did you trick the veritaserum? People think you lied during questioning.”

“He didn’t,” Harry answered. “He lost his memory. It was erased when he was imprisoned.”

“I did answer that question correctly because I only remembered hating him,” Draco told.

“And do you know who did it? Memory loss is a serious offense.”

“We think it was my father,” Draco said, “It would only make sense. He hated us being together, and I’m sure he would do anything to keep us apart. We aren’t one hundred percent sure though.”

Kingsley nodded. “Now about your little fling that is much bigger than just a fling… a relationship? You two are in the midst of planning a wedding?”

“It’s sort of a long story,” Harry said.

“I have time,” Kingsley raised an eyebrow.

Both Harry and Draco looked at each other before taking a big breath and telling their story. It was an hour later when they had all the details straight, but finally they finished.

“Harry, why didn’t you just tell The Order. We would have protected him!”

“I didn’t think you would,” Harry shrunk in his chair. Perhaps their forbidden love affair wasn’t so forbidden, more hard to believe.
“And you’ve two kept it a secret this long,” McGonagall crosschecked.

“Yes.”

“Well, how did it get out?”

“Pumblechook! Because we got him fired he sought revenge and blackmailed us,” Draco almost shouted.

“And he tortured Draco,” Harry grew angry and Draco took his hand.

The headmistress was silent for a bit, “Are you two sure?”

“Positive. He kept us up all night and sabotaged him so that he would break it off. And then he forced me to write a letter of recommendation so he could be allotted back into the firm.”

“That’s horrible,” Kingsley responded. “He’ll be sacked. When we find a replacement I will let you know as soon as possible,” he turned to the Headmistress. “And if you me too, I can talk to the media.”

“Not yet. When Pumblechook is gone, then totally, but I want to be away from him,” Harry demanded.

“Of course, Harry, whatever you want,” Kingsley smiled.

“You two are free to go when you like,” Mcgonagall told them.

“Thank you Professor,” they both said. When they stood a voice spoke from the corner of the room.

“So you haven’t killed him, yet. I’m highly disappointed, Draco,” Snapes portrait rang.

“Severus,” Draco ran to it, “No I haven’t yet,” he laughed, “and I don’t intend to.”

“Does this mean I’m going to be your god-son-in-law? We’re related now,” Harry teased, standing next to Draco.

“I would kill myself, Potter, but it looks like I’m already there,” Snape rolled his eyes. Harry just laughed.

“Congratulations, Harry,” another portrait called from the other side of the room.

“Dumbledore,” Harry exclaimed.

“Harry. How are you?”

“Fantastic, how are you?”

“Dead.”

“Someone wise once told me that ‘to a well-organized mind, death is but the next great adventure.’”

“I thought that before I was shoved into a picture frame,” he said, looking over his glasses. “All I have is Severus and he is spoilt company.”

“I could say the same! All you talk about is how much you miss lemon drops,” Snape snapped. Harry laughed.
“So, from what I hear, you have a fiancé,” Dumbledore turned to Draco, and the blonde immediately froze. The last time he’d seen this man, he’d been ordered to take his life from him.

“Hi, Professor,” Draco said so softly, he really didn’t know if he said it or not, but then grew loud and shaky. “I’m sorry about-“

“Not to worry,” Dumbledore put a finger over his own mouth to silence him, “I know.”

Harry smiled, but Draco just let out a nervous laugh.

“You got yourself a good one, Harry,” Dumbledore said before smiling the both of them, “Please do try to hang on to him.”

It seemed in that moment that the entire world didn’t matter. Surely if the target could forgive his hitman, couldn’t the rest of the population? Their problem seemed to grow so small. So what, the entire school hates them, but the people who mattered, including both their father figures, knew and accepted it.

All was right with the world.

“Thank you, Professor, I will,” Harry beamed back at him before pulling Draco out of them room.

“Oh my god,” Draco stopped in the middle of the hallway on the fifth floor. It was empty, for everyone was at dinner.

“What’s wrong?”

“I talked to Dumbledore. I actually talked to him and he didn’t hate me!”

“Dumbledore doesn’t hold grudges. He knows, Draco, I think he always did,” Harry patted his back.

“It’s incredible,” Draco felt relief flush over him.

“I really don’t think anyone hates us because we love each other. I think everyone hates us for not telling them, and because of the rumors of course,” Harry spoke his mind.

“I think everyone hates me because I was marked. They don’t care for the real story. They care for something to put their energy into.”

“I completely agree with that statement.”

You know we can hold hands now in the hall, like we always dreamed of,” Draco smiled.

“We can,” Harry beamed and laced their fingers together. “We finally can.”

“Maybe this ‘telling the world’ idea wasn’t so bad after all,” Draco suggested.

“Maybe you’re right.”

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Or he was wrong.

The next days of the week went by awfully. On Wednesday, an article was printed, talking about how Draco was a Death Eater, and no one could love a Death Eater. Later that night, Harry found Draco completely upside down in a levicorpus put on him by 5th year girls who were totally in love
with Harry.

Harry ignored them and just saved Draco before they ran back to their dorms, not wanting to talk to anyone.

On Thursday, reporters actually tried breaking into the castle and the article entitled, “Potter Gone Wild,” came out. It was anonymously Pumblechook saying how they were out of control during class and would just snog the whole time, which was extensive.

But in his defense, they did make out half the period as revenge on Pumblechook’s revenge.

Kingsley had done as ordered and didn’t speak with the press as long as Pumblechook was still there, but Harry wished he didn’t give that order. He’d been trying to tell people it was all a lie but no one listened. Ginny’s talk had worked on most of the Gryffindors, and Pansy scared a quarter of the Slytherins into calming down. Luna had no luck with Ravenclaw and Susan Bones didn’t even try and speak with her housemates.

It had been the longest week of their lives, and they both just wanted it to end.

Apparently on the other side of the Wizarding World, the people were angry and couldn’t believe they put trust in their savior, just to be betrayed again. It was getting uncontrollable, according to the Weasleys, who wrote to them, but no matter how much they tried talking to Skeeter, she twisted his words.

On Friday, the worst article of them all came out. It talked about accused abuse Draco underwent to Harry. It claimed that Draco had irrepressible anger issues, and hit Harry daily. They were in transfiguration when they read it, and Draco got teary eyed.

“I-I don’t “ Draco cried, completely fed up, resting his head in his hands. “I’m not like my father!”

“Hey, shhh,” Harry whispered, rubbing his back, “It’s okay.”

The rest of the 8th years obviously believed them, and looked at the couple with solemn eyes.

McGonagall went up to the two. “Would you like to be excused,” she whispered.

Harry nodded before grabbing Draco’s hand and leading him out of the room. He never thought McGonagall would be so lenient with NEWTS coming up, but Harry didn’t question it.

They didn’t speak as they made their way back to their common room, not disconnecting their limbs once. Once there, Harry laid down on it and then Draco laid on him, burying his head in his neck. He wasn’t crying, but Harry expected him to. Draco was having flashbacks from his childhood, he was sure of it.

“This is getting out of hand,” Harry stroked his back.

“It’s Skeeter! I’ve read every single article from everyone else and it’s all true! Why is it we get stuck with the shittiest of all reporters,” Draco exclaimed.

“That’s what Pumblechook wants,” Harry spoke in a much quieter voice than Draco did. “He wants the rumors and accusations, just to make our lives hell.”

“But the Prophet changed after the war,” Draco pouted, recalling the article of his trial. It was just the
facts; nothing was made up. Same with all the other articles, except from Skeeter who almost got fired.

“This is just so she can get back on top again.”

“What are we going to do about it, Harry,” Draco looked him in the eye. Harry was silent for a bit, thinking.

“We are going to have an interview,” he finally said.

“What’s an excellent idea. We could write the letter to everyone tonight and then on Sunday, we could have the interview.”

“Brilliant!”

They got to work.

The next morning, Draco climbed to the owlery going unnoticed by anyone and handed out the letters to various owls where they then flew. He hadn’t been there in a while and checked both Harry’s spot and his own. Harry’s spot was not only completely full, but drowning onto the floor into a pile as big as Mount Everest… or just to the ceiling, your pick.

He just shook his head. Oh the admirers and their angry mail. He turned to his own pile of letters. Some consisted of howlers and others were angry letters, but the one on top was what intrigued Draco the most.

Two hours later, Harry, who was out of breath, found him on one of the many staircases in the owlery, hunched over, gripping the letter as if he was choking it.

“There you are! I thought you were dead,” he called, looking at all the mail he had. Draco didn’t greet him and eventually Harry sat next to him to see him crying, “What’s wrong? Draco, what happened?”

Draco just sniffed and handed him the letter. Harry uncrumpled it and began reading, it being dated back to Monday.

“Draco,

I got a copy of the prophet this morning, and I’m sorry this is how you and Harry had to come out. I know this wasn’t what you wanted and you have a lot going on right now, and I know this is the last thing you would want to hear at the moment. I thought I should pay you the respect of telling you when it happened.

Last night, I was informed that Lucius passed away in askaban yesterday. I was told that it was due to starvation, and he went one of the luckier ways, and I guess I agree with that.”
“Draco, “ Harry nudged into him, “I’m so sorry.”

“Keep reading.”

Harry did.

“I know you hated him, but he’s still your father and although he is guilty of a lot of things, there is something you need to know. I couldn’t bear to be his wife and your mother if I didn’t clear my name through this. You and Harry think he was the one who erased your memory. He didn’t.

It was me who did it. I know you probably hate me right now but at least hear me out. I knew that you two wanted to remain a secret and at the trial, I knew you would be administered veritasirum. I thought I could handle it, but the spell went wrong and I didn’t know how to fix it. I planned to give it back to you before the first day of Hogwarts, but it didn’t work and I just made it worse.

I am truly glad that you have found happiness again with Harry. I wish I would have told you in person during the holidays, but when I saw your face, I couldn’t do it.

I just hope that one day you forgive me.

I wish you the best.

Narcissa Malfoy”

“How could she do that Harry? What if we never cured it? What if I never knew who you were?”

“I would have made you fall in love with me again.” Harry pulled Draco tighter to him.

“I wouldn’t of let you. You know me, I’m a bastard!”

“Draco, you’re not a bastard,” Harry almost chuckled. “A ferret, yes, but not a bastard.”

“I can’t even properly hate my father now,” Draco cried into his neck. “He wasn’t much, but he was my father and was just trying his best to get me the right things. It’s not my fault he misjudged it and now I have a reputation that I hit my fiancé. I don’t abuse you, Harry!”

“Draco… I know… don’t you think I would know if you did,” Harry kissed his temple.

“Maybe,” Draco whined and Harry squeezed him. “Why is everything so messed up all of a sudden?”

“Because that one day arrived,” Harry stroked his hair.

“Screw that one day!”

“I know, Draco, I know,” Harry kissed his hair. “It’s just a bump in the road. Soon enough everything will be okay, I promise.”

“Okay,” Draco sighed.
Draco took a deep breath, and so did Harry. The cold chairs of the interview room weren’t promising as their nerves kicked in. Their hearts were both beating through their ears and Harry’s sweaty palms rubbed against his trousers.

“I feel like we’re under another trial,” Draco whispered. In front of them were four empty chairs waiting to be filled with the editor-and-chief, head photographer, and two lead copy editors for the Daily Prophet. It was Sunday.

“Me too,” Harry sighed. McGonagall as well as Kingsley agreed to talk to the press but already had their interview the day previous. Harry really hoped it would work, although he really didn’t care about the media, he really didn’t, but thinking into his future, if he and Draco were to have kids, they would want it to be a safe relationship supported by the people. Ron and Hermione were in the room over, as well as Dean, Seamus, and Neville. Harry really loved his friends for being there for him.

“Or a dentist.”

“Dentist?”

“You know, like a dentist appointment.” Harry turned to him, biting his cheek. Draco just stared at him with a confused look.

“What the hell is a dentist?”

“Right… you’ve never had one. I’ll explain later.”

Draco didn’t respond, but just stared off into space.

“You know one thing I love about you?”

“What,” Draco mumbled, turning to Harry.

“You’re a contradiction.”

“And what does that mean?”

“You hate it when people shake their leg but you do it all the time,” Harry looked at him in a daze.

“I don’t shake my leg,” Draco argued back.

“Yes you do. You are right now.”

“No I’m not,” Draco argued back.

Harry put his hand on Draco’s knee, causing it to stop and Draco looked down before flicking his eyes up to Harry again. “Sorry.”

“It’s fine,” Harry looked all over the room. It was blank and cold. Draco’s hand gripped the chair’s arm and squeezed it. Harry saw and took Draco’s hand, but initially regret it, his circulation already losing itself.

“Why do they get questioned before us,” Draco asked, suddenly annoyed. “Wouldn’t they want the real story before verifying it?”
“I don’t know Draco,” Harry said with uncertainty.

What seemed like hours later but was only a few minutes, the four journalists walked into the room. They all shook hands and introduced themselves. The editor-in-chief’s name happened to be Peter Blotting. Harry could tell he worked hard getting to the place he was, and he was only there for business. The lead photographer was Betty Cuff, and the two writers were Emma Squiggle and Hilbert Spleen who wore smiles.

“Greetings Mr. Potter, Mr. Malfoy,” Blotting didn’t break his stern face as he took a seat with the other reporters. The couple didn’t return genuine smiles but they did flatten their mouths to a line.

“Thank you for coming,” Harry said.

“I’m just going to cut to the chase and skip all the ‘how are you,’ nonsense. Yes, Mr. Potter, I can’t lie and say I wasn’t interested when I got your and Mr. Malfoy’s letter, however I was quite shocked,” the editor spoke, his voice deep and serious. “We didn’t think you’d be in contact with us, you’ve never cooperated with the media before. So why now?”

“Because this is something I actually care about,” Harry started out strong, “I never gave more than one thought to the fake articles Skeeter was writing. I don’t want her or you ruining something that I’ve worked hard enough to get let alone keep. That’s why she’s not here, and we came to you. If we were to trust anyone, it would never be her.”

“Before we start Mr. Potter, you should know, Rita refused to let us touch her most recent articles, let alone proof read them. We’ve tried to sack anyone who has ill-reputed our paper. When it came to her, she begged for another chance. We irresponsibly let her.”

“Obviously,” Draco mumbled. The man stared for a bit and was interrupted by Emma Squiggle.

“Shall we get started then,” she asked almost nervously, trying to break the ice.

“Excellent,” Blotting opened up a notebook and got a quill ready to go, the others doing the same.

“To begin, what were your first impressions of each other?”

They both opened their mouths to speak but looked at each other. “You go first,” Harry ordered.

“No you!”

“Alright, er- I thought he was the most selfish bastard I’d ever seen to be honest with you,” Harry bared his teeth.

“I thought he was the most judgmental prat in the entire world,” Draco admitted. They received wild eyes across the panel. “He denied being friends with me when it all started. He thought I was rude, and I was at the time.”

“And when did you begin getting feelings towards one another,” Emma asked. They both looked at each other.

“Fourt year… but it’s much more complicated than that,” Harry said, “We didn’t just connect all of a sudden. We loathed each other up until the Triwizard Tournament.”

“And even then, my feelings for him remained that of revulsion,” Draco shifted.

“How did your relationship get to be that of engagement then?”
“I hated him so much that I pretended I liked him—like, like-liked him,” Draco explained, “and I wanted him to be distracted and love-sick for the tournament so he would lose, so I acted as though I had a giant crush on him.”

“He asked me out on a fake date and from then on, I started developing a romantic attraction to him,” Harry spoke awkwardly…well everyone did really. It was an awkward story. “And he did too, but I don’t think he knew it yet.”

Draco let out a laugh, “I didn’t. I played it off well until he found out it was all just a game and, that night really didn’t end well.”

“But then he asked me out on a real one, and thankfully I said yes,” Harry nodded.

“What was your first impressions then,” Emma asked.

They looked at each other, mouths opened ready to speak and then they just laughed. “You go,” Draco ordered.

“Aright,” Harry took a deep breath, “There was something different about him that time. He made me curious, so to speak. I knew there was more to him that met the eye than just a bully.” Harry thought back to it. “He was nervous, he was smiling, he apologized for the first time in his life… I found him magnetic. I wanted to know more, and him sort of discovering himself too drew me to him.”

“I’m impressed,” Draco nodded, staring into his eyes, wanting to keep them there, and he did, until Harry broke him from his trance.

“Draco, it’s your turn.”

“Right! To start off with, I was terrified. It was my first real date and I freaked out,” Draco laughed at the memory, “I didn’t know what to wear, and I thought it was the biggest thing in the world that I dressed properly. We went flying and he was obnoxious and careless, and I remember him being so alive and I just wanted to be like that. I wanted to feel as though I meant something rather than being ordered around like a minion, and of all the people in the world, the person I hated most made me want to be a better… me.”

Harry smiled at him, trying to hide it from the rest of them. “You’ve never told me that before.”

“You’ve never asked.”

“Did you two have any doubts or insecurities starting your relationship,” Blotting questioned.

“I think they were more personal if anything,” Harry contemplated. “Sometimes I thought he was still lying about it, and sometimes I thought no one could ever love me for who I am because they look at my scar rather me, but he most definitely proved me wrong.”

“I had my father in the back of my head most the time, and I knew at some point he would find out and practically murder me for it, but there was a part in me that didn’t care if we got caught because I was so happy with him, and I still am. Looking back at it, I never thought it was possible to ever love or be loved so deeply and honestly, or even admit that I was in love.”

“So, Mr. Malfoy-“

“Draco,” he corrected.
“Draco, did your up-bringing affect the relationship at all,” Spleen enquired.

“Of course it did,” Draco commented, “We were both raised different ways and unfortunately, I really didn’t know much about compassion and adoration when it came down to it, you know, I’ve never really had much affection in my life until I met Harry.”

“I actually broke it off with him for over a month because of the prejudice. I told him at the start if he ever… displayed those prejudice to public or to friends then it would be over, and I wasn’t kidding.”

“I never dared to talk- even think that way again, and I haven’t. In 5th year I almost slipped up but it was the biggest accident I’ve ever had. I wasn’t even thinking what I was saying… but yeah, I haven’t thought that way in a long time and I’m never going to again. And I’m sorry when my family or when I had ever offended anyone. It was wrong for me to say things like that and it just took me a bit to… unlearn what I grew up with.”

The panel nodded their heads in approval.

“So, no one knew about this…affair?”

“Relationship,” Harry corrected, “And no. The only people who knew before the war, was Hermione and a few of Draco’s friends.”

“We couldn’t let anyone know really… two completely different people who hated each other, who were on different sides of the war, me with rotten parents, him with rotten relatives. It wouldn’t be believable, and as you saw with Skeeter, too many people have led to conclusions that never even existed in our relationship.”

“We didn’t even trust most my friends with it, and even Hermione knew, it was because she figured it out, and vaguely at that.”

“Now, Draco,” Squiggle turned to him, “If you were so in love with Mr. Potter, how is it that you took the mark?”

“I didn’t take it,” Draco kept his tone down shakily, anger developing within him, but he didn’t let it show. “I was forced to take it during the summer before 6th year, after Harry made me promise to never take it. There wasn’t an option. He would have killed my family and Harry and me, and I didn’t want to lose them.”

“And Mr. Potter-“

“Harry,” Harry corrected.

“Harry. When did you find out and what was your reaction?”

“He kept it from me, for obvious reasons, but it wasn’t until our two year anniversary when I found out and it was by accident. He was actually proposing and his sleeve rid up. I freaked out before he even had a chance to explain anything to me. In the back of my head I knew it was going to happen eventually but I didn’t want to come to terms with it. I just wish he would of told me the first day back when I asked him about it,” Harry eyed Draco.

“I’m sorry, I was just terrified! I broke your promise and you were under enough stress at the time,” Draco defended a subject he really couldn’t defend. “I didn’t want to lose you.”

“I would have understood,” Harry told him before turning back to the reporters, “After that night, I never wanted to see him again, which sucked because I totally loved him and everyday if something
happened in class or I had a weird dream, I would want to tell him, but then realize I couldn’t because it was over and I couldn’t trust him anymore.”

“Do you trust him now,” Spleen questioned.

“Definitely. He’s lied to me before, yeah, but I’ve lied to him too. Everyone’s lied at some point, especially when there’s a war, you know. I don’t think there’s anything else he could possibly lie about, and besides, he wouldn’t lie to me if he wanted to.”

The panel nodded.

“So you two broke up then,” Emma crosschecked.

“For over a year,” Draco replied.

“The last time I saw him was when Dumbledore was killed by Severus Snape. I know you’re going to ask. Draco couldn’t do it. I was there, I saw him. That was another thing that changed my mind about him, because before, I could have sworn even when the war was over, if we both survived, I would have never gone back to him if he went through with it. Draco isn’t a murderer, and Snape had to do it but I’ve already told you what happened back in June when you interviewed me.”

“Very well,” Blotting scribbled on his notepad word for word. “So you forgave him that night?”

“Merlin no,” Harry thought back to it, “in fact I hated him even more when he sent me a letter, and another and another and another. When we were in hiding searching for horcruxes, he kept sending me messages and notes, which I refused to open at the time. Somehow, his owl kept getting through my wards, I guess it was because he wasn’t a bad person, I don’t know. I eventually was glad they did because when I did read them I realized what an arrogant arse I was being.”

“The next time we saw each other was when I was called to identify him in front of a bunch of Death Eaters. I knew it was him but I told the others I doubted it.”

“You lied in front of people who could have potentially killed you on the spot just to keep him safe,” Spleen asked, bewildered.

“Yes,” Draco replied, firm and proud.

“What was your reaction, when you realized it was him,” Emma queried.

“I couldn’t have been happier knowing he was alive,” Draco responded. “But I was terrified the others would catch on.”

“He helped me escape,” Harry told. “That’s when I forgave him. I knew everything with just one look in the eyes.”

“When was the next time you saw him,” the girl asked.

“War,” was all Harry responded.

“Draco, what was your thought process during the battle? Did you think you were both going to make it out alive?”

“No, I never thought I’d make it, but I thought he would. And even if he didn’t, I don’t think I would have been able to handle losing him again, and I didn’t. I think I didn’t even have a thought process.”
“So when Mr. Potter was shown to be dead—”

“It was a living manifestation of hell. It felt as though someone had torn me to shreds, and I knew I had to get out of there before I went ballistic, and I really did,” Draco remembered, “Hours later he found me.”

“And when you saw him to be alive?”

“I couldn’t believe it. Above all, I was angry, why I didn’t know. I just was.”

“Surely you were happy to see him, Harry?”

“Ecstatic above everything. It was such a big flood of relief that it was almost unbearable. I thought I was to die during the war, you know, and when I did walk to my death in the forest, I only thought about him and what I was leaving behind, so when it was all over, I couldn’t process that finally I could fully love him wholly and completely. Our entire relationship before the war, there was always a thought in my mind that I can’t get as close to him as I want because I will eventually have to give him away. I don’t have that anymore, thankfully, and when I wake up in the morning, that’s one of the first things I think of.”

Draco smiled and looked at Harry, admiring his words as they poured from his mouth. “It’s the first thing I think of, too,” Draco responded, taking his hand and squeezing it.

“So you two are overwhelmed with emotions and seeing each other… freely for the first time in over a year,” Blotting spoke, “Was there a point in time when you two thought you were completely safe? Where did you go?”

“No, “ Harry answered, “We went to a safe house and within the first few days, yes, we were happy to be around each other, but we were also realizing what we had just done and who we had just lost. We were mourning our loved ones, we weren’t thinking. But when realized that there’s still my friends and my loved ones that we haven’t told, there’s the public and at the time it was all so much, we just wanted to get away so we planned to get away for a while. We just wanted it to be us two.”

“So you planned to run away,” Emma examined.

“Yes,” Draco responded. “But the flaw that got me sent to Askaban was that we didn’t tell anyone, because Harry went to say goodbye to his family, that’s when Minister Shacklebolt found me in the safe house. And it viewed like I was just a death eater breaking and entering into Harry Potter’s house; so obviously, it looked horrible on my part and that’s when I was taken into captivity.”

“How did you feel, Harry, when you found out he was arrested?”

“I only had two weeks with him so it was like a dream that we were even together and suddenly everything turned to my worst nightmare. I didn’t see him until the trial and at that point I wasn’t even sure if he would be properly testified, so that’s why I stood during the trial. To me, that was a life or death situation because my life could never be the same without him.”

Draco squeezed his hand again.

“Now,” Blotting spoke in an even more serious tone, “As I recall, Draco, you were asked what your relationship was with Mr. Potter and you answered ‘he was a pest’ and ‘you two weren’t on speaking terms.’ Everyone is dying to know how you tricked the veritaserum, so go on tell us.”

“I didn’t,” Draco answered simply.
“Surely you would have exposed your entire relationship to everyone,” Emma concluded.

“My memory was erased,” Draco said almost solemnly. “I didn’t remember him.”

The four gave different faces and Harry tried to categorize them. Two of shock, one of sorrow, and Blotting just gave wide eyes.

“Who would do such a thing,” Spleen asked as he paused from his notebook.

They both paused and Harry begged Draco not to say anything, but knew he wouldn’t. Draco’s throat closed and his mouth was sour.

He took a breath, “I don’t know.”

“But we did overcome it when we went to Hogwarts. That was the reason I went back,” Harry answered, “I had an Auror offer, I still want to be one, but this was a part in my life I needed to fix before I could even think about starting a career.”

“What was your reaction when you found out about the memory loss, Harry,” Squiggle asked.

“I couldn’t comprehend it for a while, until he started resenting me, until he told me to stay away from him. But it was like being hit by a brick wall when I would be walking in the hallways and he would ignore me or scowl and he wouldn’t be joking. Since we used to hate each other, we still had to play it off like we did so if we saw each other in the corridor or in class we would roll our eyes and whatnot, but then a smirk would turn into a smile last minute and a scoff into a laugh, and that didn’t happen anymore.”

“How is it that Draco did remember?”

“The memory loss wasn’t properly cast, so it went to him in bits and pieces and he finally remembered on October 31st,” Harry told, but was thinking ‘We had sex.’

“What was your reaction?”

“I cried, hell, I bawled my eyes out, because if we can make it through that, we can make it through literally anything possible. I finally had him back and I wanted to make sure he was mine forever, so that’s when I proposed to him. And he said yes,” Harry smiled, twisting the ring on his finger.

“What was your reaction, Draco, when he did so,” Blotting asked.

“I cried as well,” Draco smiled, “It’s when you meet the one, you know it’s going to happen, but even when it does, it hits you hard, and you can’t believe it and every second after you think about the future but you still enjoy being with them every moment.”

“When did you know he was the one?”

“When I woke up next to him after the war. I wanted it to be like that for the rest of my life, and I love doing it. We work for each other,” Draco told, “We love each other, we balance each other out, and I could never see myself loving anyone as I love him.”

“Do you think your marriage is going to work,” Spleen turned to Harry.

“Yes,” Harry said confidently. “Because everyday he surprises me somehow and I could never get sick of him. Like he said, we love each other. We do. It’s not a scheme, well I mean it was at first, but we love each other endlessly and hopelessly and nothing could ever change that. We went
though a war for crying out loud! We have too much history and I want to have more with him. Yeah, we fight, yeah we yell, but in God’s name if anyone thinks that he has laid a finger to physically harm me during our relationship: they are out of their mind, and if there is anything that I want printed in the papers, that is it. You could lie about everything else, but he has not touched me. He does not abuse anything or anyone.

“Draco is innocent and a great man with a horrible reputation and I don’t care, I really don’t. The point is, is that I absolutely adore him and there is nothing that could ever change that. He treats me better than anyone ever could, and better than I could ever ask for.”

“I see you’re very passionate about that, Mr. Potter,” Blotting commented.

“I’m passionate about him, yes. And for Skeeter to even dare say he abuses me is mental and she needs to be reprimanded properly for that,” Harry said firmly.

“She will be, Mr. Potter, don’t worry.”

“That’s anything we could ever ask for,” Draco said, leaning towards Harry, their shoulders touching.

They asked a few more questions pertaining to their relationship, general things to add details since they were so vague on their relationship before. They then voiced all about Pumblechook, and were told that McGonagall put an ad out for a replacement.

Over all, the interview went very well.

“Now, would you two like to take a photo for the front page,” Betty Cuff finally spoke for the first time, he shining moment upon them as she raised her camera.

“Sure,” Harry sat up and leant in next to Draco, putting his arm around his back. Draco smiled and just as the camera flashed he kissed Harry’s cheek before smiling again, only to have Harry look at him with the most loving eyes.

“Thank you, Mr. Potter, Mr. Malfoy. I do wish you both the best of luck in your future. This should make tomorrow’s edition,” Blotting said.

“Thank you very much,” they both got up to shake their hands. “We’re trusting you,” Harry said.

“There’s no need to worry,” Emma smiled.

“And Skeeter will be taken care of,” Blotting assured.

With that, Draco and Harry both smiled before flooing to McGonagall’s fireplace and heading to their room.

Merlin, they hoped this worked.

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The next morning, Draco banged his hand on Harry’s door, only for Harry to answer it in his underwear, trying to put his trousers on.

“Good morning to you too,” Draco gave him wide eyes before smirking, “Do you answer to all your knockers like this?”

“No, but I’m running late and I knew it was you,” Harry struggled, trying to fit his leg through the
hole of his black pants.

“You’re running late again,” Draco rolled his eyes, “Someone doesn’t like Mondays…”

“Shut it,” Harry finally pulled them up and started buttoning them, Draco staring the whole time with a wide sneer on his face. “Do you mind?”

“No, just enjoying the view.” Draco lent on the doorframe. Harry took his shirt and whacked Draco with it. “Not very nice, are you?”

Harry stared at him as he buttoned his shirt on high speed.

“Are you not a wizard,” Draco looked at his nails, tranquil and composed, not a hair out of place.

Harry just looked at him blankly and blinked.

“Harry… you’re at magic school… you have a wand… you ride a broomstick… and I’m a wizard too, and so are your friends… and—“

“Yeah yeah yeah, I get it! What do you want me to do?”

Draco rolled his eyes before taking out his wand and flicking it at Harry. Suddenly, Harry’s shirt finished buttoning itself and his tie snaked around his neck and tied itself a bit too snug and Harry grasped it. “Sorry, my neck is smaller than yours!”

“It’s fine,” Harry choked as he undid it a bit. “Thank you.”

His Gryffindor robe draped itself around him and even buttoned itself. Harry went to run his fingers through his hair but the gel that appeared in it stopped all movement. Draco started laughing.

“What the hell did you do my hair,” Harry pouted. Draco just continued to giggle and Harry groaned before running to the bathroom and grabbing his brush.

“I didn’t know you owned one of these.” Draco pointed at the utensil. Harry just took the brush and messed up Draco’s hair before fixing his own. He then scrubbed his fingers though it.

“There, all better,” Harry perfected.

Draco just rolled his eyes before wrapping his arms around his waist from behind, and leaning his chin on his shoulder while their robes tangled. They looked at themselves in the mirror, green and red combining, and Draco took a deep, heavy breath that Harry felt along his collar.

“Too adorable for them to function,” Harry asked.

“Too adorable for them to function,” Draco smiled before kissing his neck softly.

“How do you think it’s going down there, in the Great Hall?”

“They all just probably got their mail and they’re sharing it with their friends as we speak,” Draco mumbled into his neck.

“Do you think it worked?”

“Don’t care, it was our last shot.” Draco mumbled into his neck, kissing up to just below his ear. “If they don’t like us now, they never will, and besides, who cares.”
“You’re right,” Harry turned to him and Draco kissed the corner of his mouth. Harry turned his head so that the next one Draco could plant was on his lips for their daily ‘good morning’ snog.

“Ah ah ah,” Draco teased, shifting to his other shoulder and kissing his cheek, “I want to save this one.”

“And why would that be?”

“It’s a special day, really. It’s our official coming out day,” Draco mumbled into his hair. Harry instantly smiled. “Ready,” Draco released him and turned to face him.

“Ready,” he grinned. They looked at each other’s eyes, being overwhelmed with emotions. This was it. This was the day they’d been imagining since day one. Harry laughed from excitement and jumped on top of him, his arms around Draco’s neck. Draco had his arms around his lower back and squeezed him as tight as he could.

“It might be a mess,” Harry considered.

“It might be a hot mess.”

“That’s okay,” Harry kissed his cheek. “You’re worth it.”

Draco just smiled as he released him, grasping his hand.

“Do you want to wear each other’s ties? You know, to make it…cute,” Harry wondered.

“Harry. I will tolerate Gryffindors. I will date Gryffindors. I will snog Gryffindors and make love to them relentlessly. But, dear old Harry. I will never. become. a. Gryffindor,” Draco looked at him seriously before breaking his face. “Besides, that would be cliché and we would be out of uniform and I don’t look good in red. Deep maroon, yes; red, no.”

“You’re such a girl,” Harry shouted before lacing their fingers together and leading them down the many staircases of Hogwarts.

“It’s not being a female, it’s called playing your cards right so you look to the best of your ability, or in other words, having class! At least I don’t carry a rats nest on my head.”

“At least my hair isn’t cemented to my face! At least I have hair other than on the top of my head! You’re like a naked mole rat!”

“According to you, I’m a ferret because you can’t get over a traumatizing incident when we were fourteen! Besides, you always compliment how naturally smooth my legs are!”

“Oh please, you spell off the hair just like girls do,” Harry rolled his eyes as Draco’s mouth dropped, arguing back, and they made their way to the moving staircases whilst bickering, or as Draco called it, having a ‘domesticated quarrel.’ They both almost wanted to have it to bite back their nerves and it did for a while until they made it just outside the Great Hall where they both paused and looked at each other.

Taking a deep breath, the walked into view at the archway and the room went silent as they were noticed. After what felt like an eternity, Draco squeezed Harry’s hand as they walked forward, and suddenly Neville stood, clapping his hands together. And then there was Dean, along with Seamus, Ron, Hermione, Ginny and several other Gryffindors. Then, on the other side of the room, Blaise and Pansy did the same, the noise echoing across the hall. Then, Luna stood, along with the rest of Dumbledore’s Army. Next was McGonagall with Hagrid and the rest of the teachers except for
Pumblechook.

And then the entire room erupted.

Everyone clapped.

Draco and Harry were expecting a massacre but they got a standing ovation. They both broke out into subtle smiles filled with disbelief and Draco grabbed Harry by the collar before smashing their lips together, getting cheers and catcalls from the entire hall.

“Good Morning,” Draco shouted over the crowd.

“It is, isn’t it,” Harry beamed before kissing again.

The entire day went by in an adrenaline blurb. They didn’t stop smiling the entire day as they walked the corridors hand in hand. Girls ooo’d and ahh’ed and adored them and the entire time they were followed to classes by herds of them.

“Do you think this was a mistake,” Harry joked.

“Possibly,” Draco answered as they picked up their pace and so did their followers until they were both almost sprinting. “Actually… yeah I do.”

“It’s not our fault we’re too adorable to function,” Harry almost laughed as he pulled Draco into an alcove just after potions. “We were just born like that,” he whispered as the girls passed.

“I didn’t think it’d be this bad,” Draco admitted.

“Think about it. Me, the ‘eye candy’ according to you, of the Wizarding World, and baddie Draco Malfoy turns out to be a teddy bear and their both completely in love with each other. Surely girls obsess over things like that and I mean, who could blame them, if I was standing on an outside point of view, it would be like a dream come true- what?” At this point, Draco just stared at him, stopping all listening as he focused on one statement.

“I am not a teddy bear,” he shouted, appalled.

“Oh come on yes you are, and in fact Ginny pointed it out to me-“

“Oh please! What would she know?”

“You write me love letters, you bring me food, you don’t even properly insult me anymore- well anyone anymore, and your hugs are fantastic I might add. You always smell like vanilla,” Harry started his argument strong but then went into a daze as he took in Draco’s scent and imagined wrapping his arms around the boy, resting his head on his chest. “You know I really like your hugs.”

“I take it you want one now,” Draco crossed his arms.

“I always want one!”

“Fine,” Draco groaned before pulling him into one, holding him close. He could practically feel Harry smile beneath him while he rested his chin in Harry’s hair. He felt Harry take deep breaths, his heartbeat monotonous and incessantly beating- the way Draco wanted it to be forever. “You know where we are?”

“Yes,” Harry grinned.
“Say it,” Draco whispered next to his ear, his breath hot and eager.

“Where we had our real first kiss, or should I say when you kissed me for the first time,” Harry smiled.

“Right, because the first time you kissed me, you forced me into it while we were in detention, not to mention it being 36 hours after we broke each other’s noses,” Draco looked down at him while Harry looked up, resting his chin on Draco’s chest.

“Best form of revenge.”

“Best form of revenge it is,” Draco repeated before bringing one hand up to his cheek, stroking it with his thumb, and leaning in to kiss him just as long as their first real kiss, but not insecure and unknowing, but familiar and loving.

“You know, one day we’re going to have to thank McGonagall for leaving us alone that day,” Harry looked at him.

“Do you think she knew?”

Harry paused. “It’s possible.”

“Brilliant woman she is,” Draco commented.

“Very brilliant.”

Harry went and kissed him again, deeper, his mouth open and ready for Draco’s to slither inside. As they battled for authority, Draco moved one of his hands to Harry’s arse, squeezing it under his robes, while the other stayed possessively around his waist, where Harry then put his arms around his neck. They were in their own dream of a world when a voice startled them both from the end of the hallway.

“If you two will stop practically having intercourse in the middle of the corridor and get to class, it would be much appreciated,” Flitwick squeaked from the other end of the hall.

“Sorry Professor,” Harry called as they unraveled themselves, starting on their path to herbology.

“You know we have no self control, right,” Draco inquired.

“I think this was a bad idea, coming out,” Harry laughed as Draco smacked his arse again. “We won’t be able to contain ourselves.”

“A semester,” was all Draco responded.

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A week later, Pumblechook was fired much to Harry and Draco’s relief, and in fact, there was an entire article about it, right next to Rita Skeeter’s termination. Draco and Harry celebrated by making out in a broomstick cupboard.

Later that day after all their classes were finished, the two took advantage of their now ‘totally normal’ relationship and sat on a bench, out in the open, on the fourth floor corridor. The two took advantage of their freedom from the 8th year common room, and decided to go to study for upcoming NEWTs in the open, where they should have been all along.
Studying went well… for about 10 minutes… until Harry saw Draco’s name on his paper, ‘Draco Malfoy,’ in neat, cursive perfection. While Draco reviewed his notes, Harry dipped his quill in ink and put a line through his last name, writing ‘Potter,’ next to it, in his mess writing.

“What are you doing,” Draco asked, turning back to Harry.

“Fixing things,” Harry replied, ending his name.

“You know we aren’t married yet?”

“One can dream, right?”

Draco tried to hide his grin as he shook his head. “You are so optimistic… now can we please just make it through one study date without getting sidetracked?”

“Only if you write your name like that for the rest of the term,” Harry negotiated. Draco looked at him. “It’s basically official if you think about it. It’s not like you’re a Malfoy anymore. You’re father’s gone and your mother-“

“Harry, I told you not to bring her up,” Draco snapped.

“Sorry,” Harry spoke almost solemnly. “It’s just, she’s your mother, you know, I don’t want you to lose her-“

“If she’s going to gamble the only thing I’ve ever cared about, the only thing that’s brought me any form of happiness, then she’s not a mother to me,” Draco barked, “Just please stop bringing it up, okay?”

“But Draco-“

“Harry, just respect that for me, please?”

“Alright,” Harry sighed, “Sorry.”

“It’s fine,” Draco responded, his words empty. “Now go finish your essay.”

They were quiet for a bit, but Harry didn’t work on his essay, and Draco didn’t work on his either.

“You see that girl right there,” Harry pointed out, keeping his tone down. The corridor wasn’t too busy but there was a group of girls giggling at the end of the hall.

“Which one, there’s an army of them,” Draco looked up discretely but then went back to his paper.

“Ravenclaw, brunet, about 5’4, really tan,” Harry described and Draco looked up again, longer, then back down. “I’d giver her a seven, what about you?”

“Are we really playing this game again, Harry? It’s rather vulgar and judgmental,” Draco commented, pretending to scribble something down.

“Come on, don’t tell me you never did that with Blaise or Pansy,” Harry put down his quill.

“No, we never did. Pansy tried it once with Blaise to see if he liked any other girls, but he liked her so he would never do it, and I had you, so neither of them wanted to push it.”

“Even before you had me,” Harry pressed on.
Draco stopped to think for a bit, but concluded with the same results. “No. I looked at girls to bully them, rather than make out with them. Why do you think you were my first kiss? I didn’t care. Trust me, I could have had any girl I wanted, still could if I wanted to.”

“That sounds rather cocky doesn’t it,” Harry nudged his shoulder.

“It’s true,” Draco held back a smirk, looking over his paper.

“It’s a good thing you have me then,” Harry smiled. “So go on, what’d you give her?”

Draco looked up and squinted, evaluating the 6th year. “A five.”

“That’s a bit shallow,” Harry snorted.

“She’s too short,” Draco decided before turning a page in his book.

“I’m 5’7! I’m not that much taller than her,” Harry looked at him.

“Yeah but I’m 6’1, and you’re you. She’s petite and if I even blew on her, she’d break in half.”

“Alright then. Girl next to her, blonde, tall, a lot of make up,” Harry took a glimpse. “I’d give her a five and a half just because she looks like a clown. Possibly without the make up, an eight.”

“Are you kidding me Harry? I’d give her a four just because of the make up, a three because she’s slept with every guy in her year, and a two because she doesn’t have an arse.”

“Is that what makes or breaks people for you?”

“No… yes… I don’t know! I just like yours,” Draco looked at him.

“I could imagine you in the Slytherin locker room, staring at everyone’s arse.”

“No, I really didn’t when I dated you, and before that, I never even knew I liked men, so I never did it.”

Harry stared at him.

“Fine! I did in fifth year like three times just because I wanted to see how I felt about it, and I just didn’t ever… I don’t know,” Draco blushed. “Don’t tell me you’re so innocent!”

“Do you really think I would be attracted to anyone on the quidditch team? Besides, before Ron knew I was gay, we always did this, but it’s not like you have anything to worry about because I like you. Do you think if you didn’t have me, you’d be into girls or boys?”

“Honestly, I have no idea. I don’t find anybody attractive to be honest with you. Pretty, yes. Attractive, no,” Draco shut his book, because obviously studying wasn’t going to end well, “I think I would have just gone for girls because it’s what you’re told to do, you know. I don’t think I would have necessarily liked it… But then again, if I didn’t maybe I would have experimented, but I still don’t think I would have liked it either. Would that make me asexual?”

“It makes you Potter-sexual.”

Draco rolled his eyes, opening his book again, “I guess it does.”

“And I’m Malfoy-sexual because I really don’t think I would have enjoyed any body else either. I hated kissing Cho, even if I wasn’t with you, and I hated kissing Ginny, and we broke up by then. I
don’t even look at other guys either.”

“Greengrass was horrific.”

“She has an arse though,” Harry raised an eyebrow, looking off into the distance.

“Did you ever happen to check out my ex-fiance’s arse?”

“It’s huge… You can’t miss it,” Harry made an excuse. Draco took his book and whacked Harry’s arm. “Sorry, it just is! Besides, you’re the one who has the obsession.”

“I’m not obsessed,” Draco defended himself, “hers is way too big. I just like yours. It’s nice,” he said sheepishly. Harry smirked. “What does that boost your self esteem?”

“It might,” Harry smiled. “Yours is nice too, I’m just saying.”

“Gee thank you Harry, I’m happy you approve,” Draco laughed as he wrote something down.

“What would you rate Astoria?”

“Negative five-thousand.”

“Based on looks,” Harry repeated the rules. “Ignore how you feel about her.”

Draco bit the inside of his cheek. “A six.”

“Really? I’d give her a nine.”

“Yes but she’s never tried to shove her tongue down your throat, now has she? Or at least, I hope not. You’re not getting any higher than that.”

“I’ve shoved my tongue down your throat plenty of times,” Harry told.

“Yes, but you’re you, remember? I’m fine with that. Her, I’m not.”

Harry readjusted himself and crossed his legs, leaning against the cement wall. “Did you ever used to check me out when we were younger?”

“I still do,” Draco said, putting his stuff in his bag, since homework was not out of the question.

“Yeah but before you dated me? Say when we met at the robe shop in first year, what would you rate me?”

“I didn’t even think about you that way, Harry.”

“Doesn’t matter- do it!”

“Fine… probably up until 4th year, you were a,” Draco bit his lip, “probably a two because your hair was horrible, none of your clothes fit you, your glasses slid off of your face the whole time, you were a damned Gryffindor and didn’t accept my friendship, and you had baby cheeks.”

Harry pouted, “That’s pretty sad actually!”

“But then you grew up and got progressively attractive after you got a haircut and now you’re the sexiest man I know!”
“What would you rate me now?”

“A one-hundred,” Draco sat back and crossed his arms, leaving his legs outstretched. Harry smiled smugly. “You do me now.”

“You were always a ten.”

“Bollocks,” Draco turned to him. “I know I’m downright gorgeous but it takes time to get there.”

“Alright… When I first met you, it was a four… and then it raised to a seven when you changed your hair and when you got really tall, it bumped up to a ten, and then after the war, with your post-shag look, a definite one hundred.”

Draco snorted. “This is the shallowest conversation we’ve ever had.”

“I know,” Harry leant his head on Draco’s shoulder. “Speaking of shallow, how do you think Pumblechook took the news?”

“He probably expected it if anything,” Draco leant his head against Harry’s. “He might have exploded when he read the article and found out he could never get his career back.”

“Same with Skeeter,” Harry snorted and Draco almost laughed.

“God, I would give my whole Gringotts account to see her reaction,” Draco snickered and so did Harry. The brunette took a deep breath and got off of Draco before lying down on the bench, his head in Draco’s lap.

“You know, we should have told Pumblechook we made love on his desk,” Harry brought up.

“And why would that be,” Draco immediately smiled at the memory.

“Just to see his face,” Harry sniggered up at Draco, looking his eyes.

“It would have been a funny face,” Draco smiled, putting a hand in his hair and stroking it away from his face.

At this point in time, the group of girls across the way saw the two being adorable, not even knowing that their conversations consisted of judging them and having scandalous sex on professor’s desks. They

“I mean, kissing in front of him was bad enough,” Harry thought back to the memory of his horrified face.

“We had a full on snogging session, Harry, it wasn’t just kissing,” Draco stroked his cheek.

“We do get a bit elaborate during snogging sessions,” Harry said deviously

“Elaborate we do,” Draco chuckled before leaning down and kissing him sweetly and pulling back, the girls awh’ed and looked at them with puppy dog eyes. In the process, Draco bumped into Harry’s frames.

“These things are such a nuisance sometimes.” Draco took the lenses from him, looking through them from a distance, the world turning upside down before placing it on his head. “God, you’re eyesight is terrible! I can’t even see you,” he looked down at Harry, his vision completely blurred. Harry laughed at sight of Draco on with his glasses. After straining his eyes enough to make them water, Draco set them on his bag and went back to stroking Harry’s temple and eyeing him softly.
“You really hate those don’t you?”

“Depends,” Draco smiled. “They help me identify you when your overbearing scar is being covered by your obnoxious hair. Alone they are just loathsome and when I’m ready to suck your face off, somehow they always get in the way of your stupid green eyes.”

“Stupid green eyes are they?”

“Very stupid,” Draco leant down and kissed him with ease, as the mechanicals were gone. Footsteps and the entire group of girls going to up them interrupted them.

“Excuse me,” one of them said. Draco leant off of him reluctantly looking up at them while Harry just opened his eyes and moved them towards the females.

“Yes,” Draco tried to keep his tone down. Did they not realize they were messing up a wonderful moment?

“We would just like to say you are perfect for each other,” a different Ravenclaw said.

“And one day we wish we can find a love like yours,” an excited 4th year spoke.

Draco softened. “Thank you,” he said. Apparently that was the right thing to say because the girls almost had spasms.

“He really did change him,” they gossiped around the group with gasps and squeals.

“Thank you girls, really, but would it be okay if I were alone with my fiancé,” Harry asked, upside down. They nodded vigorously, excited and all to happy.

“Sorry,” the Ravenclaw said, “we’ll leave you be!”

“Thank you girls,” Harry smiled smugly, turning to Draco.

“That means go now,” Draco snapped as nicely as he could, as the girls didn’t leave.

“Come on, Tanner, let them be cute, we can watch them from around the corner,” one of them grabbed the girl’s wrist, along with another member of the group and pulled them away, the others forced to follow.

“Way to be discrete about it,” one of them complained.

Although longer than anticipated, the girls finally left, but the boys could hear them from around the end of the corridor giggling again.

“Too adorable to function,” Harry asked.

“Too adorable,” Draco smiled at him.

----------------------------------------

Valentine’s day was never a day Draco ever pertained to, in fact he hated it, even if he did have a fiancé to share it with. Back when they were only boyfriends, Draco never allowed Harry to do anything special from it, and Harry didn’t like it either. It didn’t make sense to them that one day was used to serenade love instead of all of them. They both always hated it when the Great Hall was pink and plastered with hearts.
All the couples sat together at morning breakfast no matter the house, except for Draco and Harry who walked down together as usual. They locked eyes and began having a conversation with them. Next to Draco, Theo Nott was having a tongue war with Millicent Bulstrode and Draco flicked his eyes twice to them before sticking out his tongue and pointing his finger at it. Harry laughed and returned to his meal, although he was grossed out by the battles going on around him. He was digging into his toast when someone squeezed next to him.

“Harry, why aren’t you with Malfroy,” Allison Denshaw got unreasonably close, “Are you two in a fight?”

“No-“

“Because it is Valentine’s Day and I’m sure you’d be wanting company.”

“No thanks I’m fine,” Harry said awkwardly, sipping on his pumpkin juice. He could smell her perfume from across the room, let alone being right next to her sent him gagging. Times like this made Harry adore Draco’s manly scent.

“Oh come on, Harry,” she nudged him, “Surely you wouldn’t want to be alone on the most loving day of the year. Why wouldn’t you want me to spend it with you?”

“I don’t think my fiancé would let that happen, but thank you for the offer,” Harry tried to turn away, but she just clanged onto him harder. “We don’t like Valentine’s Day.”

“So he’s not doing anything special for you,” she pouted. “He must be horrible.”

“No he’s actually pretty loving, and he gets really jealous really fast so I suggest you back away or he might attack you,” Harry tried getting away from her.

“He’s harmless,” she said almost cocky.

“He’s Draco Malfroy… he’s very harmful and doesn’t like it when others try to pick on the one he loves. I’m telling you now, he gets really jealous.”

“If he really loved you, wouldn’t he get you something for Valentine’s Day?”

“It’s really not that important-“

“Oh of course it is! It’s the most loving day of the year,” she repeated. “Surely if Harry Potter went Valentineless, we’d all be doomed. Besides, it’s not like I’m marrying you or anything!”

“Alright,” Harry crossed his arms, “You walk over to him and ask him if you can be my Valentine, and if he says yes, then I will take you out all day.”

“If he says yes?”

“If he says yes.”

She sauntered over to the slytherin table, a smirk on her face, which immediately dropped when Draco looked at her.

“Touch him, I’ll kill you.”

“You didn’t even know what I was going to say,” she complained.

“What is it,” he snapped.
“Harry said if you said yes, I could be his Valentine for the day. So go on, fork him over.”

“Pardon?”

“You heard me. You get him the rest of your life,” she rolled her eyes, “Shouldn’t he be shared with the rest of the world first? Stop being selfish.”

“Excuse me,” he looked at her as if he were to kill her. “Selfish? How is it that I’m being selfish instead of you? He’s my fiancé.”

“Why aren’t you doing anything special for him? Don’t you love him?”

“Very much,” Draco grabbed a hold of his knife.

“What a horrible fiancé you are,” she scolded.

“Because I don’t serenade him across the damned hall on one day a year?”

“I could treat him so much better,” she scoffed almost under her breath.

“What was that,” he bit.

“You know what I said,” her bravery shining through the rough. Gryffindors.

“Alright fine,” he slammed his hand on the table before not only standing on the bench, but also lifting himself so his feet were just next to his plate, his robes almost touching the jam on his toast. “Harry Potter,” he called against the way. The room went silent as they all stared at Draco.

“Oh god,” Harry mumbled, “What the hell is he doing?”

“I would just like the honor as to telling you how much I love you in front of all these people on a day that we both want to throw up at. To start off with, I love the way your face turns completely red when I call you in front of everyone, and I love how you think hiding in your robes will make you invisible!”

“Draco, shut up!”

“And I love how your glasses are always in my way when I try to kiss you! And-“

“Draco! Sit down!”

“I love how when I make you laugh, your nose crinkles-“

Harry stood. “Draco Malfoy! Sit down!”

“But on today of all days, I love you just a little extra because we both absolutely hate Valentine’s Day, and it’s just another thing we have in common-“

“SIT DOWN!” People started laughing.

“But Harry Potter I AM IN LOVE WITH YOU and I’ll scream it from the top of my lungs-“

“I swear if you do not sit your arse down, Draco Malfoy!”

“So Harry Potter-“
“DRACO!”

“Would you do me the honor as to being my Valentine,” he shouted across the hall. Harry was beet red and Draco was grinning a dorky grin. The only reason for him doing this was so he could embarrass him.

After a deep breath, “Yes! Now would you sit down!”

Draco smiled smugly and jumped off the table, catcalls ringing throughout the Great Hall.

“That means no, Denshaw,” he cocked his head to the side before grabbing his bag and his plate before he sauntered to Harry’s table. He nudged himself next to Harry after he plopped his bag down next to his. Draco grabbed Harry by the collar and smashed their lips together, receiving whistles from the entire hall. He then went back to his plate.

Harry stared at him, “What the hell was that?”

“What?”

“Draco…really?”

“What? You said that if I said yes, then she could be your Valentine but I got you first.”

“Draco you could have just said no and asked me later,” Harry turned back to food, trying not to smile.

“But this was so much more fun,” Draco did the same, taking a big bite of eggs, “Besides,” he mumbled through the food, “she provoked me.”

“Provoked you,” Harry dipped his head.

“Yes she did,” he swallowed with the help of pumpkin juice. “She said I was a horrible fiancé and that she could treat you much better. I imagine she’d bring you flowers and bow down to you because you’re Harry Potter.”

“That’s something I’ve always admired about you,” Harry nibbled on toast.

“What? That I don’t treat you like a god because of your name?”

“Yeah. You never have.”

“I’ve never wanted to. So if I was going to ask you to be my Valentine on this absurd day, I must do embarrassingly. It’s my word,” Draco said matter o’ factly.

Harry sighed, resting his chin on his palm, his arm being propped up on the table. “Damn you,” he laughed. Draco smirked.

“You know I did have a surprise for you for later, actually.”

“Really,” Harry almost spit out his food. “But you hate Valentine’s Day.”

“I think I can deal if I’m with you,” Draco gave a bold smile. Harry kissed his cheek.

“Why don’t we always sit together,” Harry asked.
“Because we sit together during every class, and at lunch we have study dates in the library, and we sneak out during dinner, and then we sleep in the same room half the time, and then we play quidditch practically every day.”

“Really,” Harry asked, “We’re with each other that much?”

“Yes. And you escort me in the halls, and we make out between classes.”

“It doesn’t seem like it,” Harry took a piece of bacon.

“Maybe it’s because you can’t get enough of me,” Draco put his chin on Harry’s shoulder.

“Maybe I can’t,” Harry smiled.

-----------------------------------------

That night, Draco took Harry to the spot where Harry proposed, candles floating everywhere along a blanket, like their first date. There, roses were surrounding the area and there were all notes attached, each reading something Draco loved about Harry.

“I really thought you hated Valentine’s Day,” Harry picked up a rose and sniffed it’s scent.

“I really do. But I love it with you.”

-----------------------------------------

Draco sat down at the library with Pansy and Blaise, preparing for the tests coming up soon enough, since apparently studying with his fiancé was entirely unstable, however Draco was too hung up on Harry to focus half the time, and was scribbling his signature over and over on his parchment, ‘Draco Potter, Draco Potter, Draco Potter,’ using different fonts and formations, trying to get the perfect one.

“Draco,” Pansy hit his arm. “Hello?”

“Sorry,” Draco jumped. “What were we talking about?”

“Transfiguration… Divination… Defense Against the Dark Arts… Herbology… not Potter, ring a bell,” Blaise said sarcastically.

“You know, Draco, you’re spending the rest of your life with him, it is much appreciated if you paid us just a little bit of attention,” Pansy set down her quill.

“I can’t help it,” Draco put his head in his hands for just a bit before lifting up again and going for a new roll of parchment.

“It’s your choice to fail if you want to. By the rate you’re at, Potter’s probably going to surpass every single one of your NEWTS. Don’t let him do that Draco! That’s something he’s going to hold against you the rest of your life. You’ll win a fight one day and he’ll say, ‘At least I beat you on the Potions NEWTs.’ Do you want that utter humiliation?”

“No,” Draco slammed open his book and began to furiously study. Ferociously he was scribbling on his parchment when he looked up to the squeaking of chairs across the row. There, Harry, Ron, and Hermione all sat down and began looking through their notes as well. Harry looked up to meet eyes with Draco where he then smiled, and the blonde smiled back.

“Draco! Focus,” Pansy reminded.
“Right!” Draco looked back down at his paper. Ten minutes later, a note had found its way to Draco’s lap.

‘Hey you,’ was all it said. Draco inked his quill to write back, but Pansy stopped him, giving hand signals.

Five minutes later, another note flew by. ‘Draco,’ was scribbled on it, and nothing else.

Another two minutes came another with the same word.

Draco looked up and mouthed, ‘what,’ annoyed, trying to not let Pansy and Blaise notice.

Harry waved.

Draco huffed in irritation and went back to his parchment.

It was less than thirty seconds when another note floated on top of his paper.

‘Would you like to go to Hogsmeade with me this weekend?’ Draco reread it two times before turning it on its back and scribbling on it quickly. He then folded it into an origami bird, knowing it would send Harry a sense of deja vu. Pansy eyed Draco as he did it, giving him a look that could turn him to stone.

“What,” he whispered, “I’m taking care of it, and he’ll just keep pestering if I don’t answer.”

The bird flew back to Harry.

‘Of course, my love,’ it read and Harry smiled brightly, Draco being able to feel it across the way.

“Harry, would you focus,” Hermione scolded. “You’re never going to be able to pass your NEWTs at this rate!”

“How does it matter, Kingsley already offered me a position as an Auror without them!”

“Are you the one who hates it when your name gives you freebies? Why would you want a career based off of your scar rather your hard work. You like us because we don’t base you off of your name, you like Draco because he doesn’t give you special treatment-“

Isn’t he great,” Harry asked in a daze. “I love him.”

“Yes, Harry, we get that,” Ron rolled his eyes, “I think the entire Wizarding world gets that you’re in love with the bloke.”

“I’m in love with Ron and you don’t see us sucking each other’s face off in the middle of class,” Hermione brought up.

“That was for Pumblechook. We haven’t made out in public in weeks!”

“Valentine’s Day in the Great Hall,” Ron raised an eyebrow.

“We didn’t make out, it was just kissing,” Harry said in a harsh whisper.

“There was tongue, Harry,” Hermione said flatly.

“What like you never kiss your fiancé,” Harry argued back.
“I mean we do, but not around the entire school’s population! And you two are always together, we never even see you anymore!”

“Anywhere you go, he’s not five steps behind you,” Ron complained.

Meanwhile…

“Draco, he has you so whipped it’s not even funny,” Blaise complained.

“I’m not whipped,” Draco argued, his mouth agape.

“Draco, really,” Pansy rolled her eyes, “It’s like you two are leashed together.”

“We are not-“

“Draco, look! He’s literally right there,” Blaise motioned his arm towards Harry who was arguing with his friends.

“It’s been a month and ever since you two came out, I swear you haven’t been apart,” Pansy crossed her arms.

“I sit with you at breakfast,” Draco pointed out.

“Draco, we share the same room and either he’s with you, he wakes you up, or you wake him up, or you’re not even there.”

“Even me and Blaise at least meet down at the Great Hall or in class. You two are the first thing you see in the morning, and the last thing you see at night,” Pansy complained.

“Hey, hold on, whose genius idea was it to make me the one to seduce him at the beginning? Because Pansy could have easily have done it and gotten over it like five minutes,” Draco strained, “This whole situation could have been over with the night of the Yule Ball, but no! Draco had to do it. And now I’m very happy with him and I’m suddenly whipped.”

“It’s not that we don’t want you to be happy, Draco, it’s just you two are exceedingly attached to each other,” Blaise nagged.

“I mean how would feel if Pansy died in the war and then suddenly hours later found you bawling your eyes out and when you finally think you can be together, you put her through hell because your own mother erased your memory of your entire relationship. Even if I didn’t remember him, I still saw him putting himself through torture everyday and every time I wake up I think of that week I didn’t see him and then suddenly I had to carry him to the hospital because he’s too weak to walk and he’s diagnosed with depression and post traumatic stress. For me, a test doesn’t even compare to him, so if you’ll excuse me, I’m going to take him to the lake,” Draco’s chair screeched as he got up

While that happened…

“You are so whipped Harry,” Ron groaned.

“No I am not! And even if I am, what’s so bad about that, he’s going to be my husband in eight months.”

“Yeah but Harry, don’t you want to have a life before you get tied down?”
“He is my life, Ron, as much as you don’t like that, he makes me happy.”

“We want you to be happy Harry, really, I just don’t understand how you two don’t get sick of each other,” Hermione commented.

“We just don’t and I don’t think we ever will. I mean we never fight fight anymore, we just have… domesticated quarrels,” Harry said.

“It’s because you two just got back together, wait a year or so and you’ll be back to cutting each other’s throats again,” Ron predicted.

“No we won’t,” Harry defended. “We’ve been through too much together to actually fight!”

“You’re forgetting Ron and I have been through a lot but we still fight,” Hermione brought up, instantly regretting it.

“I’m sorry I don’t recall Ron getting arrested and then forgetting who you were and you being stuck for five months dealing with the fact that he didn’t know who you were. Now if you’ll excuse me, I’m going wherever he is,” Harry got up and stood next to Draco taking his arm as they marched out of the library together.

“Totally whipped,” both Ron and Blaise said at the same time as Hermione and Pansy looked at each other and rolled their eyes.

“We aren’t whipped,” the couple called from the end of the library, getting shushed by a group of third years.

“Harry we are totally whipped,” Draco leant down and kissed Harry’s cheekbone as they kept walking.

“Oh I know,” Harry smiled. “I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

-------------------------------------------------------------------

The next weekend, Hogsmeede was on their list of activities.

Harry cast an alohamora on Draco’s door that morning and proceeded to jump on top of him in his bed waking him to a startle.

“Good morning,” he smiled while Draco kept from having a spasm and Blaise woke. Harry leant down and kissed his lips softly, as the blonde’s heartbeat slowed. Draco responded loosely, still unbelievably awake, and stared back at Harry. “Guess what today is,” he ordered.

“Give Draco a heart attack day,” Draco responded irritably.

“Good guess, but no,” Harry said, still on top of him, the deep green blanket separating their skins.

“Is it the day Blaise kicks your arse for waking him up repeatedly,” Blaise spoke from the other side
of the room, turning over and covering his face with his blanket. “Can’t you make out somewhere else for once?”

Harry ignored Blaise and stared into Draco’s tired eyes. “It’s the day we go on our first date in the real world… like a real real first date.”

“Are we ever going to get to a second date?”

“Possibly,” Harry smiled.

“I take it you’re excited,” Draco yawned, his tiredness sinking in.

“Ecstatic,” Harry replied, kissing his again.

“I’ll meet you in the courtyard,” Draco asked.

“Sure,” Harry smiled down at him.

“Wait Harry,” Draco called before he even got up from the bed, “You know what today also is?”

“Saturday?”

“The day I push you off the bed because you woke me up like a bastard,” Draco smiled fakely before using all of his body weight and pushing him off the bed, Harry falling on the floor with hardwood bruising his elbows. He groaned while he was kicked out of the room, only to meet Draco outside an hour later.

February was drawing to a close, it was still a bit cold and snow barely fell. Of course Draco over packed, taking two jackets and a scarf as he stepped into the air, small flakes falling on his hood.

“What, I’m cold,” Draco pointed out as they met outside, slipping on his mittens and adjusting his slytherin cap. Harry just smiled and shook his head before kissing him sweetly.

Harry only had on a few layers, and white flakes sprinkled on his hair. “Ready to go?”

Draco nodded and Harry took Draco’s mitten-covered hand and they began walking out of the castle, the slushy snow crunching beneath their feet. Most people had already left, for there weren’t many people around.

“How long have you been wanting to do this,” Draco asked as they reached the gates of Hogwarts.

“Since before we actually started dating,” Harry responded, taking in the fresh scent of nature.

“That far back?”

“Yeah! Remember when you almost kissed me in the hall before Potions during The Plan?”

“Phase Two went wonderfully, I must admit.”

Harry almost laughed at the creative name given. “That night, I couldn’t sleep because I was so wigged out-“

“Told you: it worked wonderfully.”
“Anyway, I thought about us two together, and I envisioned dates we would go on- the first being quidditch, this one I thought of soon enough after.”

“So four years?”

“Four years,” Harry leant his head on Draco’s shoulder as they kept walking into a denser part of the forest.

“That’s why you came parading into my room like a mammoth,” Draco teased. “You know you scared the living shite out of me right?”

“Sorry, I was just too excited to think,” Harry smiled and Draco pulled him closer by wrapping his other arm around Harry’s shoulders and Harry draped his arm around Draco’s waist. “I would have been nicer, but you know how I get.”

“I recall,” Draco laughed.

They spoke in deep conversation about past memories with each other, and when they ran out, they talked about the house they wanted, jobs in their future, kids, generic things that would build the rest of their lives. They smiled the entire way.

When they got to Hogsmeade they disconnected, but still held hands. Immediately, the people of the village stared, some with happy faces, a few here or there with disgust, but they didn’t even notice. The first place they went to was Zonko’s. Inside, Harry took a whoopee cushion and scared Draco with it, causing Draco to hit him with a rubber chicken.

They immediately went to Honeydukes after that, and again, bought each other candy. They bought over a dozen sugar quills each to finish out the rest of the year. On their way out, they blew bubbles into Drooble’s gum, and they sat on a bench outside the store, having a competition as to who got the bigger bubble.

“One, two, three, go,” Harry started the countdown and they started blowing until Draco’s popped early. “Ha! I win.”

“Mine was bigger!”

“No it wasn’t!”

“Yes it was!”

“Fine well go again! One, two, three go!”

They blew again and Draco’s face laced with so much concentration, Harry couldn’t help but laugh and his popped before it even got past his nose. Draco kept going; elation in his eyes and Harry saw them, as the pink gum grew as big as Harry’s head. Harry could hear Draco’s excited squeals as he began jumping up and down.

Harry took his finger and jabbed it at the candy, it bursting all over Draco’s face. Harry laughed so hard he sat back on the bench, the ice chilling his back.

“I still won,” Draco mumbled through the gum before trying to wipe it off.

“Are you hungry? We could go to the Three Broom Sticks,” Harry suggested.

“Sure,” Draco replied, peeling the residue off of his Slytherin scarf and beanie.
They made their way to the restaurant, which wasn’t too busy, surprisingly, and went to the exact table they sat months ago, but instead, their rings were on each other’s fingers rather in their pockets.

The couple ordered two butterbeers and Harry got fish and chips whilst Draco got Cornish Pasties.

“So, the last time we were here, you told me that you were legally engaged in an arranged marriage. Are there any bombshells you would like to drop while we’re here,” Harry looked at Draco.

“Harry, I’m straight,” Draco said in a completely serious tone.

“That’s awkward,” Harry laughed into his cup of butterbeer, “because you were not yesterday. Anything else?”

“Fake or not?”

“Humor me, because I know for a fact you love taking it up the arse.”

Draco tried to hide a giant blush. “So what if I do?”

“I mean, I prefer it that way,” Harry laughed. “Any weird fetishes I should know about before I commit to this?”

“When I’m alone, I like to pretend I’m a bat, and you might come home to me hanging upside down off of the roof,” Draco bit into his pie. Harry laughed over his food. “And I actually have a shrine of you in my sock drawer. Some say it’s an obsession, I say it’s appreciation. Oh, and I have voodoo dolls of you that I sacrifice to the well being of bacteria.”

Harry chortled. “Where did you even come up with that?”

“Who says I don’t do it,” Draco laughed.

“Alright, if it helps, I collect yeti teeth and keep them under my bed,” Harry played along.

“You know people actually collect those, right?”

“I imagine they’d be valuable,” Harry munched on a piece of fish.

“They are from what I’ve heard,” Draco took a sip of butterbeer. They continued on with their meal for a bit until Harry spoke again.

“You know, I’ve got to say since we’ve only dated each other and we’re engaged, I realized we missed out on all the horrible dates we were supposed to have,” he brought up.

“What, like first dates?”

“Yeah, you know, when you try things out and the person you’re with ends up being a huge jerk and you never want to see each other again and you just have a horrible time.”

“You’re saying you want that?”

“No, it’s just weird how we found each other right away instead of discovering who we weren’t supposed to be with first,” Harry thought out loud, “We didn’t have to go through that hassle.”

“Yeah I guess we got lucky. Would you like me to make it up to you? One day randomly I’ll take you out on a date and just be an arse the whole time if it would make you feel better.”
“See that’s what the flaw in the plan would be because I would think you were really being sweet the whole time, thinking of me and whatnot.”

“I don’t know, I think I would be pretty convincing,” Draco anticipated.

“Alright, one day just surprise me,” Harry ordered.

“I will,” Draco smirked.

“How are your Cornish Pasties?”

“Good, do you want some,” Draco asked, scooping up some of his pie onto a fork. Harry opened his mouth in response and Draco fed him by pushing his fork in his mouth.

“Thank you,” Harry chewed, “Want a chip?”

“Sure,” Draco opened his mouth and Harry put it just in range and as Draco was to bite down, Harry pulled the article away. “Hey!”

“Alright, fine,” Harry laughed, finally putting it in Draco’s mouth.

“What are we up to after this,” Draco asked, swallowing.

“Shrieking Shack?”

“As long as you don’t have your invisibility cloak and drag me across the god damned snow!”

Harry just laughed at the memory as he finished his food.

When they completed their meal, they found themselves on their merry way hand in hand, towards the Shrieking Shack. They stood and looked at it from afar, just at the edge of the fence. The two were alone.

A huge gust of wind caused Harry’s cheeks to burn and him to shiver. Draco took notice and unraveled his slytherin scarf, wrapping it around Harry. This caused Harry to grin. “Does this mean I get to keep it?”

“If you want, my love,” Draco stepped after him, hugging him from behind by wrapping his arms around Harry’s waist. The blonde placed his head on his shoulder, and Harry could feel the cold sting of Draco’s cheek next to his own.

“You’re wearing my pullover aren’t you?”

“It’s my second layer,” Draco kissed his cheek, his icy lips touching Harry’s numb skin.

“What happened to ‘I’m never going to become a Gryffindor,’” Harry asked, leaning back into his embrace.

“I got it from my boyfriend at the time, it doesn’t count,” Draco came up with the rules.

“And your fiancé at the time was willing to let you wear his clothing but you turned it down because…”

“Shut up Harry, you’re ruining the moment.”

He just snorted, attempting to hide the action he was to do next. Harry grabbed Draco’s Slytherin
beanie and took off with it, running up the hill, but slipping due to the incline filled with flurry, enabling Draco to catch up to him. The blonde knocked him over and proceeded to drag him by his feet across the damp slush.

“This is how it feels,” he shouted as Harry grasped onto snow and threw it at Draco as the other hand clutched the hat.

Draco dropped him and they tussled for the beanie, Draco successfully getting it, but Harry was too fast and locked his ankles around his lover’s own, causing the boy to fall next to him. Harry hollered and attempted to get up but was stopped by Draco grabbing his foot and pulling him back. “Oh no you don’t! You’re not going anywhere.”

Draco climbed on top of him and kissed his frozen lips.

“You messed up my hair,” Draco growled, his blonde strands flopping in the wind.

“Yes, well at least you don’t have ice down your trousers now do you,” Harry complained.

“It’s better than pie!”

“That depends on how you look at it,” Harry said smugly.

Draco’s glare broke and he smiled, looking down at his love as his love was looking up at him. He noted each and every single breath taken by Harry, deep and ridged from wrestling. He eyed him, starting with his own scarf wrapped around Harry’s neck, which corresponded to his green eyes, which just so happened to be staring at Draco’s lips.

“Four years,” he said, startling Harry from his daze, causing his eyes to spring up and meet Draco’s.

“Four years,” Harry smiled widely, “Four years of loving you.”

“Best and worst four years of my life,” Draco joked.

“Oh just shut up and kiss me already,” Harry snapped, and Draco did as ordered.

--------------------------------------------

One night later in March, the two were walking back from dinner, hand in hand, when Ron approached them.

“Harry did you hear?”

“Oh now what,” Harry expected something else bad to happen- it was just how his life was.

“Angelina said she wanted to get the old quidditch teams together and have a scrimmage. Would you be interested?”

“That would be incredible! Definitely!”

“Harry that’s great! You can finally play again,” Draco encouraged.

“You too Malfoy. I reckon we could get a pretty good game going. We could advertise it as the
‘fiancée battle,’ or something catchy like that?”

“That’s not catchy,” Draco said flatly.

“Whatever, you know what I mean,” Ron replied, “So are you two up for it? It’s on Saturday.”

“Yeah,” Harry nodded.

“Awesome, I’ll go tell Angelina,” and with that Ron left with excitement swimming in the air.

“So this means we get to be enemies again,” Draco asked.

“It does,” Harry smiled, bumping into him. “And since it does, we should make a bet out of it.”

“I like where you’re going with this.”

“Who ever wins, shags the other?”

“Very generic, but sure I’ll take it.” Draco commented. They both agreed on it, however in the back of their minds, they both were plotting as to what that entitled them to, making a secret scheme to make the experience more… interesting.

The entire way to the seventh year common room, they talked about quidditch, whether it be how they were going to play, where their old uniform was, how much they missed it, or Draco promising not to get him banned again.

Harry stopped the couple in front of the Room of Requirement. “Hold on, I want to check something.”

A door appeared, still warm from the room he summoned. He opened it, revealing lingering smoke and charred piles of ash.

“Why are we in here, Harry,” Draco coughed.

“I want to check something,” was all he said. Harry led him through the heaps of powder until they reached a particular object.

The Mirror or Erised was covered in dust, grime, and ash, but the article was still whole, and the only working magical thing in the room. Harry stood before it, Draco next to him.

“What do you see,” Draco asked him.

“Myself,” Harry smiled, “with you next to me, just as we are. What do you see?”

“Our wedding and…” Draco trailed off, looking at the ground rather his deepest desire.

“Your mother is there isn’t she,” Harry said softly.

“Harry, I told you not to talk about her,” Draco grew angry.

“We’re going to have to eventually. May as well do it now.”

“I’m not going to, okay?”

“Draco. She’s your mother.”

“Yeah I know, and she tried to tear us apart! She erased my memory, she knew I loved you more
than anything in the world, and she took you away from me in the worst way she ever could!”

“Yeah, but I don’t think she did it to break us up.”

“Why else would she? The only affection she ever showed me was when I got the mark, and when I talked about you. She was never there when my father beat me; she was never there when I was sad. She tried to take the only thing that made me happy away from me. That’s not a mother and I don’t need her.”

“Draco, she saved my life. She lied to Voldemort just knowing that you were somewhere safe because of me and that’s good enough for me.”

Draco remained silent and Harry wrapped his arms around him.

“Just think of what would have happened at the trial. Pumblechook saw right through me, he knew something was up. He asked you how you felt about me. What if you would have told them you loved me? I wouldn’t have been a reliable witness because they would think I was just doing it to snog you, and no one would have represented you. You would be next to your father right now.”

“Yeah well he’s dead right now.”

“Exactly. She saved you, and she saved us. Hell, she could be like your father and kick me out of your life.”

“You didn’t see yourself Harry. You didn’t see the look you wore everyday, and I had no idea what was wrong and I couldn’t help you because I didn’t know I was in love with you,” Draco turned to him, tears in his eyes. “I don’t want to hurt you again.”

“Hey shh, it’s okay. Everything’s okay now, you’re not going to hurt me.” Harry laced him into a hug. “Besides, it was worth it.”

Draco just readjusted his neck, which craned down into Harry’s. “Times like this I wish you were taller.”

Harry gave a dry laugh. “As for your mother, I’m inviting her no matter what, so either she walks you down the isle, or she’s sitting on my side.”

“You’re the one going down the isle,” Draco argued.

“You’re taking my last name, so sorry, but you have to,” Harry smiled, mumbling into his shoulder.

“Damn,” Draco said.

“So are you going to forgive your mother?” Draco stopped and thought, and the silence was drawing Harry mad. “Draco, we were at war. Don’t you think you should let it go? I mean I almost killed you and you forgave me.”

“Fine, I’ll write to her,” Draco finally spoke. Harry smiled and kissed his cheek. “Ah ah ah, don’t you think I should get more than that?”

Harry scrunched his face. “Fine,” he said before moving to his lips. Their bodies were pressed together and Draco towered over Harry, moving his hands to Harry’s hips. Harry ran his hands along Draco’s back before resting them on his neck and opening his mouth so their tongues could battle.

Draco wanted more, so his hands roamed to Harry’s arse, and he squeezed it forcefully. Harry smiled
into the kiss, breaking it. “Obsession,” he mumbled against Draco’s lips.

“Some say obsession, I say appreciation,” Draco replied, going for Harry’s mouth again. Draco positioned his limbs so he was lifting Harry by his arse, and Harry got the message and jumped on him, resting his legs around his hips. Draco took them to a support beam so that Harry was between him and the concrete. Harry moved his hands to Draco’s hair and tugged on the end before moving to Draco’s tie. “You’re not going to give me another hickey are you?”

Harry smirked, opening his eyes to look into Draco’s, their noses still touching. “They’ll match the others,” he said. Draco opened his mouth to protest, but Harry took the opportunity to grab Draco’s lower lip and suck on it.

Draco let Harry down and wrapped him close, placing a hand caressing his cheek, his thumb stroking aggressively over his cheekbone.

“Besides, what fun would making out with you be if I can’t mark my territory.” Harry threw the tie to the side and went for the top two buttons so he could press kisses to his exposed neck.

Draco, breathing heavy, moaned as Harry’s tongue reached his flesh.

Harry sucked on his collarbone and Draco clanged close to him, not knowing where to grab. He was seeing stars once Harry reached his vulnerable spot and he gasped, but as he did so, he sucked in ash, causing him to start coughing.

“Are you okay,” Harry asked, getting off of him and smacking his back. “Or are you trying to get out of said hickey?”

Draco just kept hacking and Harry grabbed his hand, leading him out of the ashy room. Draco stood outside the room, his hands on his knees as he tried to get the particle out.

Harry tried to keep from laughing at the irony as he rubbed his back. Eventually, Draco stopped coughing and he was left with watered eyes and swollen lips, but the swollen lips weren’t from burnt ash.

“You good now?”

“Yeah,” Draco swallowed.

“Good, I was hoping you weren’t going to die on me.”

Draco shook his head with a small grin. “Nah, but I would like to continue what we were doing earlier, if you wouldn’t minding asking for a more…suitable room.”

“As long as you aren’t going to choke on me,” Harry laughed.

“But what if I find something to choke on,” he gave him a suggestive look.

Harry just returned the face and opened the door.

----------------------------------

Harry stood in his Gryffindor uniform, concealed in sweat, in the locker room. Everyone was ready for the next match against slytherin, and Harry was getting into focus, trying to shake the thoughts that no matter what, he couldn’t let his fiancé win.
He was ready to join his team when two arms held him from it.

“You know, you look sexy in your uniform,” Draco said in his ear, “And covered in sweat, your hair all windblown and whatnot.”

“What are you doing here?”

“Complimenting you. You played very well against Ravenclaw,” Draco kissed his neck and tasted his salty sweat.

“And I’m going to kick your arse too,” Harry smirked.

“No you aren’t,” Draco pulled him tighter, “because I’m going to get the snitch first.”

“Even if you marry me, you’re still never going to get close to touching the snitch, so I suggest giving up now.”

“Trying to get inside my head, Potter by bringing our soon to be marriage into this,” Draco said in his arrogant voice.

“I’m just saying, tonight is going to be very fun, that’s all,” Harry mentioned, “And I’m not taking it easy on you, so good luck.”

“I won’t need it,” Draco smirked leaning in to kiss him, but letting go just before they touched.

Harry joined the others, ready to step onto the pitch.

“Remember Harry, don’t you dare let up for Malfoy,” Angelina said, “I don’t care if he’s your damned lover- it’s time to win, you can make out with him later.”

“Like I’d let him win,” Harry smirked.

The doors opened and excitement leaped in his stomach. They kicked off and went into formation in the sky, slytherin meeting up with them. Just a few feet in front of him, Draco stood giving an intense stare, ready to intimidate.

Madam Hooch stood at the bottom and released the bludgers, and the announcer entertained the crowd with commentary about Harry and Draco, but they were too focused to notice.

“Scared, Potter,” Harry called over the crowd.

Draco tried to pull a smirk, almost smiling, “You wish.”

The quaffle and the snitch were released, beginning the game. Before they knew it, everyone went into different directions, and they both began searching for the snitch. Draco went into the opposite direction of Harry and began searching.

It was quiet for a while, and half an hour into the game Slytherin scored twice while Gryffindor did four times.

Draco watched Harry sometimes and it was one particular time he saw Harry chasing after the snitch, but just above him, a bludger was thrown his way, and Draco found himself racing to knock Harry out of the way.

When he slammed into him the people gasped as Harry almost fell off of his broom, but Draco grasped his hand and set him back up on the floating firebolt.
“The hell was that for!”

“What did you just want me to let you get hit with that thing? I’m not going to win because you made a reservation in the hospital wing,” Draco shouted back at him.

“You’re not supposed to take it easy on me! If I don’t see it, let me get hit with it,” Harry argued with him.

“Not letting that happen,” Draco yelled before taking off searching again.

“Looks like there’s beef between the two fiancé’s on the pitch as Malfoy almost knocks Harry completely off of his broom but then saved him. Fixed feelings are flying everywhere as the two love birds get brutal,” the announcer said, “and another goal for Gryffindor!”

Harry tried to refocus when he saw a glistening gold shine along the other side of the pitch. Everyone was screaming and Harry’s adrenaline kicked in. Draco saw it too and they caught up to each other, Harry bumped into Draco, knocking him off of the path, but he recoiled as they turned along the pitch. The snitch flew low to the ground and Harry and Draco were neck and neck. They looked at each other, then back at the snitch, then back to each other then back to the snitch.

They both had their hands outstretched as they could feel the wind from the golden glory in their reach. At the same time they closed their hands and Draco lost balance, taking Harry with him as they fell off of their brooms and tumbled to the ground, rolling over each other again and again.

“Get off of me,” Harry struggled, their hands connected and the snitch in between.

“Let go of the snitch, I caught it!”

“No I caught it!”

“No I did!”

They both stood, their hands still connected as they argued back and forth. The entire crowd was quiet and all play had stopped.

“You git,” Harry shouted.

“Prat!”

“Moron!”

“Nimrod!”

“Ferret!”

“Scarface!”

They didn’t know who kissed whom, but all they knew was that their lips were together and the snitch fluttered between both of their fingers.

Suddenly noise erupted throughout the stadium, cheers and clapping and shouting and catcalls as they pulled each other closer.

“So who on the game,” the announcer asked over the intercom.

“We both did,” Harry smiled before kissing him again and dropping the snitch to the ground.
And finally, their love was at peace with the world.
Promises

When there was a knock at Harry’s door, he opened it immediately. “Hey,” he said, his tone unreasonable. Draco didn’t say anything, almost too scared too. “Can’t sleep?”

Draco shook his head and swallowed harshly. He wrapped his arms around Harry’s neck without a word, and after a deep breath, Harry had his arms around his back.

“You shouldn’t be here,” he whispered. Draco just shut the door behind him with his foot and he kissed him in the dark, Harry eagerly responding.

“And you shouldn’t be kissing be back.”

“Point taken,” Harry kissed him again. He moved his hands to Draco’s lower back and then to his arse. “And we definitely shouldn’t be doing that.”

Draco laughed. “Most definitely not.”

“Sleep with me,” Harry whispered, the darkness surrounding them. “Just tonight.”

“Of course.”

Harry grabbed his hand and led him to his bed, which was empty without him. “I hate being alone.”

“I know you do,” Draco tucked Harry in and wrapped his arms around him, Harry’s bum fitting into the curve of his hips.

“It reminds me of not being with you. It’s torture. Who could ever separate people like this?”

“I mean it’s a tradition. Surely they want us isolated since we’ll be together the rest of our lives.”

“It’s barbaric,” Harry complained.

“It’s only for one night.” His tone was calm, quiet. “Have you had any nightmares?”

“No… but I just… It’s our last night being fiancés. I want to spend it with you.”

“But tomorrow night, we’ll be husbands.”

Harry instantly smiled. “Wake me when it’s then.” He kissed Draco’s hand and soon enough drifted in his arms.

Draco’s nerves were so on fire, the blaze kept him from sleeping. He had no idea why, but his fingers were unsteady and clammy.

Well, he knew why, but he didn’t know why. Draco found himself staring at Harry’s hair and shoulders. He eyed the blue material that draped itself over Harry’s muscles as he thought about literally everything that could possibly go wrong in the morning.

Sure he and Harry were head-over-heels for each other, but still a wedding is one of the biggest events in a lifetime, and that thought made Draco strive to make it perfect.

Draco didn’t want to wake Harry, but he did want Harry’s input, and it would be the only possible time to have it since in the morning, the blonde was due to leave before Harry even woke up.
“Harry,” he whispered as quietly as he could go, “are you awake?” Harry rolled over, almost causing him to jump. “I thought you were sleeping.”

“Really,” Harry asked, “You thought I was sleeping? Good to know I can play it off well.”

“Shut it you,” Draco snapped in a louder whisper.

“Why are you awake,” Harry asked, his breath hitting Draco’s face since they were now so close.

“Nerves.”

“You’re actually nervous?”

“I mean, yeah,” Draco responded. “Why else would you be awake?”

“I’m hungry,” Harry said. Draco’s features dropped to that of an ‘are you serious’ face.

“You’re barking.”

“Okay okay, I’m nervous too,” Harry admitted, scooting closer to Draco so their legs were touching, and Draco put a leg though Harry’s warm ones, tangling them. “I just didn’t think this day would come, you know? I mean I’ve been thinking about this since- what?- sixth year?”

“Did you think about it before I proposed to you?”

“Yeah I did, actually,” Harry smiled at the thought. “I thought of it that summer before 6th year even started. I wasn’t going to take action, it wasn’t serious enough, but I just pictured it, waking up next to you every day, blowing up toasters and such.”

Draco scoffed. “I hate that thing.”

Harry snorted and looked him deep in the eyes to see the worry laced within them. He imagined he looked the same way. “Why are you nervous?”

“I mean… it’s more like an ‘it’s hitting me’ sort of thing. I never thought it would be here. I never thought that I would be changing my last name… it still hasn’t hit me that we live together. It just feels…strange,” Draco whispered and Harry stroked bangs from his face. “It’s a good strange, but just strange.”

“Yeah,” Harry agreed. “But I feel like it’s not going to be any different. We’re just going to go on the honeymoon and coming back here.”

“But I’m completely changing my identity, Harry, we both are. It’s not going to be ‘Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy,’ it’s going to be ‘The Potter’s’ or ‘Harry and Draco Potter.’ It’s going to be ‘us’ or ‘them’ or ‘those two.’”

Harry gave him a dreamy look before shutting his eyes. “Sounds brilliant.”

“It does, doesn’t it,” Draco smiled and Harry could feel it. “You’re not going to leave me at the alter are you?”

“Only if a Swedish underwear model breaks in and shouts ‘Stop the wedding!’ and confesses the secret love affair we’ve been having behind your back and I realize my everlasting love for him. We’d run off into the sunset together and raise little underwear models together.”

Draco gave a small laugh. “If you ever do cheat on me though, I’m kicking you out. I would divorce
your arse so fast, you couldn’t even blink by the time it was over.”

“And why would I ever do that,” Harry raised an eyebrow, opening his eyes.

Draco took a deep breath before leaving a subtle smile. “You wouldn’t.”

“Gryffindor honor. It’s you we would have to look out for, being slytherin and whatnot,” Harry had humor in his eyes.

“Oh please,” Draco snorted, “Like I would ever cheat on you, even if I was a slytherin, which is the house our kids are going to end up in.”

“Erm- no! That’s not how it’s going to work out. All gryffindor, all the way.”

“Oh Merlin no!”

Harry laughed and shut his eyes again. Draco grasped his hand and stroked it with his thumb, listening to the breaths escaping Harry’s nose. Draco shut his eyes, but opened them when Harry spoke again.

“So I get to call you my husband tomorrow? No more fiancé? No more boyfriend?”

“That’s how it works, nimrod,” Draco said. Harry snorted.

“I mean that this is it, you know, tying the knot.”

“It’s what we’ve been planning for the past year.”

“At least when this is all over, we can stop asking what color we want for the wedding.”

“Oh god,” Draco rolled over and mumbled into the pillow before turning back to Harry. “I can’t believe we decided that over an arm wrestling match!”

“Told you I’d win.”

“No fair, there was a bug up my nose,” Draco laughed.

“Liar,” Harry snorted and rested his head on Draco’s shoulder. There was a sweet silence.

“What are you most worried about tomorrow,” Draco asked.

“Dancing in front of all those people,” Harry whispered in his ear, and Draco played with his hair.

“Really?”

“Yeah. What if I trip you or something?”

“Are you kidding me, Harry? How many times did you trip me at the ball last year?”

“I promised I would learn for you, though.”

“You’ve done your best, Harry. We practice all the time.”

“I took classes.”

“A few months ago. I told you I was going to help our Mr. Weasley fix his flying car.”

“Hm?”

“Yeah. The car is still in the Forbidden Forest at Hogwarts, I reckon. It was at a dance studio, a few blocks down.”

“Jaycee’s Dance Studio?”

“Yeah. And you walked by the window so I hid in the bathroom for ten minutes.”

Draco looked at him in disbelief. “That’s how you got so good?”

“Yes. Kind of silly, huh.”

“I think it’s romantic,” Draco smiled. He got up from the bed and went into the other room of their hotel, leaving Harry watching him go by. He already missed his warmth. A few moments pass and suddenly he heard music. The blonde returned and held his hand out to Harry, who stared at him.

“Dance with me.”

“Draco-“

“Please. Practice makes perfect doesn’t it. And there’s no way in hell I’m sleeping.”

Harry got up with a smile, taking Draco’s hand, the hotel floor as ice, stinging him.

When they made it into the other room, he noticed Draco had moved most of the furniture and pushed it against the wall, giving them space. “Show me what you’ve learned. Go on, proper position.” Harry took his stance and grabbed Draco’s hand, and rested his other on Draco’s waist. They stepped to the beat, and Harry actually did very well. His only problem was that his sight veered down to his feet.

“Hey. Look me in the eyes.” Harry did. “Trust your technique. Everything is supposed to be focused on your partner.”

They were barefoot and in their pajamas, hair a mess. Harry wasn’t wearing glasses, and the only source of light was coming from a few candles Draco had lit.

“I had this girl for my partner. She was a lot shorter than you. Her name was Brady. She was okay… It just wasn’t the same. That’s why I stopped.”

“You stopped because I wasn’t there?”

“You. It wasn’t as familiar as I wanted it to be,” Harry said, his voice deep and smooth, although he started to babble. “I was always so nervous, and the director- Jaycee- she said I had the best form, and I completely doubted that until she put me in front of the whole class, and I stepped on Brady’s ankle and she twisted it…so embarrassing…“ Draco couldn’t help it, and he let go of Harry completely before grabbing Harry’s cheeks with both hands and kissing him deeply. Harry, although startled, relaxed and put his hands on Draco’s biceps, and rubbed them along his shoulders.

“You’re so…perfect,” Draco smiled when he released. “You suffered mortal discomfiture and put someone else in pain just so you wouldn’t mess up at our wedding.”

“I-I mean, sure.”

“Where are They Now: War Hero Edition. While Ronald Weasley and Hermione Granger immediately contribute to the Wizarding World, becoming an auror and the latter filing into the
Magical Justice Department, the star hero, Harry Potter takes a few years off from any duty whatsoever and finds himself in morbid embarrassment in attempt to slow dance in front of muggles,”” Draco laughed.

“Shut up,” Harry smiled, putting his arms around Draco’s neck, and they rocked back in forth in each other’s embrace, just as all those years ago in the Chamber of Secrets.

“I could marry you right now.”

“I could marry you, too.”

“Right this second,” Draco said, pulling him closer.

“We could go into the wedding tomorrow as a practical joke. ‘You’re all late! It was last week, you buffoons!’”

“That would be hilarious. Wearing t-shirts and jeans. We could bring popcorn.”

“Why is everybody here,” Harry laughed, mocking the guests to their ignorance. “What time is it?”

They both turned to the clock. It read: 2:24 a.m.

“It’s bad luck to see each other on our wedding day,” Draco said softly, turning back to him, as if the only thing he did want to see was Harry.

“Draco, I don’t think we’ve had anything but bad luck. How much more could possibly happen to us?”

“That’s an excellent point.”

So they danced on.

A knock on the door hours later after laughing and lying on the floor in the dark, talking, startled them. Harry sprinted to the bed, and in a flurry of sheets and pillows layed beneath the covers whilst Draco ran for the bathroom. Pansy entered.

“Have you seen your fiancé anywhere?”

Putting his above-average acting skills to the test, Harry pretended to wake, “Hmm?”

“Your fiancé is missing,” Pansy said in a panic.

“Did you check breakfast?”

“Well no… we were supposed to meet him down there.”

“He’s an early bird. He’s probably mowed through half the pancakes already,” his voice cracked, and in the dark shower, Draco covered his mouth to keep from laughing, and eventually he had to bite his fist. “Shut off the light, Pansy! Go away! I’m not supposed to be up for another hour,” he groaned, rolling the blankets over his head to block out the girl.

“Ugh! You’re no help,” she nagged, “You’d think you’d be more… thriving on your wedding day!”

She slammed the door without another word, and when the coast was clear, Harry hurdled up from his bed and met Draco in the doorway of the bathroom where Harry jumped on him and they kissed in a heated passion, although it was short lived. Harry shoved him while laughing. “She’s going to
“Well, what can I say,” Draco dug his hip into the door, “You’re irresistible.” He kissed him again, Harry complying for a little, but then he put his hands on Draco’s chest and proceeded to push him through to the bedroom, and through it, all the way up to the door. “You know, you’re sexy when you play hard to get,” Draco smirked, kissing his neck despite his pleas to leave.

“Draco,” Harry scolded. “Get in your room, or I swear she’ll kill the both of us!”

Draco groaned, “Fine!” He kissed his lips softly, “But,” he grabbed his hands, “Just know that I could take you right now.”

“Oh that’s the story of your life,” Harry scrunched his face and Draco kissed him one last time. As Draco turned to leave, Harry spoke once more, “Wait, Mr. Potter.”

Draco melted. “Yes, Mr. Potter?”

“I could take you right now, too.”

For some reason, that made Draco smile so wide. It wasn’t about sex, more so it was about loving each other, and he couldn’t have asked for more. “Would you like to go back to bed? You still have an hour.”

Harry outstretched his arms and Draco picked him up, slinging him over his shoulder. He practically threw him on the bed, bouncing like a ten year old. Harry laughed and shut his eyes, his last sight being of Draco. “Goodbye my love. I’ll see you at the alter.”

“See you at the alter,” Harry smiled with his eyes shut, Draco admiring him. He kissed his cheek and left without another word.

When the door clicked, Harry opened his eyes and smiled. Stretching along the bed he rolled into Draco’s pillow and squealed into it. He was getting married to his love, his soul mate. And within a matter of hours, he would be able to call his best friend his husband. He kicked his feet in the air out of excitement and laughed.

“Draco and Harry Potter,” he said out loud, loving the sound of it.

He showered with a smile on his face. And when there was a knock at the door, it being Ron, he answered with a smile on his face. And he got ready with a smile on his face up until his nerves really did kick in, and even then, he had a smile on his face.

“Excited,” Ron asked as Hermione fixed Harry’s tie. They were standing in front of a full-length mirror.

“Extremely,” he answered.

“Nervous,” Hermione asked.

“Awfully,” he swallowed, “I want to talk to him,” he said before abruptly walking toward the door. Ron grabbed him, “Oh no you don’t. Not yet. You’re not even dressed-”

“But I just want to tell him something!”

“No Harry,” Hermione scolded, a piece of hair falling from her bun. “You’ll have to wait.”
Harry groaned.

“Can’t you wait twenty minutes?”

“Well… I need to use the loo,” Harry lied easily, and he ran out the door before anyone could stop him.

“You know he’s just going to go see him, they’ll probably break every rule in the book, and then come back here and act like he really did go to the bathroom, right?”

“Absolutely,” Hermione said, “That and considering the fact that the bathroom is in here, we’ll have to play it off that he didn’t go see him.”

“Of course.”

Meanwhile, Harry was sprinting through the halls in hopes to find Draco’s room. The place they booked really was elegant, however Harry had no idea how the hell to find him and couldn’t even pay attention to the detail and classiness. He caught sight of a random worker.

“Excuse me, do you happen to know where Draco Malfoy’s room is? I’m his best man and wouldn’t want to be late on his big day,” he lied.

“Three doors down on the left, then go all the way down and make another left, and then two doors to the right,” the man spoke calmly.

“Thank you!”

Harry took off sprinting. When he got there, he knocked on the door only for Pansy to answer. She was dressed in dark green silk; elegant and predictable as always, but still gorgeous. Her hair was tied in a bun, loosely curly and earrings hanging in silver. Blaise was behind her, blocking Harry’s view of Draco.

“Get out,” she said simply.

“I just need to talk to him!”

“No, it’s bad luck!”

“Pansy really? Us have bad luck? That’s unheard of!”

“I’m not letting you see him. Not over my dead body.”

“Fine then, don’t let me see him. Bring him to the door and I won’t look.”

“Who is that,” Draco’s muffled call rang.

“Potter,” she growled.

“Potter as in Harry Potter? The one I’m marrying?”

“Yes,” she bit. “Is there any other?” Draco went up to the door, but Pansy blocked him. “There’s no way in hell I’m letting you see each other.”

“Hearing doesn’t have to do with seeing, Pansy,” Harry said.

“Fine then, talk, but I’m not moving.”
“Hi, Draco,” Harry said cheekily.

“How, he smiled. “What’s wrong?”

“Oh I was just wondering what position we were going to do tonight, that’s all. Do we want doggy style or-”

“Oh Merlin, I don’t want to know,” Pansy heaved as if she wanted to throw up and covered her ears, running away with Blaise hand in hand. The almost-newlyweds just chuckled.

“Oh seriously what’s wrong?”

Harry paused. “It’s just… I... there’s something missing.”

“Something missing?”

“Yes… Like somebody… I wish my parents were here.”

“Harry,” Draco said.

“I wish I could talk to them.”

“I know,” Draco said sadly. “Wait here. I want to get you something.”

“Hm?”

“Just stay,” he called, running to his back. Harry leaned against the wall. He really did wish his parents were there. To talk, to share his big day with them. Draco came back with stomping footsteps. “Harry?”

“Yeah?”

“Good, you’re still here,” Draco said, a small box in his hands as he leaned against the opposite side of the wall Harry was against. “I want you to hear me out, okay?”

“Alright.”

“Okay, so, remember before graduation you had that dream about your parents and you came parading into my room like a… well like a parade,” Draco swallowed, “And you just wanted them to be there?”

“Yes.”

“And you told me about the forest during the war with the resurrection stone?”

“Yeah,” Harry furrowed his eyebrows.

“That morning we went to the forest, and I told you I’d meet up with you. I went looking for it.”

“Draco,” he said with uncertainty. “You didn’t.”

“I did. And it took me a few hours to realize I could accio it, so I did, and I got it.”

“You’re barking,” Harry’s heart quickened and face went numb. He looked at his fingers to realize he was shaking.

“I brought back my father for about twenty minutes… we argued the whole time. I told him I was
marrying you, he looked at me in horror and I threw the stone at him just so I could remember his face like that,” Draco laughed. “But I lost it again.”

“At least you could see your father,” Harry choked. His throat was closing and his eyes were heating.

“I’m not done yet,” he snapped. “I… I- here.” Harry looked at the doorway to see Draco’s wrist, a small box in hand. Harry’s stomach dropped as he took it. “Go find an empty room. Tell them... Tell them I say hi.” Harry didn’t take it, but walked into the room where he turned to pounce on Draco as if he was his only source of air. He hugged him so tightly; it was if he cut off Draco’s circulation. “Hey, you’re wrinkling my suit!”

Harry just tugged him tighter, and then kissed his cheek. “Don’t care.”

Pansy saw him. “OUT,” she shrieked, however Narcissa held her back.

“Just let them go, it’s too late already,” she said.

“I love you,” Harry mumbled into his neck.

“I know,” Draco smiled and kissed his lips. “Now hurry up, we’ve got an hour until show time.”

Harry grabbed the small box and kissed his cheek sloppily again, Draco pushing him off, and he practically kicked him out the door, slamming it in his face. Despite it, he smiled, and searched for an empty room down the hall. There was no light except a small window with the curtains shut, letting a beam bleed in. He shut the door behind him and looked at the small box before pulling on the bow. It was wrapped just as Harry’s first Christmas present from Draco was: Slytherin and Gryffindor colors. The tag read, ‘My Love’ and Harry’s grin was so large it was if he was going to be stuck like that forever.

Opening it, inside revealed some cream colored padding and in the middle of it all stood contrast a familiar black stone. Harry’s heart stopped and he kneeled to the ground, sitting crisscross. He picked it up, almost as if he wasn’t expecting it to be real and just float through his hands, but it was indeed very much real. Closing his eyes, he closed his fingers around it, the stone being cold in his fist. When he opened his eyes two people sitting in front of him with smiles on their faces.

“Mum,” his voice cracked. “Dad.”

“Congratulations, sweetheart,” Lily said. “We’re so proud.”

“You did good, son. You did good,” his father smiled at him. “In the war. I don’t think you could have done any better than what you did.”

“I could have,” Harry started, “I could have saved more people-”

“Oh don’t you fret for one second,” Lily said sternly.

“Are they all safe?”

“Safer and happier than you can imagine,” she grinned.

“Fred?”

James laughed and laughed hard. “Oh he’s a good one.”

“He’s helping them all cause more mischief than they did when than they were alive,” Lily groaned
with her head in her hands. “It’s driving me crazy.”

Harry laughed but felt his throat close so tightly, and he felt tears sting the back of his eyes.

“Hey now,” James said, putting his hand over Harry’s, although he couldn’t feel it, “Don’t be sad.”

“We all just miss him a lot,” he hiccupped. “I miss you two.”

“We’re always here, you know that.”

“I wish you were here in person, though.”

“We know, Sweetheart,” Lily stroked his hair. “We always have. But we’re here the way we can.”

“Speaking of being here, Harry, could you please explain what we’re doing here?”

“Wait? You don’t know-”

“Malfoy?” James gave him a strong glare of daggers, just enough to scare him. “You would be so much as a fool as to go for one of those sick, loathsome Malfoy tramps-“

Harry’s eyes were so wide and his stomach felt as though it was to explode. How could his parents disapprove? This was a bad idea; this was a very bad idea. It was better not knowing, just to spare the feeling of vomit arising and the pool of tears in the back of his eyes.

“James,” Lily hit him, “Stop it, you’re making the poor kid sick! Mind him being… him. We think you two are cute together.” Harry immediately relaxed and wiped the sweat from under his eyes.

“Sorry, I just wanted to finally use the ‘you’re in deep trouble young man,’ face,” his glare broke and he smiled. “The boy’s not bad for a Malfoy.”

“You’re okay with me being gay?”

“Of course, son,” James patted his back. “It’s not like we could change your mind anyway. Besides, how could I not be proud of you? Just because you swing the other way doesn’t mean we don’t love you any less.”

Harry visibly felt loads and loads and loads better, and somehow his smile got even bigger. “Thank you.”

“So come on,” Lily scooted forward and nudged his knee. “When’d you know he was the one?”

Harry smiled. “I don’t even remember. I just knew. We got lost along the way and the only thing I found was him.” He lit up like a Christmas tree, a smile so wide he couldn’t break it. “It’s just… Do you think we’re going to make it?”

“We know you are.”

Harry wanted to cry. Finally, after the death of his parents, the years of abuse at the Dursleys, tackling being a nobody and a loser, being put up against unbelievable dangers with all the odds against him; after saving Sirius and only losing him again; watching helpless murders and living with the horrors of the Triwizard Tournament; after losing all hope and feeling every bad emotion as relentlessly possible, but also every good; dealing with losing the love of his life repeatedly without the hopes of ever being with him again, and hurting him in the exact same way in return; after living in anxiety for restless nights for months and for years, and after physically dying, and realizing when even at death, he could never be at peace in rest and his only peace was found when he was alive
and well with only one person; and after missing that one person and fighting for him in a losing battle but miraculously coming out on top anyway; and finally, after the burden of his entire existence being thrown at everyone’s face unwanted, he finally, finally felt what pure peace and relief was. He let a tear slipped then held the rest back.

The only constant besides tragedy in his life was his love for Draco, and the only thing he wanted to remain constant until he died, was the latter.

“How are Sirius and Remus?”

“They’re here. Probably in his room, screwing with him,” James said with a smirk. Harry laughed, wondering what it would have been like if they were all alive. “When we found out Malfoy had the hots for you, I told Remus the second I could after the war, and I swear I’ve never seen him laugh so hard. He had no clue how he didn’t see it. Sirius had a few choice words. He wanted to rip his head off, but he saw you two in the hospital wing that night and he confided.”

Harry blushed immediately. “So you’re saying you were there when we made out?”

“Don’t worry, we looked away,” Lily said. “We’ve been there a lot for you.”

“Wanted to make sure he was treating you right,” James reasoned. “We were very over protective of you, especially after the war.”

Harry paused. What they were talking about had so much sadness within it, yet so much beauty it was as though he didn’t know how to comprehend it. His parents were dead, but always there for him. It was strange to think about.

Then his eyes widened. “Wait, did you see us… you know…”

“Bang each other into the mattress?”

“Which you did in my bed,” Sirius snapped from behind him. Harry turned so red, he looked like a tomato.

“That- that was your bed,” his voice cracked three octaves as Sirius came round to sit next to James.

“Harry, you two did it on every bed.”

“And you watched,” Harry looked at him in mortification.

“Hell no! I went for a walk and came back three hours later to find you just changed rooms. I was horrified!”

“For the record, I told them to leave you to your privacy,” Lily said. “I wasn’t my fault you kept trying to check on him.”

“We wanted to make sure you were okay,” James coughed. Harry buried his head in his hands. “We didn’t think you’d be like rabbits.”

Sirius broke off cackling, “It was a nightmare.”

“Horrible!”

“Oh please,” Remus snuck up behind him and whispered in Harry’s ear, making him jump, “They were high-fiving and making bets on how long you’d last. They didn’t watch but… they knew.”
Harry was more disturbed than when Mr. Weasley asked him and Draco about practicing safe sex.

“Hi, Lupin,” Harry swallowed back the brick in his throat.

“Congratulations, Harry.”

“Teddy’s–“ he started in haste.

“Fine. I know,” he gave a smile. “He’ll be fine with you. We watch over him.”

Harry smiled back at him, solemnly though, and finally Sirius’s and James’s laughter died down.

“Do you have your vows ready,” Lily changed the subject.

“Yes.”

“Nervous at all,” Remus asked.

“Petrified.”

“Why,” Lily asked in softness. “You two are made for each other.”

“I don’t know. Maybe it’s the legitimacy of it. Being safe and sound without a loophole or a clause.”

“You feel safe with him,” Sirius’s eyes widened. “You’re joking.”

“I’m not,” Harry smiled.

“And you seriously love him?”

“Completely and wholly and endlessly and hopelessly, I love him and will love him. I still can’t believe he did this,” he looked at the stone in his hand. “God, he’s amazing,” he said more to himself, eyes watering.

“Yeah, and he follows you around like a puppy,” Remus snorted.

“Follows me around? We’re alone right now.”

“Are you kidding? He’s been standing outside the door this whole time, probably making sure you’re okay.”

“He has?”

“Yeah, we pantsed him twice,” Sirius laughed.

“Yeah we did,” Remus high-fived him.

“Draco,” Harry called. He turned to see Draco poking his head out from behind the door.

“Hi,” he bared his teeth.

“Have you been stalking me?”

“Maybe…”

“Shouldn’t you be getting ready?”
“Shouldn’t you?”

“I’m having a conversation,” Harry tried to keep a smile from breaking. To Draco, the room looked completely empty besides Harry.

“Can I come in?”

Harry turned to the group. “Can he?”

“Of course,” Lily smiled.

“No,” Harry told him. Draco’s face morphed sad. “Relax, I’m kidding, yes you can!” He patted the spot next to him. Draco walked to him, looking absolutely stunning. Harry was breathless. His hair was gelled back, but not too much, just enough to make him stunning. He seemed to be glowing in his suit of black. He fingered his robes were still in his room. “Y-you look incredible.”

“Thank you, so do you” Draco blushed, going to sit down, but Harry stopped him.

“Wait not there! You’ll sit on them.”

“Oi,” James shouted. “I don’t need Malfoy arse, I’ve seen enough of that,” he gagged.

“I don’t want to think about that,” Sirius put his head in his hands.

“Oh,” Draco said abruptly, although it sounded like Harry was insane. He backed up, “Here okay?”

“Yeah.”

There was an awkward silence after he sat down. “So I take it the stone works?” Harry smiled and nodded. Draco asked, “Are they right there,” he looked in their general direction.

“Yes.”

“What are they doing?”

“Staring at you silently.”

“Oh…” Draco bit his lip. “Can you tell them I say hi?”

“They can hear you,” Harry snorted. Sirius raised an eyebrow.

“I wish I could see them,” Draco said abruptly, although it sounded like Harry was insane. He backed up, “Here okay?”

“Yeah.”

“Don’t ask, you’ll just be disturbed,” Harry warned. James started sniggering as well as the rest of the present marauders. Harry grabbed Draco’s hand absently and Draco stroked his knuckles.

“What are they saying,” Draco whispered.

“My mum says hi. The rest of them are laughing at pantsing you.”

“That was your father? I just thought I lost weight.”

“No, it was Sirius,” Harry glared at him.
“How many are there?”

“My mum, dad, Lupin, and Sirius. And they’ll be going soon enough since the ceremony is beginning.”

“I’m sure no one would care if they knew the reason why you were late,” Draco said softly. Harry didn’t answer, but turned to his mother.

“I like him,” she smiled, “He’s handsome isn’t he?”

“For a Malfoy,” James crossed his arm.

“Eh, he’s not too bad on the eyes,” Sirius said, “But Harry probably goes for his stunning personality,” he sniggered. James laughed as a result.

“What are they saying,” Draco asked, tucking a hair behind his ear.

Harry fixed it for him by untucking it and tucking it again; “They’re calling you ugly.”

“Oh,” Draco said flatly.

“I’m kidding,” Harry laughed, looking into his eyes. “You’re perfectly gorgeous.”

“Are those your own words,” Draco raised an eyebrow.

“My but my mother says your handsome if that counts,” he laughed.

“C-can I say something to them?”

“Of course.”

Draco took a deep breath and turned to the empty space in front of them. Harry squeezed his hand. “I just wanted to say,” he took another breath, “Thank you for letting me take your son even though I never got to ask you in person. He… I’ll treat him the way he deserves to be treated. H-he’s incredible and I’ll make sure he’s happy.” He felt as thought he was going to be sick. This was worse than talking to the Weasley’s, why, he didn’t know. Maybe it was because it was the validity that it was Harry’s actual parents.

“I didn’t expect him to be so nervous,” Remus cocked his head to the side, examining his sweaty brow and shaky demeanor.

“He’d better be, he’s marrying my baby,” Lily snapped, and then softened.

“What’d they say?”

Harry turned to them, raising an eyebrow.

“Tell him… tell him thank you for taking care of him,” Lily spoke for all of them, “We approve.”

Harry turned to Draco and just had the biggest smile on his face. “They said thank you for taking care of me.”

“Oh that’s no problem at all,” Draco blushed, and his heart fluttered so fast he was about to explode.

“Remember James at your wedding, Lily,” Sirius laughed.
“Oh God,” Remus chuckled, “He was a nightmare! He threw up in the bathroom ten minutes before.”

“That’s how I feel right now,” Harry said to them.

“Feel like what,” Draco asked.

Harry turned to him, hiding his nervousness with a smile. “Happy. Like I’m going to throw up. Luckiest man in the world, take your pick.”

Draco giggled.

“Good, so Malfoy is the girl in the relationship,” James smirked.

“Oh totally,” Lupin shoved his shoulder, laughing.

“Of course he is,” Harry smirked as well. “Just wait til I tell him that.”

“What,” Draco asked, “What are they saying?”

Harry turned to him with the continuous leer, and leaned in so that their noses were practically touching. “You’re the girl.” He said it matter-o-factly and Draco’s smile dropped. He shoved him, knocking him on his back. Draco pinned his arms to his side and put on an intimidating glare.

“You’re making that up.”

“I’m not,” Harry tried to remain serious, tried not to smile, but no avail. “Ask them!”

“Those are your own words, Harry Potter!”

“They’re everybody’s!” Harry couldn’t help it, but broke his mask and started laughing, and Draco smiled on a day it was impossible to frown on. He leant down and kissed his cheek and down his neck.

“I think it’s time we go. Leave them alone,” Lily smiled, turning to the others. “He’s safe now. He will be.”

“Finally, the poor kid,” James said.

“That and I don’t need to see them make out more than they already do,” Sirius covered his eyes.

“We’ll be in the front row, kid,” Lupin smiled, and although Harry was preoccupied, he knew Harry knew. And Harry knew that this would be the last time they would be around. Leaving them alone meant leaving them forever, and for once, unexpectedly, Harry was okay with that. “And if you’re going to throw up, don’t do it on him,” Sirius laughed.

“Wait better yet, put it on him,” James laughed. Lily hit his shoulder.

“We love you,” Lily smiled.

And Harry let the stone fall from his hands before kissing Draco on the lips.

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Harry was wiping his sweaty hands on his pants whilst Ron patted his back when the music started. He immediately straightened up and stared at the door, the lump in this throat softening.
The room they were in was stunning. It was outdoors, however it didn’t seem like it, not until you steeped passed the pillars that made up the room to begin with. From then on, you could see the sky, which was just beginning to darken, stars already visible. Stars. That was their theme. All throughout the top of the ceiling made of soft white marble danced candles and small orbs of lights in which they looked like real stars. Millions of them. Like a galaxy.

The room itself was well lit, due to said ‘stars’ and along the pillars were drapes of dark green, stars among them too. Draco still couldn’t believe Harry picked green for their color. ‘It matches my eyes,’ he said when the deal was done. The floor, also made of the small white marble in which the pillars surrounding were made up of as well, but the carpet leading to the alter was also a dark green. Past the pillars, more so towards the attached building, fountains with lights flowed ceaselessly.

The chairs drenched in black and silver stood in rows and were filled with only the closest family and friends; in fact there weren’t many people there at all. No reporters, oh no, they kept it in secret; just the photographer was the only one outside of immediate family and friends. Harry’s side had more, however not by much. The Weasleys, which two of them were standing up next to him, filled all of the first row, and then behind them were all the members of the DA, which filled up most of the seats after. Finally, his favorite teachers were in the back including McGonagall, as well as Hagrid, whom was taking up three seats.

On Draco’s side were his slytherin friends, all that could come, and behind them were distant relatives, and finally behind them were random people Harry’d never heard of. Andromeda and Teddy sat a few rows in.

Harry gazed over them all, completely ignoring the flower girl and the ring bearer, and then he looked down at the front row, at his parents, and gave them a smile, the Weasleys behind them thinking Harry was smiling at them smiling back, but oh no. His mum and dad: that’s whom he was smiling at.

But it was when Draco walked out when Harry remembered time stopping, and he’d bet if he looked at the pocket watch resting in his robes, he’d be sure of it.

The boy froze completely at the sight of him. He couldn’t breathe, his throat hallowed. The candles hitting Draco they way they did, the stars reflecting in his eyes they way they did corresponded to that night exactly a year ago, when Harry thought it’d be the last time he could see Draco’s eyes lit up. He wanted it like that. He wanted it like that because it gave him hope, and it reminded him of how beautiful Draco truly was, and in the exact immeasurable moment that was occurring right this second, he thought Draco was the only beautiful thing in the entire world.

He literally was glowing, and his smile was so wide and so precious, it was if it was the criminal that stopped time from ticking, and stopped Harry’s heart from beating. He walked down with his mother, and it was like he was floating, just as that first fake date they went on. God, he was beautiful.

But then their eyes connected, green and mercury, and Harry’s mouth went dry and his eyes went wet. “Draco,” he whispered so softly he didn’t even know he did it. Draco’s face broke yet again and he let out a sharp, happy huff. What felt like a thousand endless steps finished just before the three stairs that linked them. Narcissa placed a kiss on Draco’s cheek and he smiled at her before looking up at Harry.

He was in such a daze, staring into Harry’s what-felt-like soul, he misjudged the step and ended up tripping over the first landing, falling towards the ground but Harry catching him before he had a chance to. That was when Harry remembered to breathe just so he could laugh at him (in support of course). That was when his tears finally fell. Draco turned so red, it was if he could light up the
whole room with it, but not only did Harry laugh, but he grabbed Draco’s hand and led him up the stairs, then released and started clapping.

The room joined in and Draco started laughing too. Harry turned to the crowd, “Ladies and Gentlemen, the love of my life.”

The all smiled and laughed and clapped, and Draco marked it down in the history books as being the most embarrassing moment in his life, but he forgot all that when Harry grabbed him by his tie and kissed him flat on the lips. Draco could feel the tears on Harry’s face; Harry could feel Draco’s. They were finally doing it.

Kingsley behind them cleared his throat. “When you’re read, Harry.”

Harry released him, “Right sorry.”

“Remind me to get drunk later,” Draco whispered in his ear as they waited for the crowd to die down.

“Remind me not to so I can hold this against you the rest of our lives,” he whispered back. Draco hit his arm and a few people up front sniggered.

“Welcome, family, friends and loved ones,” Kingsley boomed, signaling that he was going to do this damned ceremony if people were listening or not, “We gather here today to celebrate the wedding of Harry and Draco. You have come here to share in this formal commitment they make to one another, to offer your love and support to this union, and to allow Harry and Draco to start their married life together surrounded by the people dearest and most important to them. They thank you for your presence and ask for your encouragement and life-long support in their decision to be married.”

“And if you don’t, we’ll hunt you down,” Harry whispered loud enough for Draco to hear it, and Draco snorted, earning a glare from Kingsley.

“Marriage is perhaps the greatest and most challenging adventure of human relationships. No ceremony can create your marriage; only you can do that – through love and patience; through dedication and perseverance; through talking and listening, helping and supporting and believing in each other; through tenderness and laughter; through learning to forgive, learning to appreciate your differences, and by learning to make the important things matter, and to let go of the rest. What this ceremony can do is to witness and affirm the choice you make to stand together as lifemates and partners. Hold hands.

“Will you, Harry take this man to be your wedded husband?”

“Erm.. wait, hold on,” Harry said, and Draco furrowed his eyebrows and turned to him, only to be smooched yet again. “Okay yeah, I do.”

“What was that for?” Draco furrowed his eyebrows.

“I just wanted to get that out,” Harry said nervously. What Draco picked up on was that Harry hated being in public places after the war. He hated being all open and defenseless in front of public. That’s why he made the wedding so small: because Draco was the only one who could see him with all his walls down, and anyone who did, Harry made sure he completely trusted.

Kingsley glared at them both before continuing on, causing a few to laugh. “And do you, Draco take this… insane man to be your wedded husband?”

“Oh good we’re on the same page when it comes to Potter’s sanity,” Draco smiled mischievously.
Kingsley gave him a blank glare. He had to be attending raids right now, and Draco and Harry were delaying him. “Answer the question.”

Draco opened his mouth, then turned to Harry and closed it again. He snagged a kiss from him as well, long and reassuring, as if both their raptures could only be found on the other’s lips. “I do.”

Kingsley bit the inside of his cheek and a few laughed. “… Are you two done making out now?”

They both opened their mouths to answer but remained silent. They then looked at each other, dead in the eye. Harry raised one finger and then went to kiss him again, slow and chaste and Seamus whistled.

“Okay,” Harry said breathlessly, “Maybe.”

“No promises though,” Draco tried to keep from smiling.

“Two people in love do not live in isolation-“

“Give or take three years,” Harry interrupted him quietly, not meaning to, and Draco once again tried not to snort. Kingsley ignored him.

“Their love is a source of strength with which they may nourish not only each other but also the world around them, as well as annoy everyone in their wake. And in turn, we, their community of friends and family, have a responsibility to this couple. By our steadfast care, respect, and love, we can support their marriage and the new family they are creating today. Will everyone please rise.”

They did. “Will you who are present here today, surround Harry and Draco in love, offering them the joys of your friendship, and supporting them in their marriage?”

“We will,” they all chorused.

“You may be seated.”

The big part was coming up next, and Draco felt as though he swallowed an elephant, since he was going first. He wanted to kiss Harry first, although he kept himself from it.

“We've come to the point of your ceremony where you're going to say your vows to one another. But before you do that, I ask you to remember that love – which is rooted in faith, trust, and acceptance - will be the foundation of an abiding and deepening relationship. No other ties are more tender, no other vows more sacred than those you now assume. If you are able to keep the vows you take here today, not because of any religious or civic law, but out of a desire to love and be loved by another person fully, without limitation, then your life will have joy and the home you establish will be a place in which you both will find the direction of your growth, your freedom, and your responsibility. Draco, you may read your vows.”

Draco swallowed and turned to Harry, Harry facing him. “H-hey you.”

“Hey,” Harry smiled. His vision was blurry.

“Okay, so. I Draco Malfoy take you Harry Potter, unfortunately, to be my wedded husband,” he sniffed, feeling his throat close, “To be not only my love, but also my best friend. I will trust you and be there for you until my dying day. I will hold you every time you have nightmare. I promise to correct you every time you tell the time wrong, and I promise to only call you an ignoramus only when your inerudite recuperation skills are that of an ignoramus.”
Harry felt the back of his eyes burn. Draco seriously remembered that from almost five years ago? A few tears fell from his eyes, and his heart throbbed out of his chest.

“I promise to challenge you, and I probably will challenge you every day, and I will openly accept your challenges in return. I promise to make you feel safe. I promise to make love to you and always be yours. You brought so much color and fire into my life and I promise to never let that burn out. And,” Draco took a big, shaky breath and looked deep into Harry’s eyes, a tear falling from his own eye, “I promise to remember you even if I forget you. And I promise to find you if I ever lose you again. And above all, I will love you until time runs out, freely and unconditionally, and endlessly and hopelessly.”

Harry smiled and let out a choked sob, wiping his eyes so he could say his own.

“I, Harry Potter, take you, solemnly, to be my wedded husband. When you trip and fall, I will be there to catch you unless I’m the one who did actually trip you.” Everyone laughed and Draco did very much, shoving Harry’s shoulder, “I promise to respect you and be completely and utterly loyal to you. I will always stick up for you, and be there for you, and hold you when we watch scary movies together. And I promise to only be a pest when absolutely necessary, which is all the time mostly. I promise to always misread the time, and I promise to love you when you correct me.

“I promise to be your best friend, and defend you until the end of the earth. I will treat you the way you deserve to be treated. I promise to love you as much as I love magic, if not more… yeah, definitely more. I promise to never let you feel alone. I take you to be my partner in crime, small crime, or course Kingsley,” he reassured. “I promise to take you as my rival and my lover. And I promise to cherish you, and make every single moment last, but most importantly, I promise to never hurt you like I did. I promise to love you unconditionally endlessly and hopelessly. Oh, and I promise to always call you Ferret.”

Draco’s heart swelled. He couldn’t help it: he grabbed Harry and wrapped his arms around him and hugged him tightly. “I love you,” he whispered in his ear.

“I love you too, ferret.”

Kingsley, very loudly, cleared his throat. “May I have the rings?” The ring bearer gave him them. “Repeat after me: I give you this ring as a daily reminder of my love for you. Or you know, go ahead and say whatever you want. You’ll probably mess it up anyway.”

“Love you, too, Kingsley,” Harry snorted. Harry grabbed Draco’s ring and he grabbed his shaky hand. “I give you this ring,” he looked into Draco’s eyes, “Draco Malfoy, as a daily reminder of my love for you.”

He slipped the ring on and Draco felt whole, as if it was written in the stars to be exactly where he was. “You didn’t mess it up.”

Harry smiled as Draco took his hand. Almost over. He took Harry’s ring, it slipping out his hand, however he caught it, and Harry kept back a laugh. “I give you this ring, Harry Potter, as a daily reminder of my love for you.”

A chill when down Harry’s spine.

“By the power of your love and commitment, and the power vested in me,” Kingsley smiled, “I now pronounce you husband and husband! You may now… keep making out with each other…”

It was when Kingsley said husband and husband when they basically started attacking each other full
force. But of course it’s not like they could help it.

Who wouldn’t want to kiss their new husband?
Epilogue

Draco was sprinting through the dark halls as fast as he could, just trying to find the right room. The night gave St. Mungos Hospital an eerie and abandoned feeling, even though there were plenty of nurses around. They all wore the same face, looking at him in utter dismay.

“Where’s my Harry,” he begged a short woman on the fourth floor- spell damage- but she just gave a blank stare as if she was too afraid to speak. “Where’s his room, Harry Potter! Please! Does anybody know where my husband is!”

Thankfully, down the hall, Ron heard Draco’s yells and called him over. There was a bench outside of Harry’s door where he was waiting, along with Hermione. The girl was crying and Ron was consoling her. When she saw the look in his eyes, she got up and gave him a hug, although it didn’t do anything for him.

“What happened,” Draco turned to Ron who was trying to hold himself together. The Weasley was still in his Auror uniforms and there was blood on them- Harry’s blood. Draco himself was trying not to cry, but he was shaking and his whole body was numb.

“We were working on the Kline case and tracked him down in Knockturn Alley. When we went after him, Harry just seemed so out of it and we were throwing spells and he just wasn’t on guard. All I saw was him get hit and he smashed into a store through its window. After I stunned Kline, I went to go find him but he was completely blacked out. What happened between you two?”

“We’ve just been fighting a lot about his job lately. I haven’t seen him at all, and when I do we always bicker. I don’t know, I was trying to make him think of the time when we were young; when he kept fighting for us no matter what, and so when he woke up this morning, I don’t know I was being idiotic, and I thought he was past it all,” Draco could hardly talk since he felt so horrible about it, and Hermione put her hand onto his shoulder, “I acted like I forgot him just to scare him, but he just got really angry and we started arguing over it. He kept going off on me and I told him he was over reacting and he called me a ‘selfish, conceded bastard,’ ” Draco cried, shaking, “Then I told him I would have been better off if I did forget him, which was completely out of line, I know, and he started crying and said ‘fine I’ll remember that when I sign the divorce papers,’ and he just left. It was the worst fight we’ve ever had. I didn’t mean it! I swear! Just please tell me he’s okay!”

They just stood there, staring at him like they did fifteen years ago, when Harry walked to his death.

“I can’t do this again,” Draco started sobbing as he sat down and put his head in his hands. It was the fourth close call that his husband had encountered as an auror, and that was what most of their fights were about. No job was worth losing someone so important to him, and Harry would always argue that the situation was under control. Draco would then yell ‘bollocks’ and Harry would have ‘the trust talk’ with him.

“I can’t live without him anymore!”

Just then, a healer walked out of Harry’s room with a solemn look on her face. “I take it you’re the husband,” she said, trying not to sound annoyed since it was much past her hours, but her voice was one of sadness as well. Draco shook his head looking up at her.

“How is he?”

“It’s very hard for me to say this, Mr. Potter, but Mr. Potter’s health isn’t doing well,” she said
gravely, just seeing the look on Draco’s face visibly drop as she said it.

“What’s the diagnosis,” Draco tried to keep calm, but his voice cracked.

“He was stung with a special kind of dark curse. We couldn’t really determine exactly what, but it wasn’t fatal,” she said, although she didn’t seem to know what she was doing.

Draco relaxed, “Well the spell wasn’t,” and he tightened again, “the fall however, was incredibly destructive. He broke several ribs and one pierced his heart-“

“No no no no no no no,” Draco started getting up and almost ran to the door but Ron grabbed him, “Please just let me see him!”

“Mr. Potter, you need to let our healers do their work. We are giving him all we can. He has a heartbeat but it’s very subtle, and almost undetectable.”

“So you’re saying he’s dying in there, and I’m not going to be able to see him!”

“I’m not saying anything. I am telling you the diagnostics like you asked me to,” she scoffed, eyeing his left arm. The black sleeve rolled up a bit, revealing a small fraction of his dark mark.

“Give him a break, this is his husband of 15 years you’re talking about,” Ron snapped.

“Who happens to be Harry Potter,” Draco raised his voice. He was always proud of Harry for who he was, but sometimes the ego went to his advantage in restaurants and such.

“I understand, but we are doing all we possibly can right now for him. Just prepare for the worst, Mr. Potter, I would rather you not be blind sided,” she said quietly before leaving. Draco broke down again.

“It’s all my fault! I shouldn’t have said it! I shouldn’t have said it,” he repeated over and over into Hermione’s shoulder.

Another healer came out 20 minutes later, tall and male this time with sweat dripping from his face. “I’m sorry, but visiting hours are much over.”

“What time is it?”

“It’s 1:24 in the morning-“

“So having me stay the rest of the night won’t matter,” Draco challenged. “Please!” After a bit of thinking, the healer just nodded his head and went back into Harry’s room.

“Ron and I are going to go, the kids are probably worried. Do Lily and Scorpius know?”

“No, Lily is at Hogwarts and Scorp is with Molly,” he said, rubbing his face.

“Alright. We’ll stop by in the morning,” Hermione scheduled, kissing Draco’s forehead.

“Goodnight, Draco, take good care of him,” Ron said, patting his shoulder before taking his wife by the hip and walking down the hall.

Draco was alone. He took his ring and started twisting it over and over again. And that’s when the yelling started. He could hear it coming from Harry’s room, panicked shouts.
“He’s failing!”

Draco got up furiously and tried to open the door but it was forced shut and then locked. He banged on it over and over again to point in which his hand stung. Draco put his back against the opposite wall and he slid down it, burying his head in his arms, which were huddling his knees to his chest.

How could he have been so foolish, so stupid, telling Harry he wanted to forget him? Yeah they had been fighting, but so had every single couple there ever was. He didn’t even know how he even spat that sentence out of his mouth. They had such a happy marriage. Everyone, even the papers, call them the ‘forever honeymooners,’ since they were so in love, so happily, deeply in love.

It was just the past year between the third and now fourth accident, that they began fighting.

And Draco just completely screwed up. And it could cost him the love of his life.

The shouts got more frantic, until they completely stopped, and an unnerving silence surrounded the hall.

The small woman healer came out with a look of heartbreak on her face. She couldn’t speak.

Draco’s lips quivers and he lifted himself up from the floor shakily. He didn’t even know how he was walking, but he was.

Here he goes again.

The sight in front of him made him want to throw up. Harry was covered in blood, this face had scratches and was inhumanely pale. His glasses were smashed and broken, and he wasn’t breathing.

“Harry,” Draco breathed, collapsing at the edge of his bed. “Harry, wake up, please Harry,”

There was no answer. Draco took Harry’s hand, which was stone cold and unmoving.

“Harry!”

Nothing.

“HARRY! Please wake up!! I’m so sorry Harry, I’m so sorry, this was all my fault! Please don’t leave me!”

“Mr. Potter-“

“Damn it, you should be here right now! We should be asleep in each others arms!”

“Mr. Potter-“

“I love you so much, Harry, please don’t go! Please, please don’t go! I need you!” Draco sat up on Harry’s bed and basically fell on his chest, sobbing into the lover’s shoulder. He wrapped his arms around Harry’s body, pulling him close for a bit of silence until he spoke again. “I just wish I could hear your voice one more time. I just wish I could kiss you one last time.”

“Draco,” a crackled, barely noticeable sound went into Draco’s ear.

Draco looked up at Harry’s face, which hadn’t moved- or looked like it hadn’t. “Oh great now I’m hearing things,” he sobbed, running his hands through Harry’s deathly still hair. “I need you so much, Harry. What about the kids, what about me? How am I going to live without you?”

“Draco, get off,” Harry whispered a bit louder, “You’re crushing me.”

“Yes, you ferret,” Harry cracked, not opening his eyes.

“Oh my god!” Draco, although covered in tears and snot, kissed him and cried over his face, the drops falling onto Harry’s cheeks. “I love you so much! I’m so sorry.”

Harry finally peeled opened his eyelids enough so he could see Draco, only Draco. He turned to his healers, “May I please have moment with my husband?”

“Yes of course, Mr. Potter,” they said before leaving the room.

“Hey you,” Harry turned back to Draco, who was still blubbering, “come here.” Harry intended he lay on the bed.

Draco, although was shaking the whole time, moved his body next to Harry’s, helping him scoot over as well. “Everything hurts.”

“I know, Harry, I know,” Draco sniffed. “It’ll be okay.”

“Says you. I feel like you’re going to be more traumatized than I am,” Harry barely laughed. Draco just choked, another round of tears flowing as he nodded his head and diving into Harry’s shoulder. “Hey, look at me,” the man said softly.

Draco looked up at him, trying not to cry more, but he did, just looking into those irises. His lip started quivering and Harry wanted to move a hand through his hair but he couldn’t lift his arms. “You’re such an ugly crier,” Harry laughed.

“Shut up,” Draco cried, shoving his head into his neck. “I miss you, Harry!”

“I miss you, too, and the kids, so much… I’ll probably be off for the next couple weeks and then I’ll get slowly back into it.”

“No you’re not,” he shot up, “This is the fourth time I’ve found you on your damned deathbed. And not just the number four; one, two, and three come before it, then four! Like hell you’re going back to being an auror!”

“Draco-“

“Harry, we have enough money to last us the rest of our children’s children’s lives’, let alone our own! Plus I work and I never see you anyway because you work the weekends, me the weekdays. Please Harry. I can’t go on like this with you anymore. We fight constantly. We talk about divorce! Divorce! Us! Harry, please. I’m not going to live without you any longer.”

“But Draco-“

“No, stop shutting me out! I don’t care what your job does for you and your ego! I need you! The kids need you!”

“Where are they? Lil and Scorp?”

“Lily was on her way to the Gryffindor common room after dinner when she kissed me goodnight, and Scorpius is at Molly’s.” Harry nodded his head in approval. “How are you even supposed to work anyway? How bad is the damage?”

“Really bad…”
“Worse than when you broke a plate in your back? You were out for almost 3 months! I thought you’d be paralyzed.”

“Much worse…” Harry sighed, his eyes watery.

“Harry, please just be the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher. Professor Thomas is too boring, and McGonagall practically begs me to get you there everyday.”

“I don’t know Draco, you ask me all the time.”

“Then we can be with the kids, us as a family. Lily is really good in Flitwick’s choir and she’s been dying for you to see! And you won’t miss out on Scorpius’s quidditch matches.”

“Scorp isn’t even at Hogwarts yet.”

“He’s going to do Slytherin proud! We need a seeker.”

“No, we are totally having an all Gryffindor family,” Harry smiled, fighting back. Draco smiled at his smile.

“I miss you like this, Harry,” he said.

“I miss me like this, too. I’ll write to Kingsley in a few days telling him I quit.”

“Okay,” Draco smiled, trying to hold back more tears, but failing miserably.

“Why are you crying again?”

“Because I have my Harry back. And I love him. And sometimes I love him so much it hurts.”

“Really now? Like when,” Harry’s voice scratched at the déjà vu.

“Like right now-“

“And when you remembered me.”

“And every second in between. God, Harry. I can’t believe my last words to you would have been… that... I-I-“

“Shhhh, Draco, relax,” Harry interrupted, “It’s okay. I promise. I know you didn’t mean it.”

“I didn’t Harry! Really,” Draco cried.

“I know,” Harry whispered, bringing his hand, slowly, but surely, up to Draco’s head. “I’m sorry I always bring up divorce. It’s such an ugly word. I don’t ever want you and I apart again, okay? I only say that so it will snap you out of it.”

“Well it only scares me that I might lose you again. I could never divorce you. I love you,” Draco looked him right in the eyes before kissing him oh so gently- he could barely feel it himself.

“Are you going to say you love me and then kiss me like that and expect me to believe you, or are you going to kiss me for real and make me believe you?”

“I don’t want to hurt you.”

“Hurt me, Draco,” he begged. “Please hurt me!”
Draco cupped Harry’s cheek, “I love you,” he said firmly, then he smashed their lips together: the same fire, the same spark, and the same love.

“Hold me,” Harry whined, his voice cracking again as he sounded like he did when he was 15. He couldn’t even lift a muscle; even putting his hand up to Draco took all his energy.

“Of course,” Draco whispered. He softly lifted Harry’s body, despite his yelps, because he knew that this is what he wanted, and he placed it on top of his own chest. He wrapped his arms around him and kissed his neck.

“I love you, Draco.”

Draco turned to him. “Harry, you haven’t told me that in three years.”

“Three years? God, I’m so stupid,” Harry said, “I’m so sorry. I do. I love you.”

“Endlessly and hopelessly?”

“Endlessly and hopelessly.”

Later that morning, Ron and Hermione found them asleep like that hours later, no healer on sight.

That was four years ago.

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Harry walked down the oh-so-familiar staircase he’d climbed over multiple detentions and patronus lessons throughout his years at Hogwarts. It was like traveling back home.

The mumbling class chatter ceased when he walked in front of the group of Slytherins and Gryffindors, them all staring at him in awe.

‘Here it goes,’ he thought to himself before speaking for real. “Good morning 7th years, as you probably have guessed already, I’m Professor Potter, and welcome to Advanced Defense Against the Dark Arts.”

He stopped in the center if the room, taking a deep breath. “I am incredibly excited to educate you students. To start off with: rules. Erm, no talking while I am, respect others, and you probably already can guess the rest, you all are far too old. I’m sure you will all be pleasant, and I look forward to teaching you.

Are there any questions? And if there are, once you ask, please state your name. It’s going to be hard enough for me to remember everyone’s, may as well start early.”

A hand went up in the back right away.

“William,” A Gryffindor stood, “Will there be a lot of essays, because I’m not very good at essays,” he said absentmindedly. He looked like he had no idea what he was doing. His brain capacity caused him to smile.

“I figured that would be a question,” he grinned, ”Out of class assignments will probably be minimal. Defense Against the Dark Arts is what it sounds like- defense. If anything you’d have to research the proper technique or something beneficial to learning about defensive strategies, but I’m not going to
make you learn about the history of magic and write a 10 page paper about it.”

The entire atmosphere grew relieved. Honestly, Harry remembered hating homework, and he knew he would hate grading thousands of papers a day. Another hand rose and Harry lent back on his desk.

“Bethany, sir. What shall we be calling you since ‘Professor Potter,’ is already taken by Professor Potter,” an innocent Gryffindor asked.

“What do you mean by taken?”

“Last year, Professor Potter said you’d be joining staff and he said under any circumstance, he is the original Professor Potter and you would have to change names.”

Harry opened his mouth to argue back but he was baffled. “What?”

“That’s what he said, sir,” she backed away sheepishly.

“Mind him, he’s a bit… insane,” he bared his teeth, “I’ll talk to him. Just call me Professor Potter. Wait- he was talking about me last year?”

“Are you kidding,” a black haired slytherin rolled his eyes, “that’s all he talked about if it didn’t have to do with potions. ‘My husband this, my husband that, oh my husband is Harry Potter, did you know?’ My name is Michael by the way, and yes, we know.”

The room started up with chatter and he found himself quieting them. Harry kept from smiling with difficulty. “Alright… so he talked about me often?”

“At least once a class,” one student said.

“We know when you’re in a fight with him you always give him the ‘trust talk,’” another spoke.

“He told us you are incredibly nosy when it comes to your kids.”

“And if we ever hurt or teased you kids, both of you would come hunt us down and make us regret it.”

“You were two promotions away from head auror.”

“You’ve had four close calls, and not just four; one, two, three, and then four.”

And then they all said simultaneously, “And you like your sandwich toasted with ham and swiss cheese, light mayonnaise, and two slices of tomato.”

Harry was genuinely impressed, and freaked out. “And he said this all to you? When?”

“He would just bring it up,” another slytherin said.

“Yeah, and if we tried asking about you, he would just keep going on and on,” Bethany spoke.

“Why would you be asking about my personal life,” Harry had a trace of humor. He liked this, a lot. When an auror, everything always seemed so dark and violent. The Boy-Who-Lived-Twice (and—according-to-Draco, one-two-three-THEN-four-more-times) found their innocence and happiness endearing.

“Whenever he was in a bad mood, we would mention your name and his eyes would light up, and
mysteriously, we wouldn’t have any homework,” William mentioned, obviously happy about the no assignment.

“But only when it was your name,” Michael said. “Other than that he’s always grumpy.”

“I know he is,” Harry smiled to himself. “Alright, enough about my husband. He still is your potions teacher. Are there any more questions, and do they regard the curriculum?”

“Do you think you’re qualified for this job,” a voice said but Harry couldn’t quite pinpoint the student who said it.

“I’m sorry, who am I speaking to?” He had a mask of utter confusion. Of course he is damn well qualified. He’s Harry Potter.

“Draco Potter. Do you believe you are qualified for the job,” Draco rose from his seat in the very back, trying to keep the smile from his face that was urging to break free.

“Speak of the devil. What are you doing here?”

Whispers ignited throughout the room.

“Did you see how their eyes lit up?”

“I wish someone looked at me like that.”

Draco made his way to the front of the class, taking his place next to Harry. “I’m checking up on you of course.”

“Don’t you have a class to be teaching,” Harry asked, looking at him as though he was crazy.

“It’s my free period. How is everything?”

“We just started,” Harry said blankly, looking back to the class who had puppy dog eyes.

“So I’m not interrupting anything important?”

“Oh, not at all,” he bit sarcastically.

“Excellent,” Draco smiled, turning back to the class, “have you all been making his life horrible yet?”

“No, they’ve been all fantastic until you bombarded my classroom,” Harry answered for them.

“Why are you all treating him so nice? I remember on my first day, I wanted to rip my hair out,” Draco snapped, scolding the class.

“He’s Harry Potter, he defeated the dark lord and everything,” a blonde girl spoke.

“And I’m Harry Potter’s husband, that makes me so much better than him.” Harry laughed, taking Draco’s hand. “I’m the one that got the Chosen One!”

“Why did you steal my name?”

“I mean, you’re the one who proposed,” Draco batted his eyes innocently. Every girl cooed, their hearts fluttering. The guys just rolled their eyes.
“Obviously! What am I supposed to be called in class if ‘Professor Potter,’ is already taken?”

“Hey, stop complaining, I was here first. You can be called ‘Professor Scarface.’”

There were a few groans in the class. “What,” Harry asked.

“Scarface is your nickname and blah blah blah,” Michael spoke, rolling his eyes, “Scarface, not Scarhead.”

“Why is it you like sharing our personal life to a bunch of kids,” Harry turned to Draco.

“They’re the ones who’re nosy,” Draco scolded the class before looking back at Harry in the eyes. Harry wanted to speak but he just held back a laugh by taking a deep breath.

“I swear you are like a two year old,” Harry said lightly before Draco just shrugged.

“I’ve never seen him so happy before,” a slytherin whispered to her friend, and Draco and Harry smiled, trying to ignore it but failing miserably.

“How long have you two been married,” a blonde slytherin asked.

“Nineteen years,” they said simultaneously, looking into each other’s eyes.

“How old were you?”

“Eighteen when we were engaged, nineteen when we were married. We were really young,” Harry said matter ‘o factly.

“Why did you marry at such an early age?”

“We just knew,” Draco said. Harry smiled and leaned in to kiss him before stopping and saying:

“Get out of my classroom.” His face dropped.

“Erg, fine,” Draco rolled his eyes. He grabbed Harry by his tie and kissed him full on the lips, receiving catcalls from various students. Harry blushed profusely, pushing him away.

“Out,” he ordered, sternly. Draco sauntered through the middle row only to stop by the door.

“Oh, Professor Scarface,” Draco sang.

“What?”

“I love you.”

Harry rolled his eyes, giving him a deathly glare before speaking. “I love you, too.”

There were awh’s and lovey-dovey eyes batting. The door was shut and Harry just stared at it shaking his head.

“If you all want extra credit, call him Professor Ferret.”

“Professor Scarface,” Bethany raised her hand to ask a question.

“And call me that, you’ll get a detention.”
There was a knock at the potions entrance during the third block of their first day.

“Professor Ferret, there is someone at the door.”

“STOP CALLING ME THAT!” Draco let out an aggravated groan. The entire class had been causing him to have a headache. He opened the door to reveal Harry leaning against the frame. “I hate you.”

“I see they’ve done their assignment.”

“Let’s just say they all walked in bidding me a “Good Morning Professor Ferret,’”” Draco crossed his arms. Harry looked over Draco’s shoulder to see his previous class all staring back at him.

“You all get your extra credit,” he shouted and he could hear the cheers behind him.

“Why are you here? Shouldn’t you be looking over your curriculum?”

“That’s the problem,” Harry said with a serious tone.

Alright,” Draco nodded his head, his anger leaving him. He turned to his class. “Read chapter one and take notes on it. You’ll be turning it in so don’t mess around!” There were groans and Draco shut the door on them. “What’s the matter?”

“I was looking through the fourth year curriculum because I teach them next, right?”

“Yeah… wait hold on.” Draco grabbed Harry’s hand and placed his ear against the door, Harry doing the same. They heard muffled whispers just behind it.

“I think they’re kissing again.” Draco pulled Harry off the door and then hit it, receiving moans of pain.

“Get back to work!”

“Whatever you say Professor Ferret!”

Draco hit it again, turning back to Harry. “I’m going to kill you.”

“You deserve it! Anyway it said I have to teach them about the second wizarding war,” Harry said in a low voice, crossing his arm and leaning against the wall. “Isn’t that more for Binns?”

“Oh yeah, about that. McGonagall said it would be best if you taught it since you were in it… well, the star of it. She made me do a small unit on it as well.

Do you have a problem with it?”

“No, it’s just, Lily’s a fourth year, and we’re in it.” Draco’s eyes went wide at the realization. “We take up a chapter of the entire book, Draco. It’s titled ‘The Forbidden Love Affair: A Romance That Changed The World.’”

“Damn it.”

“I told you lying to them was going to come back and bite you in the arse!”

When they first had Lily and Scorpius, they decided not to make a big deal out of Draco’s mark. At
the time it seemed like the right thing to do since Harry was an Auror and had to fight rogue Death Eaters. Lily asked how they knew who the bad guys were and Harry, without thinking, said they had the dark mark.

One day when strolling in Diagon Alley, Harry took Lily for a walk when she was eight. Walden McNair had escaped from Askaban the previous weekend but Harry ignorantly gave no thought of it, since the head aurors were after him. Suddenly people were screaming and Harry found himself knocked backwards. Lily was grabbed and the only thing she saw was the black mark on his arm. Of course, Harry recoiled and stunned him; Lily was saved but she had been traumatized ever since. Harry swore he’d never seen her cry so much. Draco hid his mark ever since, and they came up with a fake story on how they met and their years at Hogwarts so that there weren’t any questions.

According to Scorpius and Lily, the two ignored each other during school, in fact they didn’t even know each other’s name, and during the final battle, Draco went home to his family. Lucius had died of a heart attack. After the war, during 8th year, they ran into each other in the hall, literally. It was the stare of the century according to Harry, and they got married at the end of that year after a steady relationship. Not the corrosive, topsy-turvy, mentally insane bond they really had.

“I know but I just didn’t think about it! What should we do,” Draco asked.

“Tell them obviously. We’ll sit Scorp and Lily down after dinner- we can take them to the forest! We need to come clean over everything!”

“Are you sure?”

“Would you rather me assign the chapter for her for homework and have her running and crying to me? ‘Father’s a death eater, how could you do this to us?’”

“God, she’s going to hate me,” he said to himself.

“No she won’t, she loves you. She has been attached to you since she was born. How many times have I walked in on you two fast asleep when she was a toddler?”

“Doesn’t matter. She’s not going to love me when she finds out I lied to her.”

“We lied to her,” Harry corrected. “We’re going to be okay, okay?”

“Okay,” Draco responded, biting his lip. “It’s just, she’s so innocent! I don’t want to hurt her.”

“I should let you go back to class though. Want to eat lunch in my office? Meet me down in the kitchens.”

“Sure, I’ll see you then,” Draco kissed his cheek.

“Go teach, Professor Ferret!”

“Harry! You’re going to pay for this!”

Harry and Draco were walking back to Harry’s classroom with food when they turned the corridor corner to find Lily, up against the wall being kissed by a slytherin boy.

Draco’s mouth dropped and he was about to start yelling when Harry put a hand around his mouth and hid him behind the wall. “Shhhh!”
“What was that,” they heard Lily say.

“Probably nothing.”

Draco and Harry peered their heads around the corner. The boy, brown hair, caramel skin, had moved to her neck. Draco was about to speak when Harry slapped him.

“Doug, I’m being serious, both my parents are here now, I don’t want anyone finding out, especially them. They’ll kill me to see I’m with you.”

“Lilybug, just relax! They won’t find out! Blondie didn’t all last year, and since his husband is here, he’s in la la land.

It will be even easier, just bring up your dad any time he gets suspicious.”

“Yeah, but I feel bad for lying to him! And your dad-”

“I’m not like him. I promise, and I know you’re scared I’m like him, and I know you hate him, but I’m not! And it’s not like your father has never lied to you.”

“He hasn’t. We’ve always been very open with each other.”

“Doubt it,” the slytherin said, kissing her jaw. “Do you want to skip lunch?”

“No, I want to surprise them and visit.”

“You need to stop being such a goody-goody, Lily.” Harry grabbed Draco’s hand and Draco squeezed it so hard, Harry’s knuckles went white.

“You’re right. Besides, I can always visit them after dinner.”

“Or you can be with me.”

“I don’t know, Doug.”

“Allright, just let me know, Lilybug.” The boy attacked her mouth again.

They were about to disperse and Harry knew it, so he grabbed Draco and took him down a separate corridor so they wouldn’t be seen.

“Harry, why did you hold me back? I was going to kill him!”

“Exactly! What if that was us back there. Remember Snape, and how he made us break up? It was awful.”

“Harry, you don’t know who that is! Remember your accident?”

“Which one?”

“Your last one.”

“What about it?”

“The Kline case? That’s Doug Kline! Harry, he’s the son of a death eater! The second I found out he was in the same class as Lily, I freaked! And Lily supposedly hated him too!”

“Apparently not since she had her tongue down his throat,” Harry said, holding open the door for
“Harry! That my daughter you’re talking about!”

“She’s my daughter, too, Draco. I think you’re making a big deal out of it.”

“You’re barking! His father almost killed you.”

“So did your father, and your aunt. And I almost killed you and now we are happily married and have two kids.”

“That’s different! He could hurt her! What if she gets pregnant? What if he has HIV?”

“She’s not that kind of girl, Draco.”

“She’s been hiding it from me for God knows how long! Who knows what they’ve done!” They both made it to Harry’s office and sat down at his desk.

“When would they? Where would they?”

“Harry… we have had sex all over this school, don’t you dare act like you don’t know. It takes one time and you get addicted.”

“Draco, I really think you’re over reacting. It’s probably just a harmless relationship.”

“I don’t understand. Why him? Why him of all people. They absolutely hate each other.”

“You’re right. In class today they about almost ripped each other’s throat out… Sounds just like us when we were here,” Harry said, biting into his sandwich. “Maybe she just thinks it’s adventurous. Two war veterans are her parents; one of them killed Voldemort, the other experienced it, then met after the war and has a safe relationship.

To Scorp and her, our marriage is probably boring and mundane. She probably thinks she’s dangerous, going for a death eater’s son. Probably gets a thrill from it since I used to hunt them.”

“We need to tell them,” Draco repeated.

“I know.”

“Do you want to practice? You know, what we are going to say.”

“Okay pretend I’m Lily,” Harry sat up and batted his eyes.

“Lily, you need to shave.”

“Shut up,” Harry laughed.

“Seriously, Harry! You need to shave,” Draco ran his fingers across his 5 o’clock shadow.

“I thought you always loved my stubble,” Harry leant in and kissed Draco’s neck, “As I recall, it always tickled you.”

“Harry,” Draco breathed. Harry moved down to Draco’s sleeve and rolled it up, revealing the faded dark mark upon his pale flesh.

He traced it with his finger, before kissing it softly. “We’re gonna be fine Draco, I promise.”
Harry moved up to his mouth and kissed it gently. Draco started sucking on his lower lip, and started moving them more. Harry licked his bottom lip and Draco smiled.

“We haven’t done this in a while.”

“I know.”

Draco opened his mouth and Harry slid inside, feeling his tongue against Draco’s. Draco put his left hand up against Harry’s cheek, his sleeve still rolled up. The two were so engulfed with each other, they didn’t notice the door open, and they didn’t notice their two kids standing in the frame until Scorpius shouted “Ew!”

The two were startled and broke apart, their cheeks reddening. “Sorry, guys, we didn’t hear you come in.” Draco took his hand and ran it through his hair unconsciously.

“Father, what’s that on your arm,” 11-year-old Scorp asked. Lily gasped, her eyes widening.

She stepped in front of Scorpius who buried his head into her hip.

“You’re a death eater,” she yelled as a single tear stroked her cheek and her face went as pale as death. “You’re a death eater!”

“Lily! No please, just let me explain,” Draco got from his seat and pulled his sleeve down.

“No! You’re a murderer! Father is going to betray us!”

“Lily wait,” Harry called.

“You were in on this too! He’s going to hurt us! He’s going to kill us! How could you dad?”

She grabbed Scorpius’s arm and ran, only to have Draco chase after her.

“Wait Draco, just give her some space,” Harry pulled him back.

“No, that’s my daughter!”

“I know, but you don’t want to crowd her! How about after dinner, we call her up here and we can take her and Scorpius to the forest and talk it out,” Harry pulled him into a hug.

“Of all the ways I wanted her to find out, this wasn’t one of them.”

“I think she hates me more than she hates you,” Harry confessed. “Don’t worry we will work it out.”

Lily sat in the Gryffindor common room her knees tucked in her chest, hot tears cooling when Professor McGonagall found her. She’d skipped dinner and whilst there, Draco and Harry talked McGonagall into coming up and seeing her.

“Lily, Mr. Potter wishes to see you.”

“Which one, the liar or the murderer,” she bit, not looking her in the eye.

“Lily, that’s no way to talk about your parents, they are the ones who created you.”

Draco, upon finally decided his workforce, decided to become a potions master at a young age, and wanted his name to be put down in the books for his work, not just his name. By doing this, he knew he had to create a new potion. Luckily, by the time he and Harry wanted to have kids, he had an idea. Over hours and hours and days and months slaving over a cauldron, he created a potion that, after 9
months of brewing, could create a child through the DNA of two parents. It’s really a long story… just don’t put much thought into it.

“They’re the one’s who betrayed me!”

“Lily, they didn’t betray you,” the Headmistress sat down next to her on the couch, “They just wanted to protect you.”

“From what, having a death eater in my family! How could you even let one of them in here?”

“Although it did take some time, I did learn to trust him, just as Harry did.”

“How could dad even either! He mustn’t have known before they fell in love. How could he ever fall in love knowing he’s a death eater?”

“Oh no, your dad had no idea. In fact Draco became a death eater whilst dating him as I recall.”

“What? He became one after the war? How could he?” Lily felt a larger wave of hate flow over her.

“I thought he loved dad!”

“He does, very much. But no no no, much before, he got the mark before his 6th year.”

“But they didn’t start dating until after the war. They didn’t even know each others name, what are you talking about?”

McGonagall patted her shoulder. “Maybe you should go see your dad and find out.” She got up from her spot and stopped at the door. “They both love you and Scorpius very much. Just give them a chance to explain.” She left without another word.

----------------------------------------------------

The girl took a deep breath before knocking on Harry’s office door.

“Come in,” his muffled voice sounded though the door. She opened it and sat down on one of the chairs.

“Why am I even here?”

“To talk,” Harry said simply, scratching his quill against the newly written papers.

“About?”

“About things.” There was a burning candle lighting the room, giving it a glowing look.

“About how you married a monster knowingly.”

“Don’t talk about your father like that, Lily,” Harry stopped writing and looked up at her.

‘It’s true.”

“No, it’s not.”

“Yes it is!”

“No it’s not.”

“Yes it is!”
“Lily,” Harry bit. “I understand you’re angry, I get it, I was too when I found out.”

“Dad, Father is a murderer, of course I’m angry.”

“Stop calling him that. He is not. He’s never killed anybody.”

“That why we’re here, aren’t we.”

“Lily! Stop acting like a child, okay? You’re being stupid,” Harry scolded. “The only person your father loves more than me is you and Scorp, okay? He could never hurt either of you; he’s like a teddy bear. Why can’t you just forgive him and hear him out?”

“There’s nothing to talk about!”

“You don’t know what it was like during the war, Lily, you don’t know what either of us have been through. He didn’t have a choice.”

“Everyone has a choice. It’s whether or not you’re strong enough to make the right one, and he didn’t.”

“Those were my words exactly when I found out. But that changed! That really changed when I found out he didn’t want to be one. I understand you’re just as stubborn minded as me, but you need to open your eyes.”

“I’m not forgiving him if that’s what you’re asking,” the fourteen year old crossed her arms. Harry groaned and rolled his eyes. “What?”

“I just find it demented that you would forgive your boyfriend over your own father-” Harry scoffed. “-even though his father almost killed me, and your father has done nothing to ever hurt you, and here you are stabbing us both in the back. So what, we lied about his mark, but that doesn’t mean that he cares for you or loves you any less. He’s the one that wanted to have you. He’s the one who refused to let you go when you were born, I think I held you once or twice within the first year. He almost ripped Kline’s head off when he saw his tongue down your throat. If I had stopped him, your precious Doug would be dead by now. Damn it, Lily, he’s the one who’s been bawling his eyes out since you called him a murderer- but don’t tell him I said that!”

“He’s been crying?”

“Probably twice as much as you have been. Our family means the world to him. Of course you wouldn’t understand though. Like I said, you don’t know what he’s been through just to have me, let alone you two.”

Lily sat quiet, not knowing what to say. She just thought of the day she was almost kidnapped, and almost saw her dad get killed.

“I’ll leave you be. Unless, of course, you want to know how your father and I really met.”

Harry got up and started heading for the door when Lily stood and grabbed his hand, following him to the forest.

“This is really where you guys used to go,” Lily questioned standing behind the vine ropes.
“All the time,” Harry said before walking through them.

Harry looked around to see it just as it used to be. The same grass, the same trees, the beautiful lake swallowing the sunset all stood the same. Scorpius and Draco were playing exploding snaps when Harry entered. Draco had just let Scorpius win and was showing a defeated pout then Harry coughed clearing his throat. Draco looked up at him as if he was the only miracle that was ever blessed upon the earth.

“It’s just like when we were kids,” Harry spoke. So many memories surfaced and he felt his throat tighten, just looking at his love. All the fights, all the kisses, and all the laughs shared reached their thoughts in an overflowing bottle.

Draco got up, breathlessly, before they both started running towards each other only for Harry to jump on him and they both fell back, kissing.

“Exactly like when we were kids,” Draco smiled a smile a million miles wide, looking at him in the eyes, their noses touching.

“Except I wish my joints were just like the ones we had when we were kids,” Harry laughed and so did Draco.

“Me too.”

“Why do you two always look at each other like that?” Lily stood in front of the pair, and Draco looked up at her upside down, his eyes immediately going sad.

“Lily,” he said as Harry got off of him and helped him up. Draco walked towards her, but she took a step back from him. He just stood there with a sad look on his face.

“Why are we here,” Scorpius asked, genuinely wondering, his white hair shining in the setting sun in contrast with Harry and Lily’s dark hair.

“Because me and daddy are here to tell you two a story,” Draco put on a fake smile ruffling Scorp’s hair.

“Father! Don’t touch my hair,” Scorpius snapped. It seemed sort of crazy how alike he was to his father, “What’s kind of story?”

Draco and Harry looked at each other, trying to classify their story through communications of their eyes.

“A love story… but an epic one.”

“Are there going to be crazy battles in it and bad guys,” Scorpius popped up, excited visibly.

“Well what’s a story without crazy battles and bad guys,” Harry answered. He took Draco’s hand and squeezed it. The two adults led their kids to the tree that they used to fall asleep on. Draco and Harry sat down, incredibly close to each other and Scorpius sat across from them and Lily sat as close as she had to, although it was rather far from them.

“So, we’ve been keeping this from you guys for a while now,” Draco started but was cut off.

“Obviously,” Lily bit. Harry gave her a stern glare.

“Just listen, will you,” Draco started up again, “We felt like it would be better if we kept if from you
until you both were older.”

Scorpius sat there, absolutely fascinated. “What is it?”

“It’s how we met,” Harry clarified, “and how we fell in love. I know we told you that we didn’t
know each other at all during our years at Hogwarts and met when we came back to take our
NEWTS.”

“You said you ran into each other in the hallway and you helped him pick up his books and when
you two touched it was, ‘magic within itself,’” Lily mocked in an annoyed tone.

“That’s not how it happened,” Harry said. “We met in a robe shop in first year. He was the first
wizard I ever met practically.”

“Was it love at first sight,” Scorpius asked.

Harry and Draco just turned and chuckled at each other.

“It was something at first sight that’s for sure, I don’t think it was love though,” Draco laughed.

“I don’t understand,” Lily stated, “You two are the ‘forever honeymooners,’ how could it not be
love?”

“I don’t think I’ve ever hated someone so much within such a short amount of time,” Harry said
simply. Both the kids let their mouths drop as shock overcame them, “Your father asked me to
choose being friends between him and Uncle Ron. I refused to shake his hand-“

“And ever since that moment I absolutely loathed him. I swore he’d be my enemy until the end of
time,” Draco said matter o’ factly.

“But that changed,” Lily raised an eyebrow with a voice laced with uncertainty.

“Not until fourth year. Before then, I wanted to punch his face in everyday. Aunt Hermione did
actually, in third year.”

Draco put his palm to his face. “I was such an arse!”

“He really was,” Harry agreed.

“So what happened,” Lily asked, scooting forward a bit.

“Your dad was sent into the Triwizard Tournament and I really really really wanted him to lose
because I hated him and I thought he was just showing off.”

“So he asked me out on a fake date so I would fall for him during the tournament. He thought I
would be too distracted to compete,” Harry informed.

“It was such a stupid idea. We called it the ‘Plan to Seduce Potter.’ It was me, mostly Pansy, and a
little of Blaise. We thought it would work,” Draco laughed more to himself, leaning his head back
into the tree behind him.

“It would have if you weren’t so audible of actually hating me. If you would have kept your trap
shut, you would have had a brilliant laugh, I totally would have been fooled,” Harry admitted.

“But I wouldn’t of gotten a family out of it,” Draco turned to Harry and looked him in the eyes.
“I think you would have.”

“You would have never really trusted me ever again, it was hard enough as it was to get you to trust me the first time.”

“What happened,” Scorpius asked.

“I took him on a couple dates and they went really well, but at the Yule Ball, Harry overheard me talking about how much I would hate to kiss him, and he beat the daylights out of me.”

“Dad,” Lily shouted out of shock.

“He deserved it, I was really upset I never got to dance with him and I go to find him and he’s talking about how it was all just a game. He was my first crush! So we were both covered in blood and McGonagall broke us up and I remember I couldn’t feel my nose when I swore I would get revenge on him.”

“What’d you do?”

“Yes, Dear Harry, what did you do,” Draco cocked his head sarcastically.

“We had detention and I kissed him when the McGonagall left. He made the absolute biggest deal out of it too!”

“I didn’t even know how to react. I saw red. And you’d think I would be really mad at him, but really I was mad at myself because even though I denied it, the dates we went on were really fun, and I had a good time.”

“Gee, thanks for admitting that 23 years later,” Harry snorted.

“At least I did! Anyway, so then I apologized for the first time in my life to him and I actually started smiling for the first time as well. I came from a horrible family, but that’s beside the point. We went on our real first date and the next day I acted like I hated him again.”

“Why would you do that, father,” Scorpius asked.

“We didn’t want anyone to know! And Harry apparently didn’t get the memo and thought I was tricking him again so we fought again and I kissed him for real while we were running and hiding from Aunt Hermione and Uncle Ron.”

“And then everything was clarified and since we were sworn enemies we decided not tell anyone. We dated for a few months and he broke up with me when I called Hermione a mudblood.”

“Father! You wouldn’t,” Lily gasped.

“I was a horrible person and came from a horrible family. It was all I knew and thankfully Harry changed that,” Draco said, taking Harry’s hand.

“When Voldemort came back and I was almost murdered, he snuck into my hospital bed and I took him back,” Harry spoke.

“Skipping to fifth year, he almost got himself killed…again… over the summer and I was really angry about it and so we kind of had a rough start to that year and he missed our first date back.”

“I had detention with a psychotic crazy lady who tortured me!” Harry raised his hand to show them the scar on the top of it.
“Which you hid from me for months, may I add. Although I was too crappy as a boyfriend to notice it myself,” Draco grew insecure about it.

“Would you stop beating yourself up about it, that was the point,” Harry looked into Draco’s troubled eyes for a long while.

“Where were we,” Harry asked the kids in front of them.

“Torture?”

“Right! Anyway, so we just kept dating throughout the year…” Harry tried to think of the next event.

“Oh I got your dad banned from quidditch… and he beat me up again,” Draco piped up, excited because he thought of the chorological order.

“Why were you two so abusive,” Lily asked with wide eyes.

“We weren’t. You have to keep in mind this entire time, no one knew about us so it was what we were expected to do, it’s not like we could talk it out and kiss and make up. There was an entire quidditch team going for him, and he was the one who targeted me and Ron, so for me not to hurt him was practically unthinkable.”

“Didn’t that get confusing?”

“Of course,” Draco answered, “I feel like before every fight or insult there would be a brief pause and we would look into each others eyes and ask ourselves if the other was being real or not. Most of the time we had good communication though.”

“Alright, before Christmas we had one last date before we had to go home and I told him I loved him, and he said he thought he loved me back,” Harry raised an eyebrow, turning back to Draco.

“Come on, you knew I loved you! I never told someone that before, I was nervous.”

“Dad, were you nervous telling father,” Scorpius asked.

“Absolutely terrified,” Harry responded bashfully.

“I could feel his anxiety generating off of him,” Draco laughed. “Harry, would you like to tell them what happened before Christmas break, and what I had to come back to?” Harry put his head in his elbow and groaned before talking again.

“Do you remember Cho Chang,” he asked the kids biting his lip. They both nodded their head. “She kissed me under the mistletoe and when Draco found out he flipped! I don’t think I’d ever seen him so angry in his life! Even after 6th year, even after I died and came back, even after the memory loss, I’d never seen him so mad before!”

“Memory loss,” Lily asked furrowing her eyebrows.

“Wait, we aren’t there yet! So yeah, he got really angry at me for that. And then we had our one year anniversary!”

“Yay,” Draco smiled.
“In a place where I killed a giant snake!”

“Ew,” Draco frowned before laughing.

“I thought you loved it,” Harry turned to him. “You said you wanted to go to the Chamber of Secrets and I took you there!”

“I did! It just smelled like death and we had a record player next to a basilisk skeleton.”

“And this whole time no one knew,” Lily interrogated.

“Nope! Hermione was the first one to find out and that was in the second semester of 5th year,” Draco commented.

“How’d she discover it,” Lily lay down on her stomach and scooted closer to them.

“It’s sort of a long story… I think it was a collection of events and she finally connected the clues,” Harry pondered.

“No, she saw us holding hands and we went to the room of requirement when you were really upset one day. We were really going at it, even took our shirts off—”

“What were you doing,” Scorpius cocked his head to the side, completely clueless.

“We were playing chess,” Harry covered up although he was blushing profusely, “and it got really hot so we had to take off our shirts because we were so focused on playing chess that we started sweating, nothing else.”

“Right… chess,” Lily giggled.

“Yes, chess,” Harry said sternly. There was an awkward silence and Harry was still blushing and found an interesting twig on the floor and started playing with it- of course drawing a whale. Draco eyed him before putting his hand to the corner of his mouth so Harry wouldn’t hear what he was saying.

“We were snogging,” he whispered, but Harry heard him and hit his arm, giving him a firm glare. Draco just laughed as well as the kids.

“Draco! How about you tell them how we were forced to break up.”

“I don’t like that part though,” Draco frowned.

“I don’t’ either! Go on just say it!”

“There was a professor named Professor Snape, and he was my god father. We’ve talked about him before. You see, throughout the year, Voldemort was using Ollumency on Harry so he could see what he was thinking and he could watch his memories, and obviously we didn’t want that—”

“Did he see you and dad,” Lily panicked.

“We’re getting to that! Anyway, to prevent that from happening, your dad had to go through lessons with Snape so that he could protect himself. During those lessons, Snape found out we were together and made us break up.”

“No!”
“I know that’s how we were too,” Harry said, ”and we started crying in each others arms and that night we met here and swore we weren’t going to end it, even if it did put us in danger.”

“So we choreographed a fight so he thought we were completely over, which initially worked, thank god,” Draco spoke. “So then a few months later, Harry almost died again and I met him in the Hospital Wing and he just couldn’t cry anymore, it was like it he was broken.”

“Dad, you couldn’t cry,” Scorpius questioned, looking at him solemnly. Harry shook his head.

“It was heartbreaking,” Draco said softly, “I just wanted to hold him and make him feel better but I just couldn’t no matter what I did.”

Harry took Draco’s hand and squeezed it tightly, refusing to let go, as he knew what they had to talk about next. Draco’s face dropped and he nodded his head.

“I felt horrible because I put his father in Askaban. He attacked me at the ministry with other death eaters. And then… then I made him promise me something I knew he couldn’t keep, but I made him do it anyway. I made him promise me he would never become death eater.”

“Do we have tell them,” Draco looked up to him as though he was a little kid. Harry nodded his head, wrapped an arm around him, and kissed his temple. Draco took a great big breath before speaking again, his heart shaking. It was hard enough becoming a killer, telling his kids was probably going to be 10 times worse.

“They need to know,” Harry whispered.

“A week later Voldemort called me to dinner. I remember the second I walked in there I wanted to leave and run away back to my room.”

“Why didn’t you,” Lily asked.

“He lived in my house, I couldn’t as much as I wanted to. He started off with small talk, and he started playing a game. Pansy, Blaise, my mother, Crabbe and Goyle were there. He questioned what he saw in Harry’s memories, and why I was even there to begin with. Let’s just say it wasn’t a happy conversation. I remember everything was on the line and I had a mass murderer in front of me who was after my boyfriend and could kill me in an instant, so what do I do? I lie to him.

I played it off like it was a game and he accepted my cleverness and he forced sent me to a different room. An hour later, I was screaming in pain and I looked down to see I had the Dark Mark.”

Everyone could see the pain it took him to even spit out those sentences. In his words, they felt him choke up. Harry took over to save him the pain.

“When I first saw him, he seemed different. I mean, on the train he broke my nose, but that didn’t matter… he dressed darker, is face got pointer, and he just looked like he was upset constantly. I asked him about the mark and he showed me the wrong arm and he said I was being ridiculous. Every single date we had, we basically fought the whole time. He changed and I grew more concerned. He didn’t eat and he couldn’t sleep. He would just break down in tears and I wouldn’t question him because he would bring up me throwing his dad in askaban,” Harry spoke.

“It was awful,” Draco said above a whisper, “I tried pushing him away before I could help it, but he was always there for me and I kept falling in love with him over and over again. I knew he was the one because I just couldn’t get him out of my head and I knew if I even tried leaving him I wouldn’t survive. He was my only anchor to sanity. So on our two year anniversary, I proposed to him.”
“Awh,” Lily gasped.
“When he reached in his pocket to get the ring, his sleeve ran up and I saw his mark.”

“No!”

“I freaked out,” Harry admitted.

“Harry, you more than freaked out. Lily, sorry, but he beat you so much on the crying scale.”

“I think I was more angry than sad,” Harry thought out loud.

“Obviously. You knocked me out the next day when I was in the same hallway as you.”

“I wasn’t thinking. I assumed he would have to get it; I just didn’t want to come to terms with it. I was in love with him and we were on opposite sides of the war. God, Voldemort lived in his house,” Harry put his head in his hands again.

“Don’t worry about it Harry, please.”

“I was too hard on you though. You had everything going on and I should have been there for you.”

“Harry I don’t think you would have supported me at all when you found out about the mission,” Draco suggested.


“You guys know this is very hard for me talk about this right,” Draco started, taking a deep shaky breath, feeling the tears spring in his eyes, but not falling. The two had never seen them cry unless it was extreme cases, like Harry’s deadly accident. They both shook their head and Harry pulled him closer leaning his head on his shoulder. “When I was forced to be a death eater, I was assigned a mission. By the end of the year, I had to kill someone, and if I didn’t, Voldemort would not only kill me, but he would kill my parents, find Harry, and kill him too.”

“So you did kill somebody,” Lily shouted.

“No, no! I couldn’t do it! I swear!”

“He didn’t, Lily, stop getting ahead of us! So we didn’t talk for a while… a couple months I think it was,” Harry turned to verify it with Draco who was sniffing and wiping his nose with his sleeve. He nodded. “One day,” Harry’s throat tightened, “I knew one of his attempts back fired when the girl he poisoned came back from St. Mungos. I followed him to the girls bathroom where he broke down.”

“We started fighting and battling and I didn’t know what I was thinking and I tried to… I tried to crucio him but he hit me first with a spell neither of us knew,” Draco shook Harry off of him and started unbuttoning his shirt to show them the scars.

“I didn’t know what the spell did. I found it in a potions book that said ‘for enemies’ next to it. The day after I found him in the hospital wing begging to die,” Harry let a tear slip out. He looked up to see Draco crying, as well as Lily. Scorpius was on the verge of tears. They stopped talking as Scorpius and Lily scooted forward to see Draco’s scars closer. Lily took her finger and dragged it across one, but he wasn’t even paying attention. He was focusing on Harry who mouthed ‘I’m sorry.’ The last time they talked about any of this was during their interview, nineteen years ago, and they were so far in love and too happy at the time to even think about what they were saying. This was far more sentimental.
“It’s okay,” he mouthed back, wiping his eyes. He sat back, buttoning up his shirt again, leaning back into Harry’s embrace. Harry wiped the hair from Draco’s eyes, like it was just those two there.

“The next day, I was working on another project- it was a vanishing cabinet- to get the death eaters into the school. I was hiding it from everyone and I hadn’t been caught all year, but of course whom do I see down there?”

“Me,” Harry smiled, wiping under his nose.

“He was with Aunt Ginny, and she kissed him and I of course went crazy. When she left, your dad was still standing there, and I kissed him and he, obviously, got angry, so I made him a deal. If he told me he didn’t love me I would make him hate me again so he could forget being us being as happy as we were.”

“But you didn’t, right dad,” Scorp asked hopefully.

“You couldn’t of, you love father,” Lily said in an equal tone. Harry just gave them a guilty look before turning to Draco, almost breaking down.

“I do, but I was being stupid, and I didn’t mean it.” That was when Scorpius cried, too. Harry leant his head on Draco’s shoulder

“So I started making his life a living hell. Every time I saw him I just got so angry so I took it out on him. I would scream, I would tell him I hated him… called him a filthy half-blood… I would knock him out…” Draco looked off into the last touch of sun off on the lakes horizon.

“The night Albus Dumbledore was murdered, I saw him hours before and he pushed me up against the wall and he told me if I didn’t stay in my room that night… he’d kill me,” Harry swallowed and Draco buried his face away from the kids. He hated knowing their children were there watching him. He always wanted to be strong in front of them. “And then he kissed me.”

“Three hours later,” Draco sniffed, “he watched me almost kill the head master.”

“But you couldn’t do it,” Harry squeezed him. “Snape did it so Draco wouldn’t have that burden. That was when I found out he was forced into it and I ran after him to just see him but he was leaving the castle and there were other death eaters around. Since they knew about our ‘game’ they started teasing me about it and commending Draco on his plan.”

“He thought it really was just a game then and of course tried cursing me, but Snape deflected it and that was the last time I saw him in person for over a year.”

“Where did you go, father,” Scorpius asked. Draco didn’t speak, he was too afraid to.

“He tortured you, didn’t he? You-Know-Who,” Lily accused, trying to wrap her brain around it all. Draco nodded his head.

“You two didn’t see each other for a whole year,” Scorpius gasped. He remembered when Harry had his Auror missions and how upset Father always was, and that was for a few weeks, let alone years.

“I didn’t go back to Hogwarts and Draco did. We were hunting horcruxes, which that’s something you’ll learn about during our unit, Lily.” Harry had stopped crying, but he knew that wasn’t the last time he would let his tears spill. It was such a tragic story. “And I hated him at the time, and basically every day he wrote me a letter that I refused to open each and every day. I remember being so angry about it. I didn’t open them until what would have been our 3-year anniversary, which I initially
regret.”

“I remember I had his ‘wanted’ poster in my bedroom, and I would just sit down and start crying because I missed him so much. I mean, it wasn’t just that we broke up and it was getting over that, it was the fact that we had done each other so much wrong that we couldn’t sleep at night because we felt so sour about it. I didn’t do any of the homework, I didn’t eat, I didn’t want to breathe without him.”

“Yeah, but I did go missing-“

“Yeah I know! I was scared you were dead the entire year! You never wrote me back!”

“I couldn’t have,” Harry argued back.

“I know, but still,” Draco complained, and Harry took his hand ran it through his white hair. “The next time I hear about him, he’s sitting in the middle of my house, and I’m called to identify if it was him or not.”

“What’d you say,” Lily sat up.

“I lied of course, I couldn’t have just let them call Voldemort and have him be slaughtered. What did you expect, me handing him over?”

“I expected that,” Harry admitted.

“What? Really?”

“Yeah! There was this look in your eyes and I thought it was game over,” Harry said.

“It was because I knew it was you. I missed you!”

“I missed you, too! So we escaped before Voldemort got there with your father’s help, and then the next time we were together was during the war. He followed me and we talked about it just a bit-“

“Yeah and your best friend caused a fiendfyre and we almost died… again!”

“We escaped out of there together and it was sort of a last kiss kind of thing… that’s how your Uncle Ron found out, and I am just going to say right now, he was not happy.”

“But he’s okay with it now, right,” Scorp finalized.

“Of course now, but back then, Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy dating was not something a person even dreamed in their nightmares,” Harry said, and Draco laughed.

“But you two are so good together,” Lily commented.

“Thank you, we know. But remember everyone thought we absolutely hated each other. It wasn’t until way after the war when people found out. So then,” He started up again, ”we almost died again, what else is new, but when we finally got back together again during battle, we couldn’t even talk about us. Harry told me to get over him.”

“What! No,” Lily shouted, “Dad, how could you! You just met again!”

“I knew I was going to die, and I needed him to be okay with leaving me. I told him I loved him but he had to move on and get over us and to find a wife and have kids.” Lily was crying again. “And he told me he loved me, and I told him not to fight- even though he did anyway,” Harry raised his
“You’re still holding the grudge! After 20 years you’re still angry about it!”

“Yes I am! What if you died in the war? What if I came back to no Draco there?”

“Harry don’t say that,” Draco hugged him tightly.

“I only forgave him because he saved Grandpa Weasley’s life,” Harry told the kids.

“So you fought on the good side,” Lily asked. Draco nodded his head.

“We said goodbye to each other and Voldemort called all his followers in, but I didn’t go, I think he figured out what was going on, but I wasn’t his main concern at the moment. While Harry was walking to his death I caught up with the Weasley’s and we talked everything out. And he made Ron promise to be friends which we all knew was impossible…”

“Why did you die, Dad,” Scorp asked innocently.

“I had to, or else Voldemort couldn’t of. And when I stood before him, accepting my fate, the last person I thought of was your father,” Harry said and the light lit up in Draco’s eyes. They cast a quick incendio on a pile of branches and the firelight gave them all an orange glow.

“But you didn’t die,” Lily corrected.

“I didn’t know that,” Draco said, “they carried his body to the courtyard and I just apparated out of there before I could do anything else.”

“What did you do?”

“I screamed. That’s all I could do. I felt like my heart had been ripped out of my chest. I couldn’t even cry for a while. I just kept screaming and the only thing I could see was his body in Hagrid’s arms. And when I started crying couldn’t stop, like it was physically impossible.” Draco started crying again, and so did Lily and Scorpius, as well as Harry.

“And sometimes all I can still see is his body,” he choked out before crying in Harry’s shoulder.

“After the war, and after I defeated Voldemort, I went and found him at Malfoy Manner,” Harry continued, “and his father wanted to kill me being on the property… so I snuck in through his garden and checked half the rooms in the mansion without him knowing until I located his. I found him on his bed crying his eyes out; I had never seen him that bad before. Plus he was bleeding, he punched his mirror at some point.”

“Oh father,” Lily exclaimed before crawling on top of him and hugging him. Draco held her tightly, and Scorpius went for Harry, and they all gave a group hug.

“Why are you guys crying,” Harry cried, “We haven’t even gotten to the worst part yet!”

“There’s more,” Lily yelled hysterically.

“A lot more,” Draco said, finally releasing Lily.

“Your father slapped me when he found out I was the real Harry because he was so upset about it, but then we kissed and made it all better, until his insane father came in and tried to kill both of us because that’s how wizards settle it, we try and kill each other,” Harry said sarcastically, “but we escaped and finally could be together.”
“What’d you guys do,” Scorp asked innocently. Draco snorted and started laughing as both boys blushed.

“We played chess again,” Harry said, trying not to break his unstable cover.

“Lots and lots of chess, Scorp… lots and lots of chess,” Draco giggled.

“Who won?”

“…we let each other win, Scorpius” Draco choked before hiding in his shirt, giggling. Harry slapped his arm. Lily laughed too.

“Well that’s not fun,” he complained.

“It was pretty fun,” Draco bit his knuckle. Harry hit him again, harder this time. “Sorry,” Draco made his face drop.

“Anyway,” Harry started again, “although we were together there was still a lot of conflict. Since Draco was a Malfoy and had the mark, he was wanted for askaban. We decided to run away together because there was no way in hell I was letting him go again. Before the night we wanted to leave, I decided to say goodbye to the Weasley’s since they were my second family. Well at the same time, Minister Shacklebolt wanted to offer me a job and talk to me.”

“No,” Lily screamed, and Harry thought back to the memory.

“I went to the Weasley’s with Draco at my house, and came back and he was gone,” he said with a shaky voice.

“Are you okay, talking about it I mean,” Draco asked.

“I’m fine,” Harry nodded, biting his lip. Draco repositioned them so Harry was leaning back on him. “It was three months until I saw him again. And he was in a jail cell in front of a jury. And he didn’t have a lawyer. So there was no way he was going to make it out. So I, being the loving boyfriend I was, decided to become a lawyer for a day and we actually won. It was probably the most terrifying thing in my life. And on top of that they made him take veritaserium. If they asked the wrong question we would have been completely exploited.

“But we didn’t have to worry about that,” Harry said with a shaky breath, “because your father completely forgot who I was.” Both their mouths dropped and Lily looked confused.

“Someone erased my memory,” Draco said, his voice cracking.

“So after the trial, after being 3 months apart plus another year apart, I go to hug him and he swears I’m his mortal enemy and refuses to touch me. The only way I could even have a chance with him was if I went back to Hogwarts with him, which was something we probably wouldn’t of done.” Harry paused, trying to collect his thoughts. “I remember it well. I remember walking through the hall and smiling at him, and he would have no idea who I was or he would scoff at me. He avoided me at all costs, because when we came into contact or even said something that he tried to connect with a memory, he would have an attack.”

“Attacks,” Scorpius questioned.

“He would start saying things we used to say to each other, he would just freak out and start shaking and there was nothing I could do to stop him. I would just sit there and watch myself hurt him. And then when it was all too much he would go unconscious.” Draco kissed his shoulder as a few tears
slipped his eyes. He will never forgive himself for doing that to Harry, ever.

“I remember when I tried to help him, he would push me away like I was some animal. I would stay up all night researching memory loss, for weeks on end. I hadn’t had a proper nights sleep in months. I only went to breakfast and dinner to see him and most the time I would skip anyway because I didn’t want to see him. I would have really bad nightmares even if I did sleep. And it was so surreal because at some point in time I started questioning my sanity; it was like we never had anything before but really we were in love and I just could decipher if everything was a dream or not.”

“I know this is really sad right now,” Draco said, sniffing, “But can I tell them about Jensen?”

“You promised you’d tell our kids one day,” Harry let a few tears fall, smiling.

“Yes! So when I lost my memory I never hung out with Harry and since I was a death eater, I was hated by everyone in the school, except Harry, so one day I was walking and the captains of the Hufflepuff quidditch team came and beat me up,” Draco said all too excited. “So I ran into Harry in the hallway, like literally and I had a black eye and Harry saw it and took care of me. He said he was going to the hospital wing to get me medicine, when really, he went and beat the crap out of him! He beat up people for me, isn’t that fantastic,” Draco exclaimed. He received wild eyes in return.

“I still think you’re a little too excited about that,” Harry commented.

“That was a breakthrough moment though, we were friends after that.”

“Draco, that was worse, way worse! I kept mistaking you for remembering. It was the worst 3 months of my life. You kids don’t understand. Memory loss was so much worse than 6th and 7th year because at least when we fought, we still could control the situation, and we still knew we loved each other. Every day I had to deal with him not knowing who I was. I knew everything about him; his hopes, his fears, his wants and needs, and he had no idea. It was horrible.”

“I know, Harry, I know,” Draco cooed.

“So me being the idiot I am, decided to get him a wedding ring because for some reason I thought it was all a dream, and we would wake up the next day and he would remember and life would be okay again. Well it was quite the opposite because two hours later he told me he was in an arranged marriage with a girl he hated.”

“What!” Lily stood this time, completely disregarding anyone else. She was crying, well, and so was the rest of the group, but you get the point. “Arranged marriage!?” Harry nodded his head slowly, letting a few more tears slip. “Father how could you?”

“See that was the problem! He didn’t know who I was, so it’s not like he had a reason to stop it. It’s not like you could blame him anyhow.” Draco pulled him closer, as close as he could and help onto him tightly, crushing his bones. He was crying again. “I locked myself in my room for a week, with no food or water, and I didn’t sleep, and I didn’t do anything, I physically couldn’t function.

“I made myself sick and the second I got out of my room I was taken to the hospital wing by Draco surprisingly. I was about to give up all hope and then suddenly he was there by my side the entire night.”

“I felt a connection with him,” Draco spoke as Lily sat down. “The next day I found out about my memory loss and I passed out again. I woke to him kissing me and I freaked because it’s not like we were intimate at all that I knew of at the time. And then we fought and somehow, Harry just talked my memory out of me.”
“I kept telling him what I missed about him, and what I loved, and what I hated and it seemed to work, so I invited him on a date and for some strange reason, he agreed..”

“It was one of the best decisions of my life, because a few days later, I got my memory back and he proposed to me,” Draco smiled at the memory. “So Lily, to answer your question, that is why we look at each other the way we do. Because we love each other, and every time I look into your dad’s eyes, I see the look on his face when he found out I remembered. I see someone who loves me for who I am and accepts me and doesn’t judge me. And I love him.”

“I’m so sorry for calling you a murderer father,” Lily confessed, “I should trust you, especially more than I do Doug.”

“Awh, darling,” Draco smiled, “You’re never seeing that boy again,” his face dropped.

“But it could be a romance like yours!”

“Do you think I would ever want you to go through so much pain as I did? Besides, you’re not allowed to date until you’re 40.”

“How old were you the first time you and dad… did it?”

“Lily,” Harry shouted.

“57.”

“Draco, we’re only 36.”

“59.”

“Father,” Scorpius asked.

“Yes, Scorpius?”

“What did you say to dad when he proposed to you?”

Draco turned to look Harry completely in the eye, nowhere else. Just him.

“I said yes… and then I told him-“

“And he turned to me and said-“

And they both spoke simultaneously:

“I think we won the game.”

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! Let me know what you think of it!

Happy reading! :)

-Write_me227
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