Born In Frustration

by yeslam

Summary

Draco seeks revenge on Harry, what he discovers changes everything. Takes place betwixt 5th and 6th. AU ignore HBP & DH, Mpreg

Notes

Note from SeparatriX, the archivist: this story was originally archived at The Hex Files, which was closed for financial and health reasons. To preserve the archive, I began manually importing its works to the AO3 as an Open Doors-approved project in August 2016. I e-mailed all creators about the move and posted announcements, but may not have reached everyone. If you are (or know) this creator, please contact me using the e-mail address on The Hex Files collection profile.
Privet Drive

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~Privet Drive~

Privet Drive was a normal everyday street, with normal-looking houses and normal-looking people. But Privet Drive held a secret. A very dark secret, that one boy had kept. A secret that he never shared. The only ones that knew the secret were those that lived at number four, Privet Drive. The residence of the Dursleys and their nephew, Harry Potter…

Harry Potter was an unusual boy in many ways. One reason that made Harry different was that he was a wizard, and for the past five years he had been attending Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, something that his relatives despised. The fact that Harry was a wizard had led the boy to live two separate lives: one with wizards, witches and magic and one with the Muggles (non-magic people). For very good reasons, Harry tried very hard to keep both lives separate.

Another reason that made him unusual was that Harry had a horrible destiny. A destiny that would drive him to kill or be killed, for he was hunted by the Darkest wizard of the time, Lord Voldemort, a fact that frightened the boy, but not nearly as much as his last secret, the secret only he and the Dursleys knew.…

Harry Potter was afraid. Not just of the evil wizard who wanted nothing short of his death. His greatest worry was that his wizard friends would discover his last, most terrible secret: Harry Potter was terrified of the Muggles he lived with, who were his only living family. This fear was all-encompassing and overwhelming. This fear was becoming increasingly difficult to hide from his other life as this past summer, the summer between his fifth and sixth year, had been extremely difficult.

The end of last term had seen the death of Harry’s only hope of escaping the Dursleys forever. The Dark Lord had lured Harry from the safety of Hogwarts to the Ministry of Magic, where Harry had thought he would be rescuing his godfather, Sirius Black. It had all been a trick by his nemesis, Lord Voldemort. It had all been an attempt to retrieve a prophecy, the prophecy, about Harry and Voldemort and their mutual destinies. Foolishly, Harry had rushed toward danger, and in the end his godfather, his only hope at a happy home, had died.

So, once again Harry was forced back to the Dursleys’, where he would endure yet another summer of torment. For life with his ‘family’ at number four, Privet Drive, was anything but normal and pleasant. His family had been forced to accept Harry when Harry’s parents were murdered by Voldemort when Harry was just barely one year old. But they never, ever loved the boy. Quite the opposite, they hated and resented Harry, and they never let Harry forget it.

Harry had few memories of his first few years at Privet Drive, just flashes of recollection: being left in his cupboard under the stairs in dirty nappies for hours at a time, being sat on the floor with a bowl of food like an unwanted dog and forced to figure out how to feed himself, never being touched unless it was necessary, being placed in a corner and forced to watch his fat cousin play with toys and stuffed with sweets, feeling loneliness and longing and hunger.

As Harry grew, however, things had changed. As soon as Harry was able, he was forced to do chores. His day consisted of completing whatever household tasks were assigned to him, then being locked in his cupboard until dinner. Often he would be completely forgotten about and miss his only meal of the day. Then there was the verbal assault, which had begun around age three. Freak, filth,
good for nothing, horrible, ugly, disgusting and so much more; Harry was never just Harry any longer. He was freak boy, ugly boy, filthy boy, horrible boy. So seldom was he referred to as Harry that sometimes he would forget that Harry was his name.

When school began, he had hoped for a reprieve. Unfortunately, his cousin had seen to it that no one went near that ‘odd little Harry Potter.’ Also, unfortunately for Harry, school had seemed to trigger another form of torture. His aunt and uncle took to physically striking Harry when they deemed he had misbehaved in some way. This new abuse extended to his cousin Dudley, who determined that if his parents could beat Harry, then he and his friends certainly could as well.

All of this, Harry never told a soul. Fear and shame kept him silent. Even when he received his Hogwarts letter and his life took an abrupt change, he kept his secret.

Headmaster Dumbledore had told Harry why it was necessary for him to return to Privet Drive. It was for protection against Voldemort. Because of his mother’s sacrifice, where her blood dwelled Voldemort could not touch him. Harry understood this, but he often wondered who or what protected him from his supposed family.

Now, sitting locked in his room, awaiting yet another punishment for some unknown wrong-doing, Harry thought bitterly that he would be lucky if he survived until school began on September first. For things at Privet Drive this summer had been the worst he could remember. Unbeknownst to Harry, things were about to change…
A Plan of Revenge or So He Thought

Chapter Notes

This get's a bit angst, a bit of abuse not much but humor will ensue soonish. This is beta'd by Custard-Dragon as my last beta has gone mia.

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~A Plan of Revenge, Or So He Thought…~

Draco Malfoy had a plan; a wonderful plan, a brilliant plan, a plan to shame his arch rival, Harry Potter. Draco had hated Harry Potter since their first day at Hogwarts nearly six years ago, but he had never hated Harry Potter more then he did now. The bloody golden-boy had landed his father, Lucius Malfoy, in Azkaban prison, discrediting Draco’s family name and placing his entire family in danger. Lucius’ failure in his mission for the Dark Lord placed him in a very precarious position, for the Dark Lord did not accept failure without a price. And this was all Harry Potter’s fault.

Draco had to seek revenge against the spoilt, little prat. His family honour demanded it. Harry-Bloody-Fucking-Potter, the Boy-Who-Would-Not-Die, the boy with everything handed to him on a silver platter, the golden-boy of Gryffindor, the saviour of the Wizarding World, needed to be punished. Severely. Draco hated Harry Potter, or so he thought…

Part of Draco’s plan was to find out where Harry lived during summer holiday.

He had some difficulty obtaining this information. It took all his cunning and quick thinking in the last weeks of school but finally he managed to obtain the coveted address. Number four, Privet Drive, Surrey. Now he would need to do some reconnaissance. Spy on the Defender of the Down Trodden, Lord of the Lowly. Draco was certain that if he spied on Harry this summer, he was sure to obtain something he could use against his enemy. He was positive that there was something Harry Potter was hiding; something that could be used to completely discredit and humiliate the blasted do-gooder, for Draco wanted nothing more then to destroy Harry Potter, or so he thought…

On the first of July, at noon, Draco set his plan in motion. He Apparated to Privet Drive under a new invisibility cloak he had purchased just for the occasion. It was a stiflingly hot day to be under a cloak, but the material was light and for this, Draco could suffer the inconvenience. Upon arriving, he saw that the houses were modest detached or semi-detached Muggle dwellings. Not at all the lavish home he expected for the Boy-Who-Lived. Quietly, he approached number four, a rather plain home with a modest front lawn and simple, but well-manicured, plantings. This was not at all what he expected. Refusing to be distracted by a niggling voice in his head, he glanced in the front window –

Inside, Draco saw a rather large, blobby, blonde boy, sitting on a comfortable-looking sofa, watching a box intently, while eating some sort of Muggle crisps. He could see a thin horse-faced woman
busying herself in the kitchen, chattering away to the large blob of a boy who was obviously not paying attention to anything she said. Unfortunately, Potter was nowhere in sight.

Undeterred, Draco moved around the house to the back gate, hoping to find a way into the modest home. He could hardly suppress a shout of glee, when he found the gate unlocked. As carefully as he could, he opened the gate and walked into the back garden. Draco came around the corner of the house, into the garden proper, looking around. He froze. There was someone in the yard.

In the very back of the tiny plot was a dark-haired boy, painting the garden shed. Draco narrowed his eyes, and observed the boy for a few minutes, not believing his eyes.

‘It can’t be,’ he told himself.

Oh, but it was…

There was Harry-Bloody-Fucking-Potter, doing manual labour! Draco was shocked. What was even more surprising was the state of Harry-Bloody-Fucking-Potter. Harry had his shirt off in the blazing heat. He was thin, very thin. He was sweating profusely under the noonday sun, struggling with a paint brush. Harry seemed unsteady on his feet to the point of nearly falling over. Draco had to stifle a gasp when Harry turned his back to Draco fully. Harry’s back was ablaze with fresh and old bruises and large welts and cuts some openly bleeding.

‘What the bloody hell?’ Draco said to himself.

Slowly, as quietly as he could, he moved closer to Harry. The closer he got, the more plainly the marks showed up. Marks that clearly did not come from a schoolboy fight; it also became obvious that Harry was too thin, so much so that his ribs were standing proud from his lithe form. His oversized trousers were cinched around him with a belt that had new holes made to fit the boy’s narrow waist. Harry’s hipbones were protruding as the trousers slipped slightly on his tiny frame.

‘Bloody, fucking hell,’ Draco thought. ‘What is going on?’

Just then, the back door opened, and the horse-faced woman poked her head out…

“Boy, haven’t you finished yet?” she called. “I expect the back hedge trimmed today, no excuses.”

Harry turned to face the woman, strain showing on his face.

“Could I have some water, Aunt Petunia?” he managed, weakly.

“Certainly not!” the horrid woman shouted back. “You will not have a thing, you filthy boy, until all of your chores are done.”

With that, the horse-faced woman ducked back into the house, slamming the door.

Draco heard Harry sigh helplessly. He turned to look at Potter. His gasp stuck in his throat at the sight of the boy he thought was his enemy. Harry looked awful. His skin was pasty and pale. His eyes, normally vibrant and shining, were sunken and lifeless. Dark circles framed those eyes. His lips were dry and cracked. Harry looked ill, very ill. Suddenly, it seemed to Draco that Harry didn’t need any more enemies.

Harry was still looking at the door, licking his chapped lips. He had a sad look of need on his face, with tears in his eyes. Sighing again, Harry turned, unsteadily, back to his painting.

Draco watched Harry for the rest of that afternoon. The boy managed to finish the painting and had
pulled clippers out of the freshly-painted garden shed. He began clipping the hedge that ran along the
back fence.

It became apparent to Draco that if Harry did not get water soon, he would faint. Not more than a
second after Draco thought this, Harry promptly did just that. Harry took one step back, dropped the
clippers, spun once around, and fell heavily to the ground.

Draco was startled. He did not know what to do. He was trying to decide between leaving quickly or
helping Harry, when the brutal, horse-faced woman ran out of the door.

“Get up, freak!” she hissed menacingly, running toward the boy.

Draco froze. ‘Freak?’ He could not believe his ears. Harry Potter, The-Boy-Who-Lived… Freak?
Who the hell did this bitch, think she was? No Muggle had the right to call a wizard a freak. Draco
was incensed.

Harry’s aunt ran toward him. She bent down and started slapping the poor wretch about his face.
Draco could barely contain his fury. A Muggle bitch, striking a wizard?

“Get up, you lazy boy!” she hissed, “Get up now! What will the neighbours say if they see you lying
here? You disgusting freak!”

Harry’s eyes slowly opened, his hands flying up to protect his face. “Get in the house now, and up to
your room.” Harry’s aunt said sternly, rising herself. She stormed angrily back into the house.

Draco was now beyond shock; his blood was boiling with anger. How could he have been so wrong
about Harry Potter? He watched Harry struggle to his feet and stumble into the house. Draco
followed close behind, not wishing to let Harry out of his sight. Harry moved through the kitchen
and up the stairs, Draco right behind him and Harry’s aunt right behind Draco.

As soon as Harry and Draco were in Harry’s tiny room, Draco watched, stunned, as the aunt, a look
of disgust on her face, slammed the door. Draco distinctly heard a number of locks being turned,
essentially locking Harry in. Draco observed Harry, carefully. The boy grimaced, he shrugged his
shoulders, and with a resigned look in his dazed eyes, he tripped onto the bed, promptly passing out
again.

Draco stood there, unable to move, afraid to stay, but also afraid to leave. He looked around the
dingy room; there was a cheap desk and wardrobe, a second hand bed with a shabby mattress and
bedclothes, and a threadbare rug just in front of the bed. Harry’s owl’s cage was on the desk, along
with a Muggle clock; other than that, there was nothing else in the room. Nothing else, nothing at all,
no personal items, no pictures, no Hogwarts trunk, no books, nothing at all, except a tiny calendar
above the bed, marking the days from the end of last term, to September the first.

All of Draco’s preconceived notions about Harry Potter were shattered. This boy was not the spoilt,
self-satisfied prat Draco had thought him to be. Quite the opposite. For some reason, this changed
everything, in Draco’s mind.

Draco moved carefully toward the bed, looking down at Harry, making sure the boy was still
breathing. He was relieved to see Harry’s chest rising and falling unsteadily, but breathing none the
less. Satisfied, Draco moved to a corner of the room and sunk down against the wall and waited. He
had no idea what he was going to do. The only thing he knew was he could not leave Harry. He had
to do something. He needed to think –

As much as Draco’s father was feared by the rest of the world, Lucius Malfoy never lifted his hand
in anger to Draco. A child in the wizarding world was a cherished joy. Rarely, were wizarding children abused in any fashion. There were always the exceptions, but they were few and certainly not a wizard child as important as Harry Potter.

The more Draco sat thinking, the angrier he became. Who were these Muggles, to treat a wizard with such obvious contempt? Why did Harry do nothing? Where were Harry’s protectors? Where WAS Dumbledore? Did Dumbledore know? Did anyone know what Harry was enduring in this house?

The questions kept running through Draco’s mind. He became more and more angry. He was so lost in his own thoughts; he almost didn’t notice Harry stirring on the bed. A sudden cough nearly made him jump out of his skin. It took Draco several minutes to remember where he was. He narrowed his eyes, and watched The-Boy-Who-Lived, wondering to himself, ‘What the hell is going on?’

Deciding that this problem was too much for him, Draco stood noiselessly, preparing to leave, or so he thought…..
Harry was sitting on his bed, waiting for the inevitable. He had a curious sensation of being watched. When he thought about it, he'd had this curious sensation for most of the day. Odd as that seemed, Harry chalked it up to exhaustion, dismissing the idea as hallucination.

Harry began mentally preparing himself for another night of life with the Dursleys, hoping against hope that something would happen... anything that would change the nightly routine. His hopes were dashed as he heard the locks turning in the door. Harry steeled himself for the inevitable. Taking several deep breaths, he stood beside his bed, waiting….

Vernon Dursley casually sauntered into Harry’s room, a demonic grin playing across his face. Dudley Dursley stood at the door, a look of pure joy on his face. Harry sadly wondered how two people could take such enjoyment out of another’s pain, even if it was someone you supposedly hated.

“So, boy,” Vernon began, “you decided to sunbathe in the garden rather than clip the back hedge?” he sneered.

“Um, no, sir,” Harry answered weakly. “It was hot, I – I got overheated and fainted.”

“Shut your mouth, boy!” Vernon shouted. “Did I ask you a question?”

“Yes, yes you did, you fat git,” Harry answered to himself. Resigned to the inevitable, he turned toward the bed.

“Do not speak unless you are spoken to, you... you insolent freak!” Vernon continued. “What are you doing, boy?” he shouted as he noticed Harry facing the bed, preparing to lie down.

Harry looked into Vernon’s eyes incredulously, “You are going to punish me now, aren’t you?” he questioned, lying down on his stomach.

Harry’s actions seemed to infuriate his uncle. Harry didn’t know why. It was the same routine every night; Harry did nothing wrong, was locked in his room, Uncle Vernon came, Harry lay down on the bed, Vernon whipped him with his belt. Routine... the same routine they had been repeating, nearly every day, since he returned from Hogwarts in June.
Tonight, however, Vernon did not like Harry’s acceptance of the inevitable. Harry’s resignation to his fate seemed to have triggered something in his uncle, something that caused the hairs on Harry’s arms and the back of his neck to stand on end. An overwhelming fear crept over Harry, something bad was happening…

“What? Of course, I am going to punish you!” Vernon shrieked, his face contorting into a mask of pure anger and frustration. Vernon reached out and grabbed a fistful of Harry’s hair, jerking the boy’s head up violently. Harry could not hold back a gasp of pain.

“Perhaps we need new punishments, freak!” Vernon bellowed wildly. “Lie on your back, boy,” he demanded.

Harry looked up into his uncle’s eyes. Terror clenched his heart.

“My back, sir?” he said softly.

“YES, YOU DISGUSTING BOY! LIE ON YOUR BACK, FREAK!” Vernon shouted, as he removed his belt from his trousers.

Vernon’s face turned a violent shade of purple, and the vein in his forehead pulsed.

Harry began shaking. His brain screaming ‘Certainly, he was not going to do that…..’

Obediently, if reluctantly, Harry complied, his eyes wide with fear. He lay down on his bed, face up, looking at his uncle in complete fear. At least, on his back, he did not have to watch the belt strap swishing through the air. Things had now taken a decidedly, horrifying turn….
Draco rose from the floor, preparing to leave, when he heard the click of the locks being, unmistakably, unlocked. ‘Well,’ he thought, ‘at least I can leave without Harry hearing me Apparate.’ Quietly, Draco moved toward the door. Glancing back at Harry, he could not help but notice a depressing look of resignation on his rival’s face. Draco chose to ignore it. ‘Screw it,’ he said to himself. ‘If Harry doesn’t care enough to help him self, then fuck him.’ Draco would not get involved, or so he thought…

The door swung open, and a very large man strode into the room, while the rotund, blonde boy Draco had seen through the window earlier blocked the door, smiling as if it was Christmas morning. ‘Great,’ Draco thought. His way out was now firmly obstructed. He had no choice but to wait.

Draco vaguely listened to the fat man as he reprimanded Harry unfairly. But, when the man told Harry to turn over onto his back, Draco’s head snapped up, alert now to everything in the room. He felt his blood turn to ice.

‘Oh, no, he didn’t…’ his brain screamed. ‘Oh, no, he wouldn’t dare…’

Despite the rumours circulating Hogwarts about Draco’s preferred extracurricular activities, he had never actually seen a look of pure terror before. He was sure, though, that what he saw now, on Harry’s face, was as close as he wished to ever come. Draco had a sudden, overwhelming desire to grab Harry and run. He watched in absolute horror as the boy mechanically did as he was told. Draco wanted to scream at Harry, shake him, yell at him to do something, anything, to help himself. But all he could do was watch.

The fat man removed his belt and approached the bed, a wicked grin on his face as the blobby boy laughed from the doorway. Draco’s eyes went from the fat man to the small, thin boy laying face up on the bed…

He could not watch this…

He would not watch this…

But he couldn’t move. The fat man raised the leather belt above his head and Draco stared in fascinated horror as it sliced back down through the air with a whistling noise, striking Harry across his bony chest. Harry’s eyes followed the belt as it came towards him, Draco could tell the boy was holding his breath, waiting for the pain. As the strap struck, Harry screamed…

Draco watched, as again and again, the strap sliced Harry’s skin. Angry welts forming across his
chest and stomach, each downward arc, followed by an agonizing scream. Draco’s eyes moved from one face to the next; the blobby boy, smirking and laughing, the fat man, smiling and calling Harry foul names and then there was Harry, terrified, whimpering, crying Harry.

And then it was too much.

“ENOUGH!” Draco shouted.

The fat man stopped. An eerie stillness settled over the room. The only sounds were the moans and sobs from a semi-conscious Harry. The blob and the fat man looked around the room, fear in their eyes. Draco realised he had spoken out loud; he also saw that the two Dursleys were afraid. It took him a mere second to make his decision….

“You strike that boy again, and I will kill you,” Draco hissed from beneath the invisibility cloak.

“Who – who’s there?” Vernon raged. “Show your self!” he demanded as he spun in a circle, looking for the owner of the voice.

“Strike that boy again, and I will kill you,” Draco hissed again as he moved toward the desk.

Vernon’s eyes narrowed. “This is a trick!” he shouted, turning back toward his victim. “You’re playing a trick on me freak! HOW DARE YOU!” He raised his hand to strike Harry again.

Draco picked up the desk-chair and threw it across the room, then he started shaking the desk, moaning loudly.

Vernon froze mid-strike.

“I WILL KILL YOU!” Draco wailed, shoving the flimsy desk away from the wall, toward the fat man. “KILL YOU!” Draco cackled again, this time reaching out and grabbing the belt from the brutal man.

Vernon screamed in terror and Dudley squealed like a pig. They both ran from the room as if they were on fire. Draco chased after, slamming the door violently behind them, cackling like a mad man the entire time.

“Muggles,” he said aloud, a small smile playing across his mouth, “foolish Muggles.” Draco stood for a moment, enjoying his little game of ghost until a soft moan from across the room brought him back to reality…

Draco threw off his cloak. He picked up the chair and jammed it under the door knob. Then he moved toward the battered boy, still lying on the bed…
Abruptly, the beating stopped. There was shouting. Harry couldn’t really understand the words. He struggled to open his eyes, but the effort seemed too great. He settled for keeping them shut, concentrating instead on breathing. The room became very quiet. Harry was vaguely aware of a voice calling his name, but it seemed so far away. The voice was familiar, though. If he could just think really hard, perhaps he could place it…

“Harry,” the voice called to him. “Harry, please open your eyes.”

The voice sounded worried, ‘Poor voice.’ Harry mused to himself.

“Damn it, Potter, wake the fuck up!”

Harry sat up gasping, suddenly wide awake. “Malfoy?” he yelped, wincing in pain as his broken ribs creaked. Sure enough, the face in front of him was Draco Malfoy’s.

“No, no, no, no,” Harry whispered, shaking his head, “no, anyone but you.”

“Well, that’s not very nice, Potter.”

Harry started breathing hard. He could feel the blood rushing from his face. Malfoy was in his house, in his bedroom. How long had he been here? Had he seen his punishment?

“Oh – no – no – no,” he groaned between shallow breaths.

This was a nightmare. It had to be. Any minute now, Harry just knew he would wake up screaming.

“Calm down, Potter,” Malfoy hissed. “Calm down. You’re going to make your self sick.” Malfoy sat on the bed, grasping both Harry’s shoulders, shaking him gently. “Won’t do you any good to get sick, and if you puke on me, I’ll curse you into next week.”

‘Oh, sweet Merlin!’ Harry said to himself. ‘Wake up, I need to wake up now!’

This could not be happening. It was a horrible, awful dream. He just needed to wake up. He needed to wake up right now!
“Dream,” Harry croaked, “horrible dream.”

“No, Potter, it’s not a dream. Now, for fuck’s sake, calm down and listen to me.” Draco drawled.

Harry shook his head, still breathing heavily. He managed to focus his gaze on Draco’s cold, silver eyes.

“Not a dream,” Harry whispered.

“No. Now, just shut up and stop freaking out,” Draco said. “Are you all right, Potter? Anything damaged?”

Harry shook his head. “I don’t know,” he said quietly. “What are you doing here, Malfoy?”

“Never mind that…” Draco said impatiently, “what the fuck is going on, Potter? Does Dumbledore know about this?” Draco demanded an odd look of concern on his face.

“Know about what, Malfoy?”

“Know about the Muggles, you stupid git.”

“What about the Muggles?”

“What about the Muggles? You’re joking right, Potter? How ‘bout we start with these lovely bruises, or perhaps the gashes on your back? Oh, no, let’s start with the fact that you obviously haven’t had a proper meal since you left school!” Draco’s was voice getting louder as he ticked off the list.

“You – you saw that?” Harry felt his face contort in shock and shame.

Draco merely nodded his head.

“Oh,” Harry said.

“‘Oh’? ‘Oh’?!” Draco said incredulously, “That fat bastard was beating the life out of you, Potter, and all you can say is, ‘oh.’?!” Draco stood up and began pacing.

“What the hell is wrong with you? Oh, bloody, fucking oh! I don’t understand you, Potter. You’re The-Fucking-Boy-Who-Lived. You’re Bloody-Fucking-Potter, the Gryffindor Golden-Boy! Why are you letting that fat prick hit you? Why? What the hell is wrong with you?” Draco turned on Harry, leaning in, close to his face. “You are Harry Potter, The-Boy-Who-Lived, the one who is supposed to save the World!” he hissed into Harry’s face.

Harry looked at Draco for a long moment. He could feel his face flushing with shame underneath that silver gaze. He bent his head as he looked down at his beaten and bruised chest, peeking up through his eyelashes at his enemy. “Not here I’m not,” he answered in a small voice.

Draco looked shocked at Harry’s simple statement. He stood up and walked to the middle of the room. “Bloody fool,” he said plainly. He watched Harry for a few moments as if he didn’t know what to do.

Harry did not appreciate the scrutiny. He suddenly felt very naked and alone. His worst enemy now knew his biggest secret. The thought terrified him. Draco Malfoy now knew what Harry had struggled so hard to keep from everyone. This was bad. This was as bad as bad could be. Harry began panicking inwardly. Thinking about how Draco could, and more then likely would, use this
against him.

“You can’t tell anyone, Draco.” His voice shook as he spoke. “Please, please you can’t tell anyone.” Tears in his eyes, Harry struggled up off the bed. “I don’t want anyone to know. Please, promise me you won’t tell.” Harry reached out to Draco looking like a small child, with his wide, terrified eyes.

“Why the hell not, Potter? Why are you keeping this secret? For fuck’s sake, Harry,” Draco said, “you shouldn’t be living here. Dumbledore should know about this.”

“No!” Harry shouted.


“Why what?” Harry snarled back.

“Why what!” Draco threw his hands up in frustration. “Not even you are that thick, Potter. I want to know why you’re living like this. Why haven’t you told someone? Why?”

“Why do you give a fuck, Malfoy?” Harry screamed back. “You hate me! This must be a fucking wet dream come true for you.” Harry turned his back on Draco. “It’s none of your business what goes on in my life, Malfoy. This is how things are, the way they’ve always been.”

“The way things are? The way they’ve always been?” Draco spat. “Potter, how long has this been going on?”

“What do you mean, Malfoy? Since always.”

“Since always?”

“Yes.”

“Potter…”

“Look, Malfoy, this is my life. This is the way it is here. And I certainly don’t want to talk to you about this,” Harry said weakly. “I don’t want anyone to know, Draco. Please, promise me you won’t tell anyone. Please.” Harry was begging now, and he didn’t care how pathetic he sounded. He didn’t want anyone else to find out about his life at Privet Drive. He needed desperately for Draco to promise him.

“Please…” Tears stinging his eyes, Harry looked up at Draco, “Please.”

Draco looked back into Harry’s eyes, and there Harry could see it. The one thing he did not want, ever. Draco Malfoy looked at him, and pitied him. Harry turned away in shame.

“I promise, I won’t tell a soul, Harry,” Draco said softly, disappointment apparent in his voice. Draco walked over, picked up his invisibility cloak and Apparated into the night.

Harry flopped down on his bed, too exhausted to do anything else. He hoped Draco would do as he promised and not tell. But Harry’s experiences with Malfoys were not good, especially this Malfoy. His enemy, the boy he had fought with since his very first day at Hogwarts. Harry had a terrible, sinking feeling.

He rolled over on his side and stared at the wall. He was thinking about Draco. He hated the fact that Draco pitied him in the end. He had tried so hard to avoid this. The last thing he needed was another reason for him to stand out. Draco was sure to tell his fellow Slytherins, and after all, why shouldn’t
he? He hated Harry. This was the perfect opportunity for Draco to seek revenge.

But Draco had promised, hadn’t he? He said he wouldn’t tell a soul. And Harry thought that Draco might actually mean it. He didn’t know why he was trusting Draco to keep his promise, but something inside told him the other boy would. Of course, he could just be hoping against hope that his secret was safe.

‘But why had Draco been here in the first place?’ Harry wondered. Why was he in his room? How long had he been there? How did Draco know where he lived? Why, Why, Why was Draco here, at Privet Drive? The questions kept repeating in his head, with no real answers, frustrating Harry.

Sighing, Harry rolled over and closed his eyes, seeking blessed, and hopefully nightmare free, sleep…
Draco's thoughts

Draco's nigging inner voice

~I Don't, I Won’t, I Can’t. Oh Damn I Do~

Draco arrived back in his room at Malfoy Manor and immediately began pacing. His hands were trembling, and his breathing uneasy. One single thought was running through his brain…

'I don’t care, I don’t care, I don’t care…'

'I don’t care about Bloody-Fucking-Potter,' Draco told himself firmly.

And yet, Draco could not help the sinking feeling in his stomach. His heart was racing and a terrible sorrow was creeping up on him, threatening to drown him. The image of Harry’s sad, sunken face, burned inside his brain. Those once sparkling green eyes so glazed over with pain and neglect. Draco couldn’t stand it. He tried to force it from his mind. Unfortunately, as soon as that picture left, it was replaced with an even more terrible one, the image of a screaming and sobbing Potter. A boy being beaten and forced to watch the lashes cut across his own flesh. Draco shuddered. Something inside him was fighting with every instinct Draco possessed. Every thing he had ever been taught…

'He needs help.'

'Not from me, he doesn’t.'

'You have to do something.'

'No, I don’t.'

'Yes, you do.'

'NO, I DON’T.'
“I DON’T CARE!” He bellowed aloud as his body trembled and tears ran down his face.

As soon as the words left his mouth, they felt so hollow. How could he not feel something? No one could stand by and witness what he had, and not be moved in some way. It was too much. The entire idea that everything he ever thought about Harry Potter was, in fact, wrong, burned Draco’s insides like fire. How could he have been so blind? How could everyone be so goddamned blind?

This was wrong. Something needed to be done. But Draco didn’t want the responsibility. He didn’t want to care. He wouldn’t. He couldn’t.

‘I won’t do this, I won’t, I won’t…’ his pacing increased until he was practically throwing himself across the room.

Potter had said he didn’t want anyone to know. Draco had promised he wouldn’t tell a soul. But helping Potter and telling everyone his secret were two different things. So he had to do something. But what could he do? There must be some way he could help Potter… Draco stopped dead in his tracks.

‘What the hell am I thinking?’ he asked himself. ‘Help Potter? I’ve gone insane. He landed my father in prison. What the hell is wrong with me?’ he cursed at his own idiocy.

This was Harry Potter, his enemy. This was not some innocent. Yet, the image of Harry’s abused body and pained face would not leave him.

‘I won’t care, this is not my problem,’ he told himself. Yet, that niggling voice inside him, told him it was.

‘You can’t stand by and do nothing.’

‘Yes, I can. Harry’s the enemy.’

‘Why?’

‘Because he’s Harry-Bloody-Fucking-Potter, that’s why!’

‘So?’

‘My father is in Azkaban because of him!’

‘Is he?’

‘Of course!’

‘You know that’s not true.’

‘Damn it! Shut the fuck up!’

Harry Potter was his sworn enemy, always had been, from the day they first met.

‘Was he?’

‘Oh, bloody hell, I’m going insane!’

Thinking back to the very first time he had met Harry, he realised that they weren’t sworn enemies. He remembered standing next to him at Madam Malkin’s, talking about school. Harry had been so
shy and nervous, and Gods, Draco had been such a prat, prattling on about Mudbloods and pureblood nonsense. He had noticed the boy next to him, in shabby clothes ten sizes too big. Thinking back, it was obvious then, the boy was being neglected.

Why had he never noticed before? Why had no one ever noticed before? This couldn’t be happening. Why was this happening?

‘I can’t do this, I can’t, I can’t, I can’t….’

‘If not you, then who will?’

‘Anyone, everyone – no one,’ Draco told himself sadly. If he stood by and did nothing, then no one would know. No one would help Harry.

‘But, I can’t. I just can’t.’

‘Why not?’

‘Because, it’s – it’s none of my business, that’s why.’

‘No one told you to go to Privet Drive and snoop on Harry Potter.’

‘Oh, for fuck’s sake.’

‘You know it’s true. If you had just minded your own damn business…’

‘If I had minded my own damn business, then no one would know.’

‘True.’

‘Well, how is that good?’

‘It’s not, Draco.’

‘Well, what the bloody fuck?’

‘Harry needs help.’

‘I know.’

‘Only you can help him.’

‘I know.’

‘You know what you have to do.’

‘I know.’

“Damn, I do care,” Draco said out loud.

‘See, that wasn’t so hard,’ said his niggling voice.

“BLOODY, FUCKING HELL!” he screamed, nearly pulling out his hair. “BUGGERING, BLOODY, BLASTED, FUCKING, HARRY POTTER!” Draco wailed.

He went to his writing desk and pulled out some parchment, ink and quill. Carefully, he wrote a note
then called his eagle owl, Vestra. He tied the note to her leg and carried her to the window.

“Wait for a response,” he told her. “If I’m not here, I will be at Potter’s.”

A sense of relief swept over Draco as he watched her fly off.

He turned, moved to the middle of the room, he called out. “Binty.” Immediately, a house-elf appeared. “I want you to fetch me some healing balms for bruises and lacerations, something good for infections as well, pain potions, a weeks worth of a strong restorative potion and good nutrition potion. Oh, and pack some food – something that is good for someone who has not eaten in a fortnight,” he ordered, pacing. “Oh, and some clean sheets for a single bed – and…” he looked menacingly at the elf, “mention none of this to my mother.” If any of this sounded odd to the elf, she gave no indication. She disappeared promptly, to fulfill her master’s wishes.

Draco moved to his own dresser, retrieving some clean pyjamas and a soft tee-shirt and comfortable trousers. Within a few minutes, the elf returned with a case filled with the items Draco had requested, handing them to her master.

“Thank you, Binty. That will be all, and remember, not a word to my mother.” The elf nodded as she disappeared.

“Fucking Potter,” he said darkly, “I do care.”

Draco added his items to the case, glanced around his room then Apparated back to Number Four Privet Drive.
Harry was lying on his bed when Draco arrived back at Privet Drive. Whether he was sleeping or passed out, Draco couldn’t say. But he knew Harry’s injuries needed to be attended to right away. Draco moved to the bed, placing the case of medical paraphernalia he had brought beside it, and sat down next to Harry.

“Potter,” he said quietly. “Potter.” Draco shook the other boy gently. “Potter, wake up.”


Harry groaned again, a bit louder, “Ger’off, sleeping,” he sighed. His eyes flickering open and shut.

Draco sneered and bent his head close to the boy’s sleeping face. “Wakey, wakey, Potty-wotty,” he whispered in Harry’s ear. Raising his hand, he lightly ran two fingers up and down Harry’s cheek.

Harry’s eyes immediately snapped open. Dazed, he rolled onto his back, wincing in pain. His eyes were unfocused for a moment or two.

“Malfoy?” he squeaked.

“Yes, Potty, Malfoy,” Draco snapped. “Now, bloody well wake up.”

Harry found himself quite suddenly, and completely, wide awake. He sat up in his bed with difficulty, a bewildered look on his face.

“Malfoy, what are you doing back here?” Harry asked cautiously.

“Oh very nice, Potter,” Draco snapped. He looked at Harry for a moment, trademark smirk firmly in place. Harry rolled his eyes. Draco’s eyes softened somewhat before he answered.

“I’m here to help,” he said not unkindly.

Harry looked incredulous. “Why? Did you get hit in the head or something, Malfoy?”

Draco shrugged his shoulders. He had realised Potter might not be very trusting and had decided to
push aside his own feelings in favour of attempting to reassure the other boy. “I don’t know why, Potter, truly I don’t,” he said, “I just couldn’t….”

Harry’s looked into Draco’s silver-blue eyes, “You, Draco Malfoy, hate me.”

Draco met Harry’s gaze, his heart clenching in his chest as he observed those once bright green eyes, now dulled and nearly lifeless. ‘What the fuck Malfoy, pull your self together. Merlin, next you’ll be waxing poetic over Harry’s silky, softy, black hair…’ Draco winced. ‘Merlin’s balls! You, are a Malfoy. Since when do you call Potter, Harry? You wanker, pull your shite together.’

“Look, Potter, I already told you I don’t know why I came back. Not exactly anyway, I just couldn’t – leave you here, without – I don’t know,” Draco sighed. “I had to come back. Now, shut your fucking mouth, stop asking stupid questions, and let me help you.”

Harry watched Draco carefully. He didn’t understand why, but for some reason he believed the other boy. Something in his eyes and mannerisms told him he could trust Draco, if only for this moment. He could trust Draco Malfoy.

“How?” Harry asked uncertainly.

Draco opened his case. He started pulling out various salves and potions, placing them on the desk beside the bed. Harry watched, not really believing what he was seeing. His eyes drifted from Draco’s face to the items being placed on the desk.

“First things first, Potter,” Draco grabbed a vial of blue potion, “drink this,” he ordered, handing the potion to Harry. Harry looked at it uncertainly. “It’s a Pain potion, Potter. It will be easier to heal you, if you’re not shrieking in pain.” Draco said, a hint of anger in his voice, “Look, Potter, you can either trust me, or not, but I meant what I said. I’m here to help you.”

Harry took the bottle and drank it, never taking his eyes off Draco’s. A warm, comforting feeling overcame him, like being covered in a warm blanket.

“Wow,” he said.

“Good, we’re making progress. Now, your wounds need healing.” Draco pulled out his wand and Harry flinched back, gasping…

“Malfoy, you can’t do magic here!” He exclaimed, “The Ministry will blame me! You can’t!”

“Relax, Harry, I’ve cast a magical concealment charm over the house,” Draco said calmly.

Harry glared at Draco. “You can do that? Hide your magic, I mean…”

“Of course I can, Potter. I’m a Malfoy remember,” Draco said confidently. “You’re such a Gryffindor.”

Harry shot Draco a disgusted look, but before he could protest further, Draco waved his wand over him. Harry had the most curious sensation. It was a bit uncomfortable at first, a tingling all over his body. It was a few seconds before Harry realised that Draco had cast a cleansing charm on him. Harry blushed furiously. He hadn’t thought about how very dirty he must have looked.

“It’s all right, Potter, I don’t expect you were in any condition to bathe,” Draco said reassuringly, his eyes soft with understanding. “Here, you handle the front,” he said, handing Harry a small jar of white cream. “Turn a bit, so I can do your back,” Draco instructed, grabbing a second jar. Harry complied, opening the jar, he sniffed it carefully.
“Smells nice,” Harry said out loud.


Harry smirked to himself. Only Draco Malfoy would scent a healing balm.

Harry dipped his fingers in and began applying the lotion tenderly to his injuries. He gasped slightly at the cold cream against his hot skin and he trembled visibly when he felt Draco’s hands gently messaging the cream onto his back. ‘Damn, Harry, get a grip,’ he said to himself, ‘it’s Draco-Bloody-Fucking-Malfoy. Ewwwww…’

They both worked in silence. Harry finished before Draco; having never been beaten before in such a manner and his uncle having been interrupted, he had fewer welts to cover. He screwed the lid back on the jar of balm as Draco continued to work diligently. Gentle fingers rubbing salve into each wound and over every bruise. Harry was slightly amazed at Draco’s soft touches and concentration. Carefully, lifting Harry’s arms when necessary, apologizing softly when Harry gasped at particularly tender wounds.

“You’re very good at this, Draco,” Harry found himself saying suddenly.

Draco snorted amusedly. “I actually used to want to be a Healer,” he said a bit off handed.

“Used to…?” Harry inquired.

“My father had other plans,” Draco said shortly, the bitterness in his voice barely contained. There was an awkward silence for a moment before Draco realized something. “Hang on a minute, Potter, did you just call me Draco?” he laughed.

“Um – did I?” Harry looked confused.

“I believe you did.” Draco smiled to himself. It sounded nice to hear Harry say his given name. ‘What the fuck, Draco? You frigging ponce.’

“Don’t worry, I won’t let it happen again,” Harry chuckled.

“I didn’t mind, actually,” Draco said, as he finished with Harry’s back. “Turn around now.”

Draco reached over and grabbed a green vial. “This is a replenishing potion,” he told Harry. “Take one each morning. It will give you back some of your strength.” Draco then picked up a pale, purple potion. “This is a nutrition potion, drink it twice a day. There are enough of both for a week.”

Harry nodded. “Green in the morning, purple twice a day.”

“Good. Now,” Draco reached back into his case and removed a pair of pyjamas. He handed them to Harry. “Get up and change into these,” he said as he pulled a clean set of sheet out of the bottomless case. When Harry didn’t move, Draco looked up at him. “Look, Potter, you can’t sleep on that filthy bed. You have open sores on your back and I’m not having my hard work ruined because you let them get infected. Now, get up off your arse and change your blasted clothes.” When Harry still did not move, Draco stood up and dragged the boy off the bed. “I promise I won’t look,” he said, turning his attention to stripping the bed.

Harry moved to the corner opposite Draco. Carefully, he stripped off his jeans and pants and pulled on the soft pyjamas. They felt nice against his bruised, damaged skin. He heard Draco mumble another spell over the mattress; he glanced over and watched Draco Malfoy, of all people, attempting to make Harry’s bed. Harry could not contain his laughter as Draco studied the fitted bottom sheet.
Harry moved over toward the other boy. “Here, let me help,” he said, reaching for the sheet. Then he showed the Malfoy heir how to make a bed.

Satisfied with the clean bed, Draco went to the door and removed the chair from under the knob, placing it back at the desk motioning Harry to sit on it. Then he turned back to his magical bag and removed a container, a thermos of water and rolled napkin. He placed the container and water in front of Harry, handing him the napkin. Harry unrolled the napkin, finding a fork and knife. He looked up at Draco confused. Draco smirked at him as he lifted the lid off the container. Harry’s eyes went wide. A plate of plain rice and boiled chicken, still steaming, was set before him.

“Sorry,” Draco said, making a disgusted face at the plain fare, “but your stomach won’t take anything richer or more flavourful.” He motioned for Harry to eat. “You need to eat, but do it slowly and stop when you’re full.”

Draco moved over and sat on the edge of the bed. Harry looked happily at the plate of food in front of him. He could not hide a genuine smile of delight. He began eating slowly as Draco had said, savouring each mouthful.

Draco watched Harry eat in silence, allowing the boy to enjoy his first, somewhat proper, meal in weeks. When Harry started to feel full, he put the fork down and wiped his mouth on the napkin. He felt much better, relaxed, nearly pain free and very sleepy. Draco stood up, gently prodding Harry toward the bed.

Harry complied without argument. “Why are you being so nice to me?” he murmured sleepily as he climbed under the fresh, clean sheets.

“Because, Harry,” Draco sighed, sitting in the now vacated chair, “because, someone has to be,” he said, noticing Harry was now fast asleep. Draco watched Harry for a moment before rising from the chair and making his way out of the room. ‘Time,’ he thought to himself, ‘to find the fat-man.’

Draco stood outside Harry’s door, getting his bearings. Listening intently, he looked toward the sound of voices. He followed them down a flight of stairs and into a narrow hall. Coming to an open door on his left, where the noise was coming from, Draco glanced around the corner into the room. He saw the fat-man, the blobby-boy and the horse-faced woman, sitting, watching a Muggle box with moving pictures. Smirking, Draco drew his wand and entered the room, clearing his throat as he did so...

Immediately, the fat-man jumped off of a large chair, fists flailing, “Who are you? What are you doing in my house?” he demanded. “Petunia, call the police.”

“If any of you moves another muscle, I will curse you into oblivion,” Draco snarled, raising his wand, pointing it directly at Vernon Dursley. The Dursleys all froze, cowering at the magic wand.

“Oh, very good, I was worried you were all too stupid to follow directions,” Draco drawled as he moved into the room. “Now that I’ve got your attention, we are going to have a little chat.”

Vernon Dursley’s mouth was twisting, itching to speak. His fist were clenching and unclenching at his sides. “You’re one of those freaks!” He declared.

“Freak?” Draco snarled violently. He raised his wand and pointed it directly at Vernon’s head. “Freak?! I should –” Draco cut himself off and took several deep breaths.

“Shut it, fat-man.” he hissed. “Shut your mouth and listen carefully. I am only going to say this once
so you had better be paying attention.” Draco looked at all the Dursleys pointedly. “I am a – friend of Harry’s,” he began, all three Dursleys shuddered, “and I am very displeased at the condition I find my friend in at the moment.” Draco walked toward Vernon, waved his wand, sending the rotund man flying up in the air, pinning him, flat, against the ceiling. “Very displeased…”

Vernon squealed, spit flying from his mouth. Petunia and Dudley jumped from their seated positions, grabbing onto each other. Draco smiled wickedly. “I will be visiting Harry every day, for the rest of the summer,” he said sweetly. “If so much as a hair on Harry’s lovely head is disturbed, I shall flay you all alive.” Draco flicked his wand again and Vernon dropped from the ceiling, hitting the floor hard.

“Now, I am not like Harry, no, not at all like Harry.” Draco knelt down beside Vernon. Reaching down he grabbed a fist full of Vernon’s hair. Draco pulled hard, jerking Vernon Dursley’s head up, forcing the obese man to look at him. “You see, I rather enjoy using my magic to inflict pain on others,” Draco said raising his eyebrow. “Muggle torture is a favourite pastime of mine.”

Draco let go of Vernon and stood up. Flicking his wand again, he sent Vernon flying across the room. “You – you – have no right!” Vernon wailed as he slammed against the opposite wall.

“I HAVE NO RIGHT!” Draco screamed, “I HAVE NO RIGHT! THAT’S RICH, COMING FROM YOU, FAT-MAN. I HAVE ALL THE RIGHT IN THE WORLD! YOU FUCKING PIG!” Draco took several deep breaths, trying to calm himself and failing.

Draco stalked across the room toward Vernon Dursley, anger and hatred etched across his face. “YOU WILL DO AS I SAY OR, I SWEAR I WILL LEAVE YOU WISHING I HAD JUST KILLED YOU.” Vernon looked into Draco’s cold, grey eyes. He knew that Draco meant every word he said. Vernon nodded his head in agreement.

“Oh, no, fat-man, say it,” Draco hissed. “I want you to vow to me, right now, that you will not touch Harry Potter. You will make sure he eats and you will not hurt him in any way.” Vernon gasped, his mouth like a giant bull frog, gaping open and closed. Draco grabbed him by the front of his shirt dragging his red, bloated face up to his own. “SAY IT!”

“I – I – I swear, we – we won’t hurt Harry P—p—potter,” he said, resigned to his fate.

Draco let go of Vernon. “Now, see, how easy that was, fat-man?” he said pleasantly.

Draco stalked over to Dudley and Petunia. He gave them his best evil smile, raising his eyebrows suggestively. ‘I’ll see you all tomorrow.” Smirking, he left the room, making his way back to Harry.

When he walked back into Harry’s tiny room, his eagle owl was sitting on the desk. He rushed over to the bird to remove the note attached to her leg. “Go home, sweet one,” he told her. Opening the letter he read it carefully, sighing in relief. ‘Good,’ he thought to himself, ‘Good.’

Draco sat at Harry’s desk and wrote the boy a note, telling him he would return the next day and reminding him to take the potions he had left. He took out the clothes he had brought with him and laid them out on the end of Harry’s bed. Satisfied that he had done all he could for the evening, he got up to leave. Before he did though, he moved toward the bed and for a moment, just looked down at the sleeping boy. He reached out and gently brushed Harry’s hair from his forehead, “Merlin, Harry, what have you got me into?” Smiling lightly at the rhetorical question, he got up and Apparated home.
Harry rolled over, squinting at the morning sun shining through his window onto his sleepy face. Stretching, he grimaced at the stiffness in his muscles. Slowly, the memories of the previous evening came back to him. He blinked his eyes several times, thinking he had had a very odd dream. Why would he dream about Draco Malfoy? He shook his head at the thought, snuggling down into the soft sheets…

‘Soft sheets?’

Harry sat up quickly, looking around the room, trying to clear his mind. He reached over to the desk beside his bed for his glasses, knocking over several potion bottles in the process. Harry found his glasses and slid them carefully onto his face, looking at the potions now lying haphazardly on the floor.

‘So, it wasn’t a dream.’

Harry pushed the sheets aside, throwing his legs over the bed. Glancing down at the pyjamas he wore, he blushed slightly. ‘Draco’s pyjamas,’ he thought. Harry closed his eyes, remembering what Draco had told him about the potions.

‘Green one once a day, purple twice.’

He bent down and picked up the bottles that had fallen on the floor, placing them carefully with the others on the desk. Harry grabbed a green one, holding it up to the light. There didn’t seem to be anything mysterious in the vial so he popped the top and downed it quickly. The taste was bitter, but not unpleasant. He took one of the purple potions and repeated his actions.

Rubbing his eyes, he glanced around the room. In front of the cat flap in his bedroom door, Harry was surprised to see a tray of food. Real food! He almost danced with excitement.

He leapt from the bed and practically ran across the room, skidding to a halt beside the tray. His first thought was that he might be hallucinating; the Dursley’s had never given him food that wasn’t burnt leftovers, cold soup or past the expiration date before. With trepidation he reached out and touched the bowl of cereal before him – the delicate china bowl of name brand cereal placed right next to the perfectly ripe banana and chilled glass of orange juice. Smiling broadly, Harry picked up the tray and took it back to his desk. Sitting down, Harry grabbed the spoon and began eating the cold cereal,
happy to actually have breakfast.

Harry again ate slowly, remembering Draco telling him to last night, so as not to upset his neglected tummy. Harry didn’t care why the Dursleys had decided to feed him this morning; he was just content that, for once, he could do his chores without a rumbling belly or dizzy spells.

As he was eating, he noticed a note sitting on his desk. Harry picked it up and read as he ate. The note was from Draco, reminding him to take his potions. Harry rolled his eyes. The note also said that Draco would be coming back today. Harry was a bit surprised, but he found himself oddly looking forward to the other boy’s return. He finished his cereal and juice, but was too full to eat the banana, so he put it aside for later, just in case this was all some horrid mistake.

Standing up, Harry stretched. Out of the corner of his eye he saw clothes that Draco must have left for him. He let out a delighted gasp as he picked up the soft shirt and rubbed the smooth material between his fingers. It was obviously expensive and the trousers were equally as nice and just as soft.

Harry wrinkled his nose in confusion. ‘Why would Malfoy leave me clothes? More importantly, why would Malfoy leave me such nice clothes?’

Shrugging his shoulders in defeat, as the answers obviously weren’t coming, he went to his wardrobe, pulled out a clean pair of pants and dressed in the soft garments Draco had left. They were still a bit too big, though not nearly as much as Dudley’s old cast offs, and they were far more comfortable.

Dressed and quite happy with the new clothes, Harry made up his bed, being careful to cover the clean sheets, not wanting Aunt Petunia to see them. Then he sat down on the edge of the bed and waited for his aunt. And waited and waited and waited….

Petunia Dursley cautiously entered Harry’s bedroom well into the morning. Upon seeing that the vicious stranger from last night wasn’t there, she gained a bit more confidence and sniffed haughtily, nose in the air. Marching across the room, she grabbed the tray and made to leave. She paused at the door however, turning and speaking, “You may use the bath and clean up. We have decided not to lock your door. However, you are not to speak to any of us and you will stay out of our sight.” She made a face of disgust at the prospect of conversation with her nephew, and turned away quickly, leaving Harry sitting on his bed, completely shocked.

“Wow,” Harry said aloud. He thought perhaps he really was dreaming. Thinking he should pinch himself just to make sure. All this was pushed aside, however, as Harry had an overwhelming desire for running water, shampoo and his toothbrush. It had been so long since he had enjoyed a hot shower. He very quickly got up, practically running out of his room for the bath.

In the hall, Harry ran into Dudley. Dudley jumped as much as his ponderous weight allowed and glared at Harry. Then, as if just realising he had seen a ghost, Dudley turned round and ran back down the stairs as fast as his feet could carry him. Harry stared after his rotund cousin, vaguely thinking that the stairs sounded as if they were about to collapse. He had no idea what had gotten into the Dursleys, but he suspected it had something to do with Draco Malfoy. Right now though, he didn’t care to think about it. The shower was calling him.

Returning to his room, hair damp but smelling nice for a change and teeth happily removed of their fuzzy coating, Harry felt content for the first time in weeks. Wishing not to press his luck, he decided to comply with his aunt’s request to stay out of the Dursleys’ way and went to lie down on his bed.
After so many days with too little food and too much abuse, the exertion of showering and eating had left Harry feeling sleepy. He closed his eyes, thinking this had been a very un-Dursley morning. Grateful for the reprieve, Harry sighed and immediately drifted off.

Some time later, Harry woke with a fright to a loud crack…

“Malfoy?” he asked, turning his head towards the sound.

“Potter.”
Draco smirked at the boy lying on the bed.

“I told you I’d be back,” he said, walking over to sit beside Harry. Draco reached for the two jars of healing balm. “Take off your shirt, Potter.”

Harry looked sceptically at Draco, a blush rising on his cheeks.

“The salve needs to be applied until the wounds are healed.” Draco answered the unspoken question.

Harry nodded and sat up, pulling the shirt over his head.

"Thanks," he said quietly, “for the clothes, I mean. They’re quite comfy.”

Draco brushed the comment aside with a wave of his hand. He reached into his pocket, removing a bottle of Pain Potion. He handed it to Harry, raising an eyebrow at the question in Harry’s eyes…

“Trust me, Harry, you’ll be glad you took the potion after we start applying the healing balm,” he said reassuringly, a slight smile tickling the edges of his mouth.

Harry shrugged and took the potion and drank it. Draco smiled at the dreamy look that came over Harry. He really did wish that he could spend his life making others feel that way. Snorting, he shook his head; he could never have that life and it was useless thinking about it. Pushing the wish aside, he focused his attention on the task at hand…

Draco promptly shoved a jar of cream at Harry, grabbing the second…

“Ready?”

Harry nodded his head and turned slightly so Draco could have access to his damaged back.

Draco dipped his fingers in the jar. He began, as gently as he could, to massage the cream into Harry’s injuries. They worked in amiable silence for several minutes. Draco frowned now and then as he worked. He was still unable to resign the boy he thought he knew, to the one he was helping now.

Harry had such passion for right and wrong. Always defending those who could not defend themselves, why then, could he not defend himself? Draco’s memories of Potter were of a boy so strong, so honest and passionate. He simply could not understand the boy’s acceptance of such obvious wrongdoing. How could Harry just sit back and do nothing? Where was the passion now? Where was the spark?
Harry had finished applying the balm to his front and was sitting quietly and Draco could not help to notice how relaxed Harry seemed. Thinking he could take advantage of the relaxed mood and growing tired of the silence, he decided it might be safe to ask a few questions. Minding his words, Draco carefully broached the subject…

“Harry?”

“Mmmm.”

“Can I ask some questions? You don’t have to answer, if you don’t want to…”

Harry looked over his shoulder and Draco could see the fear and uncertainty in the other boy’s eyes, but he was sure he also saw a bit of trust in those green depths…

Harry sighed. “I won’t promise to answer everything – quite honestly, Draco, I’m not sure why you are helping me. But, I’m grateful – so…” Harry took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. He appeared to be gathering his courage. “I’ll try…”

Draco paused momentarily. “That’s all I want, Harry. I’m not asking you to answer all my questions, I… I… just really need to understand,” he ended quickly.

Harry shrugged his shoulders. “I’m not sure how much help I’ll be…”

“That’s okay, Harry, I just…”

Harry looked back over his shoulder. “I’ll try,” he said softly, “but, there’s a lot I really don’t understand myself, Draco.”

Draco reached up and squeezed Harry’s shoulder. “That’s a start, Harry,” he said softly.

Harry smiled slightly at Draco’s words. Raising his eyebrows, he indicated that Draco could start asking.

Draco cleared his throat and began…

“When did your uncle begin abusing you?”

“Physically?”

“Okay…” Draco sighed, “we’ll start there.” Draco realised his impression may have been correct.

Harry scrunched his nose, appearing to be thinking. “Um – I’d say they started hitting me when I started school.”

“Before that, they never hit you?”

“Well, no – they spanked me on occasion. But, after I started school, it got worse.” Harry shuddered under Draco’s hands.

“Before that?” Draco asked.

Harry stiffened. “I dunno, they just ignored me, locked me in the cupboard and stuff…”

“Cupboard?” Draco’s hands stilled.

Harry sighed heavily. “Yes.”
“Oh, no, Potter. What the fuck! Cupboard?”

Harry turned and faced Draco. “I used to live there, in the cupboard under the stairs. That was my room.”

Draco felt all the blood drain from his face. “No,” he yelped.

Harry flopped down on the bed, his eyes glossy with tears. “You think I’m a useless fool now, don’t you?”

Draco reached out and brushed his fingertips across Harry’s cheek. “No, Harry Potter, you are not useless.” He reached down and tugged the boy up again, so he could finish applying the cream. “You have never been useless, Harry.”

Reluctantly, Harry sat back up, rubbing his eyes. “I don’t want anyone to pity me. I get enough of that already.”

Draco frowned, thinking that was exactly why he had always considered Harry spoilt. Everyone pitied the poor boy that lost his parents and had a madman after him. What would they think if they knew there was a better reason to pity the boy? He understood now though, that Harry didn’t like the attention his fame garnered him.

“I think I understand that, Harry.”

“Do you?”

“I think so. You don’t really like the attention, do you?”

“Merlin, no! I hate it.” Harry looked at Draco with wide eyes. “I hate being famous for something I don’t even remember.” Harry gave Draco an appraising look. “Can I tell you something, Draco?”

“Of course.”

“Do you know what happens when a Dementor gets too close to me?” Harry asked hesitantly.

Draco narrowed his eyes as a guilty feeling over swept him. “No,” he answered.

“I – I… um… I hear my parents dying,” Harry said quickly. “I don’t even remember it. But, if a Dementor gets too close, I can hear them.” Harry made a disgusted face. “I sorta know why I lived. But, it’s weird. I wish…” Harry bowed his head as silent tears slipped from his eyes.

Draco sat very still. He could not believe it. It was no wonder the boy fainted when a Dementor got too close. Draco’s insides squirmed with guilt. He could well remember the nasty trick he and his fellow Slytherins had tried to play on Harry. Knowing now why the other boy passed out, well, Draco felt appropriately horrible, considering.

Draco finished with Harry’s back. He closed the jar. Handing Harry his shirt, he nudged the boy to turn to face him. Draco didn’t like the direction this conversation was going. Seeking to change the subject, Draco asked the one question that had been bothering him since he entered number four, Privet Drive…

“Harry, why haven’t you told Dumbledore about this?” he said. “I understand the pity thing, Potter, but Dumbledore surely would not…”

“I think he knows,” Harry interrupted.

“I think he knows,” Harry interrupted.
“WHAT?” Draco shouted.

Harry startled. “It’s… it’s just that my first letter, it was addressed to my cupboard,” he said in one quick breath. “Why would the letter be addressed to my cupboard, if Dumbledore didn’t know?”

Draco seethed. Dumbledore couldn’t possibly condone this behaviour; Draco obviously didn’t like the man – no Slytherin did – but to allow Harry-Bloody-Fucking-Potter to live in such a terrible situation, there was no way. Draco found himself with yet a new reason to despise the old fool.

Draco was preparing to respond, when a large gray owl flew through the window. Both boys jumped at the intrusion. Harry got off the bed, approaching the owl and removing the note from the bird’s leg.

Draco watched Harry, though his thoughts were many miles away, seeking revenge on the old man that ran his school. How could Dumbledore know about that fucking cupboard? And why, why, why would he leave Harry there? Even if Dumbledore only knew half of what was going on, leaving Harry in the clutches of the Dursleys was unacceptable.

Draco was roused out of his contemplations by a delighted squeal from Harry.

“I’m leaving early!” he exclaimed.

Draco stood up walked over toward Harry, confused.

“Look, look, look, Draco.” Harry was practically dancing. “Dumbledore is coming for me this Friday!” Tears streamed from Harry’s eyes. The abused boy reached out and grabbed Draco, hugging him tightly. “Friday!” he squeaked again. “I can’t believe it!”

Draco wrapped his arms around Harry, letting the boy sob against his shoulder. He could feel the relief seep through every pore on Harry’s body. It was as if a huge sigh had just enveloped the entire room. Draco smirked a bit, a knowing look in his eye. Perhaps the Headmaster didn’t know everything that went on at Privet Drive. Though Draco could not help thinking about that first letter…
Harry didn’t know what possessed him to hug Draco Malfoy. He was just so unbelievably relieved and happy. He didn’t know what possessed Draco to return the embrace, either. It was all a bit confusing. But, at the moment, Harry didn’t care. He’d think about that later. Draco was letting him cry against his shoulder and offering support. He could feel Draco’s hand rubbing his back, his soft voice whispering words of comfort in Harry’s ear. Warmth spread throughout Harry’s body, the likes of which he had never felt before.

It was an odd sort of feeling. It was something new and different, something happy. Harry liked it very much, though he would never admit that out loud. He sighed against Draco’s chest and Draco must have sensed that he had cried himself out as he drew back, looking down at him.

“I’m happy for you, Harry,” he said gently. “I really am. No one should have to live with such horrible people. Not even you.” He smiled, winking.

Harry looked up at Draco. “Th – thanks,” Harry hiccupped. “I’m sorry, I just... I just…”

Draco placed a finger over Harry’s lips. “Don’t apologize.” He backed away from Harry, removing them from the awkward embrace. “Stupid Gryffindor,” he snarked playfully, and Harry chuckled weakly. “Feel better now?” Draco asked him.

Harry nodded, wiping his eyes on the back of his hand. Draco looked around the room.

“Well, Potter, whatever shall we do today?” Mischief was evident on Draco’s face as he walked around the small room. He knelt by the bed and looked under it, wandered to the wardrobe, glancing in. Harry watched Draco, a bit unnerved.

“Um, Draco?”

“Mmhmm.”

“What are you looking for?”

“Where are your things, Potter?”

“What things?”

“Your things, your trunk, books, wand, robes…” Draco looked pointedly at Harry.
“Errr – my uncle locks everything up when I come home at the end of term,” Harry said, blushing slightly.

“WHAT?” Draco shouted angrily. “How are you supposed to do your summer work?”

“I – umm… I usually sneak down when they’re sleeping or gone out and get what I need. But, I – I haven’t had a chance yet.” Harry wasn’t sure he liked where this was going. He really didn’t want to go back to talking about these painful things again. Harry moved and sat heavily on the bed. He was waiting for Draco to start to lecture him or ask more embarrassing questions.

Draco, however, seemed to have other ideas. “Well, that just won’t do, Potter. Where are they locked up?”

Harry trembled a little. He hoped Draco didn’t notice. “The cupboard under the stairs,” he said very fast, mumbling, hoping Draco wouldn’t ask him to repeat it.

Draco walked over to Harry. Grabbing his chin, he forced Harry to meet his eyes. “We are going to talk about that cupboard, Potter,” he said firmly. “But I think that for now, I’ll settle for having a spot of fun with the Dursleys.” Draco grinned wickedly, pulling Harry up off the bed and dragging him toward the door. “Today is Saturday. Your uncle should be home, yes?”

Harry nodded uncertainly. “Draco, I don’t think…”


Draco bounded out of the room and down the stairs, dragging Harry behind him.

The Dursleys were seated around the kitchen table. Vernon was reading the paper, while Petunia talked inanely about nothing. Dudley was staring at the small telly on the counter, shovelling food into his mouth, mindlessly. They did not, at first, notice the two young wizards entering the kitchen…

“Good afternoon!” Draco said cheerily. “How is everyone today?”

All of the Dursleys jumped and Vernon’s pudgy face flared with anger and resentment. His lips moved in soundless fury under his bushy moustache as he forcibly restrained himself from saying what was on his mind.

Draco ignored him. Smiling sweetly, he plopped down in the chair beside Dudley. Arching his eyebrows suggestively, repulsion clearly directed at the rotund boy. He leaned in close to Dudley’s face. Dudley paled, his body shaking. Clearly, Dudley Dursley was afraid of Draco Malfoy.

“How do you ever stop eating, fatty?” Draco asked.

Normally, Harry might find Dudley’s torment hysterical, but he was sure he would be paying for Draco’s antics later. He could only hope that Draco wouldn’t go too far. Harry pressed his back against the wall, edging his way into the kitchen proper, trying to avoid the menacing glares his relatives were sure to give him once they noticed he was in the room.

Draco seemed to have other ideas however, and he looked directly over at Harry…

“Potter, for Merlin’s sake,” he grumbled, “get your arse in here and sit down.” Draco waited a moment or two, before he got up, stalked over to Harry, and took his hand, walking him to the table. “You are being rude,” he chastised. An evil smirk spread itself across Draco’s face as he sat down again. Harry did not miss it, dreading whatever thought the other boy was having.
“Draco!” He gasped…

Draco had grabbed Harry round the waist and pulled him down on his lap. Harry squeaked, wriggling to get free. Draco merely tightened his grip, forcing Harry to stay put. Harry wrinkled his nose, sighing in defeat. He was already in a lot of trouble, nothing he did would help him now.

Vernon and Petunia stared at the two boys, shocked. Vernon, it appeared, had reached his limit of tongue holding. He narrowed his eyes dangerously.

“What do you think you’re doing?” he seethed. “I’ll not have that unnaturalness in my home.”

“What unnaturalness are you whining about?” Draco asked innocently, mirth written all over his face. Harry blushed furiously. What was Draco thinking? As if Harry’s life at Privet Drive was not bad enough, but, sitting on Draco’s lap! His uncle would definitely take this the wrong way.

“That!” Vernon spat, pointing between Draco and Harry. “I don’t know what you get up to in your disgusting little world, boy, but boys do not sit on other boys’ laps in the real world!”

“And what would you know of the real world, fat-man?” Draco laughed.

“How dare you!” Vernon started…

“You say that an awful lot, fat-man, and it’s starting to annoy me,” Draco interrupted.

A sudden spark in Draco’s eyes made Harry very nervous. He could see a plan forming in the blond’s brain and he struggled to remove himself from Draco’s lap and the subsequent crossfire. Unfortunately, Harry’s days of starvation had weakened him significantly, and he was unable to break free.

“You will remove your freakish unnaturalness from my house!” Vernon demanded.

“You say that an awful lot, fat-man, and it’s starting to annoy me,” Draco interrupted.

There you go again, fat-man,” Draco drawled. “What did I tell you last night about that word?” Draco sighed dramatically. “Does it bother you? Harry sitting on my lap, that is?” Draco batted his eyelashes.

Harry’s insides squirmed at the insult Draco threw at his uncle. Though, Draco’s reminder of the consequences of displeasing him seemed to have a chilling effect on his uncle, aunt and cousin. Harry watched as the three Dursleys reddened. His aunt looked disgusted, yet subdued. Dudley was inching away from Draco and his uncle seemed to be thinking over his words carefully. Harry knew it wouldn’t be long before Vernon’s anger got the better of him, and Draco was doing his utmost to make sure Vernon exploded as soon as possible…

Draco wrapped one arm very tightly around Harry. He moved his other hand, and to Harry’s shock, gently brushed Harry’s hair from his forehead. Then Draco did something unexpected; he softly kissed Harry’s cheek. Harry paled, his mouth agape. Vernon slammed his hands on the table, standing as the rage coursed through his body.

“YOU WILL STOP THIS AT ONCE, YOU DISGUSTING BOY!” Vernon bellowed. He violently moved around the table and Harry shrunk against the boy holding him, all discomfort associated with the small kiss forgotten. Fear was creeping up his spine like a slow, torturous electric pulse. Draco must have sensed his fear, because he pulled Harry closer to him, rubbing against Harry’s arm reassuringly.

Vernon rounded on Harry, spit flying from his mouth. “I KNEW YOU WERE A FILTHY LITTLE WHORE, BOY!” He screamed. “YOU DISGUST ME, YOU AND YOUR VILE
FREAKISHNESS…” Vernon’s words were cut short as Draco rose from his chair, setting Harry carefully on his feet. His wand was drawn and pointed directly at Vernon’s nose.

“What did I tell you about that word, fat-man?” He hissed, dangerously. “What did I tell you about Harry?” Draco forced the enraged man to back up, Vernon’s memory of the previous night returning full-force. Draco might still be a boy, but he was a boy who could do magic and was not afraid to do so.

Dudley had flown, relatively speaking, from his seat at the sight of the wand, nearly knocking over the table in the process. He tore around the table, climbing into his mother’s lap. Petunia was petrified and clung to the humongous boy. Harry was surprised by the Dursleys’ cowering. He had obviously missed something between them last night.

“Do we need to go over the rules again, fat-man?” Draco sneered. Vernon shook his head, his eyes wide and dilated with fear.

Draco’s eyes quirked as if he was remembering something; he turned on Petunia quickly. “Why, exactly, are you lot eating while Harry is not?” he asked angrily. “Did I not tell you that you were to make sure Harry was properly fed?” Petunia melted against the wall. “You,” he snarled at her, “will be making Harry and I a nice, hearty lunch, you foul, little…” Petunia shrunk away from the harsh words.

Draco stepped back, taking a cleansing breath. “Harry and I have school work to do,” he said after a moment. He moved toward Harry, grabbing his hand. “Lunch, upstairs, ten minutes.” It was an order and Harry had no doubt his aunt would be complying. Harry could not help but smile. He may not fully understand what had transpired between Draco and the Dursleys while he was asleep last night, but he wasn’t about to question it.

The boys paused in the hall; Draco looked at Harry knowingly. “This cupboard, Harry?” Draco asked, pointing at the small door under the front stairs. Harry looked at the floor, blushing. He nodded.

Draco pointed his wand at the door. “Alohomora.” The lock clicked open.

He opened the door, reaching in and pulling out Harry’s belongings. He handed Harry his broom, then retrieved the trunk himself. Draco paused, looking into the small space, and his nose wrinkled in disgust. Harry felt his face heat up. He didn’t really like the thought of Draco seeing where he had spent the first eleven years of his life. It was embarrassing. It made Harry want to go hide in his room. He reached down for the trunk and the sound of it scraping along the floor broke Draco from his perusal of the cupboard. He shut the door with a loud click, and then grabbed the other handle on the trunk. The two boys carried the trunk back to Harry’s ‘other’ room in silence.
They dropped the trunk in the middle of the room. Draco immediately fell on the bed laughing. Harry closed the door and watched Draco through narrowed eyes.

“Did… did… you see… the… the… fat prick’s face,” he exclaimed through gulps of merriment, tears streaming down his face, “Muggles are such homophobes!” His laughter subsided. “That was brilliant, Harry! I knew that would piss the fucker off.”

“Yeah, Draco, brilliant,” Harry said, not amused. “What the hell did you think you were doing? My uncle thinks I’m gay! Just fucking brilliant!” Harry hissed. “Do you even have a clue as to how much trouble I’m in now?” He couldn’t keep the worry from rising in his voice as he began pacing back and forth, clenching and unclenching his fists. “My uncle is going to KILL ME!” he snapped.

Draco sobered quickly, watching Harry. “Calm down, Harry.”

“CALM DOWN! CALM DOWN!” Harry shouted. “DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT YOU’VE DONE, MALfoy!”


Harry’s chest was heaving. “How – how can you say that?”

Draco held Harry’s head in place. He stared for a moment into Harry’s green eyes. There was so much worry and fear there that Draco felt his heart clench with anger, a sudden desire to protect the other boy burst through him. “Because, I told the fat-man that I’d make him wish he were dead if he ever hurt you again,” Draco said plainly.

“But… but, you won’t always be here,” Harry breathed. “You – you – you’ll be gone soon and…”

“No!” Draco said forcefully. “I won’t. I will be here everyday till Dumbledore picks you up.” Draco tried hard to make Harry believe him so that he would stop looking so scared. He set his jaw determinedly, displaying the honesty of his statement on his face. He watched carefully as Harry’s own face began to accept this, but then doubt surfaced in his eyes and Draco winced a bit.

“Why? Draco, why are you helping me?” Harry was almost sobbing, but he couldn’t help but ask; he had to know. Draco understood. The two of them had always been enemies. Rivals, from nearly the first day they met. So he thought carefully about how best to answer Harry and assuage his uncertainty. He didn’t know why he was helping, really. It was all a jumble of confusion in his own mind, so how was he supposed to explain it to Harry? He only knew one thing for sure…
“I don’t know why, Harry. I just need to,” Draco said softly. “I can’t explain to you why; just believe me. I want to be here. For some reason, I – I need to be here. I want you to trust me. I know that’s asking a lot Harry, but I have never been more completely honest with anyone before right now. I will never let that fat bastard hurt you, ever again. Believe me.” The last was said as almost a plea. Draco realised this and didn’t care. He needed Harry to believe him. Why this was so, Draco couldn’t say, just that something deep down inside of his soul needed Harry’s trust.

So, he waited. He waited for Harry. Draco rubbed his hands along Harry’s arms reassuringly. Harry looked down. He seemed to be thinking. Draco continued to rub his arms, waiting for a sign that Harry believed him.

They stood some moments before Harry looked back up at Draco. “I – I do trust you, Draco,” he whispered. Draco looked deep into Harry’s eyes and he saw that it was true; Harry trusted him. Harry believed him, believed in him. There was still confusion, but the trust was there. His heart leapt for joy and Draco smiled broadly, hugging Harry’s frail body close to his own.

“Good,” he whispered back. All was right with the world. Draco felt it and he hoped Harry did too.

As the boys were embracing, Petunia walked in carrying a tray of food. She started at the sight of her nephew in the arms of the nasty blonde wizard and nearly dropping their lunch. Harry quickly jumped away from Draco, his face blushing furiously.

Petunia pasted a horrified and disgusted look on her face. Storming over to the desk she dropped the tray and ran from the room. Draco burst into another fit of laughter at her antics.

“Muggles,” he murmured, “come on.” He grabbed Harry’s hand, pulling him toward the food. “You need to take another potion and you need to eat. Don’t want Dumbledore to know that you’ve been starved now, do you?”

The two boys finished their meal and then spent the rest of the afternoon talking and working on Harry’s holiday assignments. Draco having already finished his potions paper helped Harry with his. Though Harry told him he didn’t expect he’d need to do it as he was quite sure he hadn’t made the necessary ‘O’ grade for NEWT Potions. But Draco had insisted, just in case, and since Draco hadn’t done his Transfiguration or Charms work, they decided they could work on those, together, over the next few days.

Draco, surprisingly, although he really should have expected it, found himself enjoying Harry’s company. The soft spoken Gryffindor was far more amiable then Draco’s normal companions. Crabbe and Goyle hardly ever said a word, and Blaise was so self-possessed, it made conversation difficult, and then there was Pansy. He enjoyed her doting, on occasion, but he really found her more of an irritating presence, than a friend.

Harry was different, he was easy to talk to and he was always offering conversation and advice, like a true friend. Draco felt he could probably tell Harry his darkest secrets and Harry would keep them. He had never felt that way before and he liked it. A lot. More then he thought he would.

But despite their pleasant pastimes, a disturbing thought kept niggling at the back of his mind. Even after all his kindness, and his desire to help Harry, he was still Lucius Malfoy’s son. His destiny had been decided the moment his father swore allegiance to the Dark Lord. And part of that destiny meant he was supposed to hate this boy, should, in fact, be trying to kill him or, at the very least, capture him for his Lord. But Draco found that he couldn’t deny the bond they were quickly forming and, even more surprising, didn’t want to.

This was something he wanted to continue, Draco even found himself wishing that he was not a
Malfoy, so that he could openly be friends with Harry. But Draco was, if anything, pragmatic. This tentative friendship would have to be kept secret. When he mentioned this to Harry, he was relieved to find that the other boy had come to the same conclusion. Harry told him that he didn’t want the Dark Lord or Draco’s father to hurt or use Draco to get to him, so they formed a pact swearing to keep their friendship strong and secret.

All too soon, it was time for Draco to leave and Draco rose reluctantly and headed for Harry’s door. Harry looked confused.

“It’s only polite to say goodbye, Harry.” He winked at the boy then headed down in search of the Dursleys.

Draco found them sitting down to afternoon tea. Smiling wickedly, he sauntered into the kitchen.

“I do hope you’re sending tea up to Harry?” he asked, his voice dripping with false innocence. The Dursleys jumped at the intrusion. All three grimacing in different emotional stages as Draco wandered around the table.

“Well, I’m off for the night,” he informed them. He could practically taste the relief in the room, which made him smirk to himself. Draco stopped behind Dudley’s chair and placed both hands on the rotund boy’s beefy shoulders, leaning in, right next to Dudley’s ear, he whispered, “I know you’ll miss me.” Dudley nearly fell off his chair.

Draco’s eyes twinkled with enjoyment. He turned toward Vernon. “Now, fat-man, remember my warning,” he said. He pointed his long slender finger in the large man’s face. “Harry’s to be fed up nicely. Hurt him and I’ll cut your balls off and feed them to you in sauce.” Draco sighed sweetly.

Finally, he turned toward Petunia and quirked his eyebrow, grinning ridiculously. “Remember – tea – Harry,” he chimed melodically, pointing up stairs. “Mm-mm, I do smell a lovely roast cooking, he’ll love that. I’ll be sure to ask him how he enjoyed it tomorrow.” At that comment, all the Dursley’s paled.

“What?” Draco questioned falsely. “Oh, I see, you will miss me,” he said brightly. “I could be convinced to stay…”

“NO!” They all shouted at once.

Draco placed his hand over his heart, imitating false hurt feelings. His face then took on a serious tone. “Remember my warning, fat-man.” He took out his wand and twirled it in his fingers. “Tomorrow’s Sunday. Lovely day Sunday, don’t you think?” Vernon glared at Draco, his mouth looking as if it wanted desperately to say something.

“Keep it shut, fat-man. See you lot tomorrow.” With that, Draco strode from the kitchen, returning to Harry’s room.

Draco was still smirking when he entered the tiny room and Harry looked at his expression nervously.

“Don’t forget to take the restorative potion,” Draco reminded him casually. Harry, sitting on the bed looked up at Draco, uncertainty in his eyes. He glanced from the door to Draco’s face. Draco got the message…

“Please don’t worry, Harry,” he said sadly. “Trust me, they won’t hurt you. You’re safe and I’ll be back tomorrow, and the next day, and the one after that.”
Draco approached Harry, bending down close to his new friend. He reached out and touched his lips, gently, to Harry’s lips.

“Why do you tug so at my heart, Harry?” he sighed, not looking for an answer. Draco walked to the middle of the room. Turning, he took a last look at Harry. “Just try to get rid of me.” He smiled at the other boy, then Apparated away. He left behind a bewildered Harry, touching his own lips, where Draco’s lips had just been…
Harry sat on the bed, his fingers repeatedly brushing lightly over his tingling lips.

‘Draco Malfoy just kissed me,’ he thought bemusedly. ‘Why would Draco Malfoy kiss me?’

Harry was startled as the door opened once again. His aunt walked in with yet another tray, this one loaded with tea and biscuits. Harry watched her set the tray down, retrieve the lunch things and leave the room. She did not speak a word, nor did she even look at Harry.

‘Draco,’ Harry thought, ‘Draco told her to bring me tea.’ He couldn’t help but smile.

Still rubbing his fingers over his lips, Harry got up and sat at the desk. He had never, ever had afternoon tea while at Privet Drive and he was looking forward to breaking that tradition. He tucked into biscuits and clotted cream happily, his thoughts still on Draco Malfoy.

Draco kissed him. Draco Malfoy kissed Harry Potter. Twice. How did Harry feel about this? Well, if he was honest with himself, he didn’t mind it. It wasn’t like it was a hugely romantic, all encompassing, passionate kiss. It could be considered a friendly sort of kiss.

‘Yes, that’s it,’ Harry told himself, ‘It was just a friendly sort of kiss.’

‘On the lips.’ Harry’s inner voice reminded him.

‘Forgot about that.’

‘Indeed. And you liked it.’

‘So?’

‘Better than kissing Cho.’

‘It was just a little kiss. No big deal.’

‘Then why is your heart beating faster?’

‘It’s not!’

‘Is to.’

‘Shut up!’
‘And what about that hug? Hmmm?’

‘Draco was just being nice.’

‘Yes, he was, but you liked that too.’

‘I don’t see where you’re going with this.’

‘You like Draco.’

‘Of course I like Draco, but not in that way…’

‘What way?’

‘That way!’

‘You mean, that way as in you want to see him again and soon? Or maybe you’d like to kiss him again? Or touch him?’

‘No, that’s not what I meant!’

‘…’

‘Well, yes, alright, yes. I’d like to see him… but, as a friend. I like him as a friend.’

‘Since when do you kiss your friends?’

‘I—err… I dunno, but that doesn’t mean…’

‘Do you ever kiss Ron?’

‘No – ewww – , but…’

‘Or Hermione?’

‘No, but…’

‘His lips were soft.’

“Yes.” Harry said out loud, a dreamy look in his eyes.

‘And he smells nice too.’

“Mmmm, yes, like sandalwood and cinnamon.” Harry sighed.

‘Yummy.’

“OH FUCK,” Harry cried. ‘Get a hold of your self, Potter,’ he admonished inwardly. ‘What, the fuck, is the matter with you? This is Draco Malfoy, Slytherin Prince. He’s not interested in you in that way.’

‘Are you sure about that?’

‘Absolutely.’

‘He IS the one who kissed you.’
‘Umm, well…’

‘He’s the one who’s helping you.’

‘Err…’

‘He’s the one who’s protecting you.’

‘Err…’

‘You don’t know that Draco doesn’t like boys.’

‘Well, no, but that doesn’t matter. Even if Draco does like boys, I don’t.’

‘Really?’

‘Definitely. I don’t like boys in that way.’

‘You’re sure?’

‘Yes.’

‘Be honest.’

‘Umm… Well…. I… uh…’

‘See? You aren’t really positive you don’t like boys, Harry.’

‘No, I err…’

‘You’ve never actually thought about it.’

‘No.’

‘How do you know what your sexual preferences are then?’

‘I like girls. I know I do.’

‘So?’

‘So, that means I can’t like boys.’

‘That’s not true, Harry.’

‘Damn.’

‘You could like both.’

‘Right, but… I… uh…’

‘And his lips are so soft.’

‘Umm…’

‘And he smells nice too.’
Draco was pacing the confines of his room, again. ‘I fucking kissed Harry Potter,’ he grimaced. ‘What, the fuck, is wrong with me?’

Draco had enjoyed his time with Harry. He liked him and he didn’t want to lose this tentative friendship over a silly kiss. Why had he acted so rashly? Why?

‘I fucking kissed Harry, what the hell was I thinking?’

‘Indeed, what were you thinking?’

‘I don’t know…’

‘Yes, you do.’

‘No, I DON’T!’

‘You were thinking how pretty Harry’s eyes were.’

‘NO!’

‘Liar.’

‘Am not.’

‘You were thinking: is Harry’s hair as soft as it looks?’

‘Wasn’t.’

‘You were thinking how Harry’s lips looked so soft and sweet.’

‘NO, I WAS NOT!’

‘Liar…’

‘Shut the fuck up.’

‘Harry’s lips are so pink, and full, and tempting…’

‘Shut the fuck up.’

‘And Harry needed you, so, very much.’

‘Yes! That’s it! Harry needed me.’

‘He still does.’

‘Absolutely, there’s nothing wrong with that. Harry needed me…’

‘So, you kissed him.’

“FUCK!”
‘And you liked it.’

‘Shut the fuck up.’

‘And you want to kiss him again.’

‘I do not! It was just a spur of the moment thing. He just looked like he needed a kiss, a nice, friendly, little kiss.’

‘Indeed.’

‘Yes, that’s it, just a friendly kiss.’

‘Right, big boy, you keep telling yourself that.’

‘Oh, for fuck’s sake, shut up!’

‘Harry has soft lips.’

“Yes, so soft,” Draco murmured a dreamy look in his eyes.

‘And he smells nice too…”

“Mmmm, yeah, like sweet hay and vanilla…” Draco sighed.

‘Delicious.’

“FUCK!” Draco shouted. ‘Get a grip Malfoy! What, the fuck is wrong with you?’ he chastised himself. ‘It’s Harry-Fucking-Potter, you know, the Golden Gryffindor bane of your existence? You cannot like him in that way.’

‘Why not?’

‘Because...’

‘Because why?’

‘Because, he’s Harry-Fucking-Potter, that’s why!’

‘We’ve had this discussion before.’

‘Shut the fuck up.’

‘You like boys. Why not Harry?’

‘Because, it’s... it’s not right.’

‘Why?’

‘Because... because Harry is... Harry for fuck’s sake!’

‘He is and he’s so cute.’

‘Ummm…’

‘He hugged you.’
'So?'

'So, you hugged him back.'

'He needed a hug, he was upset. I was just being nice.'

'You liked it.'

'Uhhh…'

'A lot.'

"FUCK!"

'You’d like to touch him again, kiss him…'

'NO!'

'Liar.'

'I AM NOT A LIAR!'

'…'

'Okay, you win I liked it. I liked kissing him.'

'But…'

'But, Harry’s not into boys.'

'How do you know?'

'Umm…'

'See, you don’t.'

'Uhh…'

'And his lips are so soft…'

'Err…'

'And he smells nice too…'

"FUCK!"

~~~~~ Later that evening ~~~~~

Harry went to bed that night on a full tummy of roast beef and potato. Once again, he felt he should thank Draco for the blessing of a warm meal, though he ate in his room, alone, away from the Dursleys – not that this was much of a hardship. He was certain his currently satisfied belly was thanks to Draco. He had decided that he would not act on any unintentional actions and that
whatever he was feeling was a result of Draco’s kindness and nothing more.

He liked Draco. He really liked the friendship that was developing and he did not want to ruin it with silly, romantic, unfounded feelings. So he went to sleep that night, determined to keep things only friendly. Yes, he liked Draco but NOT in that way….

Draco went to bed that night thinking about Harry. He decided that he would NOT act on his feelings. He did not know what Harry’s felt about him other than a very strong sense of camaraderie and friendship. He was not willing to risk this new relationship on his sudden desire of romance.

Yes, Draco liked boys. Yes, Draco could see himself kissing Harry senseless. But he also had a strong suspicion that Harry had no real experience in romance, and he did not want to risk the companionship that he had established with Harry.

Draco would put aside his romantic feelings for something he knew could be returned, something that would benefit both himself and Harry; friendship. And they would keep it between the two of them, a secret, they could share…

Dreams are a funny thing. They lead you down paths you may not expect. They tell you things you are unwilling to admit. They see the truth and they make you examine it. However reluctant you may be to see the truth; a dream can make you see what is right in front of your face…

Draco woke hard as he could ever remember being. Visions of green eyes and soft pink lips floating just outside his reach.

“Fuck!” He yelled. “Fucking, wankering, bloody fuck!”

He needed to get control of this. He HAD to return to Harry. He had promised, and it was not a promise he would go back on. Harry really did need him and Draco was determined to not let him down.

Draco would just need to get control first. He needed to stop thinking about Harry in a romantic way. His subconscious just needed to cooperate with him…

Harry woke, gasping. A vision of grey eyes flecked with blue, soft blond hair and a smile to die for, dancing, just out of reach, in his vision.

“What the fuck?” he grimaced. “Stop, Gods, please, stop,” he whined.

Harry had to stop thinking of Draco THAT way. He had to control his own emotions. He liked Draco and he didn’t want to risk this friendship. He needed Draco in his life right now even though he didn’t understand why. He just knew he did, and bringing romance into the mix would complicate things.

Besides Harry didn’t like boys…
Draco attempted to go back to sleep. Unfortunately for him, his mind kept replaying images of Harry. Each time he closed his eyes, he saw a different picture…

Harry’s worried look in the kitchen…

Harry’s shocked face when Draco had pulled the boy onto his lap…

Harry’s flushed face when he had kissed his cheek…

Harry’s tears of joy and relief when he had realised he would be leaving on Friday…

Harry’s delicate eating habits, the way he savoured each bite he took…

Harry’s sweet expression when their lips had touched…

Draco groaned. He needed control. He needed to come to some sort of mental arrangement when it came to Harry. The only real question was how exactly he was to do that when his subconscious only seemed to enjoy tormenting him with reasons why he should pursue a romance with Harry.

Draco could argue with himself from now until doomsday with reasons for and against. The voice that argued for getting together with Harry always seemed the most reasonable, and this irked him. But right now, Draco had more pressing matters…

Reaching down, he grabbed hold of his aching appendage and wanked. Unfortunately for him, he wanked to visions of Harry’s lovely face as Harry’s body writhed underneath him…

~~~~~~

Harry looked down at his erection. “Damn,” he said out loud.

This wouldn’t do. He could not muddy the waters with romantic visions of Draco Malfoy. That just would not be a good thing. He needed to stop thinking about Draco…

Draco’s brilliant, blonde hair, that made him wonder if it felt as soft as it looked…

Draco’s sexy eyes, Gods, they were like looking into a frozen lake…

Draco’s red full lips, needy and wanting…

Draco’s smirk, so hot…

Draco’s touch as he pulled Harry onto his lap…

Draco’s thighs so firm and strong under his buttocks…

“What!” Harry moaned.

He got up and quietly as he could and went across the hall to the toilet. He could not wank in his bed. As docile as the Dursley’s had been under Draco’s tutelage, he knew from experience it wouldn’t last if they found stains on his sheets. No, he needed to take a cold shower.

Turning on the water, he stripped and got under the cold jets. He attempted to get a grip on his emotions. This was all just because Draco was there for him, helping him with problems no one else had even noticed. These desires had to be because he was superimposing feelings of gratefulness for romance…
‘Yes,’ he thought to himself, ‘this is all just a product of misplaced emotions.’ Harry was not used to being touched in any way and he tended to overreact to any form of physical affection and Draco had hugged him, comforted him, cared for him and kissed him…

“Damn, kissed me.”

Why did he have to do that? How was Harry going to resolve this?

‘No,’ he told himself, ‘I don’t need to resolve it I just need to get hold of my emotions. I need to come to some sort of mental arrangement.’

Looking down at his neglected and still very hard cock, Harry sighed. There was no use. He turned the water to warm and grabbed hold, wanking to visions of Draco Malfoy…

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Draco cast a cleansing charm, determined to put an end to these feelings. He set his jaw…

“I will be your friend and nothing more Harry,” he said out loud, “I won’t take advantage of you, no matter what.”

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Harry finished his shower, put Draco’s soft pyjamas back on, and went back to bed. He knew he just needed to put an end to these new and confusing feelings…

“I will just accept Draco’s friendship,” he said, getting back in bed. “I’ll control my stupid emotions and just be a friend to Draco.”
Harry woke the next morning. Foggy pictures of blonde hair, pale skin, red lips and white teeth still plaguing his mind. Moaning softly, he stretched. His abused body still sore and achy as he sat up, putting on his glasses. Looking at the desk beside his bed, he took the two potions required, fulfilling his silent promise.

At the door, once again, was a tray of food. Smiling at the thought that Draco really did have the Dursleys whipped, Harry practically skipped to the door and plucked up the tray. Deciding to eat under the covers, he carefully placed the tray on the bed, cuddling into the blankets as he picked up the fork and tucked into a lovely and very hearty breakfast.

Snuggling down, he again resolved not to read too much into the previous days unexpected events. No matter how wonderful the hug, the peck on the cheek, the oh-so-soft and gentle kiss on his lips had been, he would not make them out to be more than they were; signs of friendship. Harry sighed, this would be tough. But he was determined not to overanalyse it – maybe Draco’s family was more touchy-feely then he previously supposed.

Smirking slightly at his memories of Lucius Malfoy, he discounted that thought. The elder Malfoy was about as touchy-feely as Severus Snape. Harry quickly corrected himself though, he knew little of Draco’s home life and it was not his place to make broad assumptions about people. Grimacing, he realised that that was exactly what he had been doing all along, he had made assumptions about Draco based on the things he had been told about Slytherin house. Thinking back on it now, Harry wondered if he had made a mistake in asking the sorting hat to not place him in Slytherin.

While he dearly loved his friends and he liked most of his housemates, he felt so ill-prepared for what was expected of him. He found himself often wondering if Slytherin would have made him stronger. ‘Perhaps,’ he thought to himself a little wistfully. After all, he could not imagine Draco putting up with the crap Harry allowed himself to be subjected to. In just two short days, Draco Malfoy had managed something that Harry had never been able to…

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Draco was up and dressed in record time, anxious to see Harry. He packed his school books and supplies into his bag as he hurriedly prepared to leave. He told himself his unseemly haste was merely to make sure the Dursleys had followed his instructions, though his nigglng inner voice knew otherwise.
Draco Apparated into Harry’s room, startling the other boy who was still in bed, eating his breakfast…

“Draco!”

The tall blonde smiled broadly. “Potter,” he said walking toward the bed. Plucking some toast off the tray in Harry’s lap, Draco sat on the edge next to him. “Sleep well?” he asked.

“Um… yeah, thanks,” Harry replied, shifting the tray on his lap, “did you eat?” Draco shook his head. “I’m done if you want…”

Draco smiled again, taking the tray from Harry, intent on finishing the eggs, bacon and sausages. “You’re looking much better, Harry,” he said between mouthfuls, eyeing Harry carefully. “Your colour is back and your eyes…” Draco paused, ‘Get a grip you ponce.’ – “your eyes are – um – brighter, more alert,” he covered quickly.

Harry’s cheeks pinked slightly. ‘Is Malfoy blushing? Maybe he…’ He looked at the blonde curiously. “Yeah, I feel loads better.”

The two boys sat, in uncomfortable silence, for a few minutes, before Harry got out of bed. “I’ll – ah – just get cleaned up, and then we can…” ‘Snog senseless,’ he almost said, but stopped himself just in time, ‘fuck Harry…’

“Sure,” Draco thankfully interrupted, “we need to apply your salve when you get back, so leave off your shirt.” Draco felt the heat rising on his face. ‘Mmm, shirtless Harry,’ his mind moaned. ‘Fuck, Draco…’

Harry blushed red and he knew it. He practically ran from the room. Draco watched the reaction of the fleeing boy. ‘Wait a minute,’ he thought suspiciously, ‘Potter was blushing, and he seemed excited, even. Maybe… maybe…’

Deciding this all needed more investigation, Draco finished up the remains of the breakfast tray. Potter was definitely nervous, but not in a bad way, it was a good, almost flustered sort of anxiousness. The kind of feeling you get on a first date when you realize you like your date THAT sort of way. This called for subtlety. Potter obviously didn’t have much experience in the romance department, so, Draco would have to take the lead and see where this would go. He could test the waters and see what happened. He wouldn’t push, but he could pull, just a bit.

Draco was still thinking about how to proceed, when Harry came back in the room, baggy jeans practically falling off his hips and his oversized sweatshirt in his hands. Draco smirked at the picture presented; this skinny boy in oversized clothes that made him look far younger then he was. It was a bit sexy, in an odd sort of way.

“Don’t you have clothes that fit, Potter?”

Harry looked away embarrassed, shrugging his shoulders in a non-committal answer.

“Never mind, you know the routine,” Draco said, as he motioned toward the bed. He had two jars of cream in his hands, one of which he handed to Harry as the smaller boy. “These look better,” Draco said, pointing to the fading marks on Harry’s front. “I don’t think you’ll need to apply the salve to your chest after today.” Harry grinned at that. “Your back, however,” Draco continued, “will need a bit more. A few days at the most I think.”

They sat on the bed, Harry cross legged, his back to Draco, and began applying the balm to Harry’s bruises and cuts. Draco noticed that Harry was trembling a bit, but leaning into his touches. Pleased
that he might be right about the nervous display earlier, Draco felt confident that he could go ahead with his tentative plans.

When Draco had finished, he tossed Harry his shirt. “Let’s go play with the fat-man,” he said with a gleam in his eye. Harry looked wary, but he reluctantly let Draco lead him from the room.

The Dursleys were all seated in the parlour. Dudley’s eyes were glued to the telly, stuffing his face, yet again. Vernon was sitting in an overstuffed chair, reading the paper, while Petunia prattled on about nonsense.

Draco looked back at Harry, grinning madly.

“Good morning,” he said brightly, stepping into the room.

The Dursleys bristled all at once. Draco twirled Harry in front of him, positioning the boy against his chest, his arms loosely around Harry’s waist, while his head rested against the side of Harry’s head. He imagined they presented a very good picture of a happy couple.

Vernon grimaced, but surprisingly held his tongue. Draco was entirely unsatisfied with this reaction. So, he snuggled Harry closer to him, forcing Harry to lean back into Draco’s embrace, his head resting gently on Draco’s shoulder. Harry felt his heart beating faster. Thankful, for once, that Dudley’s cast off clothes were so very large.

“Lovely day isn’t it?” Draco asked sweetly. “Sunday’s are such a relaxing sort of day, don’t you think?”

None of the Dursleys offered an answer, choosing instead to look annoyed, offended, and in Dudley’s case, petrified.

“How very rude your family is, Harry,” Draco stated. “No manners at all. It’s a wonder that you’re so very polite, darling, if these are your examples; imagine not making the effort to greet a guest in your home. How truly appalling!” Draco ended with a flourish.

Vernon’s face grew a deeper shade of puce with every word Draco spoke. Harry tilted his head sideways to look into Draco’s eyes. He could see the mischief glimmering in the blue-grey depths. Knowing he would not be able to stop his new friend, Harry inwardly winced, while keeping a neutral expression on his face – though he was more than sure his cheeks were pinking.

“Guest?” Vernon snarled. “Guests do not threaten their hosts, nor make unreasonable demands…”

Draco quirked his eyebrow as Vernon trailed off and Harry couldn’t help but notice how utterly sexy he was when he did that. “Unreasonable? Are you calling me unreasonable, fat-man?” Draco moved from behind Harry, grabbing his hand as he moved toward the sofa, and plopped down beside Dudley, winking and pulling Harry onto his lap. Vernon bristled again.

“Hey,” Draco poked Dudley’s shoulder, “fat-boy, do you think I’m being unreasonable?” he asked, leaning in toward Harry’s cousin.

Dudley hiccupped and fell off the couch. Harry had to stifle his giggles as the rotund boy lurched his great girth toward his mother. Petunia reached out and pulled the behemoth onto her lap. Harry was fairly certain that this action would result in his aunt suffering a serious injury, but he didn’t think she’d appreciate it if he said so.

Draco, meanwhile, chuckled, snuggling Harry closer to his own body. As the damage had already been done, Harry figured he may as well play along with the other boy, so he shifted comfortably in
strong arms, nuzzling his head into the pale curve of Draco’s neck. Draco apparently liked cuddling, because he smiled down at Harry warmly, winking again.

“So, what’s on the agenda today?” Draco asked suddenly, kissing Harry’s forehead softly. “Shall we have a real Muggle family day and play board games or perhaps canasta?”

Dudley and Petunia gasped, staring horrified at Vernon. Surely, Vernon would set the blonde intruder to rights. Vernon gaped. “Certainly NOT!” he snarled loudly. “My family will not associate with the likes of you.”

“Now, now, fat-man, that’s just not nice.” Draco’s eyes darkened.

“DON’T YOU FAT-MAN ME, YOU FILTHY SCUM!” Vernon bellowed, finally snapping under the blonde’s mocking ‘conversation’, “WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, BARGING INTO MY HOME WITH YOUR – YOUR WEIRDNESS!” Vernon screamed, forgetting, in his rage, who exactly he was dealing with, “I KNEW WE SHOULD HAVE TURNED THAT FREAK OUT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE,” he continued yelling, pointing his beefy finger at Harry. “THEN WE WOULDN’T HAVE THE LIKES OF YOU AND ALL YOUR FREAKY FRIENDS DARKENING OUR DOOR!”

Draco had slipped his wand out of his sleeve during Vernon’s tirade and as soon as he had tired of listening to the vitriol, he waved it at the raging man and his voice stopped. Vernon’s mouth kept moving, but no sound came out and as soon as he realized this – although it did take him a few moments – he was panic stricken. He clutched at his throat, shooting fearful looks at Draco as he cowered deeper into the chair.

Wanting to calm Draco before he performed some sort of illegal curse on his uncle, Harry did the only thing he could think of… He nuzzled closer, tentatively pressing his lips to Draco’s throat. Draco sighed, “Don’t worry, Harry, I promise not to hurt the fat bastard,” he said gently, kissing Harry’s nose. Harry smiled happily; he was rather enjoying all this silly kissing, even if it was just for show.

Draco turned his attention back to Vernon, “I did tell you not to use that word,” he admonished. “I am beginning to think that you just might be the dumbest Muggle I’ve ever encountered. It’s a good thing Harry here,” Draco pressed the other boy closer, kissing his forehead again, “doesn’t want me to hurt you – though I really can’t think why, it could be so… entertaining – otherwise, fat-man, you would be screaming in pain right now.” Draco flicked his wand again and a horror filled screech escaped from Vernon.

“And here I thought we could have a nice pleasant day,” Draco whined falsely, “and now you’ve gone and ruined it, fat-man. Really, you are the rudest thing I’ve ever had the misfortune of running across.” Draco sighed again. He gently nudged Harry and the two boys stood up. “Ah, well, Harry and I shall go back to his room.” Draco let a look of disappointment cross his angelic face.

Harry had to admit, Draco really was a good actor. He also had to admit, that he was enjoying every uncomfortable squirm his family made. He was really enjoying his uncle’s frightened demeanour, now that he had his voice back. Draco really was very good at all this stuff.

“We do have some school work to do,” Draco continued. He turned toward Petunia and Dudley. “Remember, lunch auntie,” he reminded her sweetly. Harry was sure his aunt was choking on the words. Taking Harry’s hand in his, the two boys left the shocked Dursleys, hand in hand.
Later that day, the two boys were seated on Harry’s bed, doing their Transfiguration homework. Both were casting furtive glances at the other, hoping not to be caught, but occasionally catching each other’s eye.

Draco couldn’t concentrate on his parchment, too busy thinking about what had transpired earlier that morning. The pulse point in his throat was still tingling from the tentative kiss that had been placed there and a myriad of thoughts were running around his brain; he liked how pliant Harry had been in his lap, he really liked it when Harry had cuddled down against him, nuzzling into his neck, and then… that shy kiss…

Every time Draco’s mind went there, his heart raced a bit. He wondered about Harry’s preferences; Draco himself had made no bones about it at school; sex was sex, whether it was with a man or woman. He didn’t particularly care which one he bedded as long as it was good, hard sex. He had seen Harry with that Ravenclaw Seeker the year before a few times, of course he also knew that nothing had come of it. Draco could tell that the youngest Weasel was interested in Harry as well, but what he didn’t know – had no clue about actually – was what Harry’s interests were.

He had a strong suspicion that Harry would, regardless of gender, NOT want a casual fuck buddy. Harry was a Gryffindor after all, although, on occasion Draco saw a bit of Slytherin in Harry. His constant breaking of the rules, though for honourable reasons, was still not a trait associated with the noble Gryffindor house, come to think of it, neither was Harry’s temper, the famous explosive anger that made Harry’s eyes sparkle with an inner fire.

Draco had, many times, been the object of that fiery gaze. Thinking about it now, Draco realised that he would goad the other boy, just to see that look. It was amazing. In those moments, one could really feel the power that Harry possessed, even if Harry never saw it himself.

Despite all that, he knew someone like Harry would want more then sex. Seeing how Harry lived, Draco had to wonder how the boy could still have such a capacity for love. Perhaps it was because of the way Harry had been raised, that made him seek out love and friendship. But Draco knew it had to be more than that – being abused doesn’t really serve as a good foundation for any sort of tender feelings. This atypical kindness then, must just be a part of Harry’s personality, and Harry would have had it even if he had been raised by psychopathic serial killers. His Harry just had an ability to see things differently, to endure and keep his heart safe. Draco thought it amazing that someone so ill-treated, could still tap into such a well of good feeling. Even the people in this house that so abused Harry could not escape being touched and protected by it; Draco knew that Harry would never harm them, nor wish any harm upon them and that was truly an amazing gift.
Still, none of this was answering Draco’s current dilemma. Would, could Harry maybe… perhaps…

Draco shook his head. ‘What the hell am I thinking? This is Harry-Fucking-Potter. There is no way, in the Nine Levels of Hell, that Harry Potter would want Draco Malfoy,’ he told himself firmly. But then, Harry was catching his eye and blushing so very prettily. ‘FUCK!’ Draco’s brain shouted. ‘Get a bloody grip, you fucking ponce! Harry, pretty? Gods in the Wood, next you’ll be waxing poetic and mooning about Harry-Fucking-Potter’s silky hair and soft skin! Merlin’s blue balls, get a hold of yourself, you bloody git.’

“Problem?” he heard Harry ask.

‘Damn.’

“…no just thinking,” Draco tried to say casually.

“Oh…” Harry said.

Draco looked up into his eyes, noticing the confusion evident in those two pools of green. Throwing caution to the wind, Draco decided to fuck the consequences and just see what would happen…

“Harry…” he began tentatively.

Harry straightened up, keeping his gaze firmly on Draco’s eyes. “Yes?”

“Harry, I meant to tell you, that was… um… in the sitting room earlier, you… you um… you played along really well.” Draco mentally smacked himself. ‘Shit, shit, shit…’

“Oh, yeah, I guess.” Harry glanced down, blushing slightly.

‘Fuck all and then fuck them again! Say what you want, you stupid idiot. Since when do Malfoys get nervous?!’

“Yes you did. You were brilliant.” ‘Yes, that’s it, say it with confidence.’ “I hope it didn’t bother you?” ‘HA, HA, Draco Malfoy, cool as a fucking winter day.’

Harry glanced back up, eyes wide. ‘Gods, Harry’s eyes are just so fucking gorgeous. Merlin in Hell…’

“Bother me?” Harry asked softly.

“Err… yeah the um kissing and, you know… stuff,” Draco said with a slight quiver to his voice. ‘Fuck, where did all the confidence go?’

Harry smiled slightly, as pink tinted his cheeks again. “No, I didn’t mind,” he said a little nervously, quickly looking away from Draco and fidgeting with the bed clothes.

‘YES! He didn’t mind! But wait, did he mean ‘No, I don’t mind you kissing me’? Or, ‘No, I don’t mind playing along’?’

Draco’s brain was now doing a happy dance. “Really?” Draco said, cocking his eyebrow. “You didn’t mind me touching you?” Harry shook his head. “You seemed upset about it yesterday.”

Harry chuckled nervously. “I was, but… I dunno, I thought my uncle would… but he didn’t and… and you, well… I dunno.” Harry’s hands began picking apart the blanket on the bed.

‘That fucker won’t be touching you again or I’ll cut his fucking balls off…’ Draco snarled silently before mentally smacking himself. ‘Get on track, doh.’
“Have you ever kissed a boy before, Harry?” Draco asked, his confidence building with each nervous gesture Harry made. ‘Let me be the first, let me be the first…”

Harry’s head shot up at the question, “NO!” he nearly shouted. Draco smirked in his patented Malfoy way. ‘YES!’

“How ‘bout a girl? Ever kissed a girl?” he asked, a wicked gleam forming in his eyes.

The other boy started shifting uncomfortably on the bed until Draco could practically see Harry’s internal argument playing out. He could feel the nervousness of his new companion. “Just between you and me, Harry,” he said, trying to ease the other boy’s tension, “I won’t go spreading nasty rumours.”

Harry cast Draco a searching look and Draco tried to silently communicate the honesty of his last statement, without giving away his current desire to snog Harry senseless. A difficult task, one he wasn’t sure he was capable of, but finally, after several long moments, Draco saw the trust behind the green eyes re-form.

“I know,” Harry began, “I just… Oh, what the hell.” Taking a deep breath, Harry answered Draco honestly. “Yes, I’ve kissed a girl. Just once though and it was bloody awful.”

Draco burst out laughing. His brain was now doing the happy dance conga. Harry stared at Draco for a moment, shocked, then, he too, was laughing.

“S-s-sorry,” Draco choked out after several long minutes, “seriously though, why was it awful?” ‘Please, please, please, tell meeeeee,’ his brain was screaming.

“Well…” Harry was thinking his words over carefully. “Well, she was crying, I guess, and I had never kissed a girl before, and I just, well, I dunno it just was… It wasn’t what I expected, I think.” A slightly confused Harry looked back up at Draco.

Draco was thrilled with that information. “Why was she crying, and more importantly, Harry, what exactly were you expecting?” ‘Say it was yucky and you never want to do it again.’

“She was upset about something else,” Harry responded, a tinge of guilt in his voice.

Draco could tell Harry was holding something back, but he put that thought with the rest of the things Draco wanted to know, but would ask later. Harry sighed. “I don’t really know what I expected,” he said quietly. “But, I think I expected to feel something more, some kind of… spark or something like that. Does that sound silly?” he asked, not really looking at Draco.

“No. That doesn’t sound silly at all,” Draco said. “Would you want to kiss this girl again?” he asked, as his brain was screaming, ‘NO HE WOULD NOT!’

“I thought I would, but no, not her anyway. And I think she hates me now so…” Harry’s voice trailed off.

‘Okay, Draco, old boy, ask the big one.’

“Would you kiss a boy if the opportunity arose?” Draco asked, his heart beginning to beat faster as he watched Harry. Harry’s brow furrowed as he contemplated his answer. His eyes flicked around the room, not looking at Draco.

‘He’s thinking about it! YES!’
“Truthfully, Draco, I’d never thought about it,” Harry said, finally looking Draco directly in the eyes, “until now.”

If Draco thought Harry wouldn’t freak out at this moment, he would have leapt across the bed and ravished the raven-haired, green-eyed boy right then and there. As it was, it was all he could do to restrain himself from jumping around the room with joy. Harry wanted to kiss Draco. He knew this, Harry had as good as said so. Draco definitely wanted to kiss Harry, so… what the fuck…

“Now? What’s different about now?” Draco asked, reaching his hand over to touch the back of Harry’s hand lightly with his fingertips. Harry trembled at the light touch.

“You,” Harry said so very softly.

Draco wasn’t sure, at first, that Harry had actually said it. When the answer finally hit him, he felt a great jolt of excitement run through him. ‘I don’t know what I did to deserve this,’ he thought to himself, ‘and right now, I don’t really give a fuck, but I wanted to say, THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU!’ The conga in his brain had switched to the tango, without missing a beat.

“So, do you want to kiss me, Harry?” he asked, sending Harry his most seductive gaze. “I wouldn’t object to that.”

Harry appeared to be frozen, his green eyes never leaving Draco’s grey as he swallowed nervously. Draco could tell that Harry wanted to, so, to help matters along, he began leaning forward.

“Harry, do you want to kiss me?” he asked again.

Harry took a deep breath. “Yes,” he whispered, leaning forward to meet Draco. Draco smiled and reached up with his other hand, grasped Harry’s neck and pushed their lips together, tenderly.

Sparks! Sparks of lightning flew through Draco’s body at the very first touch of those pink lips. Lips he had dreamed about for the past several nights. Harry’s lips were just as soft and pliant as Draco thought they would be. Knowing Harry was new to kissing, Draco gladly took the lead. ‘Sweet merciful Merlin,’ Draco’s mind raced, ‘so, bloody, fucking brilliant.’

Gently, he massaged Harry’s lips beneath his own. Reaching his free hand up to cup the other boy’s face, he pulled Harry closer to deepen the kiss. Harry soon relaxed into him, his lips cooperating with Draco’s fully. Draco opened his mouth and brushed his tongue along the crease of Harry’s mouth, rubbing along Harry’s lower lip. Harry moaned softly and opened his mouth slightly; Draco smiled and slid his tongue into Harry’s mouth, teasing Harry’s tongue, asking it to come out and play. Draco was in heaven. His brain had now moved on from the tango to the rumba and everything in between.

‘Perfect. This is perfect. Harry is perfect,’ Draco sighed to himself. ‘More, Gods, I want more.’

Draco rose on his knees, as the gentle kiss became more heated. Slowly, he leaned forward, lowering Harry back against the bed. Draco never wanted this to end. He tasted Harry and it was like nothing he had ever tasted before, sweet and delicious. Fresh strawberries and sweet cream, that’s what his Harry tasted like; it was perfection.

‘Hmmm, my Harry,’ he moaned silently, ‘mine, all mine.’

Draco’s tongue explored as much of Harry’s mouth as he could. When he eventually drew his tongue back, Harry’s tongue followed and Draco took advantage, sucking it into his own mouth, teasing it, encouraging it to enter and explore. Harry did just that and Draco groaned with pleasure.
He leaned further into Harry, moving his hands into that black, silky hair. Both boys were breathing hard and Draco could feel his heart racing, his fingertips resting gently over Harry’s pulse as it sped up as well. It was the most wonderful kiss Draco had ever had.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

Both boys jumped backward, Draco nearly falling off the bed, as a loud crash and ear piercing scream filled the room.
“I DON’T WANT TO KNOW! DON’T YOU DARE SAY A WORD! WHAT, IN THE NINE LEVELS OF HELL, ARE YOU TWO DOING?”

‘Hmmm, deep breaths, gasping for air, all that stress can’t be good for his health.’

“DRACO MALFOY, WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING AT, KISSING THAT – THAT – GODS, I THINK I’VE GONE BLIND!”

‘More gasping, ooh, pacing, that’s new. Damn, he should really get a fucking grip....’

“FOR ALL THAT IS REVERENT AND SACRED! WHY, PRAY TELL, ARE YOU TWO KISSING?!… NO… WAIT…. DON’T ANSWER THAT! I DON’T WANT TO KNOW. MERCIFUL LUCIFER AND HIS SEVEN WHORES! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU TWO DOING?”

‘Oh dear, more gasping, holy shit, the room is spinning now...’

“DO YOU TWO HAVE ANY?!... WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TWO?!.... HOLY MOTHER OF THE FUCKING!... I CANNOT BELIEVE!... DRACO MALFOY, WHAT WOULD YOUR FATHER SAY?!... FORGET THAT, WHAT WOULD YOUR MOTHER SAY?!?!... I THINK I MIGHT BE SICK!!...”

‘Shit, the windows are rattling. What the hell is he doing here anyway?’

‘OH MY FUCKING GOD, NO... NO... NO... NO.... Room's moving, holy fucking shit, the room is spinning. SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT. Oh Gods, kissing Draco... so good, but now... WHAT THE FUCK? WHY IS MY FUCKING LIFE SO COMPLICATED?’

“What in Merlin’s name are you two playing at?”
‘Shit, more pacing, more gasping, wayyyyyyyy too much shouting. He really should just calm the fuck down.’

“BLOODY HELL!”

‘I’m dead. That’s it, I’m dead. He is going to kill me. Oh no, worse he’s going to tell everyone I’m a fucking poof! WHY ME? WHY, OH WHY, IS IT ALWAYS ME?’

“ONE OF YOU HAD BETTER BE PLANNING ON EXPLAINING WHAT, EXACTLY, IS GOING ON! HOLY MOTHER OF THE EARTH! WHAT ARE YOU TWO IDIOTS THINKING?! I EXPECT IDIOCY FROM POTTER, BUT YOU, DRACO… YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER… OH MY FUCKING GOD… OH MY FUCKING GOD… IF THE DARK LORD FOUND OUT…”

‘Shit, hadn’t thought of that. Well, fuck the fucker, I don’t give a toss.’

“ONE OF YOU HAD BETTER HAVE A VERY, VERY GOOD EXPLANATION…”

“What the fuck, Professor? We were just kissing,” Draco finally hissed aloud.

“NO! REALLY?! I NEVER WOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT, YOU INSOLENT BRAT! WHY THE HELL ARE YOU-”

‘Oh, finger pointing, how rude.’

‘-KISSING HARRY POTTER, DRACO?! PLEASE ENLIGHTEN ME, BECAUSE I MUST BE MISSING SOMETHING IMPORTANT HERE!”

‘Why is it always me? More importantly why is it always me and him? I’m going to crawl into the nearest hole and die. Yes, that’s it die. Best idea I’ve had yet, I can just go far away, bury my head in a nice sand patch, and die…”

“Why are you pitching a bloody fit, Professor? Merlin! Draco Malfoy kissed Harry Potter. Bloody Hell, you’d think the world was ending,” Draco again interjected.

“DON’T YOU… DON’T YOU DARE, DRACO! YOU KNOW WHAT’S AT STAKE HERE! MERLIN, KISSING BLOODY… THAT… MERLIN!”

‘Oh Gods, more gasping, he’s going to hyperventilate and die.’

“DRACO-FUCKING-MALFOY, YOU WERE KISSING HARRY-BLOODY-POTTER. GOOD SWEET LORD IN THE MERCIFUL HEAVENS. DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW DANGEROUS THAT IS? IF YOUR FATHER KNEW – IF THE DARK LORD – OH GODS, I DON’T EVEN WANT TO THINK ABOUT IT.”

‘Dead. Yes, I’m dead. Death by kissing Draco. What a fucking way to go.’

‘Hmmm, Harry looks so cute when he’s nervous. Gods, he’s hot…’

“DRACO MALFOY!”

‘Ooops…’

“ARE YOU PAYING ATTENTION TO ME? WHAT ARE YOU THINKING? ANSWER ME, BOY!”
“Err… well… I see you got my message…” Draco mumbled.

“GOT YOUR MESSAGE… DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA… SWEET, MERCIFUL MERLIN, IN HIS HOLY RESTING PLACE…”

‘I am sooooooo dead. Here lies Harry Potter, Gryffindor death by kissing Draco Malfoy, Slytherin Prince. Shit, shit, shit, I am dead.’

“Now, look here, Severus, there’s no need to have a conniption,” Draco said, attempting to calm the outraged Professor.

“NO NEED TO… DRACO…. ARRRRRRRGGGGHHHH!”

“Calm down, Severus.”

“CALM DOWN?!… CALM DOWN?!?… DRACO!!!!…”

“Yes, Godfather, calm down.”

‘Godfather? What the Fuck?’

“FINE! Fine! I’m calm now… You had better be able to explain yourselves.”

“Good. What exactly would you like me to explain? Why I’m kissing Harry or…”

“HARRY? SINCE WHEN DID YOU CALL HIM…”

‘Great, more finger pointing, as if Harry isn’t in enough of a panic.’

“Sweet Merlin, Severus, you’d think you’d never seen two people kissing.” Draco had reached the end of his tether. He had been calm, cool and collected with his godfather, but enough was enough. “Now, calm the fuck down and tell us what, exactly, you’re doing here?”

Severus Snape continued pacing back and forth. The boy was telling him to calm down. What the hell was he thinking? Alright, when he had got Draco’s note about Potter, he had had an uneasy feeling, but it was Draco and Draco had never lied to him. Why would Draco know anything about Potter, and why would he be concerned for Potter’s well being? But the note had sounded so urgent and Snape couldn’t, in good conscience, ignore the plea for help. He had immediately gone to Dumbledore with the boy’s concerns, carefully keeping Draco out of it as best he could. But now, he comes to check on Potter, and he finds his Godson necking with his enemy! What the hell was going on?

“Draco, Potter, I don’t want to know. Really, I don’t.” Snape turned and looked at Harry, who looked as if he wanted to melt into the wall. Though Snape could see the boy was very thin and not yet well… Draco had been truthful though, Legilimency had confirmed that…

“Potter, the Headmaster will be here on Friday, be ready.” With that, Professor Snape turned, and in his usual bat like manner, stormed from the room.

“Well, Harry, I think that went rather well…”

“Shit! Fucking, bloody, buggering, shit!”

“Now Harry, love, where were we…..”
Draco stayed with Harry ‘til just before dinner. Leaving – with orders to the Dursleys to make sure they fed Harry and did NOT hurt him in any way – he briefly stopped home and had dinner with his mother, careful not to let slip what he had been up to. Then he took his leave of his mother, telling her that he desperately needed to see his godfather.

Narcissa understood and consented without so much as a second thought. Draco and Severus Snape were closer than most people knew. From the time that Draco was born, the two had formed a bond of admiration and love. Draco often took the time to visit with Severus over his holiday break, so Narcissa thought nothing of it as her son ran off after dinner to meet with the Potions master and loyal Death Eater…

Draco Apparated to the small row house in the middle of a desolate street. He knocked quietly on the old door, intent on explaining his actions to his godfather. Moments later, the door opened a crack; one beady black eye looked out through the crevice. When he spotted Draco, Severus Snape smiled and stood back, opening the door wide in invitation.

“I thought I might see you tonight, brat.” Snape said softly. “You, Draco Malfoy, have much explaining to do.” He motioned Draco into the sitting room.

Draco grinned at the older man. “HA!” he exclaimed. “Shocked the pants off you this afternoon, I do believe!” Laughing, he entered the small home and after hugging his godfather briefly, Draco moved into the sitting room and sat down in his usual spot.

Severus pulled his chair closer to the fire, across from Draco. He observed the young man for a moment. Draco was smiling happily; in fact he looked happier than Snape could remember Draco being in a very long time. Not since before the Dark Lord had returned to his corporeal body had he seen his godson so happy and seemingly content.

“Explain,” Snape said simply.

Draco smirked at the older man, a genuine Malfoy smirk. “Where would you like me to start, Severus?”

“The beginning, boy!” Snape snapped.

“Ah, the letter…” Draco was bursting with glee, sensing his godfather’s irritation. “It’s true you know, what I wrote to you. I went to Privet Drive intent on ruining Harry, revenge for Father,” he began, “but, Gods, we were so wrong about the boy.” Draco sighed and levelled his godfather with
a steady, honest gaze. “Harry Potter is NOT a spoiled, indulged boy. They beat him. They starve him. I saw it, Severus. I will swear to you now, I saw that fat bastard beating Harry.” Draco shook his head, tears welling in his eyes as he thought about that first night.

“When I first saw Harry, he was doing manual fucking labour.” Draco grimaced at the thought. “His back was covered in lash marks, as bad as any the Dark Lord would have given in punishment.” Draco got up from his chair and began to pace. “He was starving and… and that bitch of an aunt wouldn’t even give him a glass of water.” Draco paused and looked directly into his godfather’s eyes. “He was so dehydrated, Sev, that…” Draco swallowed hard, the words catching in his throat, “that he passed out.” The younger man shook with rage. “That bitch called him a freak and… and then… then that fat bastard came home and…” Draco took a deep breath. “I know – I know I am… supposed to be… or more to the point… it is expected of me, to be indifferent.” Draco paused as he ran his hands through his hair nervously. Snape kept his face impassive, seemingly uncaring. “That bastard made Harry lay on his back, and then he beat him with his belt, Sev.” Draco looked up at the older wizard, sadness and fear in his eyes. “He made Harry watch the strap hit him.” Draco shuddered. “I… I… couldn’t stand there and… I couldn’t stand there and do NOTHING!” Draco shouted the last word, tears in his eyes.

Snape rose from his chair. He moved toward his godson. “That does not explain what I witnessed this afternoon, Draco,” he said calmly, guiding the young man to the chair opposite his. “You were… shall we say, more than friendly with Potter.”

Draco grimaced again. “I know. I know.” Draco glanced back up at his godfather. “I cannot possibly explain it. Something is just different. Harry’s just… well… let’s just say, he’s grown on me.” Draco rubbed his eyes with his hands. “I like him, he’s…” Draco contemplated for a moment, gathering his thoughts. “I know this will frost your nuts, Sev, but I really like him. He’s adorable, and fuck, he kisses like a God!”

Snape paled, looking as if he would vomit. “Draco Malfoy, that is more information than I wanted,” he declared. “Now, please explain to me, how can you possibly go from despising the boy three days ago, to snogging the child senseless?” Snape glared at Draco. “Do you know his aunt saw you, she dropped her tea tray and ran for her life – what will happen to that boy tonight?”

“They will not touch Harry!” Draco snarled. Snape raised his eyebrow in a very Snape-like manner. “How can you be sure, Draco?”

Draco shifted nervously before answering. “I told the fat-man I’d make him wish he were dead if he touched Harry.” Draco’s eyes darted from his lap to Snape.

“YOU – YOU IDIOT BOY,” Snape shouted. “YOU THREATENED THEM!”

“Now, now, Severus, what would you have had me do?”

“THINK!”

“THINK? Good Gods, Severus, WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?” Draco yelled back. “DON’T BOTHER ANSWERING, GODFATHER; I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU WOULD HAVE DONE!” Draco rose from his chair and knelt in front of the older man, holding his hand in his own. “I know you, Severus Snape; you would have done the same – not the kissing,” Draco said, blushing, “but you would have helped Harry too. I know you. You can pretend that you are a cold hearted bastard, Uncle, but I know better.” Draco winked at the older, wiser man before him. “You would have done the same.”
Snape’s face reddened slightly. “Yes, fine… alright, the nasty Potions Professor has a soft spot,” he said reluctantly. “But you, Draco Malfoy, are playing a dangerous game. The Dark Lord has plans.” Draco looked frightened for a moment as Severus continued. “I don’t know, child.” Snape pulled his hands from Draco’s to grasp either side of the boy’s face. “I don’t know what his plans are yet, but I do know that he is planning something, and any emotional ties to the Potter boy are dangerous.”

“I know,” Draco sighed heavily, “I know. I can’t help it though, Severus. I really like Harry…” His eyes drifted dreamily.

“DRACO MALFOY, SNAP THE BLAZES OUT OF IT!” Snape shouted, “This is Harry-Bloody-Fucking-Potter and if the Dark Lord detects any association, it could spell disaster for you and your family!”

“I know that, you don’t need to remind me.” Draco grabbed his uncle’s shoulders. “BUT do NOT ask me to abandon him now! I cannot, and I will not.” Draco got up and moved toward the door. “Please, uncle, understand, what has started cannot be undone. I promised Harry I would be there until Dumbledore came; after that I don’t know….”

Severus got up and reached for the boy, turning him to face him. “Be careful, Draco. Move slowly. I don’t know what will happen and I don’t want to lose you to the Dark Lord,” Severus said firmly as he hugged the young boy to his chest.

“I’ll be careful, Uncle.” Draco kissed the older man’s cheek. “I promise.” Then he pulled away and left the small house.

“The Gods bless you and keep you safe, Draco,” Snape said quietly to the closing door.
Draco left his godfather’s house, content in the knowledge that his secret was safe, for the time being at least. He still had to figure out how to hide his feelings for Harry from the Dark Lord though. While he had been practicing Occlumency with his Aunt, Bellatrix, and was becoming fairly good at it, he wasn’t sure he would be strong enough to fool Voldemort if it came to a face to face meeting.

He couldn’t wait to see Harry again. He couldn’t remember ever feeling like this before and anticipating his next meeting with the other boy, made falling asleep very difficult. Eventually though, sleep overcame him and he drifted off dreaming of that kiss….

Unfortunately for Draco, he ended up spending the entire morning and part of the afternoon with his mother. Narcissa Malfoy had decided that they needed to go to Diagon Alley together and do some shopping, and then insisted on lunching together. Draco had had a difficult time hiding his irritation, but as a good son should, he dutifully played along. Unfortunately, his Aunt Bellatrix also chose to interfere with his plans, insisting that he practice his Occlumency after lunch. Draco was well and truly frustrated and on the brink of pitching a fit, before he finally managed to convince his aunt that he didn’t need, or want, to practice today. And so it was well into the afternoon before he finally arrived at Privet Drive and what he found would did not serve to make him any happier...

Harry was sitting on his bed, knees up, his arms wound tightly around himself. His head was buried face down in the nest made by his kneecaps. Draco could feel something was off, not quite right –

“Harry?” he said softly as he approached the other boy.

"'Lo,” Harry mumbled, not raising his head off his knees. “I thought you weren’t coming.”

“Harry, what’s wrong?” Chills ran up Draco’s spine. “Look at me,” Draco said, carding his fingers through Harry’s soft hair.

Slowly, Harry raised his head and Draco hissed in anger. There was a very large, hand shaped bruise across his right cheek, his lower lip was swollen and split, dried blood trailed down his chin, and his eyes were red and puffy from crying.

“I WILL KILL THAT FAT FUCKER!” Draco screamed, as he whirled to leave the room in search of the dead man, only to find that Harry’s door was, yet again, securely locked.

“DRACO, NO!” Harry scrambled off the bed, reaching out to grab the tall, angry blonde. “The
Dursleys left last night,” he said quietly. “They locked me in, said they were going to Aunt Marge’s for the rest of the week.”

Draco spun around and looked at Harry. “You mean they locked you in and left you here?” Harry merely shrugged his shoulders and nodded.

“You’ve been locked in since last night? Alone?” Draco questioned. “Why didn’t you send Hedwig to me?” Draco continued, looking around the room. “Where IS Hedwig?” Draco had suddenly noticed that Hedwig’s cage was not in the room with Harry, this fact only serving to increase his anger.

Harry rubbed his eyes wearily. “They locked her in the basement I think,” Harry said as he moved unsteadily back to the bed.

Draco’s eyes narrowed suspiciously. “Harry, when was the last time you ate?”

Harry blushed, keeping his eyes trained on his lap and mumbling something unintelligible.

“Harry,” Draco said more forcefully.

“Alright, alright,” Harry sighed, looking away in shame, “yesterday, when you and I had lunch.”


“No, please,” Harry pleaded, “Draco, you can’t, please.”

“Harry, how can you defend this? No, the better question is where does this Aunt Marge live? I’m going to teach your uncle a lesson.”

“No, Draco,” Harry said tiredly. “I don’t know where Aunt Marge lives, I’ve never been there AND I don’t want the Dursleys harmed.”

“How can you say that, Harry?” Draco glared at the other boy incredulously.

“Because, Draco,” he stammered, “because they’re my family, despite all this.” Harry waved his arms, “They’re the only family I have and I don’t want – I don’t want to be like them. Please, promise me you won’t harm them. Draco, please…”

Draco sighed and moved to sit beside Harry on the bed. “I’m sorry,” he said, placing his arm around Harry, he pulled him close.

“I knew you’d say that,” he said softly.

Draco chuckled lightly, calming down slightly. “Predictable am I?”

Draco rose from the bed taking Harry’s hand. “First things first, let’s get you something to eat,” he said, pulling Harry to the door as he took out his wand, unlocking the multitude of locks. “Then we’ll rescue Hedwig and decide what to do with you both.”

Unfortunately, Draco’s anger came back tenfold when they reached the kitchen. The boys found that anything edible had been removed from the kitchen entirely. It appeared that the Dursleys had taken every last morsel of food with them. Draco stormed about the kitchen, hissing threat upon threat, and curse upon curse on Harry’s family while Harry sat quietly and waited for Draco to wear himself out and calm down.
After a good twenty minutes, Draco stopped pacing and swearing and instead shouted, “Binty.” Harry gave him a quizzical look before jumping out of his seat as a house-elf appeared in the kitchen.

“Master Draco,” the elf squeaked.

“Binty, I need a hearty picnic lunch for two,” Draco ordered, pointing between himself and Harry. “Later, I will need you to arrange dinner for two around nine o’clock, to be served here,” Draco looked the elf directly in the eye. “And not a word to mother, understood?”

Binty nodded and disappeared. Draco pulled a glass from the kitchen cupboard and filling it from the tap, he handed it to Harry. “Drink. Sit. Stay. I’m going to go get Hedwig,” he ordered and turning abruptly on his heel, Draco headed for the basement door.

Harry sat in bewilderment, dutifully sipping the water. He wondered how Draco Malfoy had managed to worm his way into Harry’s life and make him feel like a needy, little fool. He was Harry-Damn-Potter, boy hero. Yet, here he was, sitting in the Dursley’s kitchen, letting his supposed enemy take care of him. And even worse, he, Harry-Damn-Potter had no intention of stopping him.

‘How,’ Harry asked himself, ‘did this happen?’ Harry scrunched his nose in concentration. ‘More importantly, Harry,’ he thought to himself, ‘what are you going to do about it?’

“Nothing. Not one damn thing,” he answered himself aloud, smiling happily.

The more Harry thought about it, the more he decided that it was all too much to think about. The only thing he knew for sure was that he liked this Draco Malfoy. He liked him a lot, and he liked the idea that maybe, just maybe, someone cared about him. Yes him, Harry-Damn-Potter not The Boy Who Lived, but Harry. And really that was all he needed to know for now, he would deal with everything and everyone else later. Right now though, Draco was here, and he was helping him, and Harry found he just didn’t want to let that go. He didn’t care if Snape told everyone and their mother that he saw Harry Potter kissing Draco Malfoy. He’d just deal with all that another time.

Just then, Draco stormed up from the basement with Hedwig’s cage, grumbling about Muggles and a fat-man, all with a spattering of colourful swear words. He brushed right by Harry taking Hedwig outside, telling Harry to stay right where he was; he’d take care of his beloved snowy owl.

Harry smiled to himself. Yes, he liked Draco Malfoy, very much indeed.

Draco came back into the house with the empty owl cage and looked over at Harry, suddenly realising that he and Harry had the entire house to themselves. He grinned wickedly as he stalked toward Harry, rubbing his hands together, he thought to himself, ‘Ah, yes, alone at last.’

As he watched a sudden look of mischief cross Draco’s face, Harry could not help the pang of nervous trepidation that crept down his spine.

“Draco,” Harry gulped.

“Harry,” Draco said a gleam in his eyes, “I do believe we’re all alone.” he said, voicing aloud his earlier thought. “Whatever shall we do…”
Harry shivered at Draco’s words. He didn’t know if he liked the implication, as he wasn’t sure if he felt like he was ready for anything more than snogging. He was still trying to understand his new feelings for his former enemy and what that might mean about his own sexuality. It was all too confusing.

Draco seemed to read Harry’s thoughts. “Don’t look so worried, Harry,” he said gently. Harry looked up at Draco sharply. “I’m only teasing you. Don’t be such a Gryffindor. I said I wouldn’t leave you alone and that I would protect you and I meant it.”

Draco reached out tentatively, brushing the hair from Harry’s eyes. “This is all new for me too, so I promise that we won’t do anything neither of us is ready for,” he told Harry softly.

Harry smiled slightly and nodded, relief evident in his expression. “Thanks, Draco, for everything – I mean – you know, staying with me and helping me.”

“Alright, enough mushy stuff!” Draco exclaimed his cheeks pinking slightly. If Harry was going to get emotional, a change in subject was obviously needed. “Now, Binty will be back soon. We’ll get you fed up and finish up our summer work, yeah?”

“Yeah,” Harry agreed, moving to sit at the kitchen table. As if on cue, Binty popped back into the kitchen with a hamper full of food.

“Ah, Binty, hang on a moment will you?” Draco said, “I want you to take a note back to the manor.” Draco looked about the kitchen for something to write with. “Harry, I need to write my mother and tell her I will be staying with a ‘friend’ for a few days…”

“You’re staying here, Draco?” Harry questioned.

“Of course,” Draco replied nonchalantly. “Parchment, ink, Harry…”

Harry, realising that Muggle paper and ink would be suspicious, got up and ran back to his room to retrieve what Draco needed. Hurrying back, he placed the ink and quills on the table and handed Draco some parchment.

Draco wrote two notes and after sealing both, handed them to the elf. “Don’t confuse the two, Binty. One note is for mother, the second for my godfather.” Draco gave the elf the notes. “And when you return with supper, please bring some of my things with you, enough for several days.” Binty nodded in understanding then popped away.

Harry wanted to ask why Draco was writing to Snape, but his stomach growled noisily, distracting
The two boys settled down to a late lunch then got out their summer work. They worked companionably for several hours, helping each other when needed.

Draco found that Harry was extremely knowledgeable in DADA and explained things in a manner that made it easy to understand. Draco had always viewed Defence as just practical work – learn the spell, cast the spell. He had never before considered that there was anymore to it, but Harry was able to explain the method behind the spells in a way that made it both more interesting and original. Draco felt Harry would make an excellent teacher some day and told him so…

They were discussing the Patronus Charm in preparation for NEWT levels; Draco well remembered sitting their OWL practical and Harry casting that particular charm. He had been awed and jealous of Harry at the time and had stalked back to his room that night, looking up Patronus and attempting the charm himself. It had been a dismal failure.

“You’re thinking too much, Draco,” Harry told him.

“What do you mean?” Draco sneered, his failure making his anger sharp.

“You need to focus on one thing, one very happy thought,” Harry said calmly, ignoring Draco’s temper. “It needs to be something that fills you with happiness. Does that make sense?”

Draco shook his head. Harry scrunched his nose up in consideration. “When I first cast the charm successfully, I mean as a fully corporeal Patronus, I was thinking about my godfather,” Harry said sadly, the memory of Sirius still raw. “He had asked me to come and live with him, offering me a chance to never come back here again. The Dementors were surrounding Sirius by the lake, they were going to give him the Kiss. I thought of him, of what losing him would mean.

"Sirius connected me to my parents in a way I’d never had before and he was an escape from Privet Drive. I was afraid that I would lose him before I ever really had him and it filled me with something, not really love or joy, but it was a positive feeling, like I knew I could save him and it was powerful and it worked. I created my Patronus that night, Prongs, and he chased away all the Dementors."

Harry ended his explanation and Draco could see the sadness in Harry’s eyes.

“That’s not exactly happy, Harry,” Draco said softly.

“I know,” Harry answered. “I’ve been thinking about that and I think, for me, the feeling just needs to be strong and powerful. But I’ve found that the best way for others to learn is to focus on a really happy memory. Something that can fill you up and isn’t negative, like hate.” Harry wiped his eyes and looked up at Draco. “During my OWL practical, I was thinking about Umbridge getting fired and making a spectacular scene,” he said with a sly smile. Draco snorted, holding back a laugh.

“Wait a minute, Prongs?” Draco said incredulously. “Potter, you named your Patronus?”

Harry blushed furiously. “Um, yeah, well – you see my dad was an Animagus. His form was a stag and his friends nicknamed him Prongs,” he mumbled embarrassingly.

Draco nodded in understanding. His expression softened as he remembered the form Harry’s Patronus took that day.

“Okay, so, I just need to find a memory that fills me with positive emotions?” Draco asked, hoping to change Harry’s mood.
Harry sat up a bit and focused on Draco. “Yes, not just any happy memory, but one that completely fills you with joy.” Harry watched Draco search for his memory. “Think of the happiest you have ever been,” he said encouragingly, “then say the words, ‘Expecto Patronum.’”

Draco tried and tried, focusing on all the happy memories of his childhood. He was getting frustrated as nothing seemed to work.

“I don’t understand…,” he said angrily.

The two boys were standing in the hall in front of the kitchen door as Draco tried over and over, selecting different memories with no success. Harry grasped Draco’s arms and turned the taller boy to face him.

“Listen, Draco, focus on something that holds a positive feeling. Not on material things, like receiving your first broom or some such nonsense.” Draco looked surprised. He had been focusing on happy birthdays and Yule holidays. He wondered how Harry had worked that out. “It’s not a hard leap, my friend,” Harry said with a grin, “you’re a Malfoy and a bit spoilt, too.”

“Shut up!” Draco whined.

“Do you want to learn to do this properly, Malfoy?” Harry asked.

“Of course I do,” Draco spat.

“Then listen to me. Go back through your memories and look for a feeling of joy that isn’t focused on material things. Look for something that made you happy, the happiest you’ve ever been. Look for something filled with love. Focus on love,” Harry demanded. “Love is a powerful emotion, Malfoy, it can conquer nations, if given a chance. Defensive magic works best when the focus is a positive emotion and nothing is more positive than love.”

Draco thought that Harry was, perhaps, out of his mind, but when he looked at him, he could see the confidence the boy had in his words. Harry’s eyes sparkled with determination and authority. So, with nothing to lose, Draco closed his eyes and reached back into his mind and looked for what Harry asked him too. A memory filled with love. Draco thought and thought until he arrived upon a memory, long forgotten…

He had been out in the country with his mother, just the two of them, walking, hand in hand. Draco had been about eight years old. They had come upon a group of boys picking on another smaller boy and Draco remembered getting very angry. He had stormed over to the group, wand drawn, demanding they leave the boy alone. When the group had turned on him, he brandished his wand and cast a few hexes on some of the larger boys. The group fled howling as one, leaving the smaller boy crying in the dirt.

Draco had asked him if he was alright then offered his and his mother’s services as escorts to take the boy to the safety of his home. Draco had later learned that the boy he had saved had been Neville Longbottom and the older boys who had been picking on him were his cousins. But the reason he always remembered that day was his mother’s words, after they had seen Neville safely home, she had turned to Draco, her eyes shining, smiling down at her son…

“I am so proud of you, Draco,” she had said, brushing blond strands back from his eyes, “so very proud of you, my brave boy.”

“You are a hero, Draco Malfoy, my hero,” she finished, wrapping her arms around her son, pulling him close to her in a motherly hug, full of pride and love.
Those words had filled Draco with so much pride and happiness. He could never remember, ever, feeling quite so elated and happy. Bursting with pride and joy…

Draco opened his eyes, tears prickling at the corners as he turned…

“EXPECTO PATRONUM!” he shouted.

A beautiful, silver, winged dragon shot out of the end of Draco’s wand, swirled down the hall then turned and flew back, hovering directly in front of the two boys. The beast was at least six feet long and its scales glistened like a ghostly rainbow.

“Wow,” breathed Harry.

“Yeah,” Draco replied, reaching out as if to touch the shining dragon as it faded to nothing.

Shaking the vision from his eyes, Draco turned to Harry. “You, Harry Potter, would make an excellent DADA teacher,” he said forcefully.

Harry smiled brightly at the compliment. “Yeah, I’ve kinda been thinking about that, instead of Auror School I mean, I really enjoyed teaching the DA last term.” His voice was excited at the possibilities, then he paused and his expression darkened. “If I survive the next few years that is…”

“What the hell is that supposed to mean?” Draco growled. “You WILL survive, Harry. I know you will.”
Harry was happily shocked by Draco’s declaration. Before he could respond, Binty popped in, announcing dinner. As they returned to the kitchen, Harry’s stomach gave a loud rumble, which amused Draco. They ate quietly, neither boy willing to broach the subject of evening plans, as it was already after nine. By the time they had finished a delicious meal of roasted chicken, both were yawning from the day’s events and they sluggishly traipsed upstairs. At the top they stopped, each pondering the same thing…

“Draco, um… I don’t think the Dursleys would notice if you slept in the guest room,” Harry announced shyly, pointing to the room directly across from his own.

“Right,” Draco said nervously, heading for the appointed door.

“I’ll wash up first, so you have a chance to settle,” Harry said, turning toward the washroom. “Let me know if you need anything.” With that Harry disappeared behind the door.

Draco opened the guest room door, pulling a face at the frilly décor. He quickly reached into the overnight bag Binty had left for him, gathering his toiletries. Then he sat on the bed listening for when Harry left the bath.

Draco ran over the day in his mind. He was still furious with the Dursleys and planned to seek revenge when Harry was safely out of their grasp. He also wanted to talk to Snape about the treatment Harry received here; if it was absolutely necessary for Harry to return here each year, then, Draco felt, Dumbledore should make sure that Harry was not abused. His anger over finding Harry alone and bruised when he returned bubbled up to the surface again. The fat-man would be punished. Draco would make sure of it.

Knowing he needed to stop thinking about the Dursleys before he accidentally blew something up, he forced his mind to the discovery of his Patronus. He was thrilled that he had finally been successful and thought that the form his Patronus had taken was amazing. Of course, thoughts of his Patronus led him to thoughts of Harry and remembering the other boy’s thoughtful words and insights and the patience he had shown, even while Draco was frustrated, convinced Draco that Harry really should consider teaching as a career.

Draco’s mental wanderings were interrupted as he heard Harry leave the washroom and he gathered his necessities and went to take a shower before retiring.

As Draco washed himself, his mind kept going back to Harry’s words, particularly his comments about possibly not surviving the fight with Voldemort. Draco was upset by the other boy’s pessimism because he knew that Harry would survive. He couldn’t reason why, he just knew deep
down in his soul that Harry Potter would defeat the Dark Lord.

‘Harry has to survive,’ Draco thought to himself. ‘He just has to, I need him.’

Draco sighed as he finished pulling on his sleep pants and wandered out of the bathroom. Noticing Harry’s light was still on and the door opened slightly, Draco poked his head in. He smiled to himself as he looked over at the bed. Harry was asleep, a book in his lap and his glasses slightly askew. Quietly, Draco approached the sleeping boy, he gently pulled off his glasses and placed them on the desk. He lifted up Harry’s arm as carefully as he could and pulled the book out from underneath, placing it beside the glasses. Before turning to leave, Draco looked over the dingy room and ratty bed. It really didn’t look very comfortable, despite the nice sheets Draco had bought that first night. Smirking, Draco ran back to his room to retrieve his wand.

Standing in Harry’s door he waved the wand. The bed Harry was sleeping in transformed to a much larger, far nicer bed, with soft sheets and blankets and fluffy down pillows. Harry didn’t wake, but his entire body seemed to sigh as the boy snuggled into his new surroundings. Draco smiled softly, satisfied with his handiwork. Taking one last look around the room to make sure nothing was out of place, he moved back to Harry’s side to turn off the reading lamp. He paused as he looked down at Harry’s sleeping form. Harry’s face was the picture of contentment, a small smile gracing his ruby lips. Draco couldn’t help himself; he bent down and placed a whispered kiss on that lovely mouth.

“Goodnight, Harry,” he murmured as he left the room.

Draco Malfoy was dreaming a very pleasant dream. This dream involved a certain green-eyed, messy-haired Gryffindor, a locker-room shower, and a certain amount of soap. Not just any soap, but that expensive kind his mother imported from France. The dream was going along quite nicely until an annoying noise began penetrating his subconscious. Dream Draco was beginning to get distracted from his very important task of ravishing certain Gryffindor and dream Draco didn’t like it. The infernal noise was getting louder and louder. The louder the noise got, the dimmer and fuzzier Draco’s dream became until a loud ‘thump’ and a shout completely shattered the pleasurable images and drew Draco completely out of his dream and back to reality.

Draco sat bolt upright in bed, listening carefully. The house was silent for a moment, eerily so. Draco grabbed his wand and shifted his feet over the edge of the bed in preparation of searching out whatever had woken him up when he heard what he thought was a gasp. Then he clearly heard Harry’s voice softly moaning as if in pain.

Draco jumped up and ran to Harry’s room.

Harry was lying on the floor, having obviously fallen out of bed. His legs were tangled in the blankets and sheets as he struggled with whatever was tormenting him in his sleep. Soft moans of ‘no, ‘don’t,’ and ‘please’ were coming from his mouth as he twisted in the bedclothes. Draco watched for a moment unsure of what to do, until sleeping Harry sobbed…

“Please, Uncle Vernon, please no more. I’ll be good, I swear, please…”

Draco knew immediately that Harry was having a nightmare and rushed over to wake the trembling boy.

Draco dropped to his knees, reaching out and pulling the still struggling Harry into his arms. Harry fought, pleading for his uncle not to hurt him and Draco’s anger returned tenfold. He pulled Harry closer and began to murmur reassurances, waking the frightened boy as gently as possible.

“Harry,” he crooned, running his hand soothingly through Harry’s hair, “shush, it’s all right. You’re
safe, love. It’s me Draco.”

Harry moaned pitifully as his eyes fluttered opened. He quickly realised the dream had changed and he was being held, comfortably. Harry gasped again and sat up, trying to pull away from Draco.

“Shush,” Draco whispered again, holding Harry firmly against him. “It’s okay, Harry, it’s me. Your uncle’s not here. It’s just me.”


Harry focused on the two silver eyes looking at him intently and the soothing hands running through his hair and down his back. Slowly his dream faded and his heart rate slowed and he was suddenly aware of the tears that were winding their way down his cheeks as the memory of a horrible beating faded away.

“Sorry,” he mumbled, “I didn’t mean to wake you.”

“Shut it, Potter,” Draco said, though his smile belied the tone of his voice. “You interrupted a brilliant dream, you know.”

Harry felt his face redden, ashamed that Draco had once again come to his rescue. But, his fear was still prevalent and he found he could not help but nuzzle deeper into the comforting embrace Draco offered. He nested his head in the crook of Draco’s shoulder, still trembling. Draco seemed unconcerned about their position and continued rubbing his back and hair soothingly, waiting for Harry to calm.

They stayed that way for long minutes before either boy spoke again.

“Come on,” Draco said finally, “let’s get you back to bed, yeah?” Tightening his embrace one more time, he began to help Harry up off the floor and back onto the bed.

Harry gave Draco a shocked look as he climbed into the bed. “Draco, what happened to my bed?” he asked.

“I didn’t like it,” Draco stated simply. “It wasn’t fit for a troll, Harry.”

“Yes, but…”

“You can Transfigure it back when the Muggles return,” Draco cut Harry off as he pushed Harry down into the pillows. “Now shift over,” Draco demanded.

“Shift…”

“Yes, shift over, make room for me.”

“What?” Harry squeaked.

“Are you aware of your tendency to squeak when nervous, Potter?” Draco said teasingly. “If I don’t sleep in here, I’ll be tearing across the hall every time I hear you snore. Now, move over.”

Reluctantly, Harry moved to the opposite side of the bed; suddenly glad that Draco had Transfigured a larger one, as Harry had never, ever slept with another person in the same bed before. He was sure his face was redder then it had ever been, but if Draco noticed his nervousness, he didn’t comment, he simply climbed into the bed beside Harry and pulled the covers over the two of them.
Harry lay completely still, as far to the opposite side of the bed as he could get. He was sure he was holding his breath and was terrified to move, fearing his wayward limbs might brush up against the other boy. Draco, however, had other plans and he lazily rolled over onto his side facing Harry until the boy could feel Draco’s eyes watching him and the blonde’s breath against the side of his face.

“Harry,” Draco said suddenly, “look at me.”

Harry’s breath, which he was indeed holding, hitched painfully as he turned his head to look at the blonde.

Draco studied Harry for a few moments before asking, “Do I make you nervous?”

Harry felt his eyes widen as he nodded his head in the affirmative.

Draco reached his hand up and gently stroked Harry’s cheek. “I would never harm you intentionally, Harry,” he said soothingly. He opened his arms and motioned for Harry to move toward him. “Come here…”

Harry, though he was sure he did not will it, found himself rolling over toward Draco. He felt those strong arms wrap around his shoulders, pulling him tightly against a very bare, smooth chest. To his utter shock and amazement, he felt his body move in and snuggle against the warm, strong chest as his breath finally escaped his lips in a longing sigh.

Draco held still for a moment before his hands began to wander, running along Harry’s spine then trailing back up his flanks, he nestled his face into the unruly, black locks and breathed Harry’s scent deeply. Boldly, Harry’s arms snaked their way around Draco’s waist, though Harry had no clue what to do next. Slowly, Draco began to kiss Harry, first his forehead, then his eyelids, his cheeks, his nose, his chin, and finally his lips. Harry melted into the kiss, his body fitting perfectly into the crook of Draco’s embrace.

Quiet sounds of lips and moans could be heard from both boys. Neither rushing, each waiting…

Draco licked along the crease of Harry’s mouth, teasing it to open for him. Harry had never kissed anyone like this before, lying in a bed of tangled limbs, and he gasped in surprise. Draco seized his chance and plunged his tongue into the soft velvet of Harry’s open mouth. It was as heavenly as their first kiss. Everything Draco had ever dreamed a kiss could be. The body against his was warm, inviting, filled with love. Yes, love. Draco could feel the love that Harry contained inside of him, rolling off like waves of warm breezes. It was as if Harry had a light inside that never shut off, always burning, and offering comfort to those who could find it.

The kiss began to deepen and their hands sought out more to touch. Harry finding his courage, began seeking out and feeling the other boy’s body beside him. Mimicking the motions of Draco’s hands, they caressed each other’s chest and back and stomachs. Heat and blood pooling in their groins, Draco shifted his hands to Harry’s firm arse and pulling their hips together, undulating his hard, silk covered cock against the other boy.

Harry had never felt such a thing in his life. Sparks chased their way across his eyes and he broke the kiss, throwing his head back and moaning loudly. Draco saw the exposed neck and captured it, sucking his way down along the pulse point, pausing and nipping at the tender flesh to mark the other boy as his own.

Harry became caught up in the sensations being wrought by Draco. He enthusiastically rubbed his erection against the other boy. A wonderful dance began between the two, a dance of lips and hands and hips. Each erotic movement copied by the other, overflowing one on top of the next. Lips
seeking erect nipples and new places to taste and suck, hands grasping, pulling and rubbing. Faster and faster their hips moved against each other, the cloth between them becoming damper and damper. Groaning and sucking and creaking bed springs were becoming louder and quicker. Harry thought he would faint from the feeling pooling in his nether regions. Wanking had never felt so delicious.

Draco’s hands finally stilled on Harry's bottom, gripping him tightly as their pace became even more frantic, they were so close it seemed as if any second now they would fall over the edge. Hotter, harder, wetter, on and on it went. Sweat soaked skin slid against sweat soaked skin. Groaning, moaning, gasping, reaching, harder and harder, closer, so closer until…

Two pleasured shouts…

“HARRY!”

“DRACO!”
Draco dreamt of piercing eyes, staring, sinking into the back of his skull. Watching, waiting, patient, angry, irritated eyes…

Soft skin against his own, a leg snuggled between his thighs, dangerously close to his manhood. Oh, that felt nice…

Still being watched, feeling the eyes glowering –

Draco woke, impossibly slowly, dreamily and with nervous trepidation. A warm, pliant body, snuggled against his side, soft breaths eddying over his throat, causing pleasant shivers to dimple his flesh and arouse his memories. Carefully, he opened one eye and glanced down at the dark mop of black tangled hair…

Harry…

Still sleeping, his face relaxed in slumber, absolutely beautiful. Impossibly long, dark lashes curled against his creamy, glowing cheeks, pink lips slightly opened, reminding Draco of cherubs he had seen in an art museum once, all round and full and innocent. The curve of his shoulder, revealing more sweet skin before it disappeared under the blankets, tantalizing Draco, renewing his morning wood fully. Harry was simple perfection and Draco couldn’t resist smiling to himself, remembering what had occurred before he and Harry had fallen into blissful, contented sleep…

The feel of grinding against the other boy and the powerful orgasm, calling out Harry’s name as he erupted in pure pleasure, it had been simply amazing and afterwards when Harry had blushed and tried to pull away. Draco didn’t allow it. He wrapped his arms tightly around the other boy and held him close, rubbing lazy circles along his back and arms, cooing sweet nothings and words of adoration into his ear, until he calmed and drifted off to sleep. Draco had carefully cleaned their ejaculate with his wand, before drifting off himself. It had been truly spectacular and he wondered exactly what it would be like to actually bury himself inside of Harry, possess him completely, dare he say it –

‘Make love…’

– with Harry, only with Harry. Feelings were stirring inside of Draco, whether he was comfortable with them or not, they were there. But what he would do with these feelings was another thing altogether, because, truthfully, he couldn’t risk their lives by acting on his emotions, there were too many dangers.

The Dark Lord. That bastard ruined everything.
Lucius Malfoy, his father. He would disown Draco in an instant – and possibly try to kill him – if he knew where Draco’s heart was heading.

These dark thoughts brought Draco out of his earlier reverie and he, once again, had the curious sensation of being watched.

Draco’s senses went into overdrive. He and Harry were being watched. Whoever was standing in the door – he was sure they were not any closer – was watching the two of them, and had been for some time now, he was sure of that. Carefully, he slid his hand under the pillow for his wand, withdrawing with slow, careful movements, he hoped that whoever was there, would believe him still asleep…

“I know you’re awake, Draco.”

‘Shit!’

“Godfather,” Draco replied quietly, immediately recognizing Severus Snape’s dark, cool voice. He opened his eyes and turned his head to see the disapproving face of his godfather.

“Wake Potter and get your arses downstairs. We need to talk. And put on some clothes,” Snape said, a disgusted smirk on his face, then he turned and billowed out of the room.

Draco grimaced and, with a mental curse towards his ever complaining godfather, turned to wake his bed partner.

“Harry, love,” he whispered, kissing the top of Harry’s head, “time to wake up.” Gently, Draco shook Harry’s shoulder, forcing himself to ignore the silky soft skin begging to be stroked, until the sleeping boy grumbled unhappily and started to wake.

Draco gasped as he watched Harry’s eyes flutter open, revealing the most amazing green eyes he had ever seen, and Draco fell in love all over again.

Draco’s fingers now itched to do more than just stroke Harry’s skin and he wondered how much time he had before Severus came storming back up to the room. Probably not very long…

“Morning, love,” Draco said, a hint of lust colouring his tone.

“Draco?” Harry croaked his voice still hoarse with sleep. The dark-haired boy looked momentarily confused as to why Draco was in his bed before he suddenly remembered and his cheeks infused with heat and he looked away embarrassed. “Morning,” he mumbled.

Smiling, Draco pulled Harry close, kissing his head again. “Stop,” he admonished, though without any real irritation. “I told you last night, what we did was perfectly natural AND completely amazing.”

Harry’s innocent eyes looked up at Draco, they could see the confidence in the other boy and the conviction in his words was not merely to put Harry at ease. Draco truly meant them and Harry could see that. A sweet smile graced his face as he nodded in agreement, though his cheeks stayed pleasantly pink and his eyes were still a little sheepish. Harry understood and agreed.

Draco grasped both sides of Harry’s face and tipped his head back, pressing his lips lightly against the other boy’s.

“Amazing, Harry,” he whispered again.

Harry, feeling more relaxed, wrapped his arms more tightly around Draco’s waist and kissed him back. Draco’s heart leapt and he would have deepened the kiss, but realised that would only lead to other things and that, perhaps, now was not the time. They had an irate Professor likely pacing the kitchen floor.
“Um – Harry,” he began, “we – um, have a visitor.”

“What?” Harry squealed. “Who, where…” Harry sat up, looking around the room frantically, mortified that someone may have seen him in bed with Draco Malfoy.

“Now, calm down,” Draco said, irritated at losing the moment. “Professor Snape is here, downstairs.” Draco sat as well, throwing his legs over the bed. “He’s waiting for us,” he added nervously. Harry panicked immediately, of course.

“Oh, buggering all,” he moaned pathetically. “Why does it always have to be HIM?”

“Oh, for piss’ sake, calm down…”

“Calm down? Calm down?!” Harry hissed. “Draco, Professor Snape is here…” Harry’s face suddenly drained of all colour, going deathly pale, he gasped loudly and looked up at his companion. “Draco, he wasn’t HERE? I mean here in this room?” Draco grimaced again and blushed, not meeting Harry’s eyes. “Oh bloody hell!” Harry cried. “Please, please, please tell me he wasn’t… Oh fuck, fuck, fuck…” Harry continued to mumble as he flew out of bed, out of the room and slammed the washroom door.

“Stupid, nosey, fucking, prick…” Draco grumbled as he left Harry’s room in search of his clothes. “Rude, that’s what that is… Wake from a nice dream… Any idea what time it is?… Any decent person would call first. Stupid old bat…”

Draco dressed quickly. He could hear Harry in the shower and was glad for the chance to speak with Severus alone. He didn’t relish the man’s admonishments and wanted a chance to explain – and lie – before Harry joined them, so he quickly made his way downstairs.

Snape paced the kitchen as he waited for the two boys. His mind was a muddle of thoughts: first and foremost the protection of his godson, any involvement with Potter would be detrimental to Draco. The Dark Lord had plans for the young Malfoy, and while Severus had not yet ascertained what those plans were, he did know that whatever it was, a friendship with Potter would NOT be a good thing.

The older wizard had been hoping to keep Draco protected from the Dark Lord. He had thought he would have another year at least before he would have to worry about his godson being forced to take the mark. Severus had already made plans for Draco to be absent from the wizarding world for the duration of the war, all that had been left was convincing Draco to go into hiding at the end of the school year. And then Lucius had ruined everything by getting himself arrested, shining a bright light on his son. The Dark Lord had plans for Draco this year and Snape had no way of preventing it until he knew what those plans were. He only hoped the Dark Lord kept to his ways and did not mark anyone under seventeen. If Draco were marked it would be harder to hide him.

Snape wondered how he ended up as protector of these two boys. One he loved and the other he loathed, yet here he was struggling to protect both. And now they had gone and made his job that much harder by somehow becoming involved with each other. He scowled to himself; it was beyond his understanding how Draco could go from despising Harry Potter to being in the boy’s bed.

He couldn’t fathom what his godson could be thinking. The danger the foolish boy was placing his family in was incredible. If the Dark Lord had any inkling of a friendly relation with Potter, Draco and his mother would die a slow and painful death. Draco entered the kitchen, interrupting Snape’s morbid thoughts, and provoking a dark glare.
Draco visibly shuddered under Snape’s look, swallowing thickly and gathering his courage before addressing his godfather. Before he could do more than draw breath, however, Severus spoke.

“Where is Potter?”

“He’ll be down soon,” Draco replied calmly, his Malfoy mask dropping quickly into place. “Sev, it’s not what you think…” he began.

“Not what I think?” Snape interrupted. “You were in bed with Potter,” he growled. “Tell me, Draco, what exactly should I not be thinking?”

“I can explain,” Draco said quickly. “It is NOT what you are thinking, Uncle.” The boy motioned to a chair, silently asking his godfather to sit. Severus scowled as he yanked the chair violently away from the table and sat heavily, raising his brow warningly.

Binty popped in just then with breakfast, which gave Draco a moment to gather his thoughts. He prayed that Harry would be too nervous to come down straight away, giving him time to calm Severus.

When the elf had finished and Disapparated, Draco took a calming breath and faced the angry Potions master.

“You received my note?” Draco asked. Severus merely nodded in reply. “Then you understand that Harry’s supposed family left him here, locked up with no access to food or water?” Again Snape nodded. “Then you also read the part where I informed you that I would be staying here,” Draco finished.

Snape glared at Draco. “Staying I understand, but, Draco, surely you could have found better sleeping arrangements?” he snarled at the young man, a look of disgust plastered across his face.

Draco, having grown up around the surly man, was not greatly affected by his attitude and merely continued.

“I was sleeping in the guest room, Uncle,” Draco smirked. “But Harry had a nightmare and he fell out of bed.” Draco paused for a second, surprised by Snape’s reaction to this information. The man had looked alarmed for a second, but quickly recovered his mask of disdain as Draco continued his explanation. “The noise woke me up. When I went into Harry’s room he was thrashing about on the floor. Naturally, I couldn’t leave him there so I woke him.” Draco poured himself and his godfather a cup of coffee as he continued his story. “Harry was so disturbed by his dream, I felt I should stay with him until he fell back to sleep. Unfortunately, I also fell asleep before I could return to my own bed.” Draco finished his explanation, satisfied that he had not completely lied to Snape; he merely left out all the details.

Snape snarled nastily. “Draco, the two of you were wrapped around each other, LIKE LOVERS,” he roared.

Draco raised a questioning eyebrow. “Well, we were in bed, bodies move…”

“Don’t give me that…”

Throwing caution to the wind Draco interrupted whatever was coming next. “Sev, I do like Harry, I told you that, but I swear nothing untoward happened last night. What I told you is what happened. And yes we were laying ‘like lovers,’ we were in the same bed and I was having a very pleasant dream this morning, so, yes, I did cuddle,” Draco said with exasperation. “Merlin’s balls, Sev, it’s only natural to cozy up to a warm body, especially where Harry had been so frightened last night!”
he ended with irritation. Draco was surprised at his own confidence. Lying to Severus Snape was never an easy thing, even for a Malfoy.

Draco watched Snape as carefully as Snape watched him. He was sure his godfather was looking for a sign that he was being less than truthful with him. But, unfortunately for Severus, Draco had been taught from a young age how to lie and hide the truth and besides, he wasn’t actually lying, only leaving bits out. Draco could only hope the man would be satisfied with his explanation, and then all he had to do was make sure Harry got the story straight and make sure Severus didn’t interrogate the other boy too much. He was fairly sure Harry would break and slip up under intense questioning.

After a few moments Severus finally nodded his head, appearing to accept Draco’s story. “I hope you know what you’re doing, child,” he said softly.

Draco smiled at the older man. “I know what I’m doing, Sev,” he said confidently.

Severus grunted and took a large sip of coffee. “Go see what’s keeping that boy. I haven’t got all day,” he snarled. Draco nodded and headed off to find Harry.

Severus watched the boy go sadly; he would have to have a long chat with Draco again. The boy was going down a very dangerous road and if he was not careful things would end very badly and while Snape was fairly sure Draco had told him the truth, he was also sure that it wasn’t the entire truth. However, right now he was more concerned that Harry may have had another vision, and if the boy was having visions again, Dumbledore would need to know. His sources had told him that the Dark Lord had severed the link between himself and the boy, so if Harry was dreaming of him, either something had changed or the Dark Lord was keeping things from Severus, and that would not bode well for the Order.

Snape’s thoughts were once again interrupted as the two boys entered the kitchen. He had to smirk when he realised that Harry seemed to be hiding behind Draco with a sheepish look on his face. So it appeared that perhaps Draco did indeed leave some details out of his story.

“Potter,” Severus snapped, “Draco tells me you had a nightmare last night.” Harry nodded, not looking the Potions master in the eye while Draco dragged him to the table and sat him down, loading his plate with food. “Draco, leave us,” Snape said sharply. Draco looked at his godfather curiously, not really wanting to leave Harry alone with the man. “I’m not going to harm the boy, Draco,” he sighed in exasperation. So, reluctantly reassured, the boy left the two alone.

Harry squirmed nervously in his chair, playing with the food on his plate, not once looking up to meet the older wizard’s eyes. Snape groaned inwardly, wondering for perhaps the millionth time what his godson saw in the impish brat sitting across from him.

“Potter,” he said again, “did you have a vision about the Dark Lord?” Snape would have laughed as he watched the relief physically spread throughout Harry. Rolling his eyes, he waited for the imp to speak.

“No, sir,” Harry said quietly.

“What was the nightmare about then?” Snape asked nastily.

Harry shifted in his chair, suddenly nervous once again.

“Answer me, Potter,” Snape snarled.

Harry looked up for the first time, his green eyes glazed with emotion. Snape could see fear and worry lacing the boys face as Snape glared back at him. He was tempted to use Legilimency, but
Harry must have had the same thought as he looked back down at his plate.

“My uncle,” the boy whispered after a long pause.

Suddenly, Snape felt about the size of a pea and it was his turn to shift about nervously. Thinking it best to drop the entire conversation, Snape got up to leave. “The Headmaster will be here Friday evening, Potter. Your relatives have been told to be sure that they are home or the Headmaster will be most displeased with them.”

Harry’s head shot up quickly. “W—w—what?” he stammered.

“Don’t worry, Potter.” Snape said, understanding the boy’s worry. “Your secrets are safe, the Headmaster was informed that the Dursley’s were away, nothing more,” Snape lied. He really did not understand why the Golden-Boy was keeping these things from Dumbledore and everyone else and quite frankly he didn’t really care to know.

Harry sighed in visible relief and Snape turned again to leave. “Remember, Friday, be ready,” Snape growled one more time before heading out into the hall. Harry immediately got up to follow the man out, meeting Draco at the foot of the stairs. Snape turned back and looked at the two boys, inwardly sighing.

“Draco, I want to see you Friday evening,” he said. “No excuses,” he snapped as he turned to leave. Both boys murmured a quick good-bye before returning to the kitchen.
Silence. Except for the clink of china as the two boys tucked in to breakfast, there was no other noise, and it was driving Draco insane. Harry kept blushing and looking away from Draco when the other boy caught his eye and Draco didn’t like that at all – no one ignored a Malfoy! Besides, it was irritating. Draco wanted to know what Snape had said to Harry, he wanted to know what Harry was thinking, he wanted to know what Harry was feeling and he really wanted to know that Harry was okay with what happened last night. Damn it all!

Enough was enough. Draco Malfoy broke the silence…

“Harry, say something,” he said, whining. “Please.”


“Anything, everything,” Draco snarled. “The silence is killing me.”

Harry levelled a glare of his own at Draco, causing the blonde boy to realise he sounded every bit as irritated as he felt.

“Sorry,” he mumbled. “I’m not mad, Harry. I just hate sitting here without talking to you.”

Harry’s face softened with Draco’s apology. “I was just thinking, Draco. I’m sorry too,” Harry said softly. “Snape makes me nervous,” he grumbled.

“His bark is worse then his bite,” Draco told Harry. “What did he want?”

Harry looked away from Draco. “Errr… He just wanted to talk about Friday and Dumbledore,” Harry lied quickly, looking sheepish and embarrassed. “Nothing important…” There were some things Harry was not going to tell Draco and his mental link with Voldemort was definitely one of them.

Draco looked at Harry suspiciously, but decided not to press the issue. At least they were talking, and he wanted that to continue. He realised he had three days left with Harry. He could find out what the Professor had discussed with Harry later, if he really wanted to. First, though, Draco needed Harry to relax, otherwise there would be no more snogging, and Draco definitely wanted more kissing and ‘groping’, he thought with a mental smirk…

“What do you want to work on today, Harry?” He asked. “We still have Charms, Transfiguration, and History of Magic homework to do.”
Harry let out a long held breath, relieved that Draco was not going to grill him for answers. “Ummm, Transfiguration?” he suggested.

So, as soon as they were done with breakfast, the two boys gathered their things and set themselves up in the lounge. They worked through the late morning, and Draco was happy that they were chatting merrily, and Harry was, once again, comfortable in his presence. He had been worried that being discovered in bed together, however innocently, by the much feared Professor Snape would scare Harry, and that was something Draco didn’t want at all. He genuinely liked the dark-haired boy and he knew Harry was starting to like him as well.

Binty brought lunch and the two boys put away their work and began to really talk, getting to know each other better. Over cold meat sandwiches and pumpkin juice, Draco finally got some answers to questions that he had been asking himself since he first stepped foot into Number Four Privet Drive …

“Harry,” he began tentatively, “can you tell me about your life here, in this house?” He asked. “Please.”

Harry shifted nervously in his seat and chewed his last bite slowly, as if he were making up his mind about something. Draco watched him closely, hoping Harry would trust him enough to answer.

Finally, Harry swallowed his mouthful and looked at Draco, his expression worried, but soft. “What do you want to know?” he asked simply.

Sighing in relief, Draco began his interrogation…

“Why have you never told anyone what goes on here?”

“Because I don’t want people to feel sorry for me,” Harry answered. “I get enough attention at school. I don’t need any more, and to be honest, it’s embarrassing, Draco.”

Harry took a deep breath and continued. “No one ever cared about me before, you know. Before Hogwarts, I mean. None of my teachers or the neighbours here, they never cared.” Harry rose from his chair and began clearing the dishes as he spoke. “I went to school in cast off clothes, ten sizes too big. I almost always had bruises and anyone could see that I wasn’t properly fed.” Harry stopped for a moment and gazed out the window. “My cousin and his friends, at primary school, they would chase me and beat me up. Harry hunting they called it, and no one bothered to stop them, or punish them, or anything. I guess I just became accustomed to people not caring about me. I mean, if all of the adults in my life up ‘til Hogwarts’s looked the other way, why should anything have changed?”

Harry turned around to face Draco, leaning against the sink and looking at him sadly. “My cousin told all the children at school to stay away from me and the ones that ignored him, he bullied into avoiding me. My Aunt and Uncle told all my teachers that I was a ‘problem’ child and that I was violent, the neighbours too.” Harry’s face twisted in a disgusted look. “They all think I go to St. Brutus’s Secure Centre for Incurably Criminal Boys,” Harry spat.

Draco’s jaw dropped. ‘How dare they!’ he thought to himself. Draco was now more determined than ever to punish Harry’s family. They would pay for treating a wizard with such disrespect.

“You know what the funny thing is, Draco?” Harry asked, a single tear slipping down his cheek. “I had never, ever hit anyone. Despite everything, all of it, I have never raised my hand to any of them, not Dudley, or his gang, or anyone else. Yet everyone around me believed those lies.” Harry ran a shaky hand through his unruly hair. “I was so lonely…” he whispered.
Draco got up and took Harry’s hand. “Binty will clean that up,” he said kindly as he led Harry back to the lounge. Settling them both on the sofa comfortably, he indicated for Harry to continue.

Harry didn’t know why he was spilling all his dark secrets to Draco. It was unnerving on one level, yet he felt some release just speaking the words aloud. It was as if a knot was being untied from around his heart, a knot that had been restricting him all his life, holding him down like he was on a tether tied to a tree. Harry wanted to cut that tether and fly free, and for some reason Draco Malfoy was the knife that would cut the ties that bound him.

“It’s funny, Draco,” he said quietly, “these people are all I ever knew until I started at Hogwarts. This life was all I ever had. Deep down I realised it was wrong, the way they treat me, I mean, even when I was small; I knew that this wasn’t how it was supposed to be. I would sit in my cupboard at night and wish and wish for someone to come and take me away from the Dursleys.

“I never had a proper birthday or Christmas as far back as I can remember,” he continued. “Until I got my Hogwarts letter and Hagrid bought me Hedwig, I had never even received a proper gift. She was my first ever birthday present.”

“That’s why you’re so fond of Hagrid,” Draco said quietly. Harry nodded and smiled, thinking about his oversized friend.

“He was my very first friend,” Harry replied, and his eyes glistened with unshed tears. “That’s why I was so put off with you first year.” He looked at Draco seriously. “You insulted my very first friend, the first person who ever showed me any kindness.” Draco looked quizzically at Harry and the green-eyed boy laughed lightly. “In Madam Malkin’s, that day, you were mean to Hagrid,” he answered the unasked question. Draco thought back and grimaced at the memory.

“I’m sorry about that,” he said guiltily.

“It’s alright,” Harry smiled. “You can’t help the way you were raised either, Draco.” Both boys chuckled.

“Did they really make you sleep in that cupboard?” Draco asked suddenly, still shocked that anyone would do such a thing to a child. Harry’s smile faded and his brow furrowed as a frown spread across his face.

“Yeah, yeah they did,” he said wearily, “until I got my first letter. I don’t think anything would have changed, except that the letter being addressed to my cupboard scared them. I think they thought they were being watched or something.” Harry’s expression became puzzled, and his bright eyes darkened a bit. “Draco, why was my letter addressed to my cupboard under the stairs? I mean, do you… do you think Dumbledore really does know about it?”

Draco thought for a moment. The fact that Harry’s first letter included the cupboard had been bothering him as well. He wanted answers as well. If Dumbledore did know what went on in this house, it was unconscionable for him to allow Harry to stay here. His anger at the headmaster blazed anew; in Draco’s opinion, anyone who would allow such treatment of an innocent child should be hexed painfully and for a long time.

“I don’t know, Harry,” he answered honestly. “I really don’t, maybe Professor Snape will know.”

Harry panicked. “NO!” He snapped. “You can’t tell Snape! I don’t want him to know. Draco, please don’t tell him.”

Draco was surprised at first, but realised quickly that even though the Slytherins trusted Severus
Snape, the rest of the school did not. Especially one Harry Potter, considering that Snape made it his goal in life, while at school, to make Harry as miserable as possible.

“Calm down, Harry,” he said reassuringly. “I won’t, I promise,” he lied. He would be getting whatever answers he could from his Godfather, but Harry didn’t need to know that yet.

“Thank you,” Harry sighed, relieved that Snape would have no further ammunition to use against him in the coming year. It was bad enough that he already knew what he did; the cupboard would just be too much. Harry would never be able to look at his Professor again if he knew all of Harry’s secrets.

“Harry, why haven’t you ever fought back?” Draco asked. “You’re a wizard, why do you put up with this?”

Harry looked at Draco curiously. “Before you showed up, I didn’t know I could hide my magic,” he said plainly. “The Ministry has tried to have me expelled from school twice because of magic being performed here, and the first time it wasn’t even me! It was your old House-elf, Dobby, and the second time was last year, when a Dementor, that cow Umbridge, sent, attacked my cousin and me,” Harry said angrily. “I couldn’t risk it, Draco. If they expelled me and took my wand, I don’t know what I’d do.”

Draco remembered last summer, his father had been thrilled when Harry was bought up on charges. Lucius Malfoy had even helped Fudge and Umbridge plot to get Harry expelled. When he returned to the manor after Harry’s hearing, Lucius was furious that Harry had got off. Draco once again felt a bit guilty for his knowledge that the Ministry had knowingly plotted against the other boy and his own father’s hand in it. He knew it had been a plot to leave Harry exposed and defenceless so the Dark Lord could murder the boy and his insides squirmed repentantly. Draco would try and make up for his father’s misdeeds if he could. He only hoped that he would be able to. The future for both boys was uncertain.

The boys were silent for a few minutes, both lost in their own thoughts…

“Draco?” Harry broke their mutual contemplation. “Can you teach me to hide my magic?” Draco studied the other boy for a moment. Harry’s demeanour had changed with the question. His back was straight and his gaze steady. “I need to know how to protect myself, Draco. Dumbledore says I’m safe from Voldemort here, but what if I’m not? What if Dumbledore’s wrong? What if Fudge tries to get me expelled again? I need to know I can use magic without repercussions!” Harry rushed out in explanation as he worried his bottom lip. “Please, can you teach me?”

Draco smiled shyly at the smaller boy. “Yeah,” he said, nodding his head, silently agreeing with Harry. Dumbledore and the Ministry couldn’t be trusted and so far the old coot of a headmaster had proven a poor protector of The-Boy-Who-Lived. “I’ll teach you, Harry.”

“Wicked,” Harry replied.
Dissimulo Veneficus

Chapter Notes

Beta'd again by skitzophrenic17.

Author's notes: Beta'd again by skitzophrenic17.

A/N resero – reveal
dissimulo – keep secret
veneficus – magical witch or wizard
Cooperio – cover
Obstructus – in darkness
Magnus – Magical

These will be the words for spells used in the next two chapters… Don’t go getting technical on me as I used an online Latin translator so bugger it if it’s wrong. Now on with the story…

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Draco couldn’t hide his amusement at Harry’s eagerness to learn how to conceal his magic. He found it infectious and began to become gleefully excited despite himself.

“When can we start? Is it difficult? How long does it last?” Harry asked in rapid succession, bouncing up and down in his seat.

Draco laughed out loud at the other boy’s antics. “Calm down, Harry,” he said teasingly. “There are two ways to hide your magic – I must warn you, though,” Draco said seriously, “both are considered Dark Magic.” Draco watched Harry carefully for his reaction…

Harry stilled and became very serious himself. “Dark?” he questioned.

“Yes,” Draco answered. “But realise this, Harry, some spells are only considered Dark Magic because the Ministry doesn’t want anyone to use them. These two spells were NOT considered Dark until the Ministry decided that they wanted to keep tabs on anyone doing magic, especially children.”

Harry nodded his head thoughtfully. “They won’t be able to tell what I’ve done, will they?” Harry asked, concerned.

“That’s where the first spell comes in,” Draco said with an evil grin. “You see, Harry, by Ministry Decree, all wands made have to have a detection spell, that way the Ministry can tell when magic has occurred. It doesn’t tell them who did the magic, however, just that a spell was cast. Even house-elves are spelled that way so that owners can’t use their elves to do magic for them. That’s why Dobby’s magic registered at the Ministry.”

Harry nodded his head; Dumbledore had told him that the Ministry could only trace magic, not who
casts it. Harry thought that this was rather unfair and said as much. “I always thought that was unfair, children who live in magical homes can still do magic when they aren’t at school,” he griped.

Draco chuckled but continued his explanation. “There are loads of spells the Ministry has deemed Dark that really aren’t Dark at all. It’s all in how the spell is used that makes it Dark and any spell has the potential to be Dark Magic, if used to do harm.” Draco was in full lecture mode now. Harry sat back and let the boy continue, truly interested in what Draco was saying. “If you had been raised in a magical home, Harry, you’d have been taught this. I could cast any so called light spell and cause harm. For example—” Harry chuckled as his new friend started sounding more and more like Hermione Granger with each word he uttered – though he would never dare tell him that. “Reducto: If I place enough force behind that spell I could reduce a small wall to rubble in an instant. If I had a group of wizards cast that same spell at the same object, say a small home, the entire home could be reduced to ruins. Do you see what I mean?” Harry nodded his head again in agreement. “There are, of course, spells that are inherently evil, like the Unforgivables, but some spells are only deemed Dark or evil because the Ministry doesn’t want them used.”

“I understand,” Harry said. “So the spells you’re going to teach me are only illegal because the Ministry wants to be able to track magic,” Harry summarised. “I think you know how I feel about the Ministry, Draco. Teach me, please.”

Draco moved closer to Harry. “You need to trust me, Harry, because the first spell I’m going to teach you has to be cast over the wand by someone other than the wand’s holder.” Harry looked up at Draco. The blond boy met his gaze without wavering. Draco understood that allowing anyone to do magic on your wand was a leap of faith. Harry needed to trust that Draco would not harm his wand. There was just no getting around this, though. Neither boy could cast wandless magic nor could Harry cast the spell himself, Draco would need to cast it for him.

“What will you do?” Harry asked.

“Remember I told you that every wand has a detection spell placed on it? That spell is called Resero Veneficus which literally translates to reveal magical witch or wizard. The spell I will perform is called the Dissimulo Veneficus, which is the exact opposite, basically concealing the magic from detection, making your wand untraceable.”

Harry wanted this badly but did he trust Draco enough to let the other boy perform a spell on his wand? Harry knew he needed to be able to protect himself, needed to be able to do magic without fear of persecution, but did he trust Draco…

“How do you know all this?” he asked.

“Did you ever wonder why the Ministry can’t trace Death Eaters, Harry?” Draco said with amusement.

At the mention of Death Eaters Harry paled.

“Look I won’t lie to you, Harry,” Draco cut in before Harry could protest. “My family are Dark wizards. We’ve always practiced the Dark Arts and this is one of the first things we, as pureblood children, are taught.” Draco grabbed Harry’s hands and held them in his own. “It wouldn’t be prudent for our magic to have a signature, therefore we remove it.” Draco brought one hand up to Harry’s face and cupped him under his chin, lifting the boy’s eyes to meet his own. “I promise I will do no harm to your wand and I will never tell a soul that you’re untraceable. I give you my Wizard’s Oath, Harry, on my magic,” he said sincerely.

Harry gazed deeply into the gorgeous silver eyes before him. Knowing that Draco was willing to
give his oath as a wizard was a huge step as Harry knew that, to the pureblood in front of him, this was important. Purebloods didn’t swear on their magic unless they were truly sincere, so Harry nodded, slipping his hand from Draco’s he reached in his back pocket and handed Draco his wand.

The blond boy smiled genuinely and took the offered wand reverently. He turned toward the coffee table and cleared a place in the centre then Draco placed Harry’s wand in the middle and pointed his own wand at it.

“Dissimulo Veneficus,” he said clearly as he flicked his wand up in a straight line then snapped it back down, pointing it directly at Harry’s wand. A dark pink beam of light shot out from the end of Draco’s wand and into Harry’s; for a moment the wand seemed to absorb the light and Harry was just about to ask if that was it, when his holly wand began to glow and hum. It floated up off the table several inches, vibrating in a shimmering pink light, then in a flash the light blinked out and the wand dropped onto the table. Harry blinked several times and then looked up to see Draco smiling broadly.

“You can pick it up now, Harry. It’s done,” he said happily, his silver eyes glowing. “You’re now untraceable.”

Harry smiled back at Draco and reached for his wand. It felt warm in his hand and he looked around the room unsure of what to do; he really didn’t want to insult Draco, but he needed to know that his wand still functioned properly. He pointed it at a magazine on the side table, with a swish and flick he incanted…

“Wingardium Leviosa!”

The magazine obediently floated into the air, directed by Harry’s magic. Harry ended the spell and waited. If the Ministry could still trace his magic he should be receiving an owl any moment now.

Harry waited…

And waited…

And waited…

It was at least fifteen minutes before Harry smiled broadly at Draco. “IT WORKED!” he shouted, bouncing excitedly in his seat for the second time that afternoon.

“Of course it did,” Draco said smugly, “I’m Draco Malfoy.”

Harry giggled madly as Draco playfully jabbed him in the arm. Both boys leapt off the couch in fear as the sound of tapping from an owl on the front window began.

“Shite!” Harry exclaimed as he ran to the window and opened it. A large tawny owl hopped onto the sideboard with an official-looking letter attached to its leg. “Oh, gods, Draco, it didn’t work!” Harry bemoaned pathetically, untying the letter letting the owl slip back out the window.

“It did work, I’m sure of it,” Draco snarled grabbing the letter from Harry. He yanked it open and read the front page and promptly burst into fits of laughter.

“THIS IS NOT FUNNY, MALFOY!” Harry howled, tearing the letter out of Draco’s hands. When he got a good look at the official-looking Ministry letter he noted that it was purple. He’d never received a purple letter before. Then he read aloud…

“Issued on behalf of the Ministry of Magic. Protecting your home and family against the Dark
Forces.” The sudden relief that swept through Harry’s body nearly made him topple over. He continued to read silently for a little bit, just to be certain and then he erupted into fits of laughter, joining Draco on the floor.

“That really wasn’t funny,” Harry said after he managed to calm down.

“Yes it was,” Draco replied.

Harry was going to argue, but then Binty popped in and announced that dinner was ready. The second spell could keep until after dinner…
After the boys had finished eating, Draco led Harry to the back garden. The next spell he was going to teach him concealed magic in a specific location. He was worried about showing it to Harry as it was a standard Death Eater spell and he was concerned Harry would see it as evil. The spell itself wasn’t actually bad – if one didn’t consider trying to hide from the Ministry of Magic a bad thing, which Draco didn’t – but Draco didn’t know how Harry would react to being taught a “Dark” spell.

“Now, Harry,” he began, “the next spell is a Magic Concealment Charm designed to cover a certain area, not just a wand.” Draco grabbed Harry’s hand and led him to the centre of the garden. “Some magic, such as the Avada Kedavra, is so powerful that it registers at the Ministry regardless of whether one’s wand is untraceable or not.” Draco began pacing slowly, happily falling into full lecture mode. “The power of a spell registers at the Ministry as a sort of magical disturbance and, if it’s powerful enough, it can set off some sort of alarm system, prompting Ministry investigation. This new spell can be cast over a location and will hide any, and I do mean ANY, magic performed under it.”

Draco circled around Harry gesturing decisively as he talked, and Harry turned at the same pace, keeping the blond in front of him. “Think of it as a blanket, or better yet a shield, that surrounds you, allowing you to conceal yourself and your magic within.” They were both silent for a moment while Harry thought about Draco’s explanation.

“Draco, how do you know this spell?” he finally asked.

Draco paused; should he tell Harry the truth? Draco knew that the smaller boy needed this spell, he knew Harry needed the ability to hide his magic, just in case. He also knew that this spell would offer Harry a certain amount of protection – not just from Voldemort and the Death Eaters, but also from the Ministry and the Death Eater wannabes at Hogwarts. Draco was very aware that his cronies were constantly on the look-out for any opportunity to ‘get Potter’ – anyone who could give Harry Potter to the Dark Lord would be raised to the top faster than you could say Quidditch – and Harry was hindered in his self-defence by Dumbledore’s non-aggression policies and complete lack of training. The green-eyed boy was woefully unprepared for a confrontation with ANY supporter of the Dark Lord. Being able to conceal his magic and not worry about the consequences would allow Harry to freely practice his magic. Ministry be damned!

“How do I know this spell,” he began. “I was taught it last summer.”
“By whom?” Harry asked.

Draco grimaced noticeably.

“Draco…”

“Look, Potter, does it matter?” Draco growled. “Listen to me, you need to learn this. You of all people need to know how to conceal yourself.” Draco was pacing again and gesturing madly with his arms. “You’re the only hope against the Dark, and the Dark has more tricks than you could ever hope to learn, and they have a more extensive network of spies. The Ministry is loaded with Dark spies, Harry, all of them waiting and watching for YOU to slip up and give your location away.” Draco stopped his pacing and arm waving and moved directly in front of Harry; he reached out and grabbed the smaller boy’s shoulders causing Harry to look up at him. The dark-haired boy looked so fragile right then. He was so small, so delicate, his bright eyes large and searching.

‘How can this one child defeat the worst evil the Wizarding world has ever seen?’ he thought. ‘This one small boy is meant to save us all.’ A deep sorrow came over Draco as he realised this, the pressure Harry must feel every moment of every day was suddenly all too real to Draco and all too much. Without thinking, Draco dragged Harry against his chest, his arms wrapped tightly about the lithe body as tears sprang from his own eyes. ‘So much for Malfoy pride and arrogance, look what you’ve done to me, Potter. A Malfoy shedding tears.’

“Someone should be looking out for you, Harry,” he murmured into the dark, unruly locks. “They have no idea the danger you are in. Please, let me help you and damn the consequences.”

Harry allowed himself to be held for a moment before he looked up into Draco’s glistening eyes. “I know, I will,” he told the taller boy. “I know I’m not ready, Draco, but what choice do I have? My life is one big, fucked-up mess.” Harry pointed at Draco. “You allow him to make you afraid, you give him so much power by that one simple thing.” Harry poked the blond in the shoulder. “Fearing” – poke – “to” – poke – “speak” – poke – “a” – poke – “name!”

“VOLDEMORT!” he shouted again, his anger bubbling up quickly.

“Let me tell you a few things about your Dark fucking Lord, Draco Malfoy.”

Draco stood in shock. As Harry got angry his magic reached out and Draco could feel it swirling around him in powerful waves. He had never felt such power before, not from his father, or Severus, or anyone and he finally understood, now, why the Dark Lord feared the diminutive boy. He listened in stunned silence as Harry ranted on…

“Did you know your precious Dark Lord is nothing more than a half-blood?” Harry snarled. “That’s right, Malfoy, the Dark Lord, Lord Voldemort is a half-blood.” Harry’s eyes glittered as an evil smile came over his face. “His mother was a witch and his father a filthy Muggle that wanted nothing to do with him. Poor little Tom Marvolo Riddle,” the small boy laughed. “THAT’S why he hates Muggles, Malfoy. Not for any other reason than that his father abandoned him because he was magic. All this pure-blood nonsense is just that, NONSENSE! My blood is more pure than his. My mother was Muggle-born, but she was a witch, Draco.” Harry rounded on Draco again. “MY MOTHER WAS A WITCH!”
Harry was breathing heavily as his magic swirled around him, picking up leaves and small debris. “Voldemort is a crazed loon, Draco. An insane, pathetic, selfish, self-centred, egomaniac half-blood, who started a war because his daddy didn’t love him and his mother wasn’t strong enough to live. That’s who your father bows down to.” Harry stopped and as he calmed, the whirlwind of magic calmed with him.

They stood in silence for a long time, each staring at the other: Draco absorbing Harry’s words and Harry merely trying to calm down and rein in his magic.

“How do you know all this?” Draco asked quietly.

“Who taught you this spell?” Harry growled.

“I asked first, Potter,” Draco snarled back.

Harry snorted, holding back a laugh. “You can be such a prat sometimes, Malfoy,” he said. “I know because Voldemort himself told me so.”

Draco’s eyes widened in shock.

“Second year in the Chamber of Secrets,” Harry stated simply. “That diary your father slipped Ginny Weasley, it belonged to Tom Riddle and he had hidden a bit of himself in the diary and used Ginny to try and come back. And I don’t know how so don’t ask. He thought he’d taunt me before I died so he told me his life story.”

“Seriously?” Draco squeaked.

“Seriously,” Harry said, running a hand through his hair. “After I killed the Basilisk, I used a bit of its fang to destroy the diary and Tom disappeared.”

“You killed a Basilisk? Those rumours are true?” Draco asked incredulously, a mixture of disbelief and awe on his face. He knew the rumours, everyone did, but to hear them straight from the Hippogriff’s mouth was a revelation.

Harry merely nodded. “Now, answer my question. Who taught you this spell?”

Draco sighed deeply. “Aunt Bellatrix.”

“What!” Harry’s magic began swirling again. “YOU WANT TO TEACH ME SOMETHING THAT BITCH TAUGHT YOU?”

“Calm down, Harry.” Draco reached out and grabbed his friend. “Calm down.” He could feel the magic like little jolts of energy on his fingers and palms. “It’s standard for any Death Eater to know this spell, Harry, not just Bella.”

“AND THAT’S SUPPOSED TO MAKE ME FEEL BETTER?” Harry struggled to get away from Draco, but the taller boy just firmed his grip and held the squirming boy against his chest despite the electric jolts of energy coursing through him.

“Fight fire with fire, Harry,” he said. “Just because the Death Eaters use it doesn’t mean it’s evil. I swear to you it’s not Dark Magic,” he said firmly; after a few moments of tense silence, Draco felt Harry’s magic recede and sighed in relief. “It’s exactly what I said, a shield that covers your magic. The Death Eaters use it, yes, and that alone is proof it works.” Harry glanced up at Draco, confused, and Draco smirked, a patented Malfoy smirk. “Did you ever wonder why the Ministry only finds out about a Death Eater attack after the fact, when the Dark Mark is blazing across the sky?” he asked
Harry, quirking his left brow amusedly.

Harry crinkled his nose. “I don’t know, Draco, suddenly this all seems so wrong.”

“No, my wee little friend,” Draco sniggered, “it’s not wrong to learn to protect yourself, and YOU Mister Potter, need more protection than most.”

Harry smacked Draco’s arm playfully. “Don’t make fun, it’s not my fault I’m short.”

“Sorry, you’re right, it’s not your fault you’re short and it’s not my fault I’m brilliant…”

Harry laughed and smacked Draco again, pulling away.

“Or gorgeous,” Draco added, “or sexy, or a superb kisser…”

“Enough, I get it,” Harry giggled.

“Well good, I’m glad we can agree on that at least.” Draco raised his eyebrows suggestively. “Now, do you want to learn this spell or not?”

Harry contemplated for a moment before replying. “Yes. You’re right, I need to know how to hide, let’s get on with it.”

They moved to the centre of the garden. “Now pay attention, the wand movement is very specific.”

Draco took out his wand and Harry followed suit. “Start with your wand in the centre and bring it straight up then arc to your left.”

Draco demonstrated and Harry mimicked. “Very good, but keep it sharp and quick and it’s very important that you go left.”

“Why left?”

“Why not?”

“Draco!” Harry whined.

“I don’t know, Potter, it’s just the way it’s done. Why do you swish and flick on Wingardium Leviosa?” Draco snarled. “That’s the way it is. Now, practice the movement for a bit and don’t ask silly questions.”

Harry giggled again but did as he was asked.

When Draco was satisfied that Harry could do the movement without blowing anything up, he continued his lesson.

“Excellent, Harry, now for the spell to work you need to focus on the area you want to conceal.”

Draco began walking around Harry again. “Picture it in your head. If you want to conceal the entire house, picture it, if you want to conceal just one room, picture it, if you want to conceal a 10 meter area in the middle of a field, picture it and if you want to conceal the two of us, picture us and widen the area.”

“Have you got a picture of the two of us in your head, Potter?” Draco asked after a moment. Harry nodded again. “Good. Now, the incantation must be said as you wave your wand.”

Harry opened his eyes. “The incantation is ‘Cooperio Obstructus Magnus.’” Draco repeated the words. “Very good; now you’ve got your picture in your head and wand movement, so go ahead and do it, Harry.”

Harry took a deep breath and pictured himself and Draco in the garden with a dome of magic covering them. He lifted his wand and spoke as his wand arced in front of him…
“Cooperio Obstructus Magnus!”

Harry felt the tingle of magic all around him as it spread out and away in all directions, but he couldn’t see anything. “Did it work?” he asked as he glanced at Draco.

Draco was smiling broadly. “Did you feel the tingle?”

“Yes.”

“Then it worked!” Draco exclaimed. “That was brilliant, Harry, on your first try!” Draco rushed forward and swung Harry up in the air. “Brilliant!” he exclaimed again.

“Draco! PUT ME DOWN, YOU DAFT SOD!” Harry squealed.
Harry sat in his bed, wide awake with no hope of sleep in the near future. After the night's events, the two boys had sat in the living room together talking about life, school, Quidditch, etc., but Harry had carefully avoided any and all talk about sex and relationships, even when Draco had pulled the raven-haired boy closer for a quick cuddle.

He was still confused about his new feelings for the other boy and what they meant. Unfortunately for Harry, he did not have anyone to talk to about this – at least no one he was comfortable discussing his sexuality with.

He wasn’t sure what the Wizarding World felt about same-sex relationships, but if Snape’s reaction was typical then it didn’t differ much from the Muggle view. If he was gay, would his friends and adopted family abandon him? This thought troubled Harry greatly. The Dursleys didn’t really matter, they already thought he was a freak. The past few days’ activities would merely make him a bigger one.

But that thought brought up a much more unpleasant one and Harry shuddered to think what they would do when Draco was no longer here to protect him. He was sure to receive a horrible punishment for bringing this weirdness into their home. Best to try not to think about that…

His sexuality was just one of the thoughts keeping him awake. The mention of Bellatrix Lestrange had set off an entirely different set of anxieties within the young man. Each time he turned his light out and settled down to sleep, Bellatrix’s malicious pleased laugh as his precious Godfather fell through the veil would play behind his eyes and ring in his ears, her vicious taunts and insane laughter echoed around Voldemort’s words and evil cackling, setting his soul to shiver. Sirius’s stunned, disbelieving look as he tumbled past the whispering portal, Remus’s heartbroken voice telling Harry that Sirius wasn’t coming back, caused the slight boy to snap his eyes open, heart racing.

Thus, here Harry sat, three hours and twenty-two minutes after he and Draco had said goodnight, blankets up around his neck, eyes wide with worry and fear, unable to find any respite at all. Harry vaguely remembered the previous night, cuddled up with a warm body, safe within the confines of two strong arms – he had slept better than he ever had before.

Currently, he was arguing with himself about whether or not he should get up and slip quietly into bed with Draco. He didn’t want to appear weak and scared, even though he was really, really scared.
He wondered to himself why a house seemed so much more foreboding in the dark when one was having troubling thoughts, each creak sent his heart pounding. Every thump of the boiler made him jump and look for dark shapes in the shadows. Harry knew he was being silly and childish, but try as he might, he could not settle his nerves.

‘This is bollocks!’ he thought to himself. ‘Suck it up, Potter. You’re going to be sixteen in a few weeks. You should be able to handle a dark house.’ Harry slammed his fists into his pillows and turned on his side. “Stupid, Bellatrix, stupid Voldemort…,” he grumbled unhappily. Harry shut his eyes firmly, determined to go to sleep…

Shwumpk!

His eyes popped open…

“Just the boiler,” he whispered as his pulse quickened. ‘It’s just the boiler,’ he repeated to himself several times, if only for reassurance. Closing his eyes yet again, he burrowed further into the bed, eyes clenched tightly closed.

Thwap, clatter, thwap!

Harry sat up quickly, his green eyes searching the room…

Thwap, scratch!

He looked toward the sound, and saw the limbs of an old tree blowing against his window and the side of the house. “Bloody Hell, Potter,” he mumbled, “get a grip.” He flopped back down on his side, grabbing one of the pillows and covering his head.

Creak, squeak, click!

‘It’s nothing.’ Harry hugged the pillow closer. ‘It is NOTHING,’ he reassured himself. ‘Houses make noises all the time. It’s just the house settling. No one’s coming up the stairs.’ He buried himself under the blankets. ‘There’s no one in the house but me and Draco.’ Closing his eyes tightly, Harry held his breath…

All was quiet now. The only sound Harry could hear clearly was the thundering of his own pulse rushing past his ears. Slowly he let out a long sigh.

Shumpk!

Thump!

Creak!

Rumble!

Gurgle, gurgle!

Shumpk!

Damn his Gryffindor pride straight to Hell! Harry threw off the covers and ran out the door and across the hall as fast his legs could carry him. He flung himself into the guest bedroom and stopped. His green-eyes wide with fright, his breathing laboured and his knees knocking so fiercely he could barely stand up right without support.
Harry stared at the bed and the boy in it. What he wanted right now, more than anything in the entire world, was to climb into that bed. He wanted the tall, blond boy to wrap his arms around him and chase away all the evil thoughts. He wanted to wrap his own arms around said boy and plant his face tightly against that pale chest where the only sound he would hear would be the rhythmic thumping of the heart contained within. The steady rumble would soothe away all his fright, coaxing him to a restful sleep.

Yes, that was what Harry Potter wanted. Harry Fucking Potter, the Boy Who Lived, The Chosen One, supposed Saviour of the Wizarding World, Brave Gryffindor, wanted Draco Malfoy, Slytherin Prince, to chase away the bogey man and the monsters under his bed…

Harry didn’t know how long he had been standing in the doorway. His right hand clutching the doorknob and his left on the doorjamb, he stood and stared and stared and stared, willing the other boy to wake and make the choice for him. Slowly his breathing steadied and his pulse returned to normal.

‘Turn around and go back to bed,’ his inner Gryffindor told him sternly. ‘Show some pride, man. Get your behind back in your own bed, turn around, suck it up and go back to your own room,’ his Gryffindor voice continued to chastise.

Harry had just determined to return to his room when…

**THUMP!**

**SHUMPK!**

**RUMMBLE!**

**CREAK!**

“Meep!” Harry squeaked as he took off running and launched himself onto the bed and into a suddenly very wide awake and stunned Draco Malfoy’s arms.

“Bloody Hell, Harry!” Draco shouted.

“I’m not going back there and you can’t make me,” Harry pouted.

“Potter.”

“Draco.”

“What the fuck, Potter?”

“Please, Draco, don’t make me go back there,” Harry gasped into the crook of Draco’s neck.

As sleep and Draco’s latest dream faded, he became acutely aware that his arms were full of a very frightened and trembling Harry Potter. Harry was clinging to him as if he were made of devil’s snare, his arms wrapped tightly around his waist, his face burrowing into Draco’s neck. Draco wrapped one of his arms around the trembling boy and ran his other hand through the dark, messy tresses, blinking his eyes several times to ward off the sleepiness. He cupped Harry’s chin and tilted the green-eyed boy’s face up.

“Harry, what’s wrong?” he asked tentatively. “Did you have another nightmare?”

Harry shook his head. “Noises…,” he choked out.
“Noises?” Draco snarled.

“Loud noises,” Harry whispered, removing his chin from Draco’s grasp as he latched onto the boy like a limpet.

“Potter, you came tearing in here at two-fucking-thirty in the morning because you heard a noise?” Draco growled.

“N-n-no,” Harry stuttered, “more than one noise. Lots of noises and-and…” Harry stopped as he realised how stupid he sounded. “There were lots of noises and thumps and – and – things…,” he whimpered, trying desperately to explain.

Despite Draco’s best effort, he found he really couldn’t be angry with Harry at the moment. The boy was utterly petrified – as the latest “Shwumpk,” from the boiler proved when it sent Harry into another fit of trembling. Besides, Draco found he really didn’t mind the current turn of events, since he really would rather sleep with Harry rather than alone. Though, perhaps he should at least attempt to discover what set the boy off, before he offered more mutually beneficial acts of comfort.

Draco slid himself up the bed. Leaning against the headboard, he tucked Harry into his side and allowed the boy to seek his protection. He nuzzled his face into Harry’s dark mop and murmured words of comfort as he rubbed the boy’s arms and back.

“Feel like talking about it, Harry?” Draco asked when he felt Harry’s pulse return to a normal rhythm. Harry shook his head. “Harry…,” Draco said in a sing-song voice.

“I don’t wanna talk, Draco.” Harry mumbled, “Please.”

Draco tipped Harry’s head up, “No, I think we should talk,” he said firmly. “You’ll feel better if we talk now,” he added reassuringly, combing his hands through Harry’s hair again. “Tell me what set you off tonight?” He pulled Harry closer to him. “Please,” he added.

Harry took a great shuddering breath. “Bellatrix, Sirius, the veil, Voldemort…,” he said all at once in a seemingly long breath. “Every time I closed my eyes I could see Sirius falling through the veil and – and Bellatrix and Voldemort would laugh…” Harry shuddered against Draco.

“I’m sorry,” he said quickly, realising how utterly childish he was being, he began to pull away from Draco as his cheeks coloured. “I’m being immature. I’ll go back to my own room.”

Draco merely tightened his grip and wouldn’t let Harry go. “You’ve nothing to be embarrassed about, Harry,” he said softly, kissing the tip of the dark-haired boy’s nose sweetly. “You have seen more terrible things in your short life than many who are three times your age.” Draco scooted down onto the bed pulling Harry with him and flipping the blankets over both of them.

“I can stay with you?” Harry asked quietly, hopefully.

“Of course,” Draco replied, though Harry couldn’t see his lecherous smirk.

Harry smiled as he snuggled into Draco’s side, placing his head over Draco’s heart. “So much for Gryffindor courage,” he mumbled sleepily.

“Courage is overrated, Harry,” Draco said with a yawn, his eyes fluttering closed as he sank into the warm bed, all plans for some night-time groping forgotten.

“Draco,” Harry whispered, “would you kiss me?”
“Draco?”

Harry picked his head up and looked at the other boy. Draco’s eyes were closed, mouth slightly opened and completely relaxed in sleep.

“Maybe not,” Harry answered himself. He sat up slightly and pressed his lips to Draco’s softly before lay back down against the firm chest and let the thump, thump, of Draco’s heart comfort him and lull him, finally, into a restful sleep.
Slowly, almost languidly, Harry woke. He had been having the most wonderful dream and curiously, he could still feel the phantom touches of his dream across certain parts of his anatomy. He could swear that he could feel the sensation of something long and hard and silk covered slipping up and down between his naked buttocks. It was most enjoyable.

Up and down, up and down, torturously slow and slippery it moved. Never penetrating, just deliciously gliding up and down, up and down. His own cock was stirring encouragingly.

Harry kept his eyes closed not wanting to chase the dream away. His bed had never felt so warm and inviting and he felt safe and happy and aroused. Harry’s eyes snapped open as suddenly an arm tightened around him and a hand slipped down below his waist band. He dared not move and his mind worked feverishly, remembering where he was and who he was with.

Carefully, Harry glanced over his shoulder and sure enough, Draco was behind him, cuddled up against his back. Harry could see that Draco’s eyes were closed and his face seemed relaxed as if he was in a pleasant dream. It appeared that he and Draco were sharing the same dream and the blonde had not yet awakened.

Harry glanced down at himself, his front was shielded as his too large boxers were bunched up, covering his modesty. But he could feel that Dudley’s damned shorts had slipped down in the back, exposing his bottom to Draco’s, thank Merlin, cloth covered erection. What in all that is Magic was Harry going to do?

He was torn, did he wake Draco?

Surely not! The other boy would be most embarrassed and he was sure to be prickly in the morning. Besides he would blame Harry for his bare bottom and Harry didn’t like the prospect of that. After all, it wasn’t Harry’s fault that Dudley’s old pants didn’t fit properly!

Harry decided that waking Draco was definitely not an option.

Perhaps he could slip out of bed without Draco noticing and that way no one’s feelings would be bruised. Harry could just pretend he had gotten out of bed a while ago and Draco could wake up without feeling guilty about accidentally molesting Harry.
Yes, that would be the best course of action.

As quietly and gently as he could, Harry attempted to lift the hand around his waist. Luck was not on Harry’s side however, as Draco groaned and pulled the dark-haired boy closer, putting a not so unpleasant pressure on Harry’s rapidly hardening penis. Harry stifled his own moan as he felt Draco’s own penis gliding along his arse.

Draco shifted closer still, nuzzling his nose behind Harry’s ear. His breath eddying over the sensitive skin there, Harry wanted to moan again. Who would have thought that ears could cause such a wave of erotic pleasure? He was well and truly trapped, though not at all unpleasantly. What was he to do? He could not possibly move now without waking Draco!

The hand which was now pressing against Harry’s cock began moving. Harry’s breath caught in his throat and he chanced another glance over his shoulder. Draco slept on, seemingly unaware of what his appendages were up to. The hand moved over Harry’s flesh with the same long strokes coming from behind Harry and Merlin it felt good.

In the back of Harry’s mind he knew he should be panicking. He should be waking Draco. And he should definitely be getting out of the damn bed. But he couldn’t. It all felt so good, so very, very good; Draco behind, Draco in front, Draco’s penis, Draco’s hand. Up and down. Harry half wondered what that penis would feel like if there wasn’t any silk covering it, if Draco got just a little closer, moved in just a bit more. What would Draco’s hand feel like if it slipped under Harry’s bottoms, rubbed skin on skin…

As if Fate herself were laughing at Harry for thinking such perverse thoughts, Draco’s last downward stroke pulled Harry’s bottoms down as well. Draco’s hand was now on his flesh, moving against it and Harry couldn’t help himself as he moaned out loud. It took all of his concentration not to grind his hips back into Draco’s cock or grind them forward into the boys hand. In all his short life Harry had never experienced such amazing pleasure.

Draco’s hips began moving faster, his silk sleep pants damp with pre-come sliding freely between Harry’s cheeks while his hand gripped Harry’s erection and moved in time with his strokes. A loud groan escaped Draco’s lips as the movement became more and more needy. Harry found himself writhing against the other boy, his body moving of its own volition, desperately seeking more contact. Pleasure pulsed through his very veins, pumping in time with the other boy’s movements.

Abandoning all hopes of escape, Harry gave himself over to the needs of his body. He gasped and moaned wantonly, pushing his arse closer to the hard cock behind him. Harry threw his head back against Draco’s chest as the blond boy’s other hand found Harry’s right nipple and began teasing it, squeezing and pinching, pushing Harry closer.

Faster and faster Draco’s cock moved, faster and faster his hand moved. Harry gasped for air as he felt his balls tighten against his body and he clenched his mouth closed to keep from screaming as his passion finally came to a head and his body found release. In the same moment, Harry heard and felt Draco’s orgasm as the boy moaned loudly, almost wailing, and Harry’s naked bottom was covered in warm jets of sticky cum.

Both boys stayed very still, their heavy breathing echoing loudly in the otherwise silent room.

Harry’s mind was a jumble of confusion. Never before had he done anything quite so erotic and he wasn’t quite sure how to deal with it. He knew Draco was awake; how could he not be? Would he be embarrassed? Would he yell at Harry? Would he push Harry away?

Draco pulled Harry closer and nuzzled his face against Harry’s ear.
“The next time we do that, I want to be more awake and wearing fewer clothes.” Harry heard a husky voice say next to his ear.

Harry blushed furiously. Draco didn’t seem to mind though as his lips brushed against Harry’s neck.

“That was a lovely way to begin the day,” Draco said with a chuckle.
Draco sat at the breakfast table.

Alone.

Harry was still in the shower. Binty had come and gone and Draco realised something very important…

Draco Malfoy did not like to eat alone.

This important discovery weighed heavily upon him as he scowled at his morning eggs and waited for Harry Potter.

Impatiently.

He was after all very hungry, having exerted quite a bit of energy already this morning.

He was further irritated that he had showered already, and he had done it, yet again, alone. He would have much preferred company in his morning ablutions, but Harry refused. Not that he could blame Harry, completely. The dark-haired boy of Draco’s dreams was not yet ready for more then snogging and, obviously, a bit of semi-conscious groping and frotting. Draco understood, really he did, he just didn’t understand at this very second. Right now he wanted company AND he wanted his cock firmly planted up Harry’s arse, but then again one cannot have everything one wanted.

At least not right now.

Cock planting would have to wait a bit longer than company as Draco heard Harry traipsing down the stairs toward the kitchen. Company, Harry was more then ready for, Draco’s cock up his bum, well, Draco was a bit more then sure that that was something Harry was not ready for.

Draco sighed as Harry entered the kitchen, plans would need to be made and Gryffindors would
need to be coaxed carefully. For if there was one thing Draco Malfoy was completely sure of, it was that he would, by any means necessary, make Harry Potter his. Completely. One-hundred percent.

‘Harry will be mine,’ Draco thought to himself as he smiled innocently at Harry, who was sitting down to tuck into his own breakfast.

While they ate, Draco absently nodded his head as Harry chatted happily. He made sure he paid enough attention to his companion to answer any questions directed at him, but inside his head he was plotting…

Plotting the seduction of one Harry James Potter…

‘How does one go about seducing a Gryffindor?’ he wondered to himself.

Having never dated anyone from that particular house, he was at a loss as to how one would get one into bed. Not that he just wanted Harry in bed. But Draco Malfoy was a healthy sixteen-year old boy, and he was horny as hell, and while mutual masturbation was lovely and all, he really needed to fuck Harry. After all once Harry left Privet Drive, Draco wouldn’t see him again until the first of September. That was a long time to expect Draco to go without Harry, so he would require something truly spectacular to tide him over.

It was now Wednesday morning and Harry would be leaving on Friday. This meant that Draco had until Friday morning at the latest to make Harry Potter his. That gave him just two days.

Two short days.

This would be a difficult task for sure, but Draco felt confident he would be fucking Harry by Thursday evening. He just needed to convince Harry that fucking was the best idea. Really it was.

“Draco Malfoy!” Harry shouted, pulling Draco from his musings. “Are you listening to me at all?” Harry asked.

“Yes,” Draco yelped. “Yes, of course I am. I was just a little distracted,” Draco said looking sheepish. “Sorry, Harry.”

Harry seemed mollified by Draco’s apology. “Are we starting Charms today?”

“Yes,” Draco answered, getting up to retrieve his books.

The boys worked until lunch, both nearly completing all their research with a very good start on their essays on the use and benefits of Muggle-Repelling Charms.

“We should take a walk, Harry,” Draco suggested after they ate.

“I don’t think so, Draco,” the Gryffindor replied. “This house is being watched.”

“I’m bored,” Draco complained.

“Sorry,” Harry commiserated. “Dumbledore has people watching my house and I think you would be somewhat conspicuous,” he giggled. “Sides I think the Headmaster would be angry at me if I left.”

Draco glared at his companion. “Dumbledore has your home watched?”

Harry merely nodded.
“And no one noticed you being abused!” the blond wizard snarled.

Harry shrugged his shoulders.

“I am going to kill that old coot!” Draco snapped. “I swear, Harry, on my magic, I will get to the bottom of this.” Draco stood abruptly and began pacing. “You’re being watched!” He paused and glared out the window. “And no one came to your aid. If that wrinkly, old fuck-wand knows about your treatment here – well…”

Harry got up and approached the angry boy. “Draco, please,” he sighed, “please can we not talk about this now.”

Thinking to change the subject Harry asked, “Tell me about your home, Draco. It must be amazing.” Harry grabbed Draco’s hand and led him to the sitting-room.

“What’s your mum like? What’s Lucius Malfoy really like?” he asked eagerly, wrinkling his brow. “Tell me about you, Draco.”

Draco sat on the settee, pulling Harry down on his lap. Harry struggled for a moment. “I will tell you all you want to know. But…” Draco smirked, “only if you sit here and cuddle with me while I do so.” Harry settled at once, wanting desperately to know more about the other boy and not really minding the close contact.

Draco contemplated for a few minutes; making both of them comfortable as they snuggled together he began…

“The manor is beautiful. It’s not at all like what you probably imagine it to be. It’s large and airy, not all dark and gloomy. It was a wonderful place to grow up,” Draco told Harry. “There are lots of secret passages to explore and I’ve the east-wing to myself. Mother and Father have the north wing. I suppose if I had brothers and sisters they would share the wing with me.” He narrowed his eyes in contemplation. “Alas, it’s just me and Mother and Father.”

“My mother is a wonderful woman.” Draco smiled while thinking of his mother. “Like any Malfoy she wears her mask for the public, but in private she is warm and loving. She was friends with your mum when they were at school. Did you know that?” Harry shook his head, but his eyes widened in shock and delight. People seldom told him about his mother, except to comment on his eyes. He suddenly wished he could sit down and have a conversation with Narcissa Malfoy.

“It’s true. My mother has pictures of the two of them together in an album she keeps in her bedside table. I saw the album when I was little and she told me all about her friend Lily Evans,” Draco explained. “They were good friends, until…”

Draco left the words dangling in mid air. It was obvious why Narcissa Black and Lily Evans drifted apart. Malfoys and Potters generally didn’t mix.

“My father…”

Draco paused for a moment, trying to decide the best way to continue. Knowing Harry had a very strong opinion of Lucius Malfoy and on the whole, his opinion was probably right, publicly. Privately, just like Narcissa, Lucius was a different person.

“Well, before the Dark Lord returned, he was wonderful,” Draco said firmly. “He was strict but fair and a really great father. He taught me how to fly and played games with me and…” Harry gave Draco a look of incredulity.
“I’m serious, Harry!” Draco stated honestly. “Really, before the Dark Lord returned he was kind and loving. But that bastard ruins everything.”

“Yeah, he does,” Harry said quietly.

Draco nodded in agreement. “My parents love me. This I’m sure of and even the Dark Lord can’t change that. Unfortunately, the Dark Lord breeds fear and my parents are not immune. Sometimes, I think my father regrets his decision to join He Who Must Not Be Named.”

Harry sniffed softly, feeling the loss of his own parents quite acutely as he listened to Draco. The older boy looked down and saw Harry’s sadness. It broke his heart, thinking of his friend’s loss, so he pulled the boy closer and kissed his forehead.

“Sorry,” Harry whispered.

“Nonsense,” Draco said.

“What’s it like, Draco?” Harry looked up into the blond boy’s eyes. “Having parents, I mean. I’ve always wondered about it.”

“Oh, Harry!” Draco hugged the boy impossibly closer.

Harry pulled away and sat up so he was eye level with Draco. “No really, Draco, tell me. I truly want to know. I mean I’ve seen the Weasleys and I’ve met the Grangers, but I’ve never asked Ron or Hermione what it’s like.” Harry leaned forward and brushed his lips over Draco’s. “I’d really like to know, I’ve only ever imagined it…”

Draco’s heart leapt at the gentle kiss. He pulled Harry back down into their snuggling position as he thought of the best way to answer his new companion’s question.

How did one explain what it was like to have a loving family to one who has never had, or cannot remember anyway, such a thing.

“The best part is,” Draco said slowly, “always knowing that no matter what life brings, my parents will always love me and support me, protect me and care for me. This may sound silly and a bit corny, Harry, but my parents make me feel safe. Like no matter what happens with them, in their presence I mean, I will always be first and they will protect me and love me and keep me safe.”

Draco looked down to gage Harry’s reaction. The green-eyed boy nestled his head into Draco’s neck as he thought over the other boy’s words.

“Safe,” Harry said finally. “Yeah, I’ve always thought a family would be like that. Make you feel safe, I mean.” Harry pressed his lips to Draco’s neck. “You make me feel safe, Draco. Thank you,” he told the other boy.

Draco smiled, inwardly he rejoiced. Unintentionally, he had moved one step closer to his goal. His plan was moving along swimmingly, thank you very much!

“Oh, yes, fucking by Thursday!”. He thought as he tilted Harry’s head back for a long and luscious kiss.
A Very Fortunate Conversation

Chapter Notes

I have found a beta source at Shadowites Rules. BIF continues...

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Disclaimer: JK Rowling owns all I am merely playing.

This fiction is beta'd by Shadowites Rules, in particular WeaslyWench.

~Chapter Twenty-Six: A Very Fortunate Conversation~

Over the last two days, both boys had gotten to know each other better. Luckily for Draco, Harry was no longer skittish about touching and kissing. He allowed the blond to caress him and snog him whenever the mood struck. And to Draco’s great surprise, Harry began initiating intimate moments.

Draco was in heaven.

However, all good things come to an end. It was now Thursday afternoon and this was his last night with Harry. They would probably not see each other until they went back to school. Time was short and Draco wanted… NO… he needed something to tide him over the next month and half. He needed more... More than just the kissing and hand jobs he and Harry had been engaging in for the past few days.

He needed to fuck. Harry. Desperately.

Now he just needed to convince Harry.

‘Bugger!’

Of course, the other problem the Slytherin had was that Draco found himself completely and totally falling for the Boy Who Lived. Never before had he felt so much for anyone, excluding his parents and godfather, of course. But this feeling was different. It was a bit scary. Draco Malfoy, cold-hearted bastard, had the warm fuzzies for his enemy.

‘Shit!’

A Malfoy going soft! His ancestors were probably rolling over in their tombs, or, more likely, attempting to come back and haunt Draco.

Harry was snuggled up on his side on the sofa with his head in Draco’s lap. Draco was carelessly carding his fingers through Harry’s soft, messy hair. He was so lost in his own contemplations he did
not hear Harry’s softly spoken question until Harry sat up…

“Draco, did you hear what I said?” Draco startled, blinking his eyes quickly into focus.

“Where were you?” Harry asked, a quizzical look gracing his sweet features.

“Err… Sorry, Harry. I was just thinking.”

“About?”

Draco paused for a moment. He couldn’t very well tell Harry exactly what he was thinking, could he?

He observed the boy for a few minutes. Harry was looking at him with that wide open expression of his, all his emotions and feelings clearly on display for the entire world to see. Draco thought that perhaps he should teach Harry how to hide his emotions better, but decided that he would miss seeing Harry this way.

It was amazing how much the dark-haired boy had changed in such a short amount of time. His eyes were bright and he had that soft glow back to his skin. Draco found that this made him happy beyond his imagining. The boy currently sitting with him was a far cry from the boy of a week ago. Draco absently thought that was his doing; he had done that. He helped Harry regain his strength and stopped those horrid Muggles from continuing their abuse.

He found he could not regret his decision to help Harry. Despite what his father would think, despite what Voldemort would do if he ever found out, despite the two of them being enemies, Draco could not regret anything.

“Draco!” Harry called, concern written across his face.

Embarrassed at becoming lost in his thoughts again so quickly, Draco cleared his throat and decided to partially voice some of the things he had been thinking and feeling. Leaving out the baser needs he had been prominent...

“I was just thinking, Harry, that this would be our last day together for a long time.” Draco reached his hand up and gently ran his fingers through Harry’s hair again. “I’ll miss you,” he said quietly.

Harry sighed softly, his expression clouding with melancholy. He nodded his head then quite unexpectedly reached up and pressed his lips gently to Draco’s.

“I’ll miss you too, Draco,” he said as he lay back down, rolling over so he could look up at the blond.

Draco felt his heart clench with joy and sadness both at once. Gods, he would miss Harry terribly.

Sniffing slightly, Draco asked, “What was it you asked me earlier?”

“Oh.” Harry squirmed, scrunching his nose. “Err… I just… um…”

“Spit it out, Harry.”

“I… err… asked you… I asked you what sex was like,” he mumbled quickly.

“Excuse me?” Draco asked, his eyes wide with disbelief. Surely Harry had not said what Draco just thought he said.
Harry’s ears were red and Draco was sure the blush extended far beyond his shirt collar. “I asked you what sex was like,” the boy said, clearly and deliberately, despite his embarrassment, all the while looking Draco directly in the eyes.

Draco coughed and then sputtered, “W—what… What did you say?”

Harry began to squirm out of Draco’s lap. “Never mind. I shouldn’t have asked. Sorry.” Harry was attempting to sit up when Draco clutched at him pulling him back down on his lap.

“Oh, no, Potter,” he said forcefully. “You are not getting out of this one.” Harry turned his face away from Draco.

“No, Draco, I shouldn’t have,” Harry pleaded trying to get away. “It’s none of my business.”

“Harry Potter!” Draco shouted, holding the other boy down. Harry turned and looked up at the blond in surprise. “I didn’t say I wouldn’t answer,” Draco snapped.

Harry stilled, eyes wide. “You will?”

Draco smiled, loosening his grip on the now pliant body in his lap. “Course I will.” His lecherous mind moving into overdrive, he thought to himself, ‘Oh, yes there will be fucking tonight!’

Draco began carding his fingers through Harry’s hair once again, attempting to relax his companion, while his other hand rested on the brunet’s chest. “What exactly do you want to know, Harry?” he said with a wicked gleam in his eyes.

Harry shrugged, thinking how best to proceed. “Umm… Well, err… you know, we’ve been – you know,” he began. Harry sucked in a deep breath and gathered his Gryffindor courage. “Well, we’ve been, you know, touching and stuff and I know there’s more…” He paused and gently plucked Draco’s hand from his chest, softly caressing it as if it would give him what he needed to continue. “I know you’ve mentioned that you’ve…” he played with Draco’s fingers, “had – you know,” he glanced up shyly at Draco, “sex,” he whispered. “I was just wondering what it was like, is all,” Harry said, entwining his fingers with Draco’s.

Draco stared down at the other boy, amused by his nervous gestures and intrigued by Harry’s topic of conversation. If he played this game correctly, he would finally have what he had been most wanting since the very first night he showed up at Privet Drive.

“You want to know what it’s like?” he asked. Harry nodded.

“Do you want to know what it’s like between two boys?” he asked again. Harry blushed yet again but nodded.

“Well,” Draco began, “sex is bloody fantastic, or people wouldn’t do it, Harry,” he said. “But sex between two men is a bit different than between a man and a woman.”

“I know that!” Harry exclaimed.

“Shush,” Draco said bringing their entwined fingers to his lips. “I know you know, I’m just explaining.” Harry settled more comfortably in Draco’s lap.

“Does it hurt?” Harry asked suddenly.

Draco looked down at his hopefully, soon-to-be lover. “At first, it does a bit,” he said slowly. “But it quickly becomes very pleasurable.” Draco thought his words out carefully. He did not want to lie to
Harry, but he did not want to scare him, either. “It hurts for a girl the first time, too, though, so I’m
told,” he continued to explain. “I’m sure you have a general idea what happens, Harry. One boy tops
and the other bottoms.”

“Have you done both?” Harry questioned, never taking his eyes from Draco’s.

“Yes,” the blond answered. “And both are immensely pleasurable if done right.” Draco’s fingers
continued to massage Harry’s scalp, having the relaxing effect he intended. “If we were to have sex,
Harry, I’d prepare you first, with lubrication, so you could get used to the feeling of having me inside
you and it would be less painful for you when we fuck.” Draco watched as Harry scrunched his
nose.

“Isn’t that kind of, I dunno, gross?”

Draco chuckled. “No, there are spells you can use to clean yourself.”

“Oh,” Harry snuggled closer to Draco, “what else?”

“Well, once you were nice and relaxed, I’d slide my cock inside you and fuck you. After that it’s
much like sex with a girl at that point, except there’s this wonderful spot in your arse that feels
bloody fantastic when it’s rubbed.” Draco’s eyes glazed over as he thought about pleasuring Harry
by hitting that delightful place inside Harry.

Harry sat up and straddled Draco’s lap facing him. “Really?” Harry said, licking his lips.

Draco nodded, watching with interest as Harry’s tongue swiped his lower lip. “Really. It’s bloody
wonderful,” Draco said with confidence.

Harry appeared to be lost in thought for a very long moment before he wrapped his arms around
Draco’s neck, snuggling his head against the other boy’s shoulder.

“Could you show me, Draco?” he asked softly.

Draco sucked in his breath and held it. “Are you sure, Harry?” he asked, exhaling.

Harry nodded, gently kissing Draco’s pulse point. “Yes, I’m sure,” he said, sighing.

Draco smiled, not believing his good luck. Harry wanted to have sex! Harry wanted to have sex with
him. MERLIN, WHERE THE FUCK IS THE LUBE?
Draco rose from his seat and held his hand out to Harry. The dark-haired boy took it and rose himself, following Draco out of the room, down the hall and up the stairs.

Harry’s mind was racing, his heart pounding, as they made their way through the house. He was nervous, but in a good and excited way. He had wondered about sex with Draco since he had woken up that morning with his pants down, and Draco’s slick, silk-covered erection sliding along his arse. He remembered how he had wondered what it would feel like to have that beautiful organ deep inside him, moving in and out. He had been appalled at first by that thought. But the feel of Draco’s hand sliding up and down his prick, keeping time with his thrusts against Harry’s backside; the overwhelming sensation of Draco behind and Draco in front, surrounding Harry, pleasuring Harry as he sought his own release, just felt so complete and right and what should be. The memory made him shiver and his own cock twitched with anticipation.

Harry had never had such desires before Draco showed up at his door. He had never really thought much about sex. He had fantasies, all boys do, but nothing so graphic, and certainly nothing so strong. In his wildest dreams he had never imagined, consciously anyway, having sex with a boy.

Before last Friday, if anyone had asked, Harry Potter would have told them that he liked girls, thank you very much.

Draco changed that.

Harry couldn’t reason why the blond, snarky, arrogant boy elicited such feelings inside him. It was inconceivable. No one would ever believe it. Harry himself didn’t quite believe it. Yet Draco had shown Harry that he could be kind and caring. He had shown his better, secret side. And Harry really, really liked this Draco Malfoy. Harry Potter did not know what love was. He had never been “in love” before. He had nothing to compare his new feelings for Draco to; something was telling him this was love. Something was pushing him in this direction, forcing him to act.

This compulsion to be with Draco was frightening at first, until Harry found that place inside his
heart that felt complete when Draco was near. Then there was that place in Harry’s soul that sang joyfully when Draco touched him. He wondered if Draco felt the same. Did it matter?

Harry didn’t know. On some level, he knew it was silly to worry about it. What was happening was beyond their ability to control. They could try to fight it, but why would they.

It was right…

It was good…

It was needed…

These words had filtered again and again through Harry’s mind the past few days.

This was right. Draco was the right one. When his mind centred on that one phrase, he calmed and his world seemed whole and focused. It was as if he had been wandering through a dense fog and he could see nothing around him and nothing made sense. Then Draco appeared, and the sun came with him making all things became visible again. It was right.

This was good. Harry had no fear about what they were going to do. He really should be afraid. The old Harry would have run from the house or hid in his cupboard, but that was not necessary. There was no evil here, no bad intentions. This was good.

Harry needed this. He had never desired something so much. In such a short span of time, Draco had become the one thing in Harry’s world that gave him comfort and happiness. Draco had wormed his way into Harry’s life. And now Harry could never imagine a life without the other boy. Harry’s inner voice told him that Draco was his other half, that sex would join them, and they would both be complete. It was needed.

As they approached the top of the stairs, Harry’s heart raced faster. This was it. There was no turning back. Harry stopped abruptly, biting his bottom lip. Draco turned to look at him, his face full of concern.

“Harry, are you sure? We don’t have to do this.”

‘Am I sure?’ he thought. ‘Yes,’ was the simple answer.

But that did not erase his anxiety. Harry knew what he wanted. He wanted Draco Malfoy. He wanted to share this experience with Draco and only with Draco. He knew that with every ounce of his being. His heart and soul told him this was the right thing to do. That Draco was the one person above all others that Harry could trust with two things: his heart and his soul. If asked, he could not explain how he knew this to be true. He just did. Somewhere deep inside felt complete when Draco was with him, told him he needed Draco and that this was right.

Still, it was a huge step. All the groping and kissing and mutual gratification they had been engaging in had been leading to this. But this… this was it. Once the deed was done there was no erasing it. His inner voice was telling him that this was what he needed. This was right and good and needed.

All paths led to this one point. All of their struggles led here, to this very moment. How Harry came to this conclusion, he couldn’t say. He knew it though. He knew it to be fact. Everything both boys had been through, all their experiences, had bought them to this one place, this one act and it was right. It was good. It was needed.

Harry looked deeply into Draco’s eyes. He wondered if Draco could feel it. The thrumming that surrounded them, there was a power let loose tonight. A power they would capture. Something was
afoot. Something beyond their control and once again Harry felt the compulsion of need forcing him to act, forcing him to complete the circle, to end and begin again.

As he gazed at Draco, he could sense the other boy’s anticipation, his nervousness, yet, there too, he could feel Draco knew this was right. All of a sudden, everything became clear to Harry, and judging from the expression on his soon-to-be-lover’s face, Draco felt it also.

Everything else did not matter. No one mattered in this moment, except for them. This was right. This was good. This was needed.

Harry smiled. All worries melting away in this one instance of mutual recognition.

The energy around them focused. It hummed and vibrated. This did not frighten the two young men. It was welcoming electricity, familiar, warm and comforting. It emanated from both of them, around them, over them, through them. It was right. It was good. It was needed.

Harry could not ever remember being in such a calm place. Never, not once, in his entire life could he remember feeling safe, protected and loved. Now, he was almost overwhelmed with these new emotions. Tears of joy crept into his eyes. This was what he had been missing. This was the piece to the puzzle that would finally fit the empty space that he had always felt in his soul. Oh, how could one ever explain what it was like to feel loved?

Harry was interrupted from his thoughts by a gentle tug at his hand. He looked down at his and Draco’s joined fingers. Embarrassed, he realised he had been meandering for too long in his thoughts…

“Yes, Draco,” Harry said softly, looking directly into Draco’s silver eyes so there would be no doubt remaining, “I’m sure.” He raised their clasped hands and pulled the taller boy to him. “This is right, Draco. This is good. This is needed.”

A brief look of surprise flashed across Draco’s face. Then a bright, warm and knowing smile took over. Draco gently pressed their lips together. The power surrounding them seemed to sing with expectation as they kissed. The air itself was thick and heavy as their lips lingered together.

Draco reluctantly pulled away. “Come, love,” he said quietly as he led them both to Harry’s bedroom.

After tonight, Harry Potter would no longer be a virgin.

After tonight, Harry Potter would be forever linked with Draco Malfoy.

After tonight, all things would change.

After tonight, both boys’ worlds would never be the same.

After tonight, the power the Dark Lord knows not, would be complete.
Once inside the bedroom, Draco pulled Harry to him, wrapping his arms around the smaller boy’s waist. He buried his face in the dark, unruly locks and inhaled Harry’s scent. Sweet hay and vanilla, a heady combination that spoke to Draco of Harry’s innocence; he wondered briefly whether Harry’s scent would change after tonight. Probably not, Draco reasoned. It was Harry’s scent. It was unique to him, and despite losing his sexual innocence, Harry would still be Harry, with all his unique perspectives, virtues and faults.

Draco was dragged from his thoughts when Harry sighed against his neck, his nose inhaling deeply of what, Draco could only imagine, was his own scent. He wondered, very briefly, what he smelled like to Harry before the raven-haired boy distracted him, yet again, by grabbing both sides of Draco’s face and standing on his toes, smashing their lips together, beginning a searing and needy kiss.

As their kiss grew in intensity, Draco’s grip on Harry tightened and he lifted the boy up. His new lover instinctually leapt up, wrapping his legs around Draco’s waist, bringing their hardening lengths together. They both broke the kiss and moaned at the sensations emanating from their groins. Draco’s mouth attached itself to Harry’s neck, where he sucked and licked from ear to clavicle, nipping and biting to mark the territory as his own.

Draco carried Harry to the bed and fell upon it with Harry underneath him. He continued his exploration of Harry’s neck and jaw, his lips finally wandering back to those lips that had become Draco’s addiction. His tongue immediately darted out, demanding Harry let him in. Draco allowed himself to explore every bit of Harry’s mouth, tasting of strawberries and cream, just as their first kiss so many days ago. ‘How curious,’ he thought, ‘that Harry smelled of his two favourite scents and tasted of his favourite foods.’ The thought only stayed briefly as his desire to posses Harry began to overwhelm him.

Skin.

Draco wanted to feel Harry’s skin against his own. His hands began tugging at Harry’s shirttails, freeing them from the loose denims. The blond yanked the offending garment over his head as
Harry’s hands, which had not been unoccupied, followed Draco’s actions and stripped Draco of his own top. The two lovers gasped as their naked torsos touched. Heat, almost too much heat, passed between them.

It was not enough…

Their desperate fingers went for each other’s waists and tugged and pulled and ripped, carelessly removing the last vestiges of material between their bodies. The need to be as close as possible was strong; it pulsed with the energy around them. They pressed themselves tightly together, rubbing against each other almost painfully.

Had they not been so lost in one another, they might have taken the time to wonder about the growing need. At any other time, with any other person, the two boys would have been frightened by such a strong desire. But the rightness and goodness overrode the overwhelming need for completion, and they ignored any fears that could have arisen.

Draco lifted his hips then forcefully ground his cock against Harry’s; the yelp and throaty whimper that followed bought the more experienced boy back to reality. This was Harry’s first time. This had to be good for Harry, not this overriding need, forcing them to a quick and hasty copulation. Draco wanted Harry to remember this as something wonderful, not this desperate act it was evolving into. With a will he did not know he possessed, he made himself calm down and move more slowly.

He pulled back slightly and looked into Harry’s bright green eyes now hazed with pleasure and desire. Draco rolled over onto his back, carrying Harry with him, so the shorter boy was on top. He gentled his hands to slide softly along Harry’s flanks; his lips caressed Harry’s cheeks, down his jaw and throat. There would be time enough for good hard fucking later. Right now was about love making.

Harry seemed to have sensed the change in pace and rocked his hips languidly against Draco, setting a slow and torturous pace. The two boys touched and fondled and gently nipped, their hands gliding along soft skin, learning one another, memorising each muscle, each reaction for later use.

They stayed like that, with Harry’s weight comfortably resting on top of Draco for long moments, kissing deeply, staring intently into each other’s eyes; all the while, they mapped out the other’s bodies with their hands. Eventually, Harry broke the delicate silence.

“Draco,” he whispered. “It’s time.” The air around them seemed to crackle as the hushed words were uttered. Harry rolled off of Draco onto his side as Draco followed him over so they were facing one another. He gazed into Draco’s eyes, one of his hands lightly stroking Draco’s cheek. “I’m ready; it’s time,” he said again.

Draco nodded. He sat up and rummaged over the side of the bed for a wand. His fingers grasped one, which, he didn’t know, nor did it matter. He quickly summoned lubricant from the guest room he had been sleeping in. He then whispered a spell over Harry. He watched with amusement as Harry’s eyes widened at the curious sensation of being “cleaned out” magically.

“What was that spell?”

“Tergo Intestinum Corpus.”

“Can I do that to myself?”

“Yes. I’ll teach you later.”

“Feels weird….”
“I’m sure. But it will make things easier and more comfortable for you, Harry.”

Draco looked intensely at Harry. “You’re sure?” he asked one more time.

Harry’s gaze never wavered from his lover, “I’ve never been surer of anything in my life, Draco,” he replied with confidence.

Draco leaned forward and kissed Harry’s lips sweetly. “I’ll be gentle; I swear.”

Draco manoeuvred Harry onto his back, situating himself between his lover’s legs. He looked over Harry’s body. He was still too thin, but to Draco he was beautiful. His skin was creamy and now thankfully, unblemished. Harry had scant body hair. There was none above the groin where he had a thatch of neat black curls surrounding his lovely, hard cock.

Draco grinned as he coated his fingers in lubricant. There was one sure fire way to distract a new lover from the fact that your fingers were in their arse. Draco licked his lips and leaned over, dragging his tongue over Harry’s cock from base to crown. The dark-haired boy gasped, jerking his hips slightly off the bed. The blond smirked at the other boy’s reaction. Kneeling between Harry’s splayed legs, Draco placed one hand firmly on Harry’s hip, keeping him down on the bed, his other hand slid down from Harry’s balls to his anus, his fingers slick and oil coated, he gently circled the tight ring. Harry wriggled, moaning quietly as Draco took the head of his cock into his mouth, sucking slightly, just enough to elicit another throaty groan from Harry.

Draco continued to massage Harry’s entrance as his other free hand and his mouth surrounded Harry’s prick. Draco swirled his tongue over the purple crown, licking up any pre-come. Harry tasted wonderful. The grey-eyed boy worked his lips down, taking as much into his mouth as possible. Drawing up, he sucked hard. Harry threw his head back and howled in pleasure. Sure that Harry’s body was occupied; Draco slipped one slick finger into Harry. Harry barely registered the intrusion. Satisfied, Draco withdrew the finger and added a second. Harry grimaced slightly at this, but the blond anticipated it and hummed around the cock in his mouth; he pumped the two fingers in and out of Harry in time with the up and down motion of his mouth. Harry did not even realise when a third and final finger was added until Draco crooked one of the digits inside of the green-eyed boy, brushing over his prostate.

Harry arched off the bed, whimpering in need. “Gods…” he gasped. “Gods, Draco! Please, more,” he begged. “I want to feel you inside me. NOW!” he demanded.

Draco chuckled around his mouthful, reluctantly letting it slip from his lips. He reached for the lubricant and slicked up his own engorged, and much neglected, cock.

Draco grabbed two pillows from the head of the bed and urged Harry to lift his hips. Once Harry was settled, Draco carefully placed his lover’s legs over his shoulders as he positioned himself to enter Harry. He looked deeply into the green eyes that had, for this moment, become his world. Seeing only desire, love and trust there, he pushed forward.

As Draco began to move into Harry, the air again cracked, and energy seemed to be moving about the room, surrounding the new lovers. In the back of Draco’s mind he knew there should be pain, or at least some discomfort. Harry did not seem to be experiencing either of these sensations. In fact, Harry was eagerly urging Draco forward, accepting more and more of Draco inside of himself. If it did not feel so right, Draco may have worried. But it did feel right. No, it felt bloody fantastic. Perfect. Like the first time he had kissed Harry this was just as right, just as perfect, just as blissful.

When he was fully seated inside, Draco moaned. He looked to Harry, waiting for a sign to move. Harry’s breath was coming in small gasps, his eyes shuttered closed tightly. Draco feared,
momentarily, that he had been wrong, and Harry was in pain. He began to panic. Suddenly Harry’s eyes snapped open and glowed with anticipation; he wiggled his bottom encouragingly. That was all Draco needed. He pulled back then angled his hips and snapped them forcefully back inside of Harry. The dark-haired boy keened with delight as his prostate was hit head on.

Draco began thrusting in earnest. The feeling of rightness seemed to be growing and growing inside of him. With each push into Harry’s tight heat, the glow that had settled around the room intensified. Draco did not question it, and Harry did not appear bothered by it. The energy egged them on, building and building as they both strove to reach their climax.

Just as Draco felt ready to explode, his eyes locked with Harry’s and words fell from his mouth without thought or prompting…

“My life is yours, Harry,” he gasped.

“As mine is yours, Draco,”

“My heart is yours.”

“As mine is yours.”

“My soul is yours.”

“As mine is yours.”

“You are my other half, there will be no other.”

“As you are my other half, there will be no other.”

“I love you and only you.”

“And I love you and only you.”

The two boys stared intently at one another, never noticing the glow brighten and strengthen. The air crackled and sparked and the house shook on its foundation. Draco thrust deeply into Harry one last time as Harry arched off the bed, keening. They both climaxed simultaneously, shouting each other’s names. The glow became blinding as Draco collapsed on top of Harry. Both boys fell into blissful unconsciousness, still intimately connected.

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Severus Snape considered himself a reasonable man, but this was almost too much. When the alarm he had secretly placed on his godson chimed a warning, he had thought the worst: Death Eaters had breached the protection wards at Privet Drive.

That was what he expected to find.

What he did find was unfathomable.

He rushed to Privet Drive expecting to see Order members and Death Eaters engaged in battle, or his beloved godson and that insufferable Potter brat dead.

He did not expect to see nothing amiss at all. There was no battle, no Death Eaters and no dead bodies lying in the front garden. The only thing that appeared out of the ordinary was a strange pulsing power emanating from the house, a power which caused the hairs on the back of Snape’s neck to stand on end as if the air were charged. Cautiously, he entered Privet Drive. Hearing ungodly
moaning from above, he ran up the stairs two at a time and flung open Potter’s bedroom door…

He was about to shout at the two fornicating boys when he noticed the energy floating around the boys, weaving around them, through them. It was growing. It was coalescing, organising, becoming stronger. And then…

The words…

He heard the vows spoken freely. He watched in utter horror as the two boys climaxed, sealing the bond. He then watched as the power became solid for just a moment, the light from it blinding him.

Severus Snape had just witnessed the bonding of two souls. Draco Malfoy had just, unwittingly or not, tied his fate to Harry Potter.

“Fucking, son-of-a…” he growled as he slammed the door shut and moved downstairs. He had to contact Dumbledore. Draco and Narcissa were no longer safe.

“Why me?” he mumbled. “Why is it always me?”
Unlikely Travelling Companions

Chapter Notes

Bif continues...

Author's notes: Bif continues...

See first chapter for disclaimer.

Disclaimer: JK Rowling owns all I am merely playing.

This fiction is beta'd by Shadowites Rules, in particular WeaslyWench.

~Chapter Thirty: Unlikely Travelling Companions ~

Narcissa Malfoy found herself in the most unlikely of situations. She was in the company of Remus Lupin, and they were on their way to some unknown location with word that her son was in danger.

It had all begun earlier that evening when she had received an urgent owl from Severus Snape, a man she trusted with resolute conviction, especially where her beloved son was concerned. She had not recognised the snowy-white owl, but she had known Severus’ handwriting, and he had used the Malfoy family code for secrecy. The code was only known by four people; herself, her husband, Draco, and Severus Snape. For the dark, surly man to have used the coded message had been telling, indeed.

The missive had told her that Draco had done something foolish and was now in great danger from the Dark Lord, and, by association, that her son’s actions had put both her and Lucius at risk. Lucius was safe for now, but Narcissa and Draco were not. Severus had further told her to pack what was needed and be ready to leave within the hour. To her great shock, her escort would be Remus Lupin.

She knew Lupin. They had been at school together, and she had been friends, of a sort, with him their last year at Hogwarts, as her very best friend had been Lily Evans. Lupin, and her wayward cousin Sirius, had been best friends with James Potter, who everyone knew had married Lily.

Odd as this the situation was, it was the fact that Severus, who despised Potter and Black and by unfortunate association, Remus, had arranged such an escort. She had been told to tell no one. She was to gather anything of importance and meet Lupin outside the Malfoy wards at the gathering spot. Again, telling indeed to the direness of the situation. For the gathering spot was a place known to only the Malfoys and Severus Snape.

She had immediately destroyed the note then set about gathering everything important. She had realised that Snape was telling her that their ties to the Dark Side had been irrevocably severed, and that she needed to leave nothing of value to the Dark Lord and his followers within the house. Being Malfoys, that had been a simple task, for a Malfoy always was prepared, and Lucius had made plans for a speedy and clean escape if the need arose. She had quickly cast the spells Lucius had designed
for the quick escape, and everything of true value had been immediately packed into a shrunken case in front of her.

She had grabbed a travelling cloak, and had tucked the tiny package inside a hidden pocket, then had proceeded to Lucius’ study to reset the wards and sanitize the house, for not one ounce of hair or blood of a Malfoy could remain behind once she walked out the secret passage behind the fireplace. Though the wards should keep anyone out, there was no point in leaving anything to chance, and if the Dark Lord wanted in then he very well may get in.

Narcissa had moved quietly through the halls; her only thoughts had been of her son. She had wanted no one and no thing to know what she had been up to. Draco was in trouble. Whatever he had got himself into did not matter. All that had mattered to Narcissa was getting to her child quickly. Once in the study, she had walked swiftly to the large ornate desk, opening the left middle drawer, and she had withdrawn a seemingly ordinary accounts journal. One whispered spell later and the journal had glowed, then a burst of energy had emerged from the book and sped up the chimney. Narcissa had only minutes to be out of the house. Journal still in hand, she had rushed to the fireplace; stepping inside, she had pushed the hidden leaver. The bricks had moved aside, revealing a dusty passage. Narcissa had passed through the opening and down the hidden passage at a run just as she had heard the spell begin cleansing the manor.

She had emerged outside the wards through an old tomb in a graveyard a short distance away from the manor. Silently, she had made her way to the gathering spot. She had seen Lupin before he had seen her. Time had not been kind the werewolf, she noted sadly. Lily would have been saddened by this. She had been very fond of the sandy-haired man, Narcissa remembered.

“Remus Lupin,” she whispered coolly.

“Narcissa.”

Lupin reached for her hand. “Quickly,” he said softly. “I will have to Apparate us both.” Narcissa hesitated briefly, glancing back toward where her family home was, though unseen. She took a deep breath, then grabbed onto the offered arm tightly. With a crack, the two were gone.

…Now the two travellers were walking up a Muggle street. Lupin appeared to know where he was going. Narcissa could not help the look of disdain on her face for the Muggle neighbourhood. All of the houses were the same, plain structures with bland gardens and Muggle trappings.

“Where are we going?” she snarled at the werewolf.

“Not much further,” Lupin replied calmly.

“Do you know what’s going on?” she asked, a hint of worry colouring the question.

Lupin paused briefly, turning to look at the slender blonde. “Not really. Severus sent word that the boys were in trouble. He said to meet you and bring you with.”

“Boys?” She looked puzzlingly at her companion.

“Yes, Harry and Draco.”

“HARRY,” she hissed, alarmed.

Remus Lupin grabbed Narcissa’s shoulders gently. “Shush,” he hissed back.

The elegant woman paled considerably; she looked into the man’s face; concern covering her
features she whispered, “Harry Potter?” The werewolf nodded, grabbing her hand. He pulled her
toward the blandest of the Muggle dwellings: number four, she noted absently. They stopped in front
of the door, both taking a deep breath to ease their jangled nerves; silently they opened the door and
entered.

They could hear voices from a room within, but as her eyes adjusted to the dark entryway, she saw a
truly shocking sight.

Sitting on the stairs were Harry Potter and her son, dressed only in boxer shorts. Harry was sitting in
front of Draco, his face pale, eyes glowing with pain. Draco’s right arm was wrapped around the
boy’s shoulders, crossing his chest, and the dark-haired boy’s own right arm was holding tightly to
the blond just above the wrist. Her son’s own expression was of thunderous rage and concern as he
held the other boy close to his own body.

She went to call out to her child when he motioned her to be quiet. It was then that she took in the
words being spoken from another room.

“Allus, you cannot be serious.” She heard the unmistakable voice of Severus Snape.

“We must do what is best for the majority, Severus,” came the answering voice of Albus
Dumbledore.

Narcissa turned toward the voices; the four in the hall listened intently.

“It is illegal, Albus,” Snape hissed angrily. “Not to mention completely immoral.”

“The boys have no idea what has occurred, Severus. We can force them to take the potion and be
done with it.”

“You cannot. It is a True Soul Bond, Headmaster,”

At that, Narcissa’s eyes widened, and she turned and looked at the two boys clinging tightly to one
another. Her eyes snapped immediately to both boys’ right arms, and, there displayed for all to see,
was the unmistakable sign of a Soul Bond. Around both boys’ right wrists there was a faintly
glowing white mark. The mark of a True Soul Bond. Narcissa looked to Lupin; his eyes were glued
to the marking. The Celtic knot was winding around the boys’ joined limbs.

“…to attempt severing such a bond could kill both boys,” Severus’ argument continued. “If the
council were to find out…”

“They will not.”

“Albus, be reasonable.”

“No, Severus. I have made my decision. The bond must be broken immediately, and no one should
be told. The sooner the bond is severed, the less likely the children will suffer.”

Narcissa looked to Draco; he resolutely stared back at her. She learned all she needed to in that one
glance. Gathering herself together, she marched into the house and toward the voices with Lupin
close behind as the two boys scrabbled off the stairs, right hands joined, following the determined
Narcissa Malfoy.
Severus Snape was beyond exasperation. The Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, one Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, was the sole point of his annoyance. The too-thick-for-his-own-good old coot was sitting in a chair in the Dursleys’ parlour, face set in stubborn determination as the dark-haired man paced back and forth in front of him. The Potions master’s level of frustration was at a point where he was ready to murder the older man. But Severus was right. He had seen the bond form, and it was a True Soul Bond. Unbreakable even after death. To attempt severing the bond would kill both Harry and Draco, and it was illegal, punishable by a fate worse than death. Now if he could just convince the old codger of that simple fact…

Snape had never been a trusting person. He was a Slytherin, after all. When he had discovered the boys, he had taken time to think about how he should proceed. He was now supremely thankful he had not contacted Albus Dumbledore immediately, and he had, in fact, sent word to Narcissa Malfoy and Remus Lupin. He had then waited one half hour before notifying the Headmaster. Narcissa and Remus would be better able to protect Harry and Draco than Snape could.

When Snape had confronted Albus about Harry Potter’s situation, he had been astounded by the Headmaster and his plotting. The Headmaster had admitted to knowing about the Dursleys and their treatment of the boy, and that he had, in fact, counted on it when he had placed Harry with them all those years ago. It took every ounce of self-control that Severus Snape had not to throttle the old wizard.

Snape had further been shocked and dismayed when Dumbledore had justified his actions, saying that he needed Harry to be complacent and obedient when he finally arrived at Hogwarts. That the misery, neglect, and abuse Harry had suffered before Hogwarts would allow Dumbledore to shape the boy into the perfect weapon against Voldemort. Dumbledore had gone further, saying that Potter was the only one who could defeat the Dark Lord. Harry’s suffering had been second to this goal.

“The end justified the means,” Dumbledore had said.

The boy had needed to be shaped and moulded as the Headmaster had seen fit, and the only way for
that to be achieved had been for Harry Potter to be as mild-mannered and obedient as possible. Dumbledore had known the Dursleys would see to that; he had even encouraged them to do so. Dumbledore’s plan had been to make the transition from the Muggle world to the wizarding world be the greatest single thing that had ever happened to the child: the Light would have a weapon that would want nothing more than to please, to gain acceptance, to do anything to remain and never have to return to the Muggles.

Snape could not deny that the Headmaster had got what he wanted. Potter was only too willing to please Albus Dumbledore. But the method was just too black and white. ‘The ends justify the means’ was Dumbledore’s mantra.

Snape had been arguing with Dumbledore, asking for his patience in this matter for a good while, and did not know how much longer he could distract the Headmaster. He could only hope Narcissa and Lupin would arrive soon. Until then, he would do what he could to stall Albus from interfering with the bond.

“Albus, you cannot break this bond!” Severus snarled furiously. “You know as well as I do that Harry may very well already be with child.”

“As long as he doesn’t know about it, his possible condition is irrelevant,” the Headmaster replied, unconcerned. “Harry must face Voldemort, and I will not have him distracted by this. I will have this bond severed now, Severus!”

“No, you will not!”

Both men turned toward the female voice and watched as a very determined and angry Narcissa Malfoy strode into the room, followed closely by an equally angry Remus Lupin, and a half-naked Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy.

The Headmaster sent a glare toward the dark-haired wizard. Severus merely smirked back with a twinkle in his dark eyes that normally appeared in the blue eyes of Albus himself.

‘Thank, Merlin! Now,’ Severus thought to himself, ‘let the games begin.’

“Narcissa, how lovely to see you,” Dumbledore said blandly. “I see Severus has contacted you about this unfortunate situation.” Turning his attention to Lupin, he said, “Ah, Remus, you as well. Lovely.” The Headmaster shot Snape an angry look that would wither a normal man. “My, my, Severus you are full of surprises tonight.”

“Do be quiet, you insufferable, meddling old man,” the elegant blonde snarled back. She turned her back on the old wizard. “Severus, please tell us what has occurred,” she demanded politely.

“Gladly,” he replied with great relief. The night had already been too long for his tastes.

Severus spent a few moments explaining what had been happening over the past week, beginning with Draco’s discovery of the abuse that Harry had had to endure, the boys growing closer together, the alarm, his arrival on Privet Drive, and to his witnessing of the bond.

Harry gasped at Severus’ words, his face palming with the realisation that his most hated professor had borne witness to his bond with Draco.

“Too late for the blushing-virgin act, Potter,” Snape said silkily. “Especially as you have chosen to parade yourself about in nothing more then a greying pair of skivvies…”

Draco growled low, flashing his godfather a scathing look. Snape glared peevishly back, but spoke
Everyone was silent for a few moments, digesting all that Snape had told them, when Remus Lupin, surprisingly, broke the peace.

“What I don’t understand, Headmaster,” he ground out angrily, “is why you are even contemplating severing the bond.” Lupin pinned the old man with a glare that would freeze hell in Snape’s estimation. The elderly wizard had the audacity to smile benignly at the werewolf before responding.

“Why, Remus, it is what is best for Harry.”

Before the wolf or anyone else could respond, Harry, still holding Draco’s hand, stepped from behind the tall blond and shouted, “What’s best for me?” His face darkened with fury. “That’s a laugh,” he growled.

“Now, now, Harry…”

“SHUT UP!” the boy yelled, his magic flaring wildly around him. “Don’t say another word!” Harry gestured between himself and Draco. “We were in the hall listening, Headmaster. You knew,” he said acidly. “You knew what the Dursleys did to me.” Draco reached out and tried to pull Harry to his chest. The boy fought for a moment, then, realising he was losing control of his magic, allowed himself to be pressed into the comfort and safety of his lover’s embrace.

“Calm down, love,” Draco cooed softly, his arms winding around Harry. “Calm down before your magic goes out of control, Harry.”

The adults in the room stilled as the wild magic surrounded the young men before slowly seeping back into the smaller of the two. Severus knew the Potter boy was powerful magically, but to witness the uncontrolled power first hand, he was flabbergasted. Glancing about the room, he saw that he was not alone. Only the Headmaster seemed unsurprised. Anger at the old man flared brightly again within Snape’s chest as he came to the abrupt realisation that THIS, this power, was what Dumbledore had been hoping to control.

“You knew about my cupboard, the beatings, the starvation — all of it,” Harry continued, his voice tinged with sadness. “You knew, and did nothing.” He buried his face in Draco’s shoulder as his anger shifted to despair. Snape could see the boy’s heart breaking with the knowledge that the person he had thought he could trust, had come to look to as a mentor, had betrayed him in the worst way imaginable.

“We heard everything,” he whispered bitterly, before allowing Draco to guide him to the settee, shielding Harry from full view.

The adults remained where they were in silent revelation each contemplating what Harry’s outburst could mean. Snape, having come from an abusive home himself, could imagine the absolute undoing the dark-haired young man was feeling. The fact that the man Harry had trusted had knowingly set up his entire life, plotted, and had planned it all so that he had his ultimate weapon – well, no amount of excuses or apologies could make up for what Dumbledore had done.

Snape had no doubt that Harry would fulfil his destiny; the boy was too much of a goody-two-shoes Gryffindor not to. Snape had to admit, begrudgingly, that Harry honestly did have an irritating sense of right and wrong, an annoying habit of rushing headfirst into danger if it meant helping someone else (regardless of his own personal safety), and a sickeningly enormous capacity to, Snape shuddered, love. All too Gryffindor. Harry Potter would fight the Dark Lord, but he would do it on his own terms now, NOT Albus Dumbledore’s terms.
The old fool had just lost complete control over Harry Potter. Severus felt he could giggle like a school girl if it would not tarnish his image. ’Oh, the tangled webs we weave…’ he thought with absolute glee.

Snape glanced at the other occupants in the room. Harry’s face was still buried in Draco’s chest, trying to regain his composure. Draco was glaring icily at the Headmaster, an expression of complete loathing on his face. Narcissa had her eyes trained on the two boys, her expression unreadable, and Lupin looked as though he were about to commit an act of murder.

The Headmaster had the good grace to look repentant, but Severus could see the steely determination in his blue eyes. Dumbledore was resolved to get his way. Unfortunately for Albus, he had never gone head to head with an angry Narcissa Malfoy, and judging by the look on her face as she turned away from her son, Mrs Malfoy was about to unleash her wrath on the old coot.

“I did what I thought best at the time,” Dumbledore began to explain.

“Harry told you to shut up,” Narcissa stated harshly. “If I were you, Headmaster, I would do as he wishes.”

Narcissa walked over to the boys, and she knelt in front of them, smiling kindly at Harry, and running her elegant fingers over her son’s cheek. Both Harry and Draco regarded her closely, an air of uncertainty clouding their faces.

“Draco, do you understand what has happened?” she asked calmly. The boy nodded.

“Are you happy with this, Draco? Is this what you want?”

Draco kept his eyes on his mother’s, and with no pause or hesitation said, “Yes, Mother, more than anything.”

She arched an elegant eyebrow then looked into the younger boy’s eyes. “Harry?” The troubled boy nodded resolutely, his gaze never faltering.

“I see,” she said softly. She ran her hand soothingly down Harry’s back, still smiling at the skittish young man. “Why don’t you two go and put on some clothes, and when you come back, we can make some arrangements.”

Draco hesitated. Snape knew the boy did not want anyone making decisions about his or Harry’s life without their input. Narcissa seemed to realise this as well, as she turned to both boys and said sweetly, “Don’t worry, darling. We will wait for you. However, I do believe Remus and I have some issues to discuss with the Headmaster.”

Draco beamed; he knew, as Severus did, that the Headmaster would be lucky to leave Privet Drive in possession of his manhood. He rose and prodded gently for Harry to follow. Potter looked to Lupin; the werewolf gave the boy a nod of encouragement, and Harry let Draco lead him out of the room and up the stairs, just as the other boy’s mother turned her full attention to the elderly wizard.

“As for you, Albus Dumbledore, you will say nothing further about severing this bond. I know you are not so foolish as to believe that it could be so simple.”

Dumbledore, for all his years and wisdom, was silly enough to think that he could sway a mother protecting her child. Snape grinned triumphantly, knowing that the coming confrontation between Narcissa and the Headmaster would be enjoyable, as the meddlesome old fool was seriously underestimating Narcissa Malfoy. Dumbledore was about to find out whom really ruled Malfoy Manor.
“Narcissa, be reasonable.”

“I believe you were told to shut up!” Remus Lupin barked. Snape raised a dark brow at the wolf’s outburst. Remus never questioned Albus. This was unprecedented.

Dumbledore sighed.

“Thank you, Remus.” Narcissa smiled brightly at the wolf. “Now, Severus has said that this is a True Bond, Dumbledore. There is no way to sever this bond without hurting both boys.” She turned her full attention to Albus, staring eye to eye with the man. Severus shuddered to himself as her eyes turned silvery and cold, her face set in unwavering authority. There would be no disagreeing with the petite blonde, if the Headmaster were wise, that is.

“I will not allow you to hurt my family, and most especially not my son,” she stated very clearly. “By all laws in existence, Harry is now a Malfoy, and thus MY family.” She leaned down until she and the Headmaster were nose to nose, her eyes glacial. “Do you understand me?” she growled.

“You do not understand, Narcissa,” Albus argued. “Harry has a job to do. He must face Voldemort.” To Snape’s surprise, Narcissa Malfoy did not even flinch. “He cannot be distracted from this task.” Albus attempted to rise from his chair only to be forcibly pushed back down.

“You are the one who does not understand, Dumbledore,” Narcissa spat. Undeterred, the Headmaster ploughed on, “In all likelihood, Harry IS pregnant, and I cannot allow IT!” he raged.

Remus growled dangerously. “You have no say in this, Albus. It is out of your hands.”

“Remus, do not interfere; this does not concern you!” The old wizard glared viciously at the werewolf. Lupin did not give an inch.

“You are mistaken, old man,” he snapped. “Harry is my ONLY concern.” Lupin snarled predatorily and leapt toward the Headmaster, his teeth bared.

“Enough,” Narcissa interjected as she grabbed Lupin’s arm before he could do any damage.

“No, as I see it, Albus, you have been remiss in your duty to protect Harry. That is unacceptable, therefore, that self-appointed duty will no longer be yours to bear, and this is not negotiable.” Narcissa removed her cloak and sat casually on the chair opposite Dumbledore’s. “Obviously the Malfoys will be changing alliances.” She glanced up at Snape. “Lucius will need to be informed of what has happened.”

Severus nodded. “He will not be pleased.”

‘That is an understatement of epic proportions,’ Snape thought. He had known Lucius for thirty years. The man was one of the most devoted to the pure-blood cause. But Snape also knew that Lucius’ family came before anything else, and that Lucius had been growing weary of the Dark Lord’s intentions as of late. The two had discussed the evil man’s increasingly apparent insanity many times, as well as his single-minded obsession with Harry Potter. Perhaps Lucius would not be too averse to his son’s bonding, after all.

Albus had yet to give up, however, drawing Severus from his thoughts. “Listen here! I will not be ordered about. You will do as I say, or so help me…”

“DO NOT FINISH THAT SENTENCE, DUMBLEDORE,” Narcissa snarled venomously. “Harry
Potter is no longer your concern. The boys are bound, and it is beyond your ability to ever alter that. They are, for all intents and purposes, MARRIED!"

“Albus, do not threaten Harry again,” Remus said, his voice ragged with rage. Severus could see that Lupin was having difficulty keeping his wolf at bay. “Narcissa is right. You would be wise not to make any further – demands,” he said coldly, his amber eyes burning furiously. Snape had never seen the wolf so animated, and found it fascinating, only too glad that the anger was directed elsewhere.

Narcissa leaned closer to Dumbledore, sneering at the older wizard. “Do not seek to anger me further, or I shall contact the council immediately and have you behind bars and your soul sucked out before you can bat an eye. Be thankful that I am not insisting on Azkaban, Dumbledore.” Her words were spoken softly, but not kindly. There was no doubting her meaning. If Dumbledore continued to threaten the bond, he would not survive Narcissa’s wrath.

“There is no need to contact the council,” Remus interjected, looking toward the doorway. “They are here,” he said lightly, a wicked smirk spreading across his face.

Severus, Narcissa, and Dumbledore all turned to see three men standing in the entry to the parlour, three very angry men.

“Gilgamesh,” Dumbledore all but spat.

“Greetings, Albus,” the oldest of the three spoke, “I do hope my ears were deceived,” he said merrily, though his face betrayed the tone. “For you cannot truly be that foolish.”

Dumbledore had the good sense to realise this battle was lost, though Snape was not naïve, he knew the man would not give up completely. For now, Draco and Harry’s bond was safe.

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