A Silent Plea

by MansiJain

Summary

Harry has kidnapped Draco and refuses to reveal his reasons for doing so. Insecure Harry. Harry is a bit away from being insane. Use of Cruciatus and Leglimency. Mental Torture. A bit non-con. Irrational hatred. A strange Capture Part I complete.

Notes

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Captured

Title: A silent Plea

Chapter-1

Captured

Draco opened his eyes and grimaced when he realized that he was lying in someone's close
embrace, sans his shirt. His back pressed against his captor's chest. His fingers were intertwined
with Draco's. Atleast Draco was still wearing his trousers. He tried to stay as still as possible and
looked all around him. He was not in some kind of cell. The room was beautiful and his bed was
elegant. There was a wardrobe, a door that perhaps led to a bath and a table with a chair in front of
it and a door that led out.

"You are awake." He heard and his blood chilled when he recognised the soft voice. It belonged
to Harry Potter, the man who was supposed to be the last person to have been in such an intimate
position with Draco. He flicked his finger to blast the messy haired boy off and came to a
horrifying realization that his magic was not working. There were twin bands around his wrists
and Draco tried to remove them and all the while, Potter lay there, his arms around Draco, his
nose nuzzling his neck.

"They won't come off Malfoy." Potter whispered in the hollow of his neck and Draco snapped,
"My father will find me Potter and you will suffer when he -"

All of a sudden, he was spun around and his furious eyes met Potter's furious ones. Green eyes
glared at him.

"No-one, absolutely no-one can enter this place except me. No one will ever find you." Potter
replied, his voice cold and furious just before he crushed his lips on Draco's. Shock rendered him
completely unresponsive.

For a few moments, he did nothing except laying frozen as Potter's tongue breached his lips and
entwined with his tongue hungrily. Potter's hands held Draco's hips and squeezed them and then
trailed over the small of his back.

"Need you so much. No one will ever bother us." Potter whispered and Draco knew that it was
completely unintentional and was said in the heat of the moment. The last few words chilled his
insides though. Draco wondered if he had suddenly been thrown in some alternate reality.

Draco still did not respond at all. He had not kissed anyone except Pansy and Astoria, leave alone
a boy and he was completely and utterly uncomfortable but the shock had not gone yet.

Potter pulled them even closer, as if it was even possible and started massaging Draco's back with
inquisitive hands.

With a sickening realisation that Draco was becoming hard under Potter's ministrations, he finally
started pushing the boy away. It was not a surprise for him that he was gay.

He had looked at Blaise's arse and appreciated it deep inside his heart but he despised Potter and
he knew that he will marry Pansy and bear a heir just like he was supposed to.

"Shhh." Potter crooned and started nipping at Draco's neck, his hands massaging Draco's pyjama
clad arse.

"Get away from me, Potter." He snapped and Potter ignored him, his right hand reaching his nipples and squeezing them.

"You have sunk so low Potter that you will molest me."

In the matter of seconds, Potter had pulled back, his eyes wide and angry as he suddenly sat on his knees beside Draco.

Draco opened his mouth to say something but Potter slapped him tightly and yelled, "You are always such a bastard Draco."

Draco stared at Potter's mad eyes, his hand on his slapped cheek. He had seen Potter behave recklessly but had never seen Potter behave in such an insane manner.

"I am in half of a mind to - to-" and Potter slapped him again. This time the slap was harder and Potter's eyes were utterly mad, as they stared at Draco's.

Draco jumped in surprise when Potter banged his fists on the bed and screamed, "Must you always ruin it."

"What the hell is wrong with you Potter. Where are we and why am I here with you. The last thing I remember is being with Pansy-"

Apparently, he had said something very wrong because Potter's eyes became animalistic very suddenly and his hand pulled Draco's hair. Draco groaned in pain as Potter pulled his head up, his hair pulled painfully and brought there faces close, close enough that their lips were touching.

"There is no one here Malfoy. No Parkinson or Greengrass. Only you and me. You are never getting out of here. I could do anything with you, you know and you won't be able to protect yourself." Potter said and then pulled his hands back. Draco's head fell back on his pillow and his heart beat furiously. He still understood nothing.

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Harry was so mad at Draco. The blonde just had to bring those bitches between them. He straddled Draco and slapped him hard on his right cheek.

"Ahh." Draco moaned and something ached inside Harry as he cast a spell to bind Draco's struggling hands and slapped him again.

His madness had known no bounds when he had seen Draco making out with those bitches who were actually conspiring against him. Had Harry not been there at the right time- and - and even now when they were finally alone, Draco just had to bring them up.

"Have you gone nuts Potter?" Draco muttered, his voice panicked and Harry's fury flared. He bent down and bit Draco's wonderful neck angrily. Draco was always uncomfortable in Harry's presence. He was either fighting with Harry or running away from him and Harry was not allowed to follow his heart at all, what with Dumbledore and his best friends always reminding him about the prophecy. Durselys were a nightmare but somehow Hogwarts was even worse. He was bound everywhere, everywhere except- except when Draco was around. He could be himself around the git.

His eye softened and he pulled back to look at Draco apologetically. His cheeks were red and Draco had to be in pain even though his eyes were indignant and his neck was bleeding where he
had bitten. Harry sighed and pressed a soft kiss on his bruised neck and stood up from Draco's legs to search for his medical kit. It had to be somewhere in this room. They would be living here for an unforeseen future now and considering Draco's infuriating nature and Harry's quick temper, they would need it quite frequently.

"What are you doing Potter? Atleast release me." Draco muttered and Harry ignored him.

Finally, he found the kit in the lowermost drawer of his wardrobe and exclaimed, "Aha. Found it."

Draco stared at Potter and tried to understand him. He was so weird. A moment back, Potter was beating him and biting him to punish him and now he was back with a medical kit in his hands.

Draco's speech had abandoned him because Potter sat beside him and with an unbelievable tenderness, applied a healing cream on Draco's cheeks and his neck.

After the cream was applied to his satisfaction, Potter pulled back and kissed Draco's cheeks softly and spoke, his eyes away, "I am going to bring lunch for you. The room will be warded and locked. Trying to escape is futile." before releasing Draco.

"Potter." Draco spoke slowly, as if he were speaking to a child and continued when Potter looked at him, "Why am I here?"

Potter just stared at him. His eyes seemed almost childlike and lost.

"I don't know. Perhaps because I want you here." Potter answered and Draco could barely resist gaping at him.

"Why would you want me here? We despise each other." Draco muttered and then, horrified, turned to look at Potter, "You are not going to keep me as a sex slave, are you, Potter."

Potter stared speechlessly at him for a few moments before murmuring, "Where do you get such ideas from Malfoy?", his voice irritated.

"Well, you were trying to mole-" Draco stop because Potter was looking warningly at him now, "You were, Potter."

"I was not molesting you." Potter replied, glaring at Draco.

"What were you doing then, trying to find the cure of cancer down my throat?" Draco snapped at him and Potter snorted, "You are a bastard and I am not going to answer you. I am going and I am locking the door so that you don't escape."

On this note, Potter stood up and walked towards the door.

Draco asked, staring speechlessly at the boy's back, "Where are you exactly going?"

To his utter surprise, Potter turned around and bowed mockingly before speaking, "Going to prepare lunch for my highness."

Draco stared at his back in shock.

Potter had transformed his mood from romantic to angry to nervous to mocking in the matter of seconds. He had only ever seen Potter angry before and wondered what it was all about. Why would anyone prepare meal for their prisoner?
Bloody Potter

It was not like Potter was going to answer him so he laid down on his bed. It was nice and comfortable, he thought before trying to remember how Potter had kidnapped him.

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Draco loved fried rice and vegetable sandwiches so Harry started cooking them for Draco. Half an hour later he was done. He cleaned the kitchen and carried the utensils and the food to his room. He found himself wishing that food would not be less for Draco.

He opened the lock slowly and peeked inside. The blonde was simply layed on the bed, staring at the ceiling and jumped when the door opened. Harry locked the door behind him wandlessly and carefully before walking towards Draco. After placing the food on the bed, he sat down.

Draco's eyebrows rose in surprise when he glanced at the food and Harry wondered if the blonde had thought that he would starve Draco.

"Help yourself." Harry mumbled and gave a plate and fork and spoon to Draco.

"Have you eaten Potter?" Draco asked and Harry licked his lips before nodding silently. He hated lying but he did not want Draco to feel that the food was less.

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Draco served food for himself carefully. He had a hunch that Potter was lying to him so he took only half of it and left the other half for the boy.

"Why did you bring the other plate if you have eaten?" Draco asked after taking a bite and found Potter staring at him, as if expecting him to say something. "Potter." He said again and Potter finally replied, "Just like that."

"Potter stop lying and eat." Draco murmured, confused.

When Potter shook his head and looked at his own hands, murmuring, "I didn't know how much you would eat. I don't want it to be less for you. You must be tired. I know you didn't have any breakfast." Draco stared and the plate would have fallen from his hand if he had not been careful.

"Potter." He spoke slowly once again, not knowing how to deal with this alien version of Harry Potter. Potter looked at him and Draco continued speaking, "Whatever you prepare, we can share it, even if it is less. The kitchen is not running anywhere. I will tell you if I am hungry."

Potter stared at him and Draco did not know what to make of his blank face.

A part of his mind wanted to rant and scream and throw the food on Potter's face because the git had kidnapped him and now had the audacity to act like this.

His stomach stopped him from raging because Draco was really hungry and food was delicious.

So he simply waited. Potter was still expecting something from him. Draco did not know what it was.

In any other circumstances, he would be screaming and panicking and ranting and yelling to be freed but he realized that he was not a child now and these were not ordinary circumstances.
Also he had a feeling that something was seriously wrong with Potter.

"Are you sure? I can stay hungry if I want. I am used to it." Potter muttered, tracing a random pattern on the sheets. Draco breathed deeply to keep a tight reign on his patience before placing his plate on the bed.

"Why can't you just prepare something later when we are hungry even if the food is less, which it is not." Draco asked cautiously and Potter did not look at him. He simply shrugged. Draco continued impatiently, "Eat. Potter. It's enough for two."

Harry nodded and served rice for himself, wondering if Draco had even liked the food. Aunt Petunia never liked his cooking, nor did his cousin and uncle. It must be okay if Draco was eating.

"I could bring some salt if you want." He spoke curtly before taking a bite. He did not find the salt less but Draco might like more salty food. Draco shook his head though, murmuring, "No. It's fine."

Fine. Harry closed his eyes in self loathing. He couldn't even prepare proper lunch for Draco. Shame on him.

"Potter, What is the matter?" Draco asked out of the blue and Harry opened his eyes, keeping his head bowed silently, "Why had you closed your eyes. You were clutching the spoon too tightly."

"Nothing. I will make tea for us and return in a few seconds." Harry moved to get up and Draco's hands on his stopped him.

"Have your food first. Tea can wait until you are finished." Draco muttered and lay back on the bed, his beautiful body stretched, his chest still bare.

Harry started gobbling the food and Draco muttered in annoyance, "Potter. I said it can wait. You can have your food in peace. Honestly, you are behaving as if- as if- I don't understand your behaviour at all, actually."

Harry shrugged again. He did not know what the boy was talking about. He started eating slowly as Draco was watching him cautiously now, his eyes bright and curious.

Ten minutes later, Potter stood up and gathered the utensils before mumbling, "I will bring tea."

Draco nodded and Potter returned a few minutes later, a kettle and cups in his hands.

He served tea and asked a couple of seconds later, "Do you want more sugar?"

Draco frowned at him. Why did Potter worry about such things. Draco would ask if he needed something.

"No. I will ask if I need it." He answered simply.

He laid back down on the bed and closed his eyes. Potter's voice was distant when he spoke, "I will bring some books for you and Hogwarts homework as well."

Draco looked at him in surprise and nodded, before murmuring, "Thanks."

Potter left and locked the door behind him and Draco was still staring at the door, trying to figure
Potter left and locked the door behind him and Draco was still staring at the door, trying to figure out Potter's strange behaviour.

A couple of days passed in this fashion. Potter would come in after classes, drop the books and lunch and leave again. He would sleep beside him and keep on asking Draco if he needed anything special to eat.

All this left Draco confused and just before he thought Potter was about to leave to make tea, he said, "Potter."

Potter turned around and looked at him, "Yes"

"Put the utensils there on the floor for a moment and sit with me." Draco replied softly and Potter mumbled, "Do you need something else?", quiet alarmed.

Draco sighed before speaking, "Just sit with me for a while."

Potter complied and placed the utensils on the floor before mumbling, "Okay."

Draco stayed silent until Potter sat with him.

Harry sat on the bed cautiously and started tracing random patterns on the bed while waiting for Draco to speak.

"Why do you keep on asking if I want something else to eat when I am completely satisfied with what you cook?" Draco asked a few moments later and Harry shrugged before replying, his voice devoid of any emotion, "I thought you don't like my cooking so I wondered if I should bring some packed food from outside. I tried preparing your favourite dishes but I think I am crap at it."

Harry looked up and realized that Draco was looking at him, his mouth open and his eyes wide in shock.

"What?" He asked self consciously and Draco cleared his throat before speaking.

"Has anyone ever told you Potter that your cooking is utterly brilliant. I have only had such delicious dishes at Hogwarts. Guess our elves do not cook wholeheartedly, what with father's rudeness." Draco said and Harry stared at him, his cheeks warm. No one had told him that he cooked brilliantly.

He blurted out, "Aunt and uncle are never satisfied by my cooking. You said that it was fine so I thought you were just being polite."

Draco stared at Potter for a quiet a long while. It was impossible to imagine anyone criticizing the extremely difficult and delicious dishes Potter had prepared for him. All had been his favourite. Strawberry tarts, Chocolate cake with strawberry sprinkles, Bacon, fried rice, Schezwan sauce.

"Why do you wait for me to finish before serving for yourself." He asked and Potter stood up, his face lowered and gathered the utensils from the floor. Draco sighed and continued, "Will you bring some cake with tea if you have it. It was delicious."

Potter turned around, his eyes bright and spoke, "I made extra. I thought you would like it."
Draco stared some more and wondered if the boy had just been expecting this appreciation from him. He nodded and replied urgently, "Thanks. It would be nice if you answer me. Whom could I tell? I am not going anywhere."

Potter's eyes faltered at that and he stared at Draco before leaving the room silently.

Draco still did not understand what Potter wanted from him but he was going get at the bottom of this and if he had to bear Potter's temper sometimes, then so be it. He had handled worse then Potter's little manhandling and it is not like they have not been fighting for the past four years.

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Harry prepared tea and placed the cake on a plate for Draco and then stopped for a couple of minutes, trying to decide whether to confess to Draco or not. At the end, he decided to tell him the truth. With slightly nervous steps, he walked towards his room and opened the door wandlessly. After closing it behind him, he walked decisively, if a bit too nervously and laid beside Draco after keeping the tray in front of him.

Only after breathing deeply and placing his hands behind his head, did he start speaking softly, "I was not allowed to eat before my relatives, lest, the food might be less for them. I was supposed to have only left-over. I wait for you to eat just out of habit, I guess."

Draco was staring at him again and this time Harry saw something akin to pity in his eyes and he hated it. In the matter of seconds he was straddling Draco's waist.

Draco didn't even blink, waiting for Harry to make a move. His eyes were silver and cautious and with slow and gentle hands he put the tray of food aside.

"I won't have you pity me." Harry snarled punched Draco's nose. Draco moaned softly and Harry saw his nose bleeding.

"I am not pitying you. You are too strong to be pitied." Draco murmured calmly, too calmly for someone whose hands were currently pinned by Harry on the either side of his head and whose nose was bleeding. Harry was glaring at Draco, his nose almost touching his. He tried to find a hint of a lie, any lie and when he did not find it, guilt shook his entire body. He got off from Draco's hips and crawled out of the bed, looking at Draco, his eyes filled with guilt and disgust for himself.

Why must he always overreact like an insane man? Why must he always hurt Draco?

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Draco was trying to make a move but did not know how to react. He spoke very carefully, "My nose hurts. Will you heal it? Will you come so that we can drink this brilliant tea and I can eat this delicious cake."

Potter stood there, looking at him with self loathing and Draco snapped at him, "I am not a child Potter and I have had worse." The response was very calculated and worked. Potter jolted out of his thoughts and stammered, "I will just find the kit and heal it."

Potter spent next few minutes finding the kit and Draco was healed in another few minutes. Draco wondered why Potter knew so much about healing but did not ask him yet. He would have to keep patience if he wanted Potter to open up to him.

They had tea and Potter was about to leave the room when he asked him, "Why are you not sleeping here today?"

Potter looked at him hesitantly, "I hurt you."

Draco sighed exasperatedly. He ensured that his words were calculated and murmured, "Honestly
Potter, we have been fighting ever since we were eleven. It's fine. Come and lay down. I am bored. Let's talk a bit."

Potter nodded and locked the door again before switching the lamps off and laying besides Draco.

"So, tell me Potter, what do you do the entire day? I know that you don't stay at Hogwarts the whole day atleast." Draco asked and Potter turned towards him, his fingers tracing patterns again as he murmured, "Training with Snape, Remus and Dumbledore or studying advanced DADA with Hermione."

Draco stared at the boy and blinked before speaking slowly, "Yes, I know that but other than that Potter?"

Potter looked at him blankly at that and mumbled, "That's how I spend my day. Classes, training and DADA. Have any problems? Want to make fun of me?"

Potter's eyes looked furious and he held Draco's wrist too tightly. It hurt and Draco ignored it in favour of speaking, "Tut tut. I am not making fun of you."

Potter pulled his hand back as it was burnt and mumbled, "Sorry." getting back to his tracing. How a person could slip from angry to apologetic so quickly was beyond Draco and he patted Potter's hand comfortingly, "It's okay. I do not get hurt easily."

Harry stared at Draco and wondered why the boy was not trying to escape now.

"Why are you not asking me to let you go?" Harry asked and the blonde snorted, "You cook for me and you bake cakes for me and you talk to me nicely and I am getting rest. Why would I need to leave?"

"I hurt you." Harry said pointedly and Draco spoke very slowly as if Harry was a small child, "Potter, I am not hurt. Should I write it down?"

"No. I understand." Harry murmured and controlled the urge to stick his tongue at him.

"Go to sleep Potter. It's late." Draco said softly and Harry closed his eyes. He was tired. Classes and training with Snape and Dumbledore took a lot out of him and then Hermione would not leave him alone. The only time he enjoyed was when he was in Malfoy's presence.

Draco sighed when Potter finally started snoring lightly. It was frustrating to maintain his composure when he was seething inside. How could a fourteen year boy spend his entire day studying or training. What about just cooling off or enjoying himself or just worrying about his exams and homework like he must.

This was not enough. He had to know more. Why was he brought over here? Potter was just pampering him. Why would he capture Draco to pamper him like this?

He closed his eyes and tried to sleep despite the fact that his head was still spinning.

Morning dawned and Draco woke up to find a tray of breakfast on the table beside him and a list of homework on his bed.

There was note from Potter that said that he did not want to disturb Draco and might be late due to
an extra session with Lupin and that he had kept lunch as well under a warming charm.

The note said that Potter would try to come home to provide him fresh lunch if he could.

Draco sighed and did not understand Potter at all. He needed to sit with Potter and talk about this. But Potter was always absent.

Draco spent the next few hours eating and completing his homework and reading a novel written by a French wizard.

Potter returned at around 4 P.M. and looked utterly tired. It seemed that he had not eaten anything at all or even drank enough water.

Draco's novel slipped from his hand when he saw that Potter was about to faint from tiredness.

He stood up and walked towards the boy. The door was still unlocked and Potter narrowed his eyes suspiciously so Draco stopped and murmured, "Okay. Lock it or give me your wand so that I can. You will fall down otherwise."

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Harry held his wand but his hands trembled and he almost dropped it. He looked at Draco warily and spoke, "Swear that you won't make a run for it."

"I won't." Draco replied and he handed over his wand to the blonde. Unlike what he had expected, Draco just locked the door and placed it back into Harry's pocket.

His hand was held softly by Draco and he was dragged over to the bed and he sat down wearily on it.

"Did you have breakfast?" Draco asked, his hands crossed and Harry shook his pounding head.

"Why?" Draco's voice was shrill when he asked this and Harry replied angrily, "Dumbledore called me to show me another bloody memory. He won't tell me everything straight away. He has to talk in bloody riddles all the time and then at lunch Hermione won't stop, going on and on about how very little time was left until the war and that I shouldn't waste any time and must study all the books on defence as soon as possible."

Suddenly Harry was very angry and jealous. Draco was so privileged. He did not have any prophecy interfering in his life. He did not need to study or work hard all the bloody time.

Before Draco could speak anything at all, Harry gripped his forearms tightly and screamed into his face after pulling him towards Harry with a jerk, "You are so bloody lucky? Why must you have everything? They don't even let me eat in peace. I am hungry and tired and I don't have any energy left at all."

They looked into each other's eyes. Harry was furious and his nails must have been painful around Draco's forearm but Draco did not even flinch. He looked at Harry kindly.

"Let me bring water for you." He murmured and Harry stared at him, amazed at his patience.

Swallowing and nodding, he let Draco go and Draco walked towards the bottle and glass.

He waited as Draco came back with a glass of water and Harry gulped three glasses at once.

"Potatoes were delicious. Are there any left for you?" Draco asked and Harry nodded,
murmuring, "But dinner-
"

"First you have lunch. We will discuss dinner later. I am not hungry anyways. You left a lot for me. Had I known you will not eat anything at Hogwarts, I would have left some for you." Draco whispered and continued, "I would get it for you but you won't let me go. You must eat Potter before you faint. You need energy to train and study so much, not that I understand why you don't spend any time on your hobbies at all."

Harry ignored the last question and just stared at Draco before standing up to get himself something to eat. He locked the door behind him before walking towards the kitchen.

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Please review. Pretty please
It was five by the time Potter completed his lunch, dinner, whatever and then started getting ready again.

Draco stared, confused, "Where are you going now? Classes are over for the day and you can have dinner over here. Dumbledore allowed fifth years and above to go home and have meals with family and he has allowed them to go out as well, to Hogsmeade etc. Where are you going?"

Potter turned to look at him and spoke, "Training with Snape and then I have to go to library with Hermione."

Draco's temper flared. As far as he knew, no student in the entire school was forced to study and train all the time. Potter was tired and should just concentrate on homework and chilling after that.

He decided to put his foot down so he stood up and crossed his arms in front of Potter, "You are not going anywhere Potter. You are tired and must take rest. You have homework and then you must play something or do whatever suits your fancy."

Potter stared at him, bewildered and Draco wondered why relaxing was a foreign concept to Potter.

"I can't Draco. I have a dark lord to-"

"Classes were over by 1:30 today and you have trained after that and they did not even let you have breakfast or lunch. I am not going to let you go. This is utterly ridiculous. The time after our classes is for ourselves. Why are you even agreeing to this - all this?" Draco asked and Potter stared at him.

"Tell me." Draco asked in an irritated voice when Potter just stared at him. He even stomped his foot in impatience and tried to tower over Potter but Potter was of his height so it was impossible.

"Snape will search for me if I don't go."

"Owl him and tell him that you are out." Draco said as a matter of fact and Potter stared again.

"Potter." Draco spoke slowly again, as Potter was a very small child, "Just tell them that you will remain out and that you don't wish to stay at school after the classes. You are in fifth year. They can't force you to stay. Most of the students wish to stay at Hogwarts with friends but most of the students are not Harry Potter and are not tortured into obedience."

"But I sai-"

"Tell Severus that you are tired and want a break."

"He will ask what I am busy with?"

Draco stared at Potter because he didn't understand why Severus would ask such an absurd question.
"He won't."

"He would." Potter muttered and Draco sighed, "Look, just fire call him and I will stay out of his sight and you can cast a silencing charm on me."

Potter bit his teeth for a moment and replied, "They are searching you, you know. Your father and mother came today and searched all over Hogwarts. Don't you miss them."

Draco missed his mother. He did but he did not know why staying with Potter seemed important than the fact that he missed his mum and dad. Potter was just so naïve and innocent. Anyone could manipulate him and Draco realized that he hated this.

"I do. You can just let me firecall them when you trust me." Draco replied honestly and Potter stared at him. The boy did this a lot. "Look. Now firecall Severus. I want to hear what he says to you."

Potter nodded and walked over the floo to unclock it.

"Professor Snape's office." He muttered and a few moments later Severus's face appeared.

"Professor Snape. I am taking an off today." Harry mumbled, already knowing the answer of the man.

"Why?" Came the expected answer and Harry replied, "Tired. I want a break."

"But what are you doing and where are you?" He asked and Harry snapped at him, "I don't see how is that any of your business."

"Mind your-" The man started and Harry cut the call off, thereafter locking the floo again and turned to meet Draco's stunned eyes.

"He had no right to question you, Potter. I do hope you realize this." The blonde spoke in an annoyed tone and Harry was startled to see him angry on Harry's behalf. "I am really disappointed with Severus. I had never expected him to behave like this."

Harry stood there very awkwardly, not knowing what to do. He started looking everywhere except at Draco and that was when his eyes fell upon the barred windows. He cringed when he reflected upon what he had done. He had hated the bloody bars in his room so he moved towards them and with a flick of windows, vanished the, He opened the windows and let fresh air come in.

"Thank you." He heard from behind and turned around, moving towards the boy.

"So, what shall we do now?" Harry asked and Draco smiled at him, the smile that he reserved for his friends and Harry was lost. He could see nothing except that smile and wanted to touch it with his fingers and taste it with his lips.

"What do you want to do Potter?" The lips asked and Harry barely controlled himself from blurting that he wanted to kiss him. Instead, he walked towards the bed and sat on it with his legs splayed in front of him. The bed dipped beside him and Draco settled down, his hands behind his head and his eyes closed as he hummed an unfamiliar tune.

Harry couldn't think of anything except how beautiful Draco looked and unbidden, the dreaded question slipped his lips, "Could I kiss you?"
Draco's eyes shot open and he turned his head to look at Potter. Very slowly, his cheeks became warm. Potter was beyond him really. He kidnapped people and pampered them and then- then he asked if he could kiss them, biting his lips and looking nervous and guilty with his eyes wide and green. He did not know what effect he had on others, what effect he had on Draco.

"On cheeks. Only this once." Now, the git was requesting him and Draco knew that his face must be tomato red by now. No one- absolutely no one had ever requested him to allow a kiss on his cheeks. He did not answer because he couldn't. He simply nodded and Potter's eyes lit up as if Draco had presented him his favourite thing on Christmas.

He came close to Draco and bent a bit to kiss Draco's cheeks. His lips lingered on Draco's cheeks and his fingers caressed Draco's jaw. The kiss was soft and gentle and Draco could clearly see desire in Potter's eyes. Potter was controlling his hands. They were clenched now and his lips were pursed and he was looking straight ahead, away from Draco.

"Let's play chess." Draco spoke and Potter looked at him, his ears red. Draco frowned at Potter's reaction. Why must the boy be so complicated?

"What?" Draco asked and Potter looked somewhere on his own knees before mumbling, "I don't know how to play it."

By now, Draco had got so used to this that he was not even shocked. He just asked calmly, "Why?" to confirm his suspicions. He already knew Potter's answer. But he needed to listen to it from the boy's mouth.

"No one wanted me to waste time in playing. Hermione won't let Ron teach me. I must not waste time. Ron hated this but did not argue. Girlfriend and all, you know? My relatives also did not let me play so I never got to learn." Potter spoke in a matter of fact voice and anger bubbled in the pit of Draco's stomach. He controlled it though. This was not the moment to be angry.

"I will teach you." Draco muttered and Potter's face lit up. Merlin, Draco stared. The boy was so happy at prospect of being allowed to play.

"I will bring the chess board." Potter said excitedly and hurried out, remembering to lock the door behind him. Draco was waiting for the day when Potter won't need to, when he would trust Draco implicitly.

XXXX

You know the drill. Review. Please.
Harry enjoyed chess and Draco was a good and a patient teacher, much more patient that professor Snape. Harry asked so many questions and Draco answered them properly. At the end of the game, Harry was happy. He took a shower and then came out in his pyjamas to retire for the day. Draco was sitting on the bed. Harry froze. The blonde's right hand was on his right folded knee and left was on his left thighs. His face was tilted backwards on the headrest and he was staring at the ceiling.

Had Harry been someone who had not been obsessed with Draco for four years, he would not have known that Draco was not at all normal. Draco was a good actor and had put on a brilliant act of calmness just before Harry had left for the shower but now he could see Draco's blazing eyes that were looking unblinkingly at the ceiling above. His lips were pursed together and his left hand would clench and unclench.

Harry cleared his throat and Draco finally blinked and looked at him. As Harry had expected, Draco was smiling pleasantly at him, muttering, "Whose night dress are you wearing Potter. These too big pyjamas and shirt do not seem yours."

Harry froze because Draco was not mocking him. Silver eyes held fury, even though red lips were smiling. Harry had always known that Draco was very intelligent and Draco's question had proven him right.

Harry cleared his throat again and started speaking, his eyes averted towards the windows a bit, "I will keep the windows open tonight. The weather is very nice."

"Who do they belong to? I have seen your clothes. None of your clothes fit you, except of course your school robes." Draco asked, his voice deceptively smooth.

Harry sighed and walked towards the bed to sit down and replied, "They are my cousin's old clothes."

Silence.

Harry looked up and found Draco gritting his teeth. Both his hands were clenched tightly and his eyes were wide with anger. It took a few minutes for Draco to close his eyes and calm himself down, after which he spoke, "But you don't live with them now-"

"I was living with them until the previous year."

"Yes, why don't you go and shop?" Draco asked and Harry averted his eyes.

"Why? Tell me Potter." Draco pressed, his voice deceptively soft and soothing.

"My vault keys are with Dumbledore and I don't like asking for them. He has had them since forever and I know he won't approve my wasting time and money. He had wanted me to return to the Dursleys. I have never shopped for myself, except for bare necessities." Harry replied and Draco breathed deeply a couple of times.

Harry was impressed with Draco's tight control over his emotions.
"Why, pray tell? Does he deny the keys?" Draco asked and Harry looked at him with wide eyes, "No no no no. I never asked him. Habit I guess and I know he won't approve."

XXXX

Control. control. control control.

Draco was constantly chanting this word in his mind over and over again. There was nothing he could do yet except trying to gain Potter's trust so that he could change things.

He had to close his eyes to gain some semblance of his control back.

"Draco." Potter started and Draco stood up, his eyes away from Potter. Looking at Potter's clothes would boil his blood and he had to be calm if he wanted to know more about Potter.

"I am going to shower." He spoke and hurried towards the shower.

After taking a long and cold shower, he came out expecting Potter to be asleep. But Potter lay awake on the bed and asked softly, "Are you angry with me? Did I do something?"

Draco sighed. How could someone be so naïve and innocent.

"Of course not. You have been a gracious host and have fulfilled all my needs. Now I shall sleep." Draco announced and turned the lamps off before getting under the blanket.

"I miss you at school." Potter spoke out of blue and Draco turned towards him, "Why?"

"It's quiet." Potter replied and Draco changed the topic completely, "What does Severus teach you?"

"He attempts to teach me occlumency. He can't though. He despises me for what my father did to him. Keeps on reminding me how worthless I am. One of these days, I am just going to ask him to call it quits." Potter stopped at that and stared at him.

"Draco." Potter said and Draco couldn't answer him. He couldn't. He was too furious.

"Draco, what's the matter?" Potter asked and Draco changed the topic, asking, "Do you trust me?"

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Harry thought over Draco's question. He did not trust Draco yet and so he replied, "No. Not completely but why?"

"Just like that. Do you know how to play Gobstones?" Draco asked and Harry shook his head, mumbling, "No. I saw them playing but never got the chance to."

"Will you bring the set tomorrow? I will teach you."

"Okay." Harry said and they were silent for a little while until Draco asked him, "Have lunch with me tomorrow. I would like to cook something for you."

It was a question, a request from Harry to trust Draco. He would have to keep the door unlocked for that and would have to take off the bands.

"You will find a way to escape." Harry said in a small voice and Draco replied as a matter of fact, "I don't wish to escape. I am happy with you."
"You must miss school and I know that you want to become a potions master." Harry argued and expected Draco to accept it and blackmail him emotionally.

After a silence of ten minutes in which Harry thought Draco had slept, Draco finally whispered, "Good night Harry. Don't forget to bring the set of Gobstones and do not have lunch at Hogwarts."

Draco's voice was soft and Harry sighed, feeling guilty, "Okay. Goodnight."

XXXX

In the morning, Draco woke up before Potter and stared at the boy's face. Potter's face was turned towards him and his hair were all over his forehead. Draco felt an urge to brush them aside so he did that. He brushed them aside gently and stared at the boy.

Draco's anger had calmed down a bit but not gone away. He knew it would return when Potter would tell him more about himself. He still did not know why Potter had brought him here.

Suddenly Potter's eyes opened. They were green and sleepy and Draco murmured, "It is early yet. Go back to sleep." His hand was still on Potter's forehead and Potter was looking at him.

Draco's cheeks turned red when Potter took Draco's hand in his own and kissed the palm softly before keeping it on his cheek. Then he closed his eyes and went back to sleep. Draco caressed Potter's cheek and tried to will his blush away.

Potter was completely mad. He kidnapped people and pampered them and then he requested kisses and asked them caress his cheek and he was changing Draco because Draco wanted to stroke his cheeks and hair and tap his nose and merlin forbid, kiss his scarred forehead.

"Stupid Potter, meddling with my heart." Draco mumbled and got up to get ready, calling behind him, "You will get late. Get up. I will have pumpkin juice instead of tea today."

"Hmmm." Potter mumbled before going back to sleep and Draco sighed and shook his head in exasperation.

"What shall I do with you Potter?" He mumbled to himself and started brushing his teeth.

XXXX
"I am tired. I want to return home." He muttered, his hands in his pockets and his eyes on the floor.

He was presently standing in Dumbledore's office. Snape was present and so was Remus.

"Where is that Mr. Potter. I don't think you are returning to Dursleys." Severus snapped at him and Harry shrugged. He had grown up with elders shouting and snapping at him and had even borne slaps in his childhood from Vernon.

"None of your business." Harry muttered softly and professor Dumbledore sighed heavily, "Harry my boy. You know that you must not waste time. War is near."

"Headmaster is right Harry." Remus whispered warmly and Harry could do nothing except nodding sullenly.

"That aside Harry, have you taken lunch?" Remus asked him and he replied bitterly, "How does it matter to you? I am staying for the training sessions. You are getting what you wanted. How is Sirius?"

"Still unconscious in St. Mungos, thanks to your brilliant Occlumency skills, Mr. Potter." Snape mocked him and Harry shrunk into himself.

"Severus it wasn't Harry's fault. It was Sirius's fault and yours." It was Dumbledore who said so in a quiet voice and Snape snapped again, "He should have had -"

"Shut it. I am staying and that's it." Harry muttered decisively.

"Mind your words, Mr. Potter." Snape warned him and then continued, "Would you happen to know where Draco is? Three days have passed and we haven't found him yet."

Harry stopped for a moment and looked at the man and glared at him before speaking, "I don't know. Now am I supposed to stand here and look at your faces or shall we start?"

He heard Remus sigh and missed Sirius so much at that moment. He won't have let this happen.

"Let Sirius wake up. I will -" He blurted out and realized a second later what he had just said.

Remus looked at him sadly and so did Dumbledore. Snape simply glared at him coldly and opened his mouth to say something.

"Enough Severus." Dumbledore cut off whatever Snape was about to say and Harry mumbled, "I will be in your office, professor Snape."

XXXX

"Ahhhh. Stop. It's hurting." Harry screamed, his hands on his head as Snape tried to intrude in his memories of Draco.
His moans did not discourage Snape and he kept on trying, snarling coldly inside his mind, "You deserve it Potter."

Harry could feel blood dripping from his nose and lips as he mumbled, "Please stop."

Snape didn't stop and continued his assault.

"STOP ALL THIS SEVERUS."

The booming and angry voice belonged to one and only Albus Dumbledore.

Reluctantly Snape came out of Harry's mind and glared at Harry before turning to address the headmaster.

"He needs to feel the pain. Death eaters or the dark lord won't stop."

"This is no way to teach."

"You have no right to question my teaching methods."

In all this, they forgot the fourteen year old Harry Potter whose nose was bleeding and so were his lips. His head was pounding and his eyes were burning.

He spun around and started running out of the room.

"Harry." He heard Remus call him from a distance and didn't stop.

"Harry." He heard Hermione and didn't stop but when he heard "Mate stop. Your face is bleeding." He did stop to look at Ron who was looking shocked and worried.

He looked at his best friend and tried to communicate his disappointment at Ron's impassive behavior to him and started running again. He needed to get out of Hogwarts and apparate before anyone caught up with him.

XXXX

Draco was waiting for Potter. It was two hours past the time classes were over and the boy had still not returned. Draco had prepared lunch and decided to wait for him since he knew Potter would not have lunch at Hogwarts. Presently, he was in the library, reading a book on curses invented by Merlin and his stomach was grumbling.

A sudden Pop of apparition caught his attention and he hurried out of the library to meet the green eyed boy. The thing was that Potter never apparated inside the house like this. He knew that Potter always came through the main door.

The sight that met his eyes the moment he stepped inside the drawing room where Potter seemed to have apparated drained all the blood from his face. Potter's face was bleeding. His nose was bleeding. His mouth was bleeding. His eyes were blinking rapidly as if they were burning and his hands covered his head as if it was pounding. His body was shaking like a leaf and Draco's feet had frozen in terror as to what had happened to Potter.

"Ahhh." Potter whimpered in pain and Draco blinked before dashing towards the boy.

"What happened? What's the matter Potter? Who did this?" He whispered and Potter slumped in his arms. Draco stumbled and fell down on the floor with Potter on him, the boy's head resting on his shoulder.
Potter couldn't speak. His eyes were on the verge of closing and he was going to faint and Draco suddenly knew what was happening to Potter. Someone had leglimised him, no not just leglimised, someone had raped Potter's mind ruthlessly. Draco prayed that it was not Severus and then whispered, "We will have to take you into your room."

But Potter had fainted and lay limply in his arms. The first thing Draco did was to check whether all the wards were intact around the manor. It wouldn't do to leave it unprotected for the death eaters to enter. It was rather simple. He tried apparating but couldn't. He was not keyed inside the wards yet. He couldn't apparate inside or outside the manor without Potter.

Slowly, he stood up and dragged Potter's unconscious body in his arms. He lay the boy on the bed and started pacing. He did not know healing. He knew potions yes but Potter would require herbs as well and he did not have any access to them.

Then it occurred to him. Loony Lovegood had appeared in front of him from nowhere a day before he had been captured and had given him a ring, mumbling something about rubbing it in dire circumstances.

Perhaps she was not really loony then. She must have known something. Merlin knew how her mind worked. He sat down and looked at the weird ring on his index finger, trying to figure out how to activate it. He started rubbing it and suddenly, he heard another Pop of apparition. A second later, Lovegood was opening the door, her eyes looking at him and then at Potter.

"Dear Merlin! we need Neville. I will blindfold him Draco and will bring him here. He will not reveal anything about what he would witness to anyone." Lovegood said and apparated again before Draco could say another word.

Draco simply rubbed his forehead wondering how the girl had apparated inside the manor despite anti apparition wards and sat beside Potter, pressing his head so as to relieve a bit of his headache at least.

"Merlin! What happened to him Malfoy? Did you leglimise him?" Draco jumped when he heard Longbottom's voice, firm and strong behind him.

"Of course I didn't. He just came and then fainted." Draco growled at him and continued, "Bloody ignorant and selfish idiots. You don't even care about what he is undergoing at all. Don't you dare blame me for this."

"Stop all this. Harry needs help." Lovegood said out of nowhere and Draco closed his eyes in concern. No body escaped unscathed out of mind-rape. How could Severus do so?

Ten minutes later, Lovegood and Longbottom backed off from the bed and Longbottom muttered, "Could I have a glass of water and don't worry, I am not firecalling anyone. Luna warned me. I am here to help Luna heal him."

Draco nodded and walked to the kitchen to bring water for them.

He returned to find them seated on the bed and served water to them, sighing as he settled down beside Potter on the bed.

"We have provided him herbs and potions and he is in a healing sleep. Might take from thirty minutes to four hours." Longbottom whispered, the glass in his hand.

"Draco, if you need our help again, you know how to contact me." Lovegood took Draco's hands in hers and looked at him, "Now is not the time Draco. Deal with this as your father would. Do you understand. one wrong step and..." She trailed off and Longbottom whose face looked too
pale spoke softly, "I think she is right Malfoy. He is in a delicate condition and I am feeling guilty at having noticed the symptoms and still not acting as I should. Just tell me something. He is not-um- hurting you, is he?"

Draco stared at Longbottom. He was licking his lips and continuing, apparently having misunderstood Draco's silence, "Perhaps I should check you up as well." He was surprised that the boy would care at all. Draco had never treated him nicely.

Draco jumped in surprise when Lovegood pinched his hands, "Oh! don't worry Longbottom, I am perfectly safe with him. It is like a holiday, really. Thanks anyways."

Longbottom's sigh of relief was evident as both Longbottom and Lovegood got up, "Ok then we will take our leave. Ensure that he eats something when he wakes up."

Draco nodded and Lovegood tied a scarf around Longbottom's eyes again and then side-along apparated him.

Draco finally sat on the bed in relief, just staring at Potter, trying to decide what he should do.

_Bloody Hell._ All he wanted to do was yell at Severus. But that won't do. Lovegood was right. He needed to be very careful.

Thus, he accioed a parchment and quill to pen down a letter to his father, the only man who could remain level headed and calm Draco down as well in any situation.

XXXX
Fear

Chapter-7

Fear

You asked me to trust him more than you. I was very small when you said that you could be
imperiused but he can't. You said that he is the strongest man you had ever seen. But now that I
have an evidence that he violated a student mentally out of his irrational anger, I am furious at
him and I don't know how to trust him. I cannot contain my fury but it won't be wise to behave
rashly right now. It won't be good for the violated student. I couldn't think of anyone else other
than you and m.

Please advise otherwise I will do something I am going to regret later. Oh! and I am fine.

Love,

TB.

Lucius smiled when he read the signature. So Draco remembered that they used to call him teddy
bear as a child. He was a very cuddly baby. Always demanding to sit on their laps and cuddle.
They used to call him their teddy bear and were missing him terribly but Draco was saying that he
was fine and he had a hunch as to who the violated student was and who had violated the student.
He could guess the method of violation as well.

He sighed exasperatedly. Severus had never forgiven Potter and his cronies for bullying him and
now he was bullying their son. Apparently Draco was somehow with Potter and he was furious
and Lucius knew that he had written to him because Lucius and Narcissa could always calm him
down. No matter, what the risks were, Draco would not back off if he wished to stand up for
Potter. Lucius had seen everything from a distance and had known everything but had still done
nothing to prevent the boy from being manipulated because he didn't care.

Apparently, Draco had always had a soft corner for the boy. He would often tell Narcissa and him
about Potter's green eyes and his messy hair petulantly but with soft eyes. There was no point in
arguing. They would either have to support their son or go against him.

He sighed and grabbed a parchment to write a reply.

So much for remaining neutral.

"Cissa."

"Yes." Narcissa replied and Lucius continued, "Against the dark lord, it is."

After a pause, Narcissa replied, her voice bright and cheerful, "Good."

"And oh! Cissa. Draco has sent a letter. He needs cooling down. Could you make those cookies
of yours." He called.

Narcissa replied excitedly, "Yes."

"Pack them for two."

"Two. Okay." Narcissa replied and he set down to pen down a reply.
Dear TB

Anger would lead to destruction. Our common friend is strong but still holds grudges and you won't gain anything by yelling at him. Be diplomatic and keep patience. Mum sends cookies and love. Do share both.

love,

Mum and dad.

Draco smiled and placed the letter in a drawer. He would show it to Potter later. He sat on the bed beside Potter. Four hours had elapsed and Potter had not woken up. Draco had still not eaten. He wanted to eat with the silly boy. With nothing else to do, he started stroking Potter's hair. His fury had not gone. It was still there, in the depths of his heart waiting for Draco to explode and explode he will but in a right way and at a right time.

Harry woke up but did not open his eyes. They were still stinging and the headache had not gone completely. The hand that was stroking his hair was very comforting and was compelling him to burrow inside the pillows and go to sleep. But then it suddenly occurred to him that the hand belonged to Draco and he suddenly did not want to sleep.

He slowly opened his eyes and found himself gazing into Draco's silver ones. Harry looked at the boy very carefully. Draco was furious. The fury was evident from his slightly wide eyes and slightly red and sweating cheeks and in the way Draco was smiling at him. It was not a happy or a natural smile.

"You are awake." Draco asked and Harry nodded. Before he could utter another word though, Draco bent down and pressed a soft kiss on Harry's forehead. Harry's eyebrows rose and he tried to understand the meaning of this kiss and the stroking that Draco had been doing for some time. It was by no means sensual. It was comforting and friendly and Draco's kiss depicted the relief that Draco was feeling.

"You were worried." Harry teased when Draco pulled back to bring water for Harry.

"Of course not, Potter. I already knew you will pull through. I was just feeling hungry. I made lunch for you." Draco muttered and grinned at Harry. Harry simply stared, amazed that Draco had still not eaten.

"Why have you not eaten?" Harry asked and Draco answered, averting his eyes away, "Come let's go. I am starving."

The way Draco dismissed his question displayed the remnants of fury that Draco was still feeling. Harry did not push. He had rarely ever seen Draco angry. Yes they had quarrelled in the past but that had been childish.

Harry followed Draco silently towards the drawing room. Draco uncovered the dishes and Harry realized that they were under a warming spell. Mushroom curry and rice and hot dogs. Harry's mouth watered and his stomach grumbled.

"How long have I been sleeping?" Harry asked once they had settled down and served themselves.
"Around four hours." Draco answered and Harry's mouth fell open. Draco had not eaten anything after breakfast.

"I was unconscious. Why did you not eat Draco?" Harry asked again and Draco did not answer. He did not even shrug it off but his hands clenched around his spoon and his breathe deepened.

Harry decided to drop it off and to enjoy the meal. Draco had of course worked hard on it.

"It's delicious." Harry smiled and Draco's hands loosened, "Thanks.". He smiled at Harry.

"Just to confirm, Potter. Did my godfather rape your mind?"

Harry's spoon dropped from his hand. Draco did not even pay attention to it. He simply went on having his meal.

"That's a crude way of putting it." Harry replied softly. He did not want Draco to pull away from his godfather. He knew that they had always been close. Snape had treated Draco like a son. It was obvious from the way he blessed the blonde on scoring good or gifted him on his birthday and Christmas.

"Did he?" Draco asked and served him mushroom, "Here. Have this. You must be hungry."

Harry took the vegetable and looked at Draco. His face was calm but his eyes. Now they were burning. Fury was on surface and Harry did not know how to calm it down. The moment Draco noticed him staring, he blinked and his eyes became blank again.

"You did not answer me." Draco muttered and continued, "Hey I prepared pudding for us. I will bring it."

Harry breathed hard after Draco left. He did not know why Draco was angry on his behalf. Perhaps he just did not like what was done to Harry or perhaps he fancied Harry as well or perhaps it was just stockholm syndrome. Whatever it was, he would have to calm him down.

Draco returned and Harry replied softly, "Yes. But it's okay. I am fine now."

Draco cleared his throat and served the pudding for him. His movements were measured and calm. The fact that Draco did not answer confirmed Harry's suspicions.

"He is your godfather. It's okay. I am fine. No harm done at all Draco." Harry whispered and Draco instead asked him, "How is the pudding? I learn it from the elves."

"It's yummy." Harry replied warmly. This was the very first time someone had prepared something for him and he said so, "You are the first person who has prepared something specially for me."

Draco looked at him and smiled but his eyes were twin pools of endless fury now.

"I owled dad." Draco said out of the blue and Harry's eyes widened in panic. Draco continued, "I was too angry. I needed his advice. Mother has sent cookies. They won't search for me now. I didn't say your name in the letter and told them that I am fine."

Harry breathed in relief and Draco continued, "I wish to firecall Severus."

Harry stared at him in surprise and Draco continued, "I am not going to tell him about this location. I just wish to ask-" Harry shook his head worriedly and cut him off, "I know that. I don't want you to chose me over your family. Family is more important Draco."
He jumped in surprise when Draco stood up and slammed both his hands on his table, his eyes wide and glaring and burning at him, "What he did was inhumane. You were bleeding and could have died if Lovegood had not been a bloody strange girl and given me this ring or if Longbottom had not known about herbs or they had not known about healing. You could have turned mad. You cannot condone this."

Harry had always known that Luna was a special girl and he trusted Neville so he had nothing to worry about.

He stared at Draco and wondered if he was even capable of imprisoning this kind of power in his house. Draco's body was sparkling with wild magic.

In the matter of seconds, Draco's anger vanished and he sank in his chair, looking at Harry calmly.

"I wish to talk to my godfather." Draco whispered while gazing at his cuticles, his left arm on his armrest, "I won't yell at him."

"Okay." Harry whispered and felt anxious that Draco won't even want to stay with him if Harry set him free. He was beautiful, powerful, graceful, confident, handsome, charismatic, everything that Harry wasn't.

"I am not leaving." Draco said out of the blue and patted Harry's intertwined hands. He wondered when he had intertwined his hands on the table.

Harry sighed, relieved and Draco continued, "I am not going anywhere unless you want me to. I won't even ask why you captured me in the first place. I would wait for you to confess. I trust you and know that it was not for nefarious or inappropriate purposes."

That was somehow worse because Harry didn't think he deserved his trust. He should have told his reasons to Draco. He should never have started this on the weak foundations of a capture and now he did not know how to proceed.

"You are worrying needlessly, Potter. You are not getting rid of me so easily. Stop thinking." Draco was close to him now and somehow, he had turned Harry's chair and was in his face now, their noses almost touching, "I won't leave. Stop thinking."

But Harry couldn't stop thinking. Sometime, during the past four years, he had fallen for Draco and couldn't bear to lose him after just having him for a few days.

"STOP. BLOODY. THINKING." Draco shouted in his face and Harry trembled because he was sure that Draco would leave. He would have many options. Why would he live with poor insecure stupid insane Harry Potter. Harry swallowed and stayed silent and tried to avert his eyes but Draco wouldn't let him. He held Harry's chin forcibly and compelled him to meet his manic eyes with Draco's furious silver eyes. Harry loved these eyes. He had fallen for them and would die if Draco left him.

"I. will. not. leave." Draco said slowly, their eyes held together and Harry saw honesty in them, in those silver eyes, which he could read as clearly as his own.

Slowly, Harry nodded and whispered, "Won't leave." and Draco nodded, his lips upturned in a smile as he tapped Harry's nose, "Yes. I won't."

Belatedly, Harry realized that he had been whimpering and that he was huddled on the chair, his knees to his chest and his face was wet.
"I will heal you. I will never leave you. Shhhh." Draco whispered in his ears as he embraced Harry close, although the position was pretty uncomfortable.

Harry knew that he was on the verge of going insane and he knew that Draco wanted to heal him. So he would try for Draco. He would try his best to heal.

XXXX
Cruciatus

A/N: This will be a difficult chapter. More mental torture ahead.

Chapter-8

Cruciatus

Draco was shaken by Harry and his insides were trembling with fury. He had never seen anyone, leave alone a fourteen year boy huddled on a chair because he was insecure that Draco would leave him and if he had not had personal experience to deal with this thing, he would never have guessed.

It had been many years but he was five when one day he had burned father's very important file and father had been furious at him. Now he understood that the anger was temporary but five year old Draco didn't know.

He felt that father and mother would abandon him and he had not slept properly for months, until one day father had coaxed the reason of his sadness out of him and Draco had cried and father and mother had had to look into his eyes and repeat several times daily that they loved Draco and would never leave him.

But Potter was not a five year old and this insecurity had accumulated over the past fourteen years.

Instead of recognising it and soothing Potter's fears, Severus had encouraged it. Draco had encouraged Harry to go to sleep and in the morning Draco had woken him up and told him again that Draco won't leave and Draco still didn't know why Potter was behaving like this. It felt that Potter loved him and if it was love, then since when had Potter loved him.

"GOD DAMNIT." Draco shouted and smashed the empty bottle on the wall. Potter was at Hogwarts and Draco was terrified for him and he was angry at Severus. He did not know what to do. He needed to talk to his parents about this. But he couldn't tell them yet, not until he was sure that the dark lord would not leglimize it out of their minds.

It was pretty obvious that Potter had hidden this behind a cool calm façade and no one except Severus must have known because obviously Severus had raped his mind several times during their so called occlumency sessions.

He wondered why Severus did nothing about it. Was it just out of revenge for his father?

Could his godfather do so? Did Dumbledore know about this?

Draco placed his elbows on his knees and put his forehead on his palms. He could do nothing except wait for Potter to return. He did not even know if Potter would return today intact or with another head injury.

Was Severus completely blind?

XXXX

"Is this necessary, Albus?" Severus asked Albus. The man had gone insane. Why was he handling such a power on Potter to him.

"Yes. But only once. I just want him to know what it feels like and not for more than five seconds."
I just want him to be prepared Severus. You will leave him after that." Albus's voice was sharp and he continued, "I have not forgiven you for what you did yesterday. I am asking you only because no one else would do this. No one here could mean it except you. Not even me."

"What is he going to do headmaster?" Potter asked Albus suspiciously and their was a tinge of fear in his tone. Severus couldn't ignore the fact that Potter was not meeting his eyes today. He didn't want to be so cruel with the boy but he always saw James Potter in him. James Potter who had stolen away his Lily and led her to her death.

Even after all these years, he had not reconciled with Lily's death. She had been his best friend and he had loved her, loved her the most. And the brat had gone and gotten Sirius critically injured because of his recklessness. Severus had barely been able to prevent Sirius's fall under the veil. Sirius had been saved but barely. He was in St. Mungos fighting with life and Severus wanted to punish Potter for everything, no matter how guilty he felt later on.

"He is going to cast Crucius on you Harry. Only once and for five seconds. You must know how it feels like. After that you can leave. No one will disturb you for the day." Albus spoke softly and Potter's eyes turned horrified as he stared at Severus and then at Albus.

"He would not stop after casting it once. Please ask someone else to do it." Potter pleaded and Albus shook his head, murmuring kindly, "Only he has the motivation Harry. You do understand why I am doing this, don't you? Not for the greater good. For you. If during the battle, someone casts that horrible curse on you, you should at least know how it feels so that you can be prepared."

Potter fell quiet and Severus could see beads of perspiration on his forehead as he nodded slowly, resigned to his fate. Severus felt a shiver of satisfaction crawl through his spine. Finally, he would have his revenge on Potter and his son for stealing his Lily and Sirius away.

Albus dismissed him and they walked quietly towards Severus's office. Potter spoke nothing on the way and kept his head bowed.

As soon as Potter closed the door behind him, Severus cast, "CRUCIOOOOOO." He kept Potter under the curse for a minute and smirked when Potter screamed.

"Ple-" Potter coughed and Severus did not give him any opportunity to speak again, "CRUCIIIOOOOOO." and this time he kept the boy for two minutes under the curse and when Potter coughed blood, something dark and cruel arose inside him compelling him to cast again, "CRUCIOOOOOO." and again, "CRUCIIIOOOO." not even giving Potter any time to recover.

Potter was trembling and shaking and sweating and his mouth was bleeding and crying and begging him to stop and Severus screamed again, "CRUCCCCIIIOOOOOO." This time the he trebled the power behind the spell and as expected, Potter held his head in his hands.

"CRU-" "EXPELIARMUS." He heard Albus scream. The wizard's eyes were dark with fury as he held Severus's wand in his hands. Severus glared at him and then at Potter before turning towards his window unapologetically and Albus helped Potter to get up.

"No no no no." Potter screamed and pulled back. Before any of them knew anything, Potter ran away from his office, leaving trails of blood behind him.

 XXXX

Ron and Hermione had tried to speak to Harry today what had happened yesterday and where Harry went after the classes and his training. Ron had been worried for his best friend and had
expressed his concerns to Hermione. She had simply brushed him off muttering that Harry needed to be prepared for everything if the wanted to win the bloody war.

Ron did not understand such things and now nobody would listen to him, not Hermione, not professor Lupin, not the headmaster and Snape was out of the question.

He had thought that perhaps he had been wrong and others had been right but today when he saw Harry running through the corridor, his blood leaking from his mouth and trailing behind him, he had been sure that he had to do something about this. Just like yesterday, Harry had run away and had not listened to them and he knew that as usual Harry would not tell him anything tomorrow.

Harry disappeared and Ron stood there frozen with Hermione and other students.

"Hermione, you have to chose. Greater good or Harry." Ron did not look at his girlfriend and spun around, coming face to face with Neville.

"What?" He snapped at the boy who was studying him closely. "Nothing," Neville said and passed him but as they passed together, their hands brushed and he felt a piece of paper placed in his hand. He almost closed his eyes in relief. He was not alone in this. Harry was not alone in this. He turned around to look at his girlfriend. She stood there, a picture of remorse, her books and bag scattered on the floor as she stared at the blood, her face wet with tears.

Perhaps their was hope for her as well. Nevertheless, Ron had decided to follow his own path now, no matter what others felt was right.

"Mr. Weasley, please come into my office." It was professor Lupin who said so and he looked genuinely concerned. Ron looked at the professor warily. He would study Lupin's loyalties. He would do this for Harry because Harry was his brother and he loved him. He would not betray Harry ever again, full stop.

His nose held high in determination, he followed professor Lupin in his room.

XXXX
"DAMNIT." Draco screamed in frustration and threw the bottle on the opposite wall. He had been waiting for Potter to return and again he was late. He had been anxious ever since morning.

"GOD DAMNIT." He shouted again. He had no way of finding Potter. If he did anything, he would loose his trust and he couldn't afford it. He pulled his hair in annoyance and impatience. Slowly and gradually everything was making sense to him.

No one.

Potter opened to no one at all. His only relatives mistreated him, merlin knew why and his friends wanted him to end the war. His godfather was in St. Mungos and everyone had blamed Potter for that. Draco knew because he had heard students mocking Potter. Dumbledore was only interested in the bloody greater good and no one would trust him when he said that Severus punished him unjustifiably, not even the head of his house, Mcgonagal and his parents were dead.

Where did that leave the boy?

Merlin only knew why Potter was opening up to him. Draco was not aware what compelled Potter to capture him in the first place. It could have been love but he knew Potter wouldn't take such a big step due to love. He would try to befriend Draco first. He would not have kidnapped Draco because of love or obsession.

"THEN WHY." Draco shouted and his head pounded. He had not eaten anything except a bread after Potter had left. Had he been at Hogwarts today, he would have kept an eye at him but there was no one who would support Potter, not if they had to go against Severus.

At the best of times, his godfather was a force to be reckoned with.

He rubbed his face and for the first time, felt alone. He did not have anyone to seek advice. He couldn't owl his father or mother. He still did not know clearly where their loyalties lay. As far as he knew, they supported the dark lord and knew about his whereabouts. They did not discuss these matters with Draco saying that he was small and should stay away from all this.

It was quite possible that they were hinting at him that they did not want him to become a death eater or they could simply be saying that he was too young to be marked.

Now Severus was out of question as well. Beads of perspiration trickled down his forehead when he realized the seriousness of the situation. If he attempted to support Potter, he would be standing against Dumbledore and his army and the dark lord and his army as well. Both the sides were manipulating Potter and using him for their own ends. They did not care if Potter came out of all this alive.

He did not know whether he had the courage or not. What if his own parents felt that he should back off. He would have to go against them as well.

He wiped the sweat off his cheeks and a POP of apparition and a loud wail interrupted his
musings and he tried his best not go into shock because that was Potter's voice. He ran towards the voice and just like last time, Potter had apparated in the drawing room again but this time it was worse. Potter was wailing and holding his head in pain. He was bleeding and looked in so much pain.

"AHHHHHHHH." Potter screamed and Draco felt that his feet had frozen. He couldn't think of any other curse that would lead to this. Only Cruciatus could cause this much pain, bring this madness in a person's eyes.

"Ahhhhhh." Potter moaned and started crying, "Hurts so much. Ahhhhhh."

As Draco struggled to control his emotions and rubbed his ring to allow Luna inside and then ran towards Potter, he had his answer. Yes he would support Potter not because he was obsessed with the boy or wanted to be a hero but because what was happening was wrong and his parents and godfather, specially his godfather, Severus had told him to fight against wrong and injustice when he had been small and the dark lord had still been dead.

He bent down and wrapped his arms around Potter's trembling body.

"So cold. Hurts so much. Ahhhhhhh." Potter went on moaning and Draco muttered, "Shhhhh. It will be okay. Shhhhh."

"It's hurts. He crucioed me so many times. Hurts so much." Potter muttered and Draco had to practically close his eyes and grit his teeth to control his fury.

"Draco. Oh! Oh! Merlin. Oh! Dear. Neville we should hurry. I had feared this would happen. Come Ron, help Neville carry him. No magic. Exposure to magic will worsen his condition." Luna whispered and tried to pull Draco away.

Weasley just stared at him and muttered in shock, "What are you doing here Malfoy?"

"Ron stop talking and be quick, will you? We don't have time to lose." Longbottom barked at Weasley and Lovegood whose hands were around Draco's chest now, whispered, "Come Draco. We will need your help. I brought all the potions that were in your room but I am not aware yet about what to use for his speedy recovery."

Strangely, her soft words and arms worked and Draco felt his fury draining and instead, a calm determination took place. He disentangled himself and ignored Weasley's gobsmacked expression. Then he helped them carry Potter towards Potter's room.

They placed Potter on the bed and Lovegood muttered, "We can't sedate him. The herbs and potions will hurt him a bit and he will struggle. You will have to prevent him from spilling anything Ron."

"Okay." Weasley muttered and she looked at him, "You will have to pick the potions. I do know what potions are required in ordinary cases but this is not ordinary and you must know how to cure the dark lord's Crucios." He nodded once and she directed him towards her bag. Longbottom knew what to do and was already preparing a paste of herbs to apply on Potter's mouth and neck.

Potter struggled and when Longbottom took a few herbs and placed the on his forehead, it got worse and Weasley kept his hands and pinned them on his both sides. Potter wailed and his moans tore Draco apart. If he had been doubtful before, he was sure now. He would never be able to tolerate this.

"Draco." Longbottom called him and Draco nodded respectfully because the boy was sweating and looked concerned and scared for his friend. He had not really given Longbottom any thought
before. Even Weasley was impressive. Draco was relieved that Potter had a few faithful friends at least. That meant that they were not alone.

They fed potions to Potter and Potter struggled to spit them out. He tried to remove the herbs but Weasley held tight and Draco was impressed to see his self control.

After half an hour, they were finally done and Potter fell into a natural sleep.

"Malfoy." Weasley muttered and Draco did not look at him.

"Not now Ron. We are leaving." Lovegood cut him off and whispered, "Call me if you need me Draco. I will come no matter where I am."

On this note, she left. Perhaps she knew that Draco would not talk to anyone yet. He was too furious. He had never felt such a potent rage in his entire life.

He looked at the sleeping figure of Potter and narrowed his eyes furiously, "All in due time, Severus. All in due time."

XXXX

Please review
Harry coughed when he woke up and blinked his eyes a few times before opening them completely. His head was aching and his eyes were still stinging but it was a lot better and at least he was still sane. That had to be a plus. He had tolerated Snape's unjust punishments because of Sirius. His godfather had confessed about his past relationship with Snape. But he did not know how much he would be able to take now. He had tried his best to work along with the man.

He looked around and found Draco sitting on a chair, asleep, his hand behind his head and decided to place him on the bed. He would wake Draco up after making dinner.

"Ah." He moaned lightly as the sudden movement caused an ache in his head and closed his eyes and sat back again. He breathed deeply and opened his eyes to get up and found silver eyes gazing at him.

There was no hint of a smile on Draco's face and Harry licked his lips before speaking softly, "I am fine. It's okay."


Draco replied calmly, "Drink two drops of that black potion and two drops of that transparent potion."

Harry nodded cautiously and turned to take the potions. The movement sent another bout of pain in his head and he moaned, "Ahhh."

He opened his eyes and Draco was still staring at him, his silver eyes dark. Calmly he stood up and took the potions in his hand.

"Open your mouth." He whispered and Harry complied. Draco poured two drops of each on his tongue and Harry made a face, "So bitter."

That brought an exasperated smile on Draco's face.

"Come on. Just wait on the dining table. I will fix something for us." Draco muttered and asked Harry to lead the way.

His face was calm but his eyes were not and that alarmed Harry. The problem was that he couldn't let Draco return to Hogwarts just yet. Yes Harry was obsessed and in love with Draco and that was only a part reason of capturing the blonde and now he trusted Draco to not abandon him, if only a bit.

If this continued, Harry would not be able to stop the blonde. Draco was too powerful to be controlled and Harry knew that he was just humouring Harry by staying here. Harry did not know what Draco's reasons were but Draco was here and Harry would always cherish these few days.

"Sit down and wait. I will fix something." Draco spoke and Harry settled on the table, his head
aching a bit.

"Coffee or tea?" Draco called and Harry replied, "Coffee."

"Strawberry jam or cranberry."

"Cranberry." Harry replied and he could almost imagine that Draco was his life partner and that they were simply having a quiet dinner.

"Potter, We have to visit the grocery." Draco called and Harry replied, "We will go tomorrow after I return from Hogwarts."

The fact that Harry had just said that they would go to the grocery together did not go unnoticed. He had said it deliberately. He trusted Draco now. Whatever his reasons were, Draco won't leave Harry.

"Strong or medium coffee."

"Strong. Thanks." Harry replied and it was all so domestic and he had craved this for so long. He did not know whether he would survive this war or not. He wanted to survive and spend his life with Draco.

Harry was lost in his thoughts and did not notice Draco until the blonde cleared his throat to catch Harry's attention.

They started eating quietly and Harry kept his eyes averted. They were burning due to the prolonged Cruciatus and he didn't want to infuriate Draco even more.

"So, Severus cruicoed you, Potter?" Draco asked out of the blue and Harry almost spat his coffee out. He had to cover his mouth and cough to keep it inside.

"Here, have some water." Draco spoke and Harry loved this thing about the blonde. He cared for Harry but did not treat him like a delicate flower. Everything was so calculated and measured and balanced with Draco. It was so very easy and right to live with him.

Harry sipped water and Draco had a bite of his sandwich.

"Here you will like this. It has cheese." He said cheerfully and Harry picked up the sandwich to eat it.

After a few minutes, Draco repeated in a very 'matter of fact' tone, "Did he crucio you?"

"Yes." Harry muttered this time and they fell silent for a few seconds.

"Do you want salt or pepper?" Draco asked and Harry shook his head, "No. It's delicious. Thanks."

"Say, did Dumbledore know about this 'session' of yours?" Draco asked and Harry finally looked at the blonde. Draco's voice was soft but eyes were sharp. His hand held the sandwich calmly but his posture was not at all relaxed.

Harry shook his head quietly, "Dumbledore had asked him to cast it only once and to hold it for a few seconds. He wanted me to know what it feels like."

"Are you sure?" Draco asked and Harry froze because this question seemed important somehow. Draco's eyes were too sharp now. Harry looked at him cautiously and replied, "Yes."
"Hmmm. Do you want more coffee?" Draco asked and Harry nodded, "Yes. Thanks."

Draco went into the kitchen to make coffee for him and Harry sighed in relief.

The first thing that Draco said when he sat down after returning was, "I think that I should have that talk with my godfather now."

Harry panicked and took a long breath before replying curtly, "No! I mean it's not required. I am fine. I don't think professor Dumbledore will let him repeat this again. He looked quite furious."

Draco did not answer and Harry kept his eyes firmly on his plate until Draco spoke, "Look at me."

Harry ignored the command and sipped his coffee.

"Potter. Look at me please."

Harry sighed and slowly lifted his face to look at Draco.

"Why don't you want me to firecall him?"

"I am afraid you will talk him into taking you away." Harry lied very rudely because he had just not wanted Draco to quarrel with Snape for him.

Their eyes held and Harry realized that Draco knew that Harry was lying.

Draco knew that Potter was lying. It was written all over his face.

"You are lying." He said and Potter narrowed his eyes, trying to look furious so he continued softly, "But it's fine. I won't push you for the truth."

He tried to speak calmly but inside, he was burning with impatience. He wanted talk to Severus about this but not at the cost of Potter's sanity. He couldn't let him feel that Draco would not come in his control, not now when Potter was finally beginning to trust him. They had rest of their dinner silently until Potter asked him, "You are mad at me, aren't you. You are always furious with me because of something."

Draco stood up and gathered the utensils and then proceeded towards the kitchen, choosing not to answer. Potter was trying to act and the boy was trying hard but Draco could see through him. He was in a habit of reading complicated people, what with his father being the dark lord's right hand man. Father would say one thing and mean something else.

"Answer me dammit." Potter followed him, fuming. Draco looked at him carefully from the corner of his eyes, his hands still holding their dishes. Potter was really getting furious now.

"No. I am not angry with you Potter." He answered and cast cleaning spells on the utensils. In a mere second, anger drained from Potter's face and Draco sighed. Potter was really unbalanced. He would have to do something about it.

The green eyed boy came behind him and leaned against the slap. Draco could see that he was not strong enough just yet.

"Sure?" Potter asked and Draco nodded.
After having washed the utensils and placing them at their places, he said, "Come. Let's retire early today. You have had a long day."

Potter suddenly started walking towards him and Draco backed away in alarm but he had to stop when his back hit the wall. But unlike what he had imagined, Potter just spread his arms and wrapped them around Draco's neck.

Draco did not return the gesture and just cleared his throat when Potter did not back off. It was very intimate. Potter's body was pressed against his and Draco asked uncomfortably, "What are you exactly doing Potter?"

Potter backed off in a flash and Draco saw a spark of pain in his green eyes before it was quickly replaced by annoyance.

"I was trying to beat you to death. That's, after all, what I brought you here for." Potter glared at him before turning around and snapping at him once again, "I am going to sleep. Good night." Before Draco could utter a word, Potter was gone. Draco stood there, confused and red faced.

Draco glared at nothing in particular. Why did Potter have to bloody overreact at everything? It's not like Draco has spent his life hugging boys and given his obsessive nature, Potter had to know that.

Couldn't he just have stayed quiet.

*Stupid Potter and his stupid hugs.*

*Stupid Stupid Potter.*

Draco fumed all the way to the room. All the other rooms were locked and he did not want to sleep on a bloody couch. By the time he reached, Potter was already on the bed, facing away from Draco.

"Potter." Draco spoke impatiently but Potter started faking snores. Draco glared at Potter's back before settling under the blankets.

*Stupid Idiot Potter and his confusing gestures.*

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Please review. Please Please please.
Sunlight streamed through the windows and fell on Draco's face. He blinked a couple of times before yawning. Then he turned around. Potter was still sleeping. It was strange that he did not feel uncomfortable sleeping with Potter at all. He had never slept with anyone before. Potter's lips were so red and Potter licked them softly in sleep. The movement compelled Draco to touch those red and soft lips with his finger. Potter was still sleeping soundly and Draco couldn't contain the urge.

Slowly, he placed his finger on Potter's lips. His eyes traced the motion of his finger. His lips were soft and Draco didn't know what compelled him to insert his finger inside those lips.

A second later when Potter's tongue traced Draco's finger, he came back to himself and looked at Potter. His eyes were green and wide. They reflected Potter's surprise and desire. Draco pulled his finger back and moved to get up, his face red. A second later Potter was on him. It happened so fast that Draco had no time at all to even speak anything. Potter's fingers entwined with his own and Draco found his hands pinned on either side of his shoulders.

Draco's mouth was engulfed by Potter hungrily and Potter's weight pressed Draco's body into the bed. It was Draco's own fault really. He should have been cautious.

"St-" Draco tried but Potter growled and started sucking Draco's lower lip hungrily.

"Stop." He managed to murmur and he noticed that Potter's eyes were dark. His words were ignored and Potter whispered, "Shhhh." Draco was not really feeling uncomfortable. On the contrary, he was really turned on but he knew that this was not right.

Potter would not forgive himself for this and Draco had to practically slap himself mentally to keep a firm control on his own desires. At that moment, he wanted Potter to make love to him. He most certainly did not want to stop but he must before Potter did something he would regret later.

"Potter. Stop." He murmured softly and threw his head to left as Potter sucked the sensitive skin of his neck.

"I need you so much." Potter muttered and opened the first two buttons of Draco's shirt. "So beautiful." He breathed huskily and kissed the skin that he had uncovered.

Draco closed his eyes and breathed deeply before speaking, "Potter stop. Please." Potter's mouth was on left side of Draco's neck now. It seemed that he wanted to taste Draco's entire body. But when he heard Draco's words, he pulled back as if burnt, his eyes green and wide.

"Potter, it's-" Draco muttered as Potter crawled out of the bed completely, staring at him in complete horror.

"I am sorry. I-" Potter stammered, horrified and Draco tried to will his erection away. "Honestly Potter, stop panicking. I wanted it as much as you did. I knew that this was not the right time to do this and that you would regret it later. Don't behave as if you are a villain and were trying to steal my virtue away. I am attracted towards you."
Harry heard Draco and searched his eyes for trace of a lie. When he found none, he breathed in relief and muttered, "I am going to take bath."

He fled and was on the door when he heard Draco's soft grumble, "Let me help you take that bath. Bloody hell. Ahhhh. Ummm." Harry's face turned red when he heard the soft grumble and the following moan and he wondered if he was supposed to hear it. Draco's voice was so husky and Harry could barely stop himself from turning and checking if Draco was palming his erection.

He got inside the bathroom to take bath and to block Draco's moans. He could go back and coax Draco but Draco was right. Harry was not in the right frame of mind and Draco was still captivated. It could just be Stockholm syndrome or the fact that Draco had no company except Harry. He would never forgive himself if he took advantage of Draco like this and he would never know if Draco really did like him at all.

But as he closed his eyes and palmed his own erection, he imagined Draco's face, flushed, red and sweaty and he came all over his hand, his vision almost white from the effect.

"Good Merlin." He moaned before starting the shower. He did not want to get late for Hogwarts.

They were sitting at the table, having breakfast which was prepared by Draco once again. Potter looked guilty about that.

"If you are not well, don't go Potter. Dumbledore did owl you to take a leave if you feel that you can't attend," Draco said and Potter shook his head before gulping his breakfast hurriedly and speaking, "I am fine. I need to bring your homework. OWLS remember and I do have to train Draco. I have to train with Remus today. It is going to fine. He does not run me rugged."

There was something in Potter's eyes that told Draco that the boy was lying. Potter was upto something and Draco asked him, "You need to know that I can catch your lies easily."

"I am not lying." Potter muttered and Draco muttered right back, "Half truth then."

Potter simply sighed at that and stood up to leave. Draco did not even have the time to react to the soft kiss Potter pressed on his forehead. It was tender and it turned Draco red again. He glared at Potter. Potter was always doing so, turning Draco red. The git chuckled before apparating right in front of him. He closed his eyes and prayed that Potter would return safe and sound today.

"I forgot to tell him about the Weasel. Damnit." Draco grumbled and slammed his face on the table.

Bloody Potter

The classes went comfortably. Ron tried to speak to him and Harry refused to talk to talk to either of his best friends. Ron was trying to communicate something but Harry was not interested in knowing. He was too nervous. Professor Dumbledore had arrived and had a talk with him. He seemed genuinely concerned and Harry wondered what had happened after Harry had run away. Harry told him that he was fine now and had refused to tell him who had helped him.

Harry was nervous because he had taken a very difficult decision today. He had decided to apologise to Snape for everything. He would make his peace with the man because he did not
want to cause any grief to Draco. Snape had cancelled their class today and Harry had tried to find him everywhere but to no avail. Snape was nowhere.

Training with Remus was a comfortable yet awkward affair. Remus tried to get him to talk but Harry refused to say anything. Everyone was suspicious that Harry had captured Draco but they had no evidence of the fact and it would be dangerous to confide in anyone at all. Neville and Luna were fine and trustworthy but anyone else would be dangerous and he could not risk Draco's life so he kept mum whenever they spoke about him.

Presently, he was sitting in Snape's room. Training was done with half an hour back and Harry had been waiting since then. He wished Snape would return soon so that he could leave. He was bloody tired, hungry and was missing the snarky blonde.

Finally, his wish was granted and he heard the door open with a creak. He turned around and gaped when Snape entered, stumbling about, completely smashed. His eyes were red rimmed and their were dark circles beneath his eyes. He had not noticed Harry yet.

As soon as Snape turned around and looked at him, Harry stood up and the first word that escape Snape's mouth alarmed him so much that he froze there instead of escaping while he still had a chance.

"Sirius." A very drunk Severus Snape moaned and walked towards him, his eyes dreamy and his feet stumbling and suddenly Harry knew that he would have to get out of here quickly if he wanted to escape at all.

XXXXX

Please review
Sin and the Sinner

Chapter-12

Sin and the Sinner

Severus was furious and depressed by everything that was happening. His godson had still not been found. For the first time Albus had scolded and warned him and Sirius was still unconscious in St. Mungo's. He missed Lily so much and the entire blame rested on Potter's shoulders, both elder and junior. He had decided to get smashed today and so he had cancelled all his classes.

When he returned back to his office, the sight that greeted him sent a shiver of happiness and desire through his spine. In front of his stood, Sirius Black, looking handsome and reason and logic fled from his mind as he locked the door behind him and walked towards the man, murmuring, "Sirius."

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Snape walked towards him and Harry backed off suspiciously before warning Snape, "Snape." but Snape did not listen to him and slurred, "Bl-lack. Ummmm. Sir-rius."

Harry wanted to escape but Snape had blocked his only way and he backed off until his back finally hit the wall. His wand was in his bag so that was also out of the question.

Snape's eyes shined with lust and desire and a shiver crawled up Harry's spine as the man came close to him, too close for comfort and when their chests touched, Harry pushed him away frantically, protesting, "Snape Back off. I am not Sirius."

"Hmmm." Snape mumbled and Harry's eyes widened with horror when their bodies pressed and he tried to push the older man away but to no avail. Snape was taller and heavier than him and his protests went unheard.

"Shhhh. Sirius." Snape mumbled and crushed their lips together. With heart in his throat, Harry started punching the man's chest but Snape was stronger and just pressed closer to Harry. He started unbuttoning Harry's shirt, starting with the last two buttons. It was disgusting and degrading and thank god Snape did not unbutton his shirt completely. But Harry protested harder when he felt Snape place his palm on Harry's stomach.

"Back off, you bastard-" Harry tried to snap but all that came out was a mumble and Snape kissed him desperately, thereby stopping his speech. Snape's hands travelled inside his shirt and towards the small of his back and Harry tried his level best to throw him off.

"Get off of me Snape." He screamed and Snape just looked at him, his eyes far too drunk to recognise him or perhaps the bastard was doing this deliberately. Perhaps this was some twisted way to avenge his fucked up school life and his mother's death.

Snape dug his nails on the skin of his back and Harry groaned in disgust and pain. Snape misunderstood it of course because he was touching the hem of Harry's trousers now.

"NO- STOP- YOU ASSHOLE-" Snape cut him off again by crushing their mouths together and Harry tried to push the man away because the man was touching his fly now. He had already opened the button of Harry's trousers and Snape's eyes were closed. The man won't open his eyes, god damnit.
The fly went down and Harry swallowed and tried to do his fly up but Snape was faster and stuck his hand inside his trouser with one hand and pinned Harry's hands above his head with the other. The trousers fell down and Harry's heart beat frantically and his eyes were wet. Snape started palming his erection and stroking and scratching his thighs through his boxers, moaning, "Hmmmnnn. So good, Sirius. So good." and Harry tried to shove him off desperately.

Snape opened another two of his shirt buttons and was about to touch his nipples when, "STUPEFY."

Harry stumbled aside and Snape fell backward, his mouth open in shock and his eyes drunk.

"Mate." A soft whisper caught Harry's attention and he turned around to meet Ron's eyes. Harry's eyes were stinging. He could feel Snape's disgusting breath on his lips and his disgusting hands on his boxers and stomach and chest and inner thighs.

Dirty.

That's what he felt and he wanted to wash the feeling of having Snape all over him away. He wanted to cry. He wished he could but tears won't fall. He knew they won't. He had stopped crying ever since aunt and uncle had started slapping him for disturbing them with his sobs. He stood there for a few minutes and wanted to slump down on the floor. His fly was undone and shirt was half open. He could feel scratches on his back and on his thighs. He wanted to puke and then scrub his whole body until this wretched feeling left him alone.

Five minutes before, he had been planning to return home and tell Draco that he had finally made peace with his godfather and that he wouldn't have to chose between them or sort their arguments. It was strange how five minutes had changed everything. He didn't think he could face Draco anymore with a straight face. If Harry had been a bit mad before, he would truly be branded as a mentally unstable person now. He wanted to talk to Sirius so desperately that it hurt.

Now that he thought about what had happened, it was not really shocking. He stared at Snape's drunk eyes. They were looking at him now and Harry could see a bit of sobriety in them now. It was not surprising because no one really cared if Harry came out of this war insane, sane or dead. All they cared about was the fact that Harry had to somehow end this war and if they had to torture his mind and body and even his soul for that, then so be it.

He wouldn't put it beyond Dumbledore and Snape to have done so to keep Harry terrified and under their thumb. Someone was shaking his shoulders and Harry did not avert his gaze from Snape's unblinking eyes.

Ron and Hermione were trying to get him to talk and Harry almost snapped at them.

Why were they here now when it was too late?

He blinked at Snape silently and Snape didn't. Harry wondered if Snape could really sink so low that he would rape Harry for his petty revenge or maybe he had really thought that Harry was Sirius in his drunken haze.

For the first time, Harry had decided to reconcile his differences with an elder, thinking that perhaps everything would improve if he would just apologize but of course Snape had to fuck it up.

"MATE. HARRY. SNAP OUT OF IT." Ron shouted and then yelled at Hermione, "I had asked you to let me accompany him but you had to distract me. WHEN WILL YOU ACCEPT THAT"
YOU CAN NOT ALWAYS BE RIGHT?

Harry looked at his best friends and found Hermione sobbing, her eyes transfixed on Harry's face. Ron turned towards him as well now and murmured, "I am so sorry Harry. I am with you now. Please just snap out of this. You are strong Harry. Snap out of it please."

Harry felt a hysterical laughter bubbling in his throat at that and started laughing.

"Mate." Ron's voice was horrified and Hermione sobbed, "Harry please."

"Oh! Oh Merlin. With me. Hahahahaha. With me, he says. Hahahahahaha. What- point now- hahahahahaha." Harry laughed and in spite of everything no tears escaped his eyes. He didn't even bother to button up his shirt or trousers now. What was the point. The last thing he was left with was his dignity and Snape had snatched it away from him. He placed his hands on his naked thighs and wondered if there was anything left except anger and insanity inside him now.

"Oh Merlin! Draco's own godfather. Hahahahaha." Harry laughed because wasn't it so ironical. The godfather of the only boy he loved had just assaulted him. His love story had finished before it had even started properly. The only chance he had was gone now because he would never be able to ask Draco to sever his ties from Snape. Nor will he able ask Sirius to leave Snape alone.

He looked at Snape. The man had finally sobered up. Sometime during his madness, Hermione had cast a sobriety spell on him and he was sitting on the floor, his back against the wall, staring at the opposite wall, trying to avoid Harry.

"Are you satisfied now, Snape?" He asked and Snape did not say anything so Harry continued, "Say Snape, did you decide, to assault me, in a secret meeting with Dumbledore so that I stay under your thumb out of fear."

Snape's lips twitched but the man stayed silent, his eyes frozen.

"Poor you. Ron and Hermione came at such an inopportune moment, huh. Just when your fun had started." Harry mocked him, his chest heavy.

Snape stayed silent and he dragged his feet towards the man, his trouser still on his feet and his shirt unbuttoned as he sat on his haunches in front of the man. His legs were spread obscenely and his boxers clad penis was in display of the man. It was nothing that Snape had not touched so he figured it didn't matter now.

"Say, should I send them away."

"Mate. You are not thinking. You are not yourself right now. Please come on. Let's take you home." Ron whispered softly and there was something in his tone that told Harry that he knew about Draco's presence in his house. Perhaps he was there yesterday with Luna and Neville in the evening and Draco forgot to tell Harry. Draco would need to be punished for forgetting such crucial things.

A sharp wave of fury travelled throughout Harry's body and he picked up Snape's hand. The man still kept his eyes away and Harry squeezed his fingers painfully. Nothing on Snape's face suggested that the man was in pain.

"I want to break this hand and I can, believe me. But two people who are most important in my life love you and you are lucky that they do." Harry snapped at the man and no his voice did not break.

"Harry." Hermione whispered, "Please come on and get dressed Harry."
Harry stood up and closed the zipper of his trousers and buttoned his shirt again and turned around to leave after gathering his bag.

"Mate, wait. You are not in a condition to apparate." Ron spoke, his hands on Harry's shoulders and Harry shoved them off with a curt reply, "I will owl you later. Good bye."

"Harry." He heard Remus call him from a short distance, his voice full of panic and Harry felt bitterness fill him. Remus should have paid taken care of Harry instead of lamenting for Sirius and what was the point now. It was too late. He just ignored Remus and kept on walking ahead, his hands in his pockets.

He saw Parkinson and Greengrass glaring at him and decided to finally take care of them if they bothered Draco or him. Their glares of death wouldn't scare him off.

"Professor Lupin, Snape- Harry- we must stop Harry. Please." He heard Ron even as he followed Harry.

"Harry. Wait please." Remus pleaded him but Harry walked out of Hogwarts very quietly, his face blank and stood at the entryway. His appearance must have told Remus something, perhaps his bitten lips or scratched neck or partially unbuttoned shirt, because he froze and looked at him with horrified eyes. His lips mouthed, "Severus. Merlin!" as he finally joined two and two.

Finally a lone tear trickled down Harry's dry cheeks though his eyes were calm and his face was blank. Bloody tears. He couldn't keep this one at bay and apparated away.

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Severus stayed frozen on the floor after Potter left and Granger shouted at him before following Potter. The shock had not yet registered in his mind. Granger had cast a sobering charm on him and he still could not believe it. In midst of the wreck that was his office now, he stared at the place Potter had just stood, knowing somewhere deep inside his heart that he had fucked everything up.

*Severus, my boy, your anger and hatred will one day cause you unbearable and unescapable pain. Mark my words, my boy.*

The words that Albus had said years ago danced inside his mind and he stared at the spot where he had assaulted Potter blankly.

*He must have given some kind of potion to me. That's why he did not stop me. It's Potters fault, it is. Not mine. Most certainly not. He is probably assaulting my godson as well, being the pervert he is.*

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Please review
Chapter-13

Sacrifice

Yes, I will heal you

Yes I will trust you

Yes, I will take everything you throw at me

No, You must not cry for hurting me.

Instead, I want you to make my sacrifice worth by trying....

trying to heal....

Just try..... try to heal, to live.... for me

Yes, for me

Draco is waiting for Potter. The git is late again and this annoys Draco to no end. The fact that he is worried for the bastard just increases his annoyance and he starts tapping his foot on the floor impatiently.

At that very moment, the door opens and Potter walks in and Draco wants to rant at him, except that he can see that something is wrong. Potter is not bleeding or moaning in pain. At the surface, he looks fine if you ignore his swollen lips, wrongly buttoned shirt and stiff posture. But Draco notices these things through narrowed eyes and asks, "Potter what's wrong?"

Potter just shrugs carelessly and his shoulders shake a bit. The git does not even bother to answer him. Draco's fury mounts at this.

Here he has been waiting for him to return and Potter is not even looking at him.

"You bloody manner-less git. Answer me." Draco demands rudely and Potter who is already on the stairs turns a bit and glares at him. There is something in his eyes that alarms Draco. Something that he has never seen before. Draco knows now that he should have let Potter go instead of persisting.

"Potter." Draco speaks carefully and in a very polite and low voice, barely able to ignore the urge to apologise.

Potter stops and turns around, his eyes dark with fury and walks towards him and Draco knows that Potter is going to hurt him but nothing prepares him for happens next. He expects Potter curse him but the boy reaches him and yanks Draco forward by his collar and practically screams in his face, "Just don't get the hint, do you?. You bloody privileged, over pampered, poncy bastard. You expect me to serve you, listen to you, to sit when you ask me to and stand when you demand."

"Potter, what is-" Draco does not have time to complete his sentence because Potter pushes him away and Draco falls down on his arse.
"Just wait for-" Draco starts but in blur of a motion, Potter bends down and punches him right on his face.

Draco stares at the boy. His green eyes are angry and merciless but something is terribly wrong with them. They lack something, perhaps the brightness which make him Harry Potter. Draco can not decipher as to what is missing but at this moment, Potter's eyes are animalistic and merciless and Draco still cannot move. He is scared yes but he wants to know what is different about today. Surely Potter won't kill him and he can bear this. If he fights back now, Potter will lose his complete control and feel that Draco hates him and all that Draco had strived to achieve in the past few days would be lost. He can't have Potter closing to him again. He knows that Potter won't open to anyone except him or Black and Black is unconscious.

He can't bear to exist in a world in which Potter has defeated the dark lord and has lost his sanity in the process. That is not a victory in his eyes. He has never been a good person or a kind one or polite even but his parents and godfather have always taught him that he is not a monster, that no matter who says otherwise, he is a human being and has a heart and must behave like one.

People think that Severus and father and mother are cold hearted but they are wrong. He relives his godfather's words, "A day will come Draco when you will have to undergo unbearable pain to save a person you love and listen to your instincts at that time Draco instead of this world's judgement regarding you."

Perhaps that day has come and so he lays there and waits for it to get over with. He knows that Potter is not an animal, that he will feel remorse over hurting Draco later, that he would try to control his temper later and it makes his sacrifice worth it. It is utterly mortifying to take it soundlessly. He has been trained to fight back and he has to quieten his screaming urges.

"I had wanted to reconcile our differences for- for you but no, it had to fire back, yet again, on me." Potter shouts and yanks his collar again.

It would take a flick of his hand to throw Potter away and finish this. Potter doesn't know exactly how much powerful and controlled Draco's magic is. But he does not utter a word. He wants Potter to vent out. He wants to know everything that goes around in Potter's mind. He wants to understand Potter inside and out and so he stays quiet, letting Potter have the upper hand on him. Potter doesn't really hate him and Potter's words prove this. He had apparently gone to Severus to reconcile their differences for Draco's sake and something happened over there.

"I want to hate you but apparently I can't." Potter snaps and pushes Draco up before shoving him towards the wall. His left hand clutches Draco's hair and he punches Draco's face with his other hand. Draco screams in pain. It hurts. Of course it does. He wants to fight back. He wants to duel Potter but Potter's mind is not stable enough and so he does nothing. Blood is trickling from the corner of his lips. He can taste it and he grimaces.

"Why should I be responsible for everything? Why should you be so privileged?" Potter glares at him murderously. At this moment, his eyes resemble his aunt Bella's eyes and Draco does not know whether he can cure this madness. His hearts thuds in his chest not because he can see that Potter is going to punch his stomach but because he does not know if there is any hope for Potter at all.

"AHHHHHHHHH." Draco moans in pain and doubles over and Potter punches him again, "What was my fault Malfoy? How dare he. I want to kill him but I can't, not even when he has committed a sin. No! Harry Potter must bear everything silently. You can't even call me by my first name and I-"

After that Potter does not speak anything at all. Potter punches him. He yanks Draco's hair in a
way that suggests that he wants to tear his hair apart. He slaps Draco's cheeks and even bites his neck and ears like a beast. His neck is bleeding from several places and he is sure it's going to scar later.

His screams and moans but tears or blood have no effect on Potter. Draco does not protest, not even once and Potter does not stop. The madness does not decrease and Draco wonders if he can bring Potter to his former glory at all.

Potter's last punch lands him on the floor and he stares at Potter, his vision blurred, and wonders if it is too late. His head spins a minute later and he closes his eyes, embracing the blackness.

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By the time Harry comes back to his senses, Draco is lying in the pool of his own blood, unconscious. He panics and gasps and backs off, horrified at what he has done. It seems that Draco has been beaten by three or four Dudleys.

"Shit." He curses and looks at his own hands, his bloody hands and his knees wobble. He falls down and his hands tremble as he crawls towards Draco's still body. He wonders if Draco is dead and his heart sinks. He had just wanted to protect Draco. He knows that Draco is powerful and what he doesn't understand is that why Draco didn't fight back.

"Draco." He mumbles and shakes Draco's shoulder, "I am sorry Draco. Please wake up."

His neck and ears bear bruises and teeth marks and Harry wants to puke at his own animalistic behaviour.

Tears trickle down his eyes when Draco doesn't respond. He doesn't even move and Harry is bloody frightened now.

"What should I do?" Harry mumbles again and holds Draco's broken wrist. His madness has vanished now. He doesn't understand why he punished Draco for what Snape did. All he understands is that he is an animal, a beast, who won't even stop before he murders the man he has always loved in cold blood.

Draco's breathe is uneven now and his chest is heaving. Harry knows that Draco is dying and Harry has killed him.

"Merlin! what have I done? Draco. Please get up." He pleads and holds Draco's fingers in his. He had vowed to never cry again but tears flow from his eyes and his heart aches. His fingers touch the ring that Draco always wears on him, tenderly He touches the green gemstone on it to clean it. It has blood over it and it must be significant if Draco always keeps it on his finger.

"Oh! Oh dear. I will have to bring Hermione to heal him." Harry jumps in alarm when he hears Luna mumble. He spins around, stumbling on his feet and he has never been so happy and relieved in his life. She is standing with Neville and Ron. They are staring at him and Draco's prone body. The world might call him the saviour but he knows that right now that his friends are the saviours.

"I-" Harry starts but Ron cuts him off, "It's okay Harry. No time for explanations." The red-head is avoiding Harry, as if disgusted by what Harry has done and here Harry had thought that he would be elated.

"Yes. We must place him on a bed before she comes with Hermione. It's a good thing that Luna is studying to become mind healer and Hermione is doing a complete study on healing. You would have been in trouble otherwise. He is dying and would have died if you had not called Luna at the
right moment." Neville snaps at him, his eyes furious as they glare into Harry's.

Isn't this the strangest thing he has ever seen. A Weasley and A Longbottom defending a Malfoy. But he has no time to dwell on these thoughts. He just nods, his eyes back on Draco's prone form now and together they carry the blonde towards his room.

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Please Review
It took an hour to heal Draco's injuries, injuries that had been inflicted by Harry. If Harry had just been suspicious about his insanity earlier, he is sure now.

"Harry we need to talk." It is Hermione who says this and Harry stays quite, perched on the couch and avoids her eyes. She has always been too perceptive and he can't let anyone know about his reasons for kidnapping Draco. They can know about his obsession, love, crush, whatever for Draco but they can't know about the other reason. Telling them about what happened in Snape's office will just embarrass him so he stays mum.

"Neville perhaps we should go. Harry will feel uncomfortable as it is." Luna speaks softly and Neville snaps, "If we can do his dirty work for him, then he can give an explanation for all this. What the hell is happening, Harry? Kidnapping, beating. What's next- molestation and murder, perhaps rape and slow torture."

Everyone including Harry stares at Neville, completely stunned. They are sitting on conjured chairs now and Neville is furious. Again, it's a bit strange that Neville is defending Draco, though it's nice to know that at-least there are people who would protect Draco if Harry dies at the hands of Voldemort or his bastard death eaters. Harry just leans back on his chair and stares at the ceiling because he can't tell anyone, except perhaps Sirius.

"Exactly what happened earlier today Harry?" Neville asks again, his voice hard and Harry looks at his best friends for help.

"Leave it Neville. Let's leave. We can do nothing except supporting him and trying to earn his trust again. All of us are at fault. We should have paid attention to what is happening behind-." Hermione cuts off in between. Her voice breaks and Harry can see her shoulders tremble and Ron still keeps his eyes averted. Harry wants to comfort his best friend but his bitterness does not allow him.

"Ron." Harry whispers as his friends stand up to leave.

Ron ignores him, already on his feet and Harry tries again, "Ron listen to me."

"Harry, what happened was wrong but it wasn't Malfoy's fault. I hate to say this but he deserved better for putting up with this insanity for the past few days." Ron's voice is not normal as he says this and before Harry can say anything, Ron continues, "I asked her to let me go Harry but she did not listen to me. She bloody distracted me and by the time I could escape her- her clutches, it was too late. I am so sorry. I promised myself. I am so so sorry Harry."

Harry can just stare at him in shock and then look at Hermione. She is standing now and her eyes are watering as she gazes at the floor.

Harry wants to say many things. He wants to tell them that it was not their fault but he is hurt that they did not notice that he was slowly slipping into insanity. So he just says curtly, "Please leave me alone for now."

As requested by him, they leave him alone and Harry is alone at last. Hermione wants to hug him
and so does Luna. He can see that but Harry's face indicates that he won't welcome any intimacy. Neville's eyes are disappointed and they stare into his. They are transparent and Harry knows that Neville won't forgive him for hurting Draco like this. Harry does not begrudge him for that. He can hardly forgive himself.

They apparate away, their hands in Luna’s and leave Harry to his own thoughts. Harry walks towards Draco's bed and sits beside the sleeping blonde, lost in his thoughts. His hands start stroking Draco’s hair sub-consciously and words start escaping from his mouth, the words that he would never speak otherwise.

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Draco is awake. He woke up just when Potter's friends apparated. He is about to say something when he hears Potter's mumbling. He almost jumps when Potter starts stroking his hair. It's nice of course, but surprising, nonetheless.

"I am so sorry." Potter says and Draco does not open his eyes to accept the apology because he wants to listen more.

"I was angry and you were convenient. Guess it proves the prophet. The boy-who-lived finally becomes insane and animalistic. I am sorry that I can't protect you from myself Draco. I am sorry for keeping you here away from Hogwarts, away from studies and your dreams but I needed to protect you. I just didn't know that I will become a danger to you as well. I just wanted you to be safe Draco. Of course, I am obsessed with you. Of course I can't bear anyone else touching you but they were not the sole reasons for which I brought you over here. You do not know what I saw Draco and I can't tell you because you won't perceive it as a danger."

Draco is frozen on the bed as he tries to make sense out of Potter's words.

"I can't let you go until I have thought of a way to keep someone with you all the time, someone who won't bother you and someone who can't be defeated. It can't be me of course. You are in danger with me that is why I can't protect you at Hogwarts. They will know and will harm you to defeat me. You see I would accept anything if they would just let you go."

Draco wants to gape at Potter but he can't and Potter won't speak the names and it frustrates Draco.

"I don't know who all are the traitors though I know the names of a couple of them. Merlin knows how many others have been ordered to take you to him. I can't be everywhere and that's the reason I don't want you to go to Hogwarts Draco. I think Voldemort knows about my feelings towards you. Snape never taught me occlumency properly and Voldemort must have seen my dreams. Only, I do not know any way to keep someone always with you Draco."

Potter places his cheeks on Draco's chest. Draco wonders if he can hear Draco's rapid heart beats. But apparently Potter just falls asleep. It must have been a hard day for the boy. Draco still doesn't know everything like what happened at Hogwarts and he does not know the name of the traitors or what did Potter see and when.

The tiredness gets to him and he closes his eyes to get a few more hours of sleep. Sub-consciously, his hands travel on Potter's head and remain there. Potter does not move and Draco falls into peaceful slumber.

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Harry wakes up and finds himself on Draco's chest. Silver eyes are looking at him and a deep
blush rises on Harry's cheeks. He clears his throat and gets up. There is an ache in his neck and Harry stretches his neck on either sides to get rid of it.

"How are you feeling now?" He asks Draco, sitting at a bit of distance from the blonde now.

"You need to tell me what happened." Draco asks, his voice carefully blank and Harry averts his eyes, murmuring, "Nothing important."

Draco closes his eyes and sighs deeply and Harry stays quiet, knowing that Draco is getting impatient. It was perhaps a big coincidence but right at that moment, several owls start tapping at the windows and Harry is saved from having to face Draco's adamant eyes. He gets up to open the windows and let the owls in.

"Bloody owls." Draco curses as three owls fly in and drop three different letters on the bed.

"Open them Potter. What are you waiting for. You are not going to answer me. Come and get this over with." Draco demands and Harry glares at him defiantly, "You have no right to ask this of me."

Draco is angry now and his eyes are narrowed but before the boy can say anything else, Harry sits down on the bed and picks up the first letter. It is from Dumbledore and he starts reading it loudly to annoy Draco. The git always keeps on quarrelling with him and Harry would be damned if he does not irritate the hell out of him as a punishment.

Bloody Arrogant Malfoy.

Harry my boy,

You must return to Hogwarts at once. I have dismissed Severus from his position. He has committed a sin Harry and you must get yourself checked by Poppy. I know that you have Mr. Malfoy with you and I know the reasons as well. I do not know where you actually are and I do not need to know. But you must come and permit us to take action against Severus. We will need your statement. Your best friends refuse to say anything, muttering that it's your story to tell.

It's not right to keep all this inside you. Please listen to this old headmaster and return.

Yours Sincerely,

Albus Dumbledore.

Draco snorts, "I will never understand Dumbledore. Read the next now and read it softly, for merlin's sake. Don't scream in my face. I am not bloody deaf." Harry grins and is about to raise his voice when he notices the name of the person who has sent the letter. He can only whisper.

Potter,

I was drunk. What I would like to know is that why you were in my room-

Potter stops reading and takes a deep breath. "Go on Potter." Draco barks at him.

"All right. No need to shout at me. Bastard."

- looking like Sirius and that too when your classes and training sessions were over. One has to wonder if you wanted to destroy me by accusing me of this sin. One must wonder why you didn't stop me.
Anyways, you are a bastard Potter and stay away from my godson. You and your bloody father. Up to no good both of you.

You don't deserve Draco and it will be better if you keep away from him. He has a bright future and I can well imagine why a fool like you would want to associate with Draco. Somehow I am sure you have captured him and I will find him out.

Severus Snape

Harry can't believe his ears. Snape is accusing him of- of what. How could he have known that the bastard would return completely drunk. Harry couldn't stop Snape because the bastard was stronger then him.

"He has gone mad Potter. Ignore him. Read the next one." Draco speaks, his eyes unreadable and his voice emotionless.

"I don't want your sympathy, you-"

"Read the next one. It bears seal of St. Mungos. Perhaps it carries some news about my mum's cousin." Draco interrupts him impatiently and Harry glares at him murderously before opening the next letter.

Dear Mr. Potter,

We are pleased to tell you that your godfather is awake and you can come to take him home now.

Samuel Burths

(Healer at St. Mungos)

"Sirius is awake. I am so happy." He mutters excitedly and abruptly embraces Draco. He only notices what he has done when Draco hugs him back.

"You just need an excuse to touch me, don't you Potter." Draco says snootily and Harry glares at him once again, pulling back. The glare is counter-productive though because his cheeks are warm and probably red because Draco smirks at him.

"Get ready." He snaps Draco and gets up from the bed to get ready.

He can feel Draco's glare at his skull before the blonde snaps back at him, "Bastard. Just tell me what happened so that I can help."

"Nosey git. I am not telling anything to you. I don't need your help" Harry throws back, his voice irritated and his head inside his wardrobe.

A minute later, Draco appears from no where behind him and slaps his arse hard. Harry yelps and his cheeks turn crimson as he looks at Draco's retreating back before snapping at him, "You git. You stupid idiot nosey git."

"Go to hell Potter." Draco mumbles lazily and Harry speaks loudly, "I will get back to you for this and that too when you will expect it the least."

"We will see." Draco says and gets into the bathroom, his eyes mischievous and Harry grins at his bright eyes and grinning lips. He gets back into his wardrobe, mumbling, "Bloody Malfoy."

He knows that he needs to apologize to him but doesn't know how to.
I will figure something out.

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Please review
Sometimes you do what is needed, no matter what the repercussions are, no matter how painful it is. It is just inevitable.

There is something wrong with the whole incident.

After Potter and his tag-alongs leave him alone, he sends a letter to Potter which he shouldn't have but he is feeling defensive and he does.

Only after the owl leaves does he sit down on his desk and ponder over what had just happened. There are several things that do not seem right.

Harry Potter does not look anything like Sirius and Severus knows that Black is in St. Mungos. He has never felt anything even remotely close to attraction for anyone except Lily or Sirius. It is insane to even question it. He would never lay a hand on anyone, leave alone Potter, inappropriately. It would be against everything he ever stood for. He has strived to protect the boy but no one would believe him, thanks to the Crucioes and forced Leglimency he kept the boy under. He dislikes the boy severely and knows that he is good for nothing but he won't commit such a sin.

Another thing is that Severus can hold his liquor well.

So he wonders what could be the cause of this. Only a potion could do this and anyone could have drugged him in the pub. He would have to visit St. Mungos and get his blood tested.

Since he knows he has just a few minutes before headmaster arrives, he just sits there, trying to reminisce everything that happened after he left the school but he can't so he decides to use a pensieve later.

As expected, a couple of minutes later he hears a knock and the door opens. Albus is standing in front of him, his face grave and disappointed. It hits him harder than he could ever have imagined. There is a tinge of disgust in Albus's eyes and Severus averts his own to avoid his mentor's eyes.

He knows that there is no point of waiting and arguing so he stays quiet.

"You are dismissed Severus. Please leave Hogwarts immediately." Albus says and Severus gets up. He keeps his eyes lowered and summons his things and packs them in a trunk.

"Do you have anything to say at all Severus?" Albus asks him when he is at the entryway.

"I did not do it." He says and Albus replies sharply, "Evidence is against you."

"What you see is not always the truth." He replies coldly and walks out.
Ten minutes later, he has apparated to spinner's end and after placing his trunk over there, he apparates to St. Mungos.

That is why he is sitting here reading his blood reports that the healer brought for him and they say that he was feeded a potion today in the morning and the trace of that potion is almost negligible now.

"An hour and we won't have been able to detect anything Mr. Snape." The healer says and he is about to reply when an owl zooms inside the healer's office right towards him and drops a letter. The owl belongs to St. Mungos and Severus is surprised.

He opens the letter and his eyes sharpen when he reads that Sirius has woken up. In the excitement of his husband's revival, he completely forgets to take the report with him. The healer has already left, perhaps during the minutes when he was still lost in the memories of morning and he gets up and leaves the room, his steps rushed and relieved.

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He laughs as Snape leaves. His eyes gleam manically as he eyes the blood reports of the potions master, the only proof the wizard has.

Stupid man. But then what else could be expected of him. Love does make fools of greatest wizards.

He walks forward and picks up the reports. A flick of his hand the pages are burning and soon they turn into ashes. He hears a gasp behind him and it is the healer who comes in. She is an old lady and he wants to kill her.

The temptation is so strong. It has been long since he has not done it and he longs to hear her cries and pleas of mercy but he knows he can't take the risk right now. He can't arouse suspicion. So far, Snape had been aiding him on his own. The man's hatred for Potter was enough. He just had to mix the potion in his drink in the morning. Honestly, they couldn't even blame him for anything. Snape had wanted to crucio and torture Potter and he didn't have anything to do with it.

What happens next will be on Snape's shoulders as well. He won't have to do a thing.

Snape had always been too easy to manipulate.

He casts obliviate on the aged healer and disappears from St. Mungos, laughing cruelly.

Soon. Soon enough, I will have what I want. Potter dead and the wizarding world at my feet. But the greatest victory will be to have Draco Malfoy at my knees.

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Sirius moans lightly and licks his dry lips. He opens his eyes a bit and closes them again when sunlight streams in through the window. He clears his throat and moves his hands and then legs. It feels that he has been sleeping for years. Clearing his throat again, he tries to sit up.

"Mr. Black, oh you are awake, such a pleasant surprise." A healer comes in at that very moment. She is wearing a beaming smile and her hair is held in a bun. She looks around sixty years old. Sirius smiles back quietly since he can not speak anything just yet. His mouth seems dry and it seems that he has not spoken for ages. He gestures with his hands that he was thirsty and she slaps her head, "Oh! Forgive an old lady. I will just give you a bottle."

She checks his vitals and he sips water. After around fifteen minutes, he speaks, "Can you tell
Severus that I am awake, Severus Snape and my godson, Harry as well."

She looks worried for some reason and he frowns wondering if something is wrong.

She smiles in reply though it is a bit strained and nods before speaking, "I will owl them." This being said, she leaves him alone in the room. A couple of minutes later Severus enters the room and Sirius smiles at his husband. He expects the same reaction from the man but Severus doesn't crack even a little smile and that's how Sirius realizes that something is wrong and it is somehow connected to Harry and Severus.

"How are you?" Severus asks, his eyes guarded and Sirius snorts sarcastically, "As well as I can be, Severus."

Severus's eyes soften at his words and he just stares at Sirius silently. Sirius sighs tiredly and replies, "I am fine. Really I am. Come sit." He has just woken up from a long sleep but is still so tired.

The man just nods and his eyes hold something that Sirius can only name as guilt and desperation. Not many people can claim to understand Severus snape. He is one of the very few who can. Lily was one and Albus understands Severus as well. The man sits beside him and kisses his lips softly. Somehow the kiss seems like a goodbye kiss even though Sirius has just woken up.

"Is something wrong?" Sirius asks when Severus hugs him tightly.

"Hey," Sirius whispers, his chin on Severus's shoulders and continues when he feels a faint tremor in Severus's fingers on his back, "What's the matter? has something happened?"

"Nothing. I am just hugging my husband. Why would anything be wrong?" Comes the bland reply after a few minutes and Sirius is about to ask again when the door opens again and this time, his godson and Draco Malfoy enter the room. His eyebrows rise in surprise. Malfoy junior and Harry have never been civil to each other. Why would they be together?

Harry is almost running by the time he reaches Sirius's room. Draco is on his heels, of course. People around him are staring at Draco with stunned eyes, perhaps because everyone has been searching for the blonde. Even if his parents have dropped the search operation, his godfather hasn't.

Harry does not even bother to knock. He simply opens the door and freezes instantly when he notices Sirius is in Snape's arms. Of course, they are embracing. Snape is Sirius's husband and Harry has accepted it long back. Draco slams into his back and scowls, his lips on Harry's head, "What the hell Potter?" It goes ignored by Harry and Draco huffs.

Harry wants to walk inside and hug his godfather tightly. He wants to talk to him but Snape is sitting on the bed and Harry can't help but relive the moments when the man's hands and mouth had been on him. He wants to bolt out of the room. He wants to run away from Snape. But he has missed his godfather so very much. He can't.

"Potter, it's fine." He hears Draco murmur, the boy's hands on Harry's shoulders. Harry's throat is tight and thick beads of perspiration appear on his forehead. He is frightened. For the first time in his life, he is really frightened of someone. For the first time, someone has got an upper hand on him and it is a very bad feeling.

He can hear some distant voices but all he can see is Snape staring at him with those dreamy eyes, his feet stumbling, his body pressing on his, suffocating Harry. He must have whimpered because
Sirius squeezes his shoulders painfully. Harry comes back to earth and notices that Snape is staring, only his eyes are not dreamy. They are not blank exactly. Harry does not what his eyes are reflecting because they are not smug. Snape has always been an expert in masking his real emotions and Harry is annoyed because he wants to know what Snapes thinks about assaulting him.

"Harry, what's the matter with you?" Sirius is speaking and his voice is calm, patient, unlike it has been before. Harry notices that Sirius's legs are weak and that he is holding Harry's shoulders and Draco is holding Sirius's forearm to help him stand. But Harry also notices that Sirius's complete attention is on Harry. He is tired but worried and not rash or playful. He can see that Sirius has changed and when Sirius hugs Harry, for the first time, it feels that his father is hugging him, instead of his friend.

"You are tired, Sirius. You must sit down." Harry whispers on his shoulders and Sirius asks him, "What was it Harry? You blacked off."

"Nothing." Harry whispers and Draco whispers at the same time, "Perhaps you should ask your husband. He did something and Potter won't tell anyone. Only Weasley and Granger know."

"Draco." Harry warns and Draco replies coldly, "You are in an illusion Potter if you think that I am afraid of you. You need to talk to him Black. He needs to talk to someone."

Sirius looks into Harry's eyes, his own eyes sharp and speaks, "Come. Let's sit. My legs are not used to walking yet."

Harry avoids Snape's eyes and places Sirius's arm around his shoulder and Draco closes the door behind him. Snape is staring at Draco now, his eyes still unreadable. He averts his eyes yet again when Snape's gaze snaps to his.

Three minutes later, they are on the bed with Harry in front of Sirius, his legs crossed and his eyes lowered and Draco is standing somewhere behind him. Snape is at the window now.

"So, Harry, tell me what's wrong." Sirius asks him and Harry simply shakes his head. Again, it feels that it is father who is asking him and that Harry must tell everything because fathers always make it better and he can't. How can he ruin Sirius's marriage?

After a long silence, Sirius finally speaks, "Sometimes Harry, we have to do something which pains us because it is the right thing to do. I have been your friend Harry but I would like to be your father. You must tell me what happened so that I can help you. I would never hold anything against you, no matter if the evidence is against you or in your favour."

Slowly Harry looks at his godfather and then turns around to look at Draco. Draco smiles a bit and nods. His smile is strained, of course it is. Snape is his godfather. Still, it helps Harry. Strange but true. Harry loves Draco and doesn't know what he would do without his blonde. Harry doesn't know the extents to which he would go to protect Draco. Perhaps there are no extents at all. It is a frightening thought. He looks at Sirius again and his godfather's eyes are patient and calm and are waiting for his answer. Sirius takes Harry's hand in his and squeezes reassuringly. Harry does not look at Snape. He does not want to lose his nerve again.

He closes his eyes and breaths deeply before opening them again.

"I- I was waiting for Snape in his office to make my peace with him. I just did not want Draco or you to chose between Snape and me. He returned half an hour later, completely smashed and..."

By the end, his eyes are wet and his fingers that are entwined together on his lap are trembling.
Sirius is staring at him and Draco is not standing now. He is sitting on a chair, staring at Snape. His eyes are not cold or disappointed. They are simply unreadable. Snape is looking out of the window, although it's quiet obvious that Snape has heard everything.

Harry looks into Sirius's eyes again. His godfather is silent and Harry never seen such coldness in his eyes. His eyes are cold and there is steel in them. He looks strong even though his cheeks are sunken and his legs are wobbly and he suddenly hugs Harry tightly. He does not say anything because nothing would make this better. No words would. Only time will heal this wound and Sirius knows this. When Harry pulls back, Sirius blinks and then smiles lazily at him. His godfather has always been devastatingly handsome and Harry knows what he is about to do. He opens his mouth to say something but Sirius shakes his head, his eyes cold and furious.

"My solicitor will send the divorce papers tomorrow, Severus. Leave." Sirius speaks and for the very first time Snape's blank eyes are frightened. Harry realizes that Snape loves Sirius and Sirius loves him as well but he doesn't want to stop his godfather so he stays quiet and just watches the scene unfold before him.

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Severus is not really surprised. Black has always been blind where is godson is concerned. He looks at his husband, his eyes a bit frightened and a bit sad. He will have to bring his tests reports to prove the claims false but he did torture Potter and Sirius would hate him for it.

He decides to owl Mungos to send his report directly to spinners end. He just wants to leave. The look in Black's eyes is unbearable.

Severus almost flinches when Black speaks coldly, "My solicitor will send the divorce papers tomorrow, Severus. Please leave." and Severus does not even look at him before walking towards the door.

Just when Severus is at the door, Sirius speaks again and Severus freezes at the entry way, his face towards the door, "Never let it be said, Severus that Harry stole me away from you. Both of us know very well that what you have done is unforgivable. I will ensure that you get punished for it. Never let it be said that James is plotting from beyond his grave to keep me away from you because James had not forced you to assault my son."

Severus finally turns around at that and looks at him. His keeps his eyes emotionless and drawls arrogantly, his hands in his pockets, "Do I get to say anything at all?"

Sirius does not say yes but does not say no as well.

"How do you know that he was not there because of some twisted desire of his. Draco has always been his nemesis. Why will he make peace with me for him. He captured my godson-" Severus knows that the pig-headed boy had no such desire but he is trying to prove a point here. Black is so quick in trusting his godson and blaming Severus for everything, not even stopping to think that Severus might be innocent. Of course Potter cuts him off. Bloody manner-less and arrogant just like his dead father.

"There is a reason for that Sirius. I swear there is. Please trust me- " The boy starts and Black replies, trying to comfort his godson, "I trust you Harry. I do." He murmurs and it is Draco Malfoy who stands in front of Severus now. To say that Severus is surprised is an understatement.

When the younger Malfoy speaks, his voice is cold, "I thought I knew you Severus. Apparently, I was wrong." and Severus wants to gape at his godson because the boy is defending Potter of all people. It is obvious that Potter had captured Draco and somehow it completely slipped Severus's mind till now that Draco might be hurt and he is sure that it is the Stockholm syndrome that is compelling Draco to defend Potter.

"Listen to me Draco. He does not love you. He is not good for you and he is mad. He does not deserve you. Moreover he had kidnapped you. This is just Stockholm syndrome. Come with me. I must check you for injuries." Severus says and Draco stares at him before scowling, "I am not coming with you. Have you gone insane Severus."

Severus snaps at him, his voice stern, "You are my godson and I forbid you to talk to him. Come with me."
He holds Draco's hands and of course Potter gets up but Black is faster and stops the boy. Severus knows why. He does not want Severus to have anything negative to say about the boy in the court of law, if necessary.

"Leave me alone Severus." Draco snaps and Severus tightens his hold, "No. He is not good for you Draco."

Just before Severus leaves the godforsaken room, Sirius mutters, "I always wondered what Lily saw in James that she didn't see in you. Now I know. You never understood love Severus and you never would. I think that you are not even worth being loved. I had fallen in love with an illusion."

Severus looks at Sirius, his eyes carefully blank and mutters, "Think whatever you wish. I won't have my godson being destroyed for the sake of this stupid, filthy boy. To answer your question Black, I know what love is. Better than you perhaps and your stupid godson as well."

Severus leaves after that, slamming the door behind him and drags his godson along with him.

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Sirius gathers his struggling godson in his arms, murmuring, "He will come back. He is Lucius's child Harry. If you would have acted just now, you would only have confirmed his words. It would have been counter productive. We have to be careful. Don't worry. He will come back."

"I know that. He promised me and I trust him. I captured him for a legitimate reason. I need to return before they -." Harry is frantic now, his cheeks sweating, his hands trembling and Sirius wishes that he was not weak and could follow Severus but he can't. Merlin, he can't.

"Why did you capture him?" Sirius asks sharply and continues when Harry does not stop struggling, "I will bring him back. Use your mind Harry. Severus can't stop Draco from returning to Hogwarts. He can't keep him away from you and we will talk to his father okay. Now tell me everything."

Finally Harry is calming down and looking at him. He trusts Sirius and Sirius will keep his promise this time. He won't lose Harry again.

Harry does not speak for a few moments and just studies his eyes. Sirius knows that Harry is trying to make a decision. He is like Lily in this aspect. He would forgive Sirius for being careless and irresponsible in the past and Harry's nod confirms his thoughts and he sighs in relief before Harry finally starts speaking.

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Draco is still being dragged by Severus when he sees his parents asking the receptionist impatiently about him. Someone must have tipped them off about his presence in St. Mungos.

"Father. Mother." He yells and Severus tightens his hands around Draco's wrist. Severus's eyes are dark and his face is furious. It is almost as if he is punishing Potter for what happened in the room.

Father turns to look at him and so does mother. Where on one hand mother rushes towards him, father simply breathes in relief and smiles at him. Father has changed a bit. Draco can see that. He does not have dark circles any more and his eyes seem lighter. His shoulders are not slumped and he does not wear that permanent frown. Draco notices that his mother has changed as well. She doesn't care about what others think. She kneels in front of him and hugs him tightly and her body shakes. His former doubts are cleared now. His parents have given up the dark lord's cause.
"Draco. I missed you so much." She murmurs and father places a hand on his head, patting it and looking into his eyes searchingly, "Are you fine Draco? What's wrong?"

Draco can only stare. His proud, aristocratic, arrogant father who has never looked at him like this ever, at least not in front of outsiders is looking at him as if no one except Draco matters. Father has always been busy. He has his business and then the dark Lord's bidding to take care of. He rarely ever has any time for Draco. Unless Draco himself owls him, father never communicates with him. Don't get Draco wrong. Draco has always been looked after.

Father and mother have always loved him and so has Severus. No one has ever raised a hand at him. They showed their love in ways only he understood. Now Draco knows why. They couldn't let themselves be caught and he is happy that his parents have changed now or are back to how they were when he was a baby.

"Draco." His father repeats and he comes back to earth. Severus has let his hand off now and he is standing with his hands crossed at a bit of distance. Mother kisses his forehead and gets up as well.

"I must talk to both of you about what happened today. It's very important and there are things I still don't understand." Draco murmurs and father nods before glancing at Severus.

"No father. I want him to leave. Please. I will tell everything to you when we are alone. Just trust me." Draco pleads and father's eyebrows raise in surprise.

"Of course Draco. When did we say that we do not trust you. You just took us by surprise." Mother says while brushing off invisible lint from his robes. This is surprising. Mother does not like such gestures in public. Draco hugs her because he can't control the urge and mother hugs him back whereas father places a hand on his shoulder. They pull back in surprise when Severus snaps in a sharp and resolved voice.

"I won't let that boy manipulate you Draco. You are coming with me." Severus says and places a hand on Draco's shoulder. A second later he understands what is happening. Severus has apparently side-along apparated him and he watches his father's and mother's gaping faces as he disappears. He can just hope that mother and father return to safety quickly. It is not safe for them to wander around like this until the war is over.

When he opens his eyes, he notices that he is in Spinner's end with Severus. He has spent half of his life in this cottage but for the first time it seems like a prison as his godfather drags him inside.

"Out of one prison and in another. Great" He mumbles.

Severus closes the door and looks at him, his eyes calm, although a bit shaken, perhaps by Black's words. Draco scowls at him though. He does not want to sympathize with him.

The urge in him to check out that Potter is fine after that overwhelming confession is so strong that he can't help but glare at his godfather and snap at him, "I will be in my room, godfather."

"Okay." Severus mutters and his eyes are not angry.

He is on the stair when he hears, "I am not taking any kind of revenge on him Draco. The more you get attached to him, the more you will be prone to being hurt. The Dark Lord is merciless and I am afraid he has some special plans for you Draco. He is being very tight lipped about them and so no one except perhaps Bellatrix Lestrange knows. I only want you to be safe. You are not safe with him. He is trouble on legs and is good for nothing. You are my son Draco. I can't let you be hurt."
Draco freezes, his hand on the railing and wonders if that was why Potter had captured him. That would be a legitimate explanation but how would Potter know if no one does. He needs to talk to Potter about this. But he can't because his godfather has chosen to hide him to keep him away from Potter.

Draco realizes that Severus is doing this because he cares for him and the realization compels him to turn around and look at his godfather.

"You can't hide me forever and I won't stay away from him." He speaks in a very 'matter of fact' voice.

"Maybe I can't hide you forever and that will be wrong. You have a bright future ahead and I will never stop you from achieving your dreams but I will keep him away from you. Mark my words, Draco. Now dinner will be ready in half an hour. Billy will come to call you. I will be in my lab if you need me. Do not leave the premises." Severus says softly and spins around, his robes billowing around him.

Draco huffs in annoyance and walks towards his room. He can of course leave Spinner's end but he mustn't. Potter would never let him see the end of it. If the boy had captured him because of Dark Lord's some mysterious plan then he would be furious on realizing that Draco was apparating all over London to reach him when they will be meeting at Hogwarts tomorrow.

Annoyed and frustrated, he walks towards his room to have his much needed rest. He has had a long day. He decides to owl Potter before retiring though. The boy won't sleep at all if he does not receive a word from him.

Sighing, he summons a parchment and quill to pen down the letter.

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Hey Thanks for reading. Please review
Captured for the third time

Chapter-17

Captured for the third time

Seated in a small grey-walled cell is Draco Malfoy, cursing his stupid luck.

Draco had just taken his dinner and was walking back to the dungeons to relax.

He still does not know how he didn't notice Greyback sneak behind him. In the matter of seconds, he was stunned and blindfolded and then carried out of hogwarts and then apparated. When he opened his eyes, Greyback was binding his feet.

So here he is sitting on the hard floor, alone and anxious. He doesn't know how much time has passed but a few hours have at least elapsed.

People have two faces. One that is for everyone and one that is for their close ones.

Draco remembers father saying this multiple times during his childhood and Draco is surprised and honored to have witnessed Potter's different faces. The boy has more then two. In the past seven days, he has seen many several faces of Potter. He has stopped counting now.

CLUNK CLUNK

He tries to move his left feet to place his ankle on his thighs but he can't. His feet are shackled. Greyback, who threw Draco has taken care to shackle him properly. He can't cast any spell while he has this stuff around his ankle.

The werewolf's end is near. Draco knows that Harry will not leave Greyback alive. It's just a matter of time before the green eyed boy finds Draco.

To get back to his green eyed Harry Potter..... Potter's different faces are the only things that keep him distracted over here. It is dark but there is a small barred window on the very top of the wall through which a bit of light is streaming in. The doors are invisible. Obviously they open for his captors only.

Having nothing to do but stare at the dull walls, Draco lets the past wash over him.

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It has been a week since Draco returned to Hogwarts. Harry has been visiting him daily at night. It has become a habit of his. He can't sleep without Draco beside him now.

Today is no different except for the fact that Draco left a bit early and Harry was starving so he took a bit of time to finish. Ron and Hermione tried to talk to him again but he ignored them like he had been doing for the past week. Neville was pointedly ignoring him and Luna was being her dreamy self.

Immediately after finishing his dinner, he walks towards the dungeons under his cloak and sneaks inside with a sixth year.

He knocks the door of Draco's room but he doesn't get an answer so he knocks again.
Still no answer.

Perhaps Draco is just sleeping.

But Draco sleeps late. He reads before sleeping.

Harry knocks again and whispers softly, "Draco, open the door." but receives no answer.

He is under his invisibility cloak and has somehow escaped being caught for the last week. He can't control the urge to bang the door now though. Draco is not opening the door and he always does. Draco knows that Harry can't sleep without Draco beside him.

"Draco. Draco" He shouts and shrugs his cloak off. He pounds the door repeatedly chanting Draco's name but receives no answer.

Gasp of surprise are audible now.

"Potter, what, pray tell, are you doing here?"

The voice belongs to Pansy Parkinson. She is standing with Zabini and Crabbe and Goyle are staring at him slack-jawed. Harry is about to snap at them when he notices something. They look different. On the first point, Parkinson is not hanging off Zabini's arms and her eyes are not insane. She has dark circles which she had not had in the great hall just half an hour back. Zabini is not smirking at him maliciously and Greengrass is nowhere to be seen.

Harry blinks rapidly when Zabini snaps his fingers in front of him and mutters impatiently, "Earth to Potter."

Harry looks at them and blurts out, "Who are both of you?" They do not resemble the people he has been watching for the past week.

For just a moment, their eyes spark anxiously. The moment passes and their faces turn blank again.

"What are you doing over here? In Slytherin common room, pounding on Draco's door, no less." Zabini asks and seems a bit nervous and Harry breaths hard wondering why Zabini would feel nervous.

"Open this door. I need to see Draco." He demands and Parkinson shakes her head in denial.

"Just go away. He is probably sleeping." She mutters blankly and Harry is furious. He is so furious that he wants to blast them apart but he can't so he merely turns around, ignoring their cold glares and points both his hands towards Draco's door before concentrating hard to blast it apart.

"ALOHOMORA." He shouts and with a bang, the door breaks and the pieces of wood scatter all around.

No word or protest can be heard and he does not bother to check the reactions of slytherins who are slowly coming out of their dorms in their sleeping pajamas.

He enters inside to check for any trace of struggle or blood or torn and scattered clothes but nothing.

The bed is made up and the clothes are in his wardrobe. The room is impeccably clean as always and Harry feels dizzy.
This means that Draco was captured before he reached the dungeons.

He turns around and notices that Parkinson and Zabini are frozen on the spot.

"Have you seen him after dinner?" He asks and Zabini shakes his head before muttering, "No."

"Do you happen to know anything about where he could be?" Harry asks and Parkinson speaks in a low voice, "No. No we don't."

"If I find out that you are behind this, Parkinson or that idiot Greengrass, I assure you, Azkaban will be a piece of cake in front of how I would punish you."

"I don't know where he is. Do stop overreacting Potter. He might be flying at the pitch and do tell him to meet us if you find him."

This being said, they turn around and walk towards their respective dorms, their backs stiff. Harry feels strange once again. It's as if they have changed completely in the matter of just half an hour. How is that possible.

He just knows that they know something but he can't prove it. Had they captured him, they would have fled away. He is suspicious of Zabini as well now.

He stores the information in his head for later and shakes his head before starting to run, ignoring the startled looks of the other Slytherins who had gathered a few minutes back.

He needs to find Draco before they hurt him.

"Harry. Wait." He hears and turns around to find Hermione and Ron running towards him. He had felt that someone was following him. They must have waited out of the Slytherin common room for him.

"Draco has disappeared. I need to find him." Harry pants. They look genuinely worried for him.

"Mate, you can't just run headlong into danger like this." Ron speaks harshly, his eyes sparkling with stubbornness and Hermione echoes him, "Yes, we need to plan our steps. There is no point-"

He ignores them just like he has been doing for the past week and starts running towards the pitch to check if he is flying.

They follow him and Harry increases his pace. He is surprised to see that they are still following him but he keeps running, his heart pounding and his body drenched in sweat.

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Draco calls this face of Potter as 'big baby face' and wishes he gets to witness it again. With a chuckle, he gets lost in the memory...

It has been a long day and Draco wants to sleep. He has tried reading but can't seem to keep his eyes open. His eyes are drooping tiredly and so he decides to just go to sleep. Shrugging off his shirt, he lays down in just his pajamas.

Only a minute has passed, or so he thinks, when his eyes shoot open. He is shocked to realize that his hands are tied on either side of his head. His eyes travel towards his thighs in surprise when he feels someone settling down on them and his mouth falls open in shock when he finds Potter sitting cross-legged on his joined thighs.
His arms are crossed on his chest and he is pouting.

Yes Potter is pouting. His eyes are – are just like a child’s, a child who has been denied a candy or thinks that he will be denied if he asks.

Draco waits for Potter to do something. After all Draco is almost naked. His pajamas are riding low and a fine trail of his blonde hair is visible. His chest is trimmed and he knows that he looks handsome. By now, Potter should be on him, everywhere around him but Potter sits on his legs, his lips pouting and his eyes looking at Draco.

He looks like a big and an adorable baby and Draco feels an overwhelming urge to pull his cheeks.

"What, pray tell Potter, do you intend to do with me tied up like this?" Draco asks and Potter just pouts at him, turning his head towards right. Of course the boy wants something that he thinks Draco would deny and he is being a big baby about it.

Draco's lips upturn in a smile as he asks, "What's the matter? Tell me Potter. Come on.”

Potter shakes his head petulantly and Draco can barely control the urge to laugh now. Honestly, he had never known that Potter was so bloody cute.

"Potter." He speaks very softly now and finally Potter looks at him before mumbling, "I want to sleep here. Don't want to sleep alone. But you won't let me. I know you won't."

They have been sleeping together for the past few days and had Draco not been so tired, he might have missed the boy as well.

He nods and murmurs, "It's okay. You should just have asked me.”

Potter looks at him and pouts again, this time his eyes are suspicious just like a small child's are when he is promised a candy if he drinks his milk.

"Promise?" Potter asks and Draco nods before smiling, "Promise.”

He does not even remember when he has promised someone last time and he wants to pull his cheeks so much now.

"Now let me go. I am tired. It has been a long day. Your over-pampering has spoiled me.”

For a moment, Potter's eyes cloud with remorse and Draco knows what he is thinking but then they become childishly innocent and wary once again as he unties Draco.

Potter is peaking at him, checking if Draco is going to shove him and Draco finally chuckles, "Honestly Potter. You are such a big and adorable baby.”

Potter's cheeks color as he lays down beside a now untied Draco Malfoy and Potter closes his eyes before murmuring very softly, "I am allowed to be childish with you.”

"You are?" Draco asks and Potter simply turns and gazes at him with his wide green eyes. Draco can't control anymore so he pulls Potter's cheeks softly and Potter's cheeks tinge red again.

Potter's eyes are so tender that Draco's breathe hitches. No one has ever looked at him like this before.

He realizes with a jerk that he does not want to lose this, this version of Potter who is looking
tenderly at him and his breathe catches again. Potter closes his eyes, apparently satisfied that Draco is not going to send him away and falls asleep. Draco wonders if the boy will insist on hugging or spooning Draco but he doesn't. Potter is asleep within seconds, his face relaxed.

But Draco stays awake for a a long while, just staring at Potter.

He won't send Potter away even if he is forced to. He can't and he doesn't understand where this is leading to but he knows that he wants to find out.

Draco blinks and comes back to earth, expecting to find Potter sleeping beside him but Potter is not here and Draco feels an overwhelming surge of despair. It is impossible to contain and Draco plunges into another memory, memory of just the following day.

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Draco is not on the pitch or the kitchen or the library and Harry is panting by now. He is frightened and on the verge of a panic attack. What he had expected has happened now. They have captured Draco right under his nose.

He decides to fly on his firebolt to find Draco. He doesn't know where he could be but he has to find out somehow.

Just when he is about to summon his firebolt, he hears, "Freeze." And his body freezes. Hermione and Ron walk towards him and Hermione mutters, "We are going to headmaster's room. He is the only one who can help us and then we are summoning his parents."

Harry is burning with fury but can't really do much, frozen like this.

Hermione is determined though and Ron echoes her, "Glare all you want mate. We are not abandoning you ever again. We choose to support you and you just have to live with it."

"He is right Harry. You can fight with me all you want but after we have found Malfoy and you are NOT running towards unknown and you are NOT running ALONE even if you do manage to escape." Hermione mutters, her eyes fierce, "Now we can't waste precious time so I am going to have to unfreeze you. If you summon your broom, so help me Merlin, I will hide it somewhere you will never find it."

Harry blinks his eyes to communicate that he agrees and Hermione removes the freezing charm from him.

He is about to yell at her when she whispers, "Let's go to the headmaster's office."

"Yes, mate. Malfoy is probably waiting for his knight in shining Armour." Ron mutters, his voice sarcastic and Harry can't help but smile a bit at that. But he has still not forgiven them so he stays quiet and follows them silently, with Hermione and Ron on his either side, just like old times.

He does not want to admit but it does heal a wound that had been created by the ignorance of his best friends.

She is right. He can't hurt anyone else just because he is reckless and foolish. So he decides try to do it their way, strategically and patiently. Well as patiently as he can anyways.

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Please review. Pretty please.
Possessive face.

That was Potter's next face that Draco had witnessed and it had made him feel all warm and tingly inside.

*Potions is the subject Draco loves the most and Draco gets lost in the subject so much that he forgets everything else. That was, perhaps, why he didn't notice when Theo pressed their thighs together. He was thinking about the recipe of anti of love potion. It was interesting and Theo was probably trying to flirt with him but Draco has never been interested in the boy so he didn't notice the boy's attempts.*

Harry noticed, though and Draco was walking towards the dungeons after dinner when he heard a shuffle from somewhere near him. He froze and looked around but there was no one at all so he shrugged and started walking again.

He takes one step when suddenly he is grabbed by his waist and dragged into a dark alcove which he does not even know exists. His mouth is covered by his capturer's hand which is why he can't yell.

He is pressed face first against a wall and his hands are pinned on either side of his shoulder and a strong body presses against his back.

Someone breathes on his neck before nuzzling it. Draco forces his breathe to calm down and realizes with a jolt that the hands and the scent of aftershave and quidditch belongs to none other than Potter.

"Potter, what the fuck is this?" He murmurs angrily because this is no way to treat a person you fancy. Why the fucking hell would the boy drag and pin him in a dark alcove.

Ignoring him, Potter presses insistently against his back. The boy's erection presses on his arse and merlin Potter is hard and Draco's erection twitches in response.

"He was all over you today." Potter murmurs, his face buried in Draco's neck and his hands pinning Draco's and Draco has no idea about what Potter is saying.

"Who?" Draco asks, confused. Potter is nuzzling his neck and it's hard to concentrate when all Draco wants is to turn around and kiss Potter hard.

"Nott. He was all over you and it burned me throughout the day." Potter whispers and his teeth graze Draco's throat.

Draco moans lightly and replies, his voice breathy, "He most certainly wasn't."

"He was pressing his thighs against yours and he was breathing on your neck." Potter whispers. His voice is hard and Draco moans when Potter's teeth dig in his neck. He wants to press back against Potter but Potter has pinned him effectively.

"You are mine Draco." Potter growls and he kisses the bite mark on Draco's neck tenderly. The
kiss is as tender as the bite was hard.

"Mine. But don't worry. I have taught him a lesson. He will never be able to repeat it again.” Potter murmurs and Draco freezes.

"What have you done?” He snarls and Potter laughs bitterly, "So worried for your lover. So sweet."

Draco breathes hard. He is worried now. He doesn't want Potter to hurt anyone just because Potter feels like it. That will turn him into likes of Voldemort and Draco can't let that happen.

Draco will never know how but somehow he gathers his strength and pushes Potter off him. He whirs around and looks at Potter.

Potter is standing in front of him now. His eyes are green and utterly, utterly insane. He is panting and his hair is messier then they have ever been.

Potter never ceases to amaze him. Draco has never witnessed such madness before.

Potter is furious and he can see angry magic cracking around Potter's fingers.

Draco can almost imagine Potter of future standing in front of him, his hands bloody and his eyes merciless and remorseless. Draco panics. He does not want Potter to turn into a monster who can't control his fury.

"What did you do to him?” Draco asks but Potter smirks. His smirk is evil and Draco's forehead is sweating now. Just yesterday, Potter was sitting on him, pouting like a baby and he does not want that Harry Potter to die.

Draco walks forward and holds Potter's shoulders and stares hard at him.

"I will not have you turn into a monster Potter. You will tell me what you did to him and you will tell me right now." Draco whispers softly and the madness in Potter's eyes reduces a bit.

"Why do you care?” Potter asks and Draco knows that he has to answer honestly.

"Because- because I do not want to lose you." Draco replies and his reply surprises himself because he is terrified of losing Potter. "I will not let you succumb to your fury Potter."

Potter stares at him for a few moments and the fury vanishes completely, replaced by guilt. Draco is so bloody relieved.

"I hurt him. I cast a cutting curse on him and he is really hurt.” Potter whispers and his voice shakes as he looks into Draco's eyes.

"You will go and cast the anti on him." Draco murmurs and Potter denies, shaking his head vehemently.

Draco squeezes his shoulders hard and murmurs, his voice hard, "You will go and witness the pain you caused to him and you will apologise."

Their eyes hold each other for a few moments and Potter mumbles, "Kiss me."

Draco shakes his head, mumbling back, "No. I won't kiss a monster."

Potter pulls back and turns around before crossing his hand on his chest.
“You just like Nott. You hate me.” Potter mumbles petulantly but Draco can read Potter now. This is Potter's insecurity. Potter is not acting. He really thinks that Draco likes Nott.

Draco breathes and before he attempts to prove his feelings to Potter, he has to accept them to himself.

He is attracted towards the git. He is not just attracted. He likes him. He does not just like him. Draco is bloody fond of Potter. He does not know when this happened, perhaps when Potter was pouting at him or perhaps when he realized that Potter captured him to protect him.

Potter needs him and no one has ever needed Draco before.

Draco breathes again. Yes, bloody hell, he is falling for Potter and he can't stop now. He moves forward until he faces Potter. Potter's eyes are insecure and sad and Draco moves close to Potter until the distance closes between them and holds Potter's cheeks in his hands.

They are soft and Draco caresses them tenderly before pressing their lips together. A low growl escapes Draco's throat and he feels a desperate urge to devour Potter. He wants Potter so much at that moment that he can't help but let his aggression out of him.

He sucks Potter's lower lip in his and Potter's eyes are wide and vulnerable as they gaze at him.

It is hard to express the emotions churning inside him right at this moment. But somehow he has to. He needs to let Potter know. He needs to let this frustration out, the frustration that has been building inside him ever since he found himself in Potter's warm arms that morning.

He growls again and bites Potter's lower lip. Potter moans inside his mouth and Draco slips his tongue inside Potter's mouth.

Draco is new to all this. He has never felt the urge to pin someone but wants to cover Potter's entire body with his.

With this in mind he shoves Potter with his body until Potter is pinned on the wall and proceeds to kiss him with every ounce of passion he has. He bites his lips and maps his mouth until he can remember it in his sleep. He entwines his fingers with Potter's and stretches Potter's hands on his both sides and plunges in Potter's mouth.

He has never kissed anyone like this before. He bites the corners of Potter's mouth desperately and sucks it until his lips are swollen and plump. Just the image of Potter's swolen and red lips around his erection make him hard and, good merlin, he wants Potter so bloody much.

It feels that Draco can't stop. Potter's mouth is intoxicating and addictive and he could keep on kissing Potter forever. However, all good things must end so he pulls back. Unable to control the urge, he plunges in again.

A moment later, he detaches their lips and realizes that Potter's body is boneless now and Potter would fall if Draco pulls back completely so he doesn't. He holds Potter by his armpits and lowers him down gently.

As expected, Potter is still lost in the after effects of the kiss. Draco is panting and merlin, he wants to undress Potter and make love to him but he won't, not until Potter is himself. He needs to return Potter to his former glory first. This Harry Potter, unstable and angry is not the Potter he has known. This Harry Potter has been created by the wizarding world and Draco will bring Harry Potter back, even if that is the last thing he ever does.

Potter settles down on his arse, his legs spread in front him, staring at Draco and Draco smiles,
"You have your proof Potter. Will you go and heal him now? I would hate it if my boyfriend turns into a remorseless monster. You do understand why you shouldn't have done it, don't you?"

It is close to impossible to talk. Draco is sitting between Potter's legs and Potter is hard and so is Draco.

His erection is practically screaming to be let out and relieved but Draco needs to know.

Guilt colours Potter's eyes and Potter nods.

"Will you heal him?" Draco asks and Potter nods again.

Draco leans forward and pecks Potter softly on his lips and Potter's eyes are dreamy now.

Satisfied, Draco leaves the alcove. He is at the door when he turns around. Potter is sitting in the same position, touching his lips, his green eyes amazed and tender...

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They are at Dumbledore's door when he remembers something. The ring on Draco's finger. Luna had appeared when he had rubbed it. It meant that she could help him find Draco. He takes a u-turn and starts running towards the Ravenclaw tower.

"Harry."

"Mate."

His friends call him but he ignores them. Draco is the only one he wants to think about right now.

Draco is on the verge of slipping into another memory when the door opens and in comes, his captor, Fenrir Greyback, as vicious and ugly as ever. He has a plate of food in his hands and Draco looks at him blankly.

"So, little Malfoy, enjoying your stay over here?" The werewolf asks him and Draco can barely prevent the shudder that wracks his body. He truly despises Greyback and he doesn't reply, instead staring at the ceiling quietly.

To his horror, Greyback walks close to him and places the plate near Draco's hand and the places his dirty hands on Draco's chin. Draco pulls back in repulsion and Greyback pulls Draco's face close to his, muttering, "So feisty. I would enjoy biting you, little Malfoy. I have wanted to make you my mate for a long time now and perhaps the dark lord will let me fulfill my wish."

Draco stares at him in shock. He is not terrified, not even slightly. He pities Greyback, really. He is going to suffer a very terrible and messy death. Draco doesn't know how much time has passed since he was brought here but voices reach his ears at times. Some belong to children and others belong to women and some to men. It infuriates him.

"I am going to make you my bitch Malfoy. How does it feel, tell me?" Greyback murmurs, his fingers on Draco's chin.

Draco looks piteously at him before murmuring, "Enjoy the last moments of your life while you can."

"Oh! I am so scared. Harry Potter is going to come and save you, eh? You really think so. He will find someone else, Malfoy. You are nothing to him." He whispers and Draco starts laughing at him. Greyback is so startled that he stumbles on his feet and falls on his arse.

Draco doubles over in laughter. Potter- Harry loves Draco. He doesn't just love Draco. He adores Draco. He is madly in love with Draco and Draco is worried that he will go insane if Draco dies and Harry is going to kill Greyback. Draco knows that it is going to be messy.

Greyback's words bring back a memory but he will reminisce it when he is alone.

"You bastard." Greyback murmurs and slaps him hard on his cheeks. Even with a stinging cheek, Draco laughs. Greyback is such an idiot. Greyabck slaps his other cheek too and Draco knows
that this will only fuel Harry's fury.

Draco had rather hoped to calm him down but now he won't be able to. But then something happens that sends a glimmer of fear in Draco. Greyback nears him and pulls his hair back before murmuring, "I am going to bite you young Malfoy."

"Your lord will never let you-" Draco tries and the wolf smirks at him, "I will risk his wrath." before revealing his dirty teeth and coming close to Draco's neck.


Harry finds Luna near the black lake. She is sitting on the grass and looks at him, smiling a little. Neville is sitting with her, frowning a bit. Harry reaches her and pants to catch his breath, his hands on his knees.

To his surprise, his palm is opened and she places a ring on it.

"Just rub it and close your eyes. It will take you to him." She whispers and he stares at her. She is smiling.

"Shouldn't we go with him?" Neville says and she shakes her head, "It won't be difficult and I don't think that we will be able to digest it. Go on Harry, before it's too late."

Harry nods and rubs the ring. Neville's astonished and concerned face is the last thing he watches before vanishing.

He opens his eyes to a very horrifying scene. Draco is on the floor and Greyback is bent over him. He flicks his hand and Greyback flies over to the opposite wall and slumps down, his startled eyes looking at Harry.

"Harry." Draco murmurs softly and Harry looks at him. The very first thing he notices is the hand print on both his cheeks. He links it to Greyback and Draco looks into his eyes before whispering again, "Harry, we can just leave."

Harry doesn't reply and looks at Greyback with narrowed eyes. Just leaving will not calm his fury down. How dare this animal touch Draco? How dare he hurt Draco? Greyback is a black mark on the name of all werewolves and deserves death, painful and cruel death.

Harry looks into his eyes, his nostrils flaring and conjures a silver and a heavy stick. Greyback's crazed eyes are terrified now.

"Harry, don't. I am fine."

Harry ignores Draco because he wants it to be known that anyone who hurts his Draco will die a very painful death.

Harry lifts the stick and hits his arm first. Greyback screams and tries to move. Harry flicks his fingers and thick ropes tie his legs and hands down.

"Potter. Please I am sorry. please." He begs him and Harry's fury only rises.


As Draco had expected, Harry doesn't stop. The stick rise and falls and rises again and then falls. Greyback is dead but Harry doesn't stop. Greyback is lying a pool of his own blood, his face ruined beyond recognition and Harry still doesn't stop.
"He is dead. Stop." Draco murmurs and Harry doesn't hear him.

"Drop the bloody stick at this very instant Potter. He is dead." Draco snaps sharply at him and only then does Harry throw the stick away and turns to look at Draco. His face and hands are covered with greyback's blood and he flicks his bloody hands to remove Draco's shackles. Draco closes his eyes in despair.

"Draco." Harry's voice is strangely vulnerable and Draco looks up. Relief courses throughout Draco's body when he notices that Harry's face is drenched with tears.

"Why are you crying?" Draco asks and Harry stumbles on his knees, "I am a murderer, a monster."

Draco is about to open his mouth but then several other wizards and witches apparate inside the cellar. Before Draco can say anything in Potter's defense, he is taken away with the aurors. His eyes are wet and frozen on Greyback's bloody and mangled body as he apparates away.

"Draco, how are you? Are you hurt?" Severus asks him and he glares at the man, "You called the aurors, didn't you?"

"I did what I had to Draco. He is an animal, a monster. Didn't you-"

"Not even a word Severus. not even a word against him I despise you. You are a rapist and I will get you thrown behind bars even if that's the last thing I do." Draco whispers the last few words and Severus stares at him, his face pale.

"Professor Dumbledore, can you please take me to Hogwarts. I don't want him to touch me." He requests the headmaster and the old wizard sighs sadly before nodding and taking his hand, his eyes away from Severus's. The last thing Draco sees is Severus's lost eyes before apparating away.

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Harry is awaiting his trial. He is sitting in a ministry cell, his legs folded and his face resting on his knees. He is missing Draco and is trying not to think about what he had done. He stares at the grey walls that surround him and counts the minutes until his hearing.

He only wants to see Draco and feel his arms around him. He can't breathe without him and when he had seen those hand prints on his cheeks and Greyback bent on his neck, a madness had overcome his entire body.

He rocks back and forth, tears falling from his eyes. He misses Draco so bloody much.

"Draco." He murmurs in the stillness of the cell. No one listens to him and he continues rocking back and forth, counting minutes until the trial starts.

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Please review
The hearing

Chapter-20

The hearing

An auror nudges Harry's arms and gives him a sympathetic smile before grimacing. Harry opens his tired eyes and finds the auror's kind face hovering above him.

"Mr. Potter. You have eaten nothing for the past two days." He whispers and Harry frowns at him, "When is the hearing?"

For the past two days, many aurors have come in and tried to make Harry eat. Harry refuses to eat though. He asks them about his hearing because he wants to see Draco and he wonders why Draco is not here already to see him.

"We still don't know Mr. Potter. Please eat something. You are very pale and - we are worried for you." The auror looks at Harry with kind eyes after pulling back and sitting down on the floor beside Harry. Harry shakes his head in denial and lays down on the floor before whispering, "Did Draco come?"

The auror moves closer to Harry and looks into his eyes before replying, his eyes serious, "No one knows for sure Mr. Potter but I investigated a bit. I think that Mr. Malfoy tried to meet you and potions master Snape refused to let him and so he stopped eating too. Mr. Malfoy is in Hogwarts infirmary right now. That's why he has not come to meet you."

Harry looks at the man in alarm. He tries to sit up, though it's difficult. He barely has energy to speak these days.

"Can you please ask him to eat."

The auror looks at Harry with kind eyes before whispering, "I will try. Please eat this. I heard that your hearing in day after tomorrow. I am sure it will go in your favor Mr. Potter. You don't know how angry the wizarding population is. Many people are protesting and refusing to eat or drink anything unless you are freed. They are still sitting in front of the ministry gates. I support them, you know. You did us a favor by killing Greyback. Please eat something." The auror looks old enough to be his father. Harry had not thought that aurors could be kind so Harry looks at him in surprise, his mind drifting towards Draco. He is worried for him.

"Mr. Potter." The auror calls him, his voice worried and Harry looks at him before trying to smile, "okay. I will eat."

The auror sits in front of Harry and doesn't budge until Harry eats everything. Harry takes a promise from the kind man to force Draco to eat as well before laying down on the hard floor once again.

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"Eat something today at least." Father mutters and Draco glares at him, "You need energy to fight for him in the Wizengamot Draco. You won't be able to help Potter if you faint in the middle of the hearing. The auror told you yesterday that Potter has not been eating anything and you will need energy to speak for him."
"Yes, Draco. Please eat. Come on. There is still time for the hearing. Sit. I will feed you." Mother whispers and sits beside Draco. They are standing outside the courtroom. Severus is standing in front of him and Black is sitting at Draco's bench, his hands on his forehead.

"I am not a baby." Draco snaps at mother. She only stares him down, a plate of fruits and curd in her hand and mutters, "Well you are my baby and right now my baby needs to eat if he has to fight for Harry Potter. Merlin only knows how much more trouble the poor boy is going to attract. You can't faint in the middle of the courtroom."

Draco stares at his mother, his cheeks red. He is not a baby. He is not but merlin knows why his mother's words compel him to mumble, "Okay."

She starts feeding him and Father sits beside Black and tries to reassure him. There is no-one else to speak in favor of Harry. Draco would think that atleast the people who were captured by Greyback and fled off when Greyback died should be present to speak in Harry's favor but he has not seen anyone yet. Severus is not feeling guilty, not even a bit. Protesting can do only so much good. They will need evidence to prove that Greyback needed to die which they don't have.

Draco doesn't understand why Severus doesn't want to accept the fact that Draco wants a relationship with Harry and that he is ready to fight with him and for him.

Draco only knows that his godfather is not a bad man and he is afraid that by the time, his godfather will realize his mistake, it might be too late.

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Draco settles down in the middle of the courtroom. Some people are staring at him, perplexed as to why he is sitting over there. After all Harry is required to sit here. He is waiting for Harry to arrive. He is really worried for the boy. Why must he be so mad for Draco. He could just have stunned Greyback and thrown him in Azkaban but no he had to murder Greyback in the most brutal way possible.

Draco looks around the courtroom and wonders if it is normal for the courtroom to be so packed because it is literally packed today. So many people are standing because there are no chairs. Perhaps they are the protesters but as far as Draco knows they were not allowed to enter the court. He-

"Hey, I am walking, ain't I?" Comes a voice. It belongs to Harry and Draco turns around to look at him.

Two days. Only two days have passed and Harry already looks so bloody weak. He is handcuffed and the aurors are not hurting him. In fact, they are looking guilty and annoyed.

"You are going to fall down Mr. Potter. You have had only one meal ever since you were imprisoned. Please let us help you."

"I am not a child. I can walk. You-"

"Excuse me Mr. Potter." Calls an aged looking lady from the crowd and Draco looks towards the voice. So does everyone else, "You are, in fact, a child."

Harry looks away from the lady and resumes walking. He walks quietly, finally accepting the help from the aurors. The judge, Kingsley Shacklebolt looks concerned as well and Draco understands why. He might favor Harry but there must be people in the voters who support Voldemort.

Harry's eyes fall on Draco and he walks towards Draco slowly. It's as if his eyes are frozen on
Draco. It's as if Harry wants to just keep on looking at him. Draco's cheeks tinge red. Harry is always doing this. Doing things that turn Draco red. It's not really fair.

He almost trips on his feet and Draco slaps his head exasperatedly as an auror prevents Harry's fall. Finally, Harry reaches him and sits on the chair beside Draco.

"How are you?" Draco asks and Harry doesn't reply. He just keeps on looking at Draco. Draco turns his red cheeks towards the kind looking aurors. Their eyes are amused.

"Can you get him a glass of water. I don't think he can hold up for long without water." Draco requests them and they nod before turning around and leaving.

Subsequently, the hearings starts. Draco doesn't pay attention to the opening statement of Shacklebolt. His eyes are on Harry's bound hands which are slowly shifting towards Draco, though it must be uncomfortable. Draco wishes that he could just spell them open but he can't.

"Mr. Malfoy. The court would like to know as to why you are sitting next to Mr. Potter." The judge asks and finally Draco looks at him.

"I am an eyewitness in this case, Judge Shacklebolt." He replies and stands up, "I was captured by Fenrir Greyback and Harry save me by murdering him. There were others in that building too. I could hear their screams -"

"Where are they now?"

"Why are they not present here to speak in Potter's favor?"

"This boy is lying and he should be -"

"This is outrageous-"

"Potter is a murderer."

"He is a beast."

"SILENCE." Shacklebolt's voice booms throughout the courtroom and they silence immediately but they keep on glaring at Draco. Harry had flinched after each and every accusation and Draco wishes that he could embrace the boy and comfort him.

"Surely, judge Shacklebolt, the convict's lover's statement can not be taken as an evidence." The voice belongs to his godfather and Draco can just stare at the man. He is standing with his arms crossed and his voice calm and composed.

Draco has never felt so betrayed in his entire life. How can Severus do so. Surely, he must know that Harry has done a very good job by killing Greyback. The werewolf was a beast and a black mark on the name of every werewolf.

"You are right Mr. Snape." Even Shacklebolt's eyes look annoyed as he gazes at Severus.

"In the absence of any evidence, Mr. Malfoy-" The judge continues, his irritated eyes on Draco now. They are compelling Draco to say something, to do something but what can Draco do. Why is no-one speaking in favor of Harry.

"Respected judge." A woman's voice travels all around the courtroom and everyone looks at her.

"Yes, Mis-"
"Mrs. Boomsworth. The thing is that I killed Greyback." The woman mutters calmly. She seems to be in her late twenties and everyone stares speechlessly at her.

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Harry gasps softly as the woman stares at him and speaks. It's a lie and Harry wonders what's happening.

"But why-" Kingsley starts in shock and the woman cuts him off, "You see, he killed my husband and captured me. He wanted to kill my children too. Though I had divorced David, we were still best of friends and he was my children's father. The beast killed him and fed the remains to wild dogs so I killed him before he could kill my children too. So you see, Mr. Potter is innocent."

The woman is about to say something when an eleven year old girl stood up.

"Martha-"

"No mother, I have to tell them the truth. It's the least I can do." The girl whispers and her mother sits back down. She looks so innocent and sweet that Harry's heart clenches. The girl stands up, her head high and looks at Harry before turning to look at Kingsley.

"I am a slytherin and I refused to support Lord Voldemort like my classmates so he captured me and tried to bite me so I killed him. He threatened me to capture my parents and kill them if I fight. So I killed him." She stands and looks defiantly at everyone. Harry feels someone hold his hands and turns to find Draco looking at him with smug eyes.

Harry is about to smile back but another voice makes him turn around. This time it's the aged lady who had called Harry a child. She walks forward, looking regal and graceful and looks at Shacklebolt, "He captured me and my grandson and tried to kill my little Robert so I killed him. it was in self-defense. They are lying."

Several others stood up after that and said that they killed Greyback, that he killed one of their loved ones or raped them. Harry was about to say something but surprisingly enough, Lucius Malfoy's eyes that were fixed on him froze him in his chair. The man shook his head firmly and Harry felt Draco squeezing his hands too.

He nodded and looked at Draco and turned his eyes away before he could get lost in his eyes.

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Draco was really very surprised to see so many people speaking up for Harry. It was time to finish this. So he stood up and cast Sonorus on his throat.

"I have something to say to everyone who doesn't want Harry to go free." Everyone silenced and looked at him. He started speaking softly, "You want Harry to finish this war. You want him to kill the dark lord and when he takes a step to achieve the goal, you try to imprison him. Do you really think that he can defeat the dark lord without having to defeat his death eaters. I admit that many want to deflect to our side but an animal like Greyback.... he was a beast and he had murdered several human beings, may that be wizards or witches or muggles. Why do you want to imprison him for killing a beast. Do you wish that Greyback was alive so that he could spill even more innocent blood. I request you to take a prudent action and let Harry go. That's all."

The courtroom becomes silent for the next few minutes. Everyone settles down, their eyes burning with fury. They love Harry and they want justice. Greyback destroyed their lives or lives of their loved ones and they are thankful to Harry for killing the beast. Draco knows that Shacklebolt has to decide in Harry's favor. He doesn't look at his godfather at all, afraid that he will curse the man.
He only waits for the judge to announce the decision.

"In the light of the circumstances, we have decided that Harry Potter has done us a big favor by killing Greyback and we are extremely sorry for imprisoning Mr. Potter. Thank you, Mr. Potter for destroying a beast our aurors have been trying to capture for years." Shacklebolt announces, his voice soft and proud as he looks at Harry.

Everyone in the courtroom stands up and beams at Harry. Draco looks at Harry's face. His eyes are alight with awe. Draco knows that guilt and shame and darkness are still lingering inside Harry's heart. He knows that he still has a long road to travel to heal Harry completely.

He also knows that he is ready to walk on that road for Harry. With a soft smile, he holds Harry's hands and watches his parents and Black walk forward to greet Harry.

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Please review
In retrospect, it happened because of Severus and Draco doesn't think he will be able to forgive Severus for it. He should have known that, given an option, Severus would always choose to save just Draco.

The day of the hearing had already been tiring. He had wanted to return to the castle and rest for a few hours with Harry. Dumbledore who had also been present with him in the courtroom had allowed them to skip classes for today.

Severus had been indifferent all the while. He had followed them silently, his eyes boring on Draco's back. The fact that Severus had literally wanted to throw Harry in the prison is a shock but then Severus has always been proud and Draco knows that the fact that Black has decided to divorce him for Harry's sake is not just difficult to digest for him. It's impossible. Not to mention that Dumbledore is angry with Severus because of what he did. The headmaster practically threw him out of the castle.

They should have known that leaving the castle without Dumbledore would be a mistake. The war was close but Draco not known that it was this close.

The sight that greeted them in Hogwarts was an absolute nightmare. Death eaters were everywhere. They were swarming like bees in the great hall and students were trying their very best to fight against them.

Draco had taken out his wand and had started casting spells left and right but then they heard a voice boom loudly.

"TOM. I ALWAYS KNEW THAT YOU WERE A COWARD BUT I DIDN'T KNOW THAT YOU WOULD FALL SO LOW. I CHALLENGE YOU TO COME FORWARD AND DUEL ME." The voice belongs to Harry and Draco can only stare at the green eyed boy.

The green eyes fall on Draco for a moment. They are full of sorrow and a goodbye. It clenches Draco's heart and Draco wants to smack Harry on his head for even daring to think of dying.

The end of Lord Voldemort was not so dramatic. Harry gave a very clean and merciful death to Lord Voldemort. A simple disarming charm 'expelliarmus' and the monster dropped dead. It should have been a fairy tale ending in which finally the beast dies and Draco gets his happily ever after with Harry.

Alas! The fate had something else in store for them.

Everything happened in slow motion after that. Draco moved forward to embrace Harry and Harry moved towards him. Severus was standing at a bit of distance but right then Severus didn't matter. What mattered was that Harry was alive and they could finish their school and marry and adopt kids and have a happy little family of their own but that's not what happened.

The fate found a way to mock Draco's dream. His own aunt Bellatrix Lestrange cast a curse on Draco. It was a blasting curse and Harry jumped in between Draco and the curse. At that very moment, Severus shoved Draco away, as if the curse was going to even hit Draco. He could have
shoved Harry away but he didn't.

Had the blasting curse been cast by someone else, they would have healed Harry but it had been cast by Bellatrix. The woman was insane and right now, mad from grief because of the death of Lord Voldemort. The power and intent behind the curse was tenfold and the curse hit Harry. The moment Harry got hit, there was an explosion and they were thrown back.

There was so much smoke and Draco was screaming himself hoarse. His eyes were tearing at the prospect of Harry's death. He wanted his happily ever after but what the fate wants, the fate gets.

The smoke cleared and Draco ran towards the place Harry had got hit.

But what he saw made his knees weak and he fell upon his knees because Harry Potter lay on his back on the floor, his mouth open and his lifeless looking hands and legs spread haphazardly. His cheeks and hands had turned black and his eyes were wide open, green and frozen in time.

From somewhere, Black came forward and bound Bellatrix and fell beside Harry. He was soon followed by Harry's best friends, not that it made any difference.

"Draco- I-" Severus whispered beside him, his voice shaken and his body trembling. The man had the gall to talk to him after he did nothing to protect Harry.

"Severus, I hope you are happy and satisfied now. What you wanted has finally happened- Harry is dead." Draco murmured, his voice dead and blank as he gazed at Harry. Death eaters were captured and taken away. The only people who remained were students, professors and the headmaster.

Draco had been right all along. No-one really cared whether Harry ended dead or alive as long as the dark lord was dead. What did it matter that Harry Potter was dead as well.

Draco took Harry's lifeless hand in his and stared at his body, tears streaming down his eyes.

"You had no right to die on me, not after making me fall in love with you. Come back." Draco whispered and looked into Harry's eyes. They were still lifeless and Harry didn't answer. Draco sobbed silently, "Please come back." and closed Harry's green eyes. He felt mother embracing him from behind and leaned against mother, seeking a bit of comfort.

Severus was staring at Harry as well.

"He died to protect me Severus. I hope that this haunts you forever." Draco murmured, his voice dead. Severus didn't answer but mother's arms tightened around Draco. In front of him, Black stared at Harry's body, his eyes shocked and wide with disbelief and sorrow.

His friends were knelt beside Harry too, their eyes wet and lamenting as they stared at their best friend's lifeless body.

The end

A/n: The sequel will continue from this scene.