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Chapter 1 to 15

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Chapter: 1

Can Love Survive

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CHAPTER ONE: A Chance Meeting In A Muggle World

Booooooring. This is soooo bloody boooring! Harry Potter thought to himself as he sat outside the hairdresser's shop waiting as always for his Aunt Petunia. He hated Saturday's, mainly because while his whale of a cousin Dudley was allowed to go play with his little 'gang', which consisted of Piers, Dennis, Malcolm and Gordon, he was forced to go the hairdressers in London with his aunt. The only consolation of all of this was that at least, for 4 hours that day, he didn't have to deal with Dudley and his cohorts playing 'Harry Hunting'.

This particular Saturday was going to be even worse then usual however. Although he wasn't limited to staying cooped up in his cupboard under the stairs back at 4 Privet Drive in Little Whinging, they never trusted him to stay at home alone. With Dudley always over at Piers' house, and his Uncle Vernon always having to go into the office for a bit on Saturdays, he was stuck with his aunt with little choice.

This Saturday however due to it getting close to Dudley's 9th birthday, Aunt Petunia not only was getting her normal hair arrangements, but going all out and getting a facial and something she called a 'wax treatment'. Harry didn't know what that meant, but if it was something to improve his aunt's looks, she was going to be in there for the whole day, if not the whole week!

Sitting out on the bench though in front of the hairdressers, only fifteen minutes had past since they arrived, and he knew it was going to be a very long day. He remembered his aunt saying they'd be gone until well after supper, meaning at least 2 or 3 in the afternoon, and it was only quarter after 9 now! With a groan, Harry resigned himself to his usual games while waiting, wondering how long that would actually take to get him utterly and completely bored this time

round.

Fifteen minutes. It had taken only fifteen minutes this round to get bored again … a new record for him. He'd already counted all the cars on the street including his Aunt's car (which was a grand total of 12 today), he'd counted at least 5 stray cats, 8 stray dogs, and 5 scrawny looking birds in the few trees that lined the kerb. He'd counted 18 fag butts on the ground, and to top it off, a surely looking policeman glared at him as he headed to the roundabout to direct traffic. *Yup, this is shaping up to be a right good day* he thought to himself miserably.

Five minutes later, he'd had enough however. The police officer was still glaring in his direction, and he'd run out of things to count. For some reason he felt more irritable today then he usually did while waiting, and getting up headed round the back of the shop where he knew there was a small park area. He never told his aunt that he went there, always waiting to leave the bench till she was occupied and had forgot his existence, which usually didn't take more then 5 or so minutes, but he always stayed a bit longer just in case.

Today as he slipped off to the park, his mood still a bit on the sulky side, he stopped short when he got to the small fence that enclosed it. Normally the gate was closed, and apart from the few strays littering round, noone ever came here, but today the gate was open, and not a dog or cat was in sight. Glancing over the gate he noticed why they'd been missing, causing a tiny bit of jealousy that someone else had entered what for purpose sake he considered 'his' park on these Saturdays.

He stood there for a few minutes just watching the other person who was turned away and looking at something over on other side of the fence. From the looks of it, it was another boy, maybe 7 or 8, certainly not much older anyway from his sise, which was small. His hair was blonde, but an odd sort of blonde, not like his cousin Dudley's hair or his Aunt Petunia's, this boys hair was almost silvery, sparkling under the morning sunlight like diamonds, and slicked back like a film star. It was quite a contrast really to Harry's usually unmanageable, tangled mess of black hair, and Harry was a bit awed how the boy could keep his hair so spot on looking.

"Take a picture, it lasts longer," the boy said turning round and now was staring back at Harry. The boy's voice was soft sounding, but had a distinctive drawl to it that was very upper-class, meaning he definitely wasn't from round this part of London.

"Wh-what did you say?" Harry said bewildered and walked over to the boy now.

"Heard it in some yank Muggle film while my mum was out shopping recently, thought I'd try it out," the boy said still looking at him, and walked over to sit on one of the small benches round the park area.

"How'd you know I was there though?" Harry said keeping his eyes on the other boy. For some reason this boy made him nervous, though he didn't understand why.

"The gate," he said pointing to it. "I heard it squeak when you came in," the boy said, his voice

laced with a bit of a smirk.

"Oh, sorry. Wasn't expecting anyone else here. Usually it's just me and a few strays. What's a Mu … Mug …?" Harry said struggling with the word.

"Muggle?" he said and Harry nodded. "Nothing, don't worry about it. You come here a lot?" the boy said glancing round the small park almost in disdain as if it were beneath him.

Harry nodded. "Every Saturday. My Aunt Petunia gets her hair done at the shop round the corner. Don't know why she does it though; I think she looks more like a horse each time she gets of the place." Harry said with a little grin.

The boy looked at him a second, then grinned himself. "Really? Never met a Mu-err … woman that looked like a horse before. Must be interesting."

"Not when you have to live with her. She's ruddy awful really, I hate her," Harry said sitting down next to the boy now with a sigh.

"Why do you come with her then and not stay with your parents?"

"Well … my parents … my parents are dead. They died in a car crash when I was a baby, though I don't remember it much even though they said I was with them at the time. I lived though, so I had to go live with my aunt and uncle and my oaf of a cousin. Anyway, about three months ago my aunt found this place, so now every Saturday I'm forced to come with her. Till I found this park, it was a bloody nightmare cause she never spends less then three hours here and I usually ended up sitting out front counting millions of cars and things," Harry said grumbling.

The boy looked at him for a moment, and then let out a laugh. It was a nice laugh surprisingly coming from the small-sized boy, not loud, not quiet, but nice. "Sorry, don't mean to laugh at you like that; I know it must be horrible. You just sounded so well … I don't know. Awful about your parents though, sometimes I wish my parents would go off and die, but I guess it's not so great after all huh."

"Not when you're stuck with *my* relatives it isn't anyway," Harry said giving a small sigh.

"Cheer up mate; at least you're alive right? How old are you anyway, seven? Eight? You'll be going off to secondary school pretty soon and can get away from them then."

"I'm going on nine actually in July, and not bloody likely. They'd never allow me to go to a real school. I'll probably end up getting stuck at the state school. Not that I mind really, I'm pretty sure Dudley, that's my cousin, he'll go to Smeltings, a public school, so at least I won't have to be hunted anymore," Harry said hopefully.

"Hunted? What on earth do you mean?"

"It's a long story but basically Dudley and his 'friends' make it a game to catch me and beat me up," Harry said bitterly.

"Geeze … lovely cousin you have there. I take it then he's the reason you're glasses have sellotape round them. And I thought my family was bad, at least I'm an only child!" the boy said with a grin.

"Wish I was. My cousin broke my glasses last time he punched me in the nose, and my aunt won't give me any gum for them so I had to sellotape them instead. How old are you anyway?"

"Eight also, but I'll be nine on August 1st."

"Wow really? Mines July 31st!" Harry said still grinning.

"So, you do have to come here a lot then?" the boy said and glanced round the park again.

Harry nodded. "Yeah, until either my aunt decides to find somewhere else, which isn't likely anytime soon, or until she finds someone she can pawn me off on weekly. I highly doubt that though, she barely lets anyone know I even exist, so I doubt she'd let anyone take care of me on a weekly basis."

"Looks like we'll be seeing each other again. I have a good suspicion that shop your aunt's in is the same one my mum's in. She heard about it recently, and gave it go last week. She's pretty vain, and very particular about who does her hair, but she said the guy came highly recommended. Turned out he was like us, and knew exactly what she wanted, and she's going to only let him have at her hair now. I wasn't going to come but my father had to leave suddenly, and she didn't want to leave me alone in the house," the boy said in his drawl.

"What do you mean … like us?" Harry said thoughtfully picking that up.

"Oh err … I mean … well it's just that this guy knows how to deal with people like my mum that's all. Told you she's pretty vain," the boy said giving Harry a half grin.

"Oh, I see. Must be a woman thing, god I'm glad I'm not like that, I think I'd hatemyself if I was a woman," Harry said chuckling.

The boy looked at Harry in surprise for a second, and then grinned himself. "I think I would too. Definitely *wouldn't* want to be a woman."

The two boys passed the next few hours quickly it seemed, talking about this and that, how horrible Harry's life was, though the other boy didn't say much on his life, just a few comments here and there. Soon enough, the silvery blonde haired boy with the grey eyes heard someone calling, and both boys realised it was time for him to go.

"I guess I have to go now. It was nice meeting you," the boy said to Harry.

"Yeah, thanks for making the time speed by so quickly. Don't think I've ever had this much fun. So … you think you'll be back next Saturday?" Harry said grinning.

"I can't make any promises, but if I know my mother, she'll be back, so I guess I will," the boy said with a smile.

"Great, I'll be looking out for you then. We usually get here round 9 and stay till round noon or so."

"I'll keep that in mind, thanks," the boy said turning round to leave.

"Wait! You know we've been talking all day, and … well … I don't even know your name! Mine's Harry by the by," Harry said running over to him.

The boy looked at him, tilting his head just slightly debating what he should do. Finally, he said, "Drake. It's been nice to meet you Harry. Friends then?" he said and offered his hand out to Harry.

Harry looked at the hand for a moment, then took it in his and smiled up at his new friend. "Friends. See you next week Drake!" he said, and let go of his new friends hand.

"See you next week Harry," the boy Drake said turning round and heading out the gate towards the sound of his mum's voice.

Harry watched him go, happy that today hadn't turned into a ruddy nightmare. He hoped Drake would be back next week, and he realised then that Drake was the first person he'd ever made friends with. Friends, he actually had a *friend*! The rest of the hours past quickly then, and checking his watch he slipped back to the bench right before his Aunt Petunia were done, hiding his smile and putting up his normal sullen expression. As they got back in the car and drove him, his mind wasn't on the road, but on his new friend. And for the first time ever, he hoped that the week would pass quickly, and Saturday would roll back round soon.

Meanwhile, about 40 miles away in a large manor home hidden on the outskirts of High Wyncombe, Oxfordshire, and a dour looking woman was talking to her son.

"I hope you weren't too bored Draco while I was in there," Narcissa Malfoy said to her eight-year-old son.

"No mother, I wasn't," the boy said picking at the food that made up the delayed supper they were now eating.

"I must say though that Arvin is everything they told me and more. Shame a talented wizard like that chose to stay in the Muggle world. He'd make a fortune if he'd stayed where he belonged," Narcissa said glancing yet again into the mirror by the table.

"He's a quarter Muggle mother, it's his world too. Maybe not everyone likesto live in the Wizarding World," Draco said causing his mother to glance at him sharply.

"Watch your mouth young man, and never, ever inform your father where I go on Saturdays. I've finally found someone who knows exactly what to do with my hair and I don't want it spoiled by your father's hatred of the Muggle world. Understand Draco?" she said, a chill in her voice.

"I understand mother. May I be excused please?" Draco said meekly and at getting a sharp nod from his mum, got up and left the table, going to his room.

His room wasn't much to look at, grey stone walls, over elaborate furniture more for an adult then a child, and not a single toy in sight. His father deemed toys unneeded for his son, opting instead to give him lessons in other things. Draco Lucius Malfoy never had had a chance to be a child, and flopping down on his bed; he knew that's why he was going to treasure meeting Harry today so much. For once in his life, he was able to talk to someone without having to be prim and proper, without having to be the dreaded "Malfoy" son, and for once in his short Eight years of life, he'd had fun.

Fun. Such a strange word to a Malfoy, Draco knew that. He knew what 'fun' meant to his father, and he shivered as he remembered some of the awful things he'd heard in rumours about him. Years ago his father had been caught up within a lot of dark magic, and according to some, his father was in league even with He Who Must Not Be Named. Somehow, Draco didn't exactly believe it wasn'trumour though.

His father was tough, working almost daily to get Draco interested in the dark arts, and Draco was finding it harder and harder to resist saying no these days. He hadn't any friends, not unless you count those two goons that always came over with his fathers 'friends', Crabbe and Goyle. They were oafish, stupid, and Draco doubted they could put more then one sentence together between them. They were strong though compared to the small sized Draco, so he'd little choice when they were there to stay with them. Draco knew however that they were more bodyguards for him rather then anything else, seeing as how he was Lucius' son and Lucius Malfoy wasn't a man you crossed.

Draco lay back and gazed up at the ceiling now, remembering his morning, and actually smiling a bit. At first, he hadn't been keen to make friends with the black haired, green eyed boy, but in the end he was glad they were. For the first time ever he had a real friend, even if they'd only see each other once a week. The boy, Harry, didn't know who Draco was even, being a Muggle. Draco didn't care suddenly that Harry was a Muggle even, it's was his father who hated Muggles and had this whole pure-blood vengeance thing going, not him.

Harry was nice though, even being a Muggle, and Draco liked that. It was nice after being surrounded by complete idiots like Crabbe and Goyle, and his mum and dad, to have someone to laugh with, play with, and within reason, and talk about things with. His mum would have nothing to fear from him about telling his dad about Arvin and the hairdressers, but not for all the

tea in China would he ever tell him mum that willingly. Although his mum was a bit nicer, if you could call it that, then his father, all the years of suppression inside Malfoy Manor would make anyone go dour, she was no exception.

Later on that night Draco's father came home, and barely surviving the glares from his mother, and answering simple yes and no's to his father, he was finally given freedom to go back to his room. That night as he fell asleep, he thought about the boy Harry again, and for the first time in Draco's life, he slept peacefully and soundly, none of the usual nightmares lingering in his dreams.

Back at 4 Privet Drive, in a cupboard underneath the stairs, Harry James Potter was also dreaming. Not his usual dreams about flashing green light, and a woman screaming behind an evil sounding laughter, but instead he dreamed of a silvery blonde haired, grey eyed boy and how glad he was to have found his new friend Drake. If anyone had peeked in to the cupboard that night, they would have seen a small smile on the sleeping face of the pale boy with the green eyes, and a very odd lightning bolt shaped scar on his forehead that was nearly hidden behind strands of unruly black hair.

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Chapter: 2

Can Love Survive...

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Lamia - you'll see what happens, and why the 'future' wont be what you think it will...

Soulsister - I try not to have the ideas, honestly I do but they keep flowing...there's just soooo many things one can do with Harry, Draco, Sevy, Remus and the rest...oh so so many things:laughs: Seriously though, I have had plenty of writers blocks believe me, it isn't really that easy to come up with something at this point everyone else hasn't :sigh: but I am trying:)

Everyone else, cheers! I hope you'll like the new fic just as much as you do me others!

CHAPTER TWO: A Strange Bond

The week seemed to drag by for Harry, and Saturday didn't seem to be at all in sight he grimly thought for the thousandth time that week. He'd been set up by Dudley atleast once for something he didn't do as usual, been caught by Dudley and his gang atleast 4 times resulting in yet another round of bloody noses, and 2 days he got shut up in the cupboard other then when he had chores and meals for nearly burning breakfast the other day.

To make matters worse, Dudley's 9th birthday had been this week, and Harry had been packed off to Mrs. Figgs house, which was unpleasant enough in itself. Not that he really hated Mrs. Figg, he didn't, but her endless droning of her many assorted cats, and the stale chocolate cakes she had, were enough after all these years to make him quite ill feeling by the time he left. He'd no alternative though to go there, for his aunt and uncle would rather die then allow him to stay even in his cupboard during Dudley's party. Not that he really wanted to considering who would be there, including his dreaded Aunt Marge Dursley. On second thought Harry figured Mrs. Figg's cat stories were the better of the lot.

Finally Saturday rolled around, and without seeming too eager, Harry glumly followed his Aunt Petunia as they made their way to the hairdressers shop in London. Aunt Petunia gave him the normal speech bout getting into trouble, and staying out of the way, and went inside the shop, oblivious the fact that Harry hadn't even bothered to answer her back, just nodded his head yes and no.

He sat down on his normal bench outside the shop, and waited his customary few minutes to make sure she wasn't going to pay him any more attention, and faster then you could say jackrabbit, he flew from the bench and headed round to the park in the back of the shop, hoping that last Saturday hadn't just been a fluke.

He got to the gate, but this time, as always, it was shut, and he was alone again as usual. Sighing with a bit of dissapointment, he walked into the park and went over to the bench and lay down on it, gazing up into the sky. Today was a bit cloudy, and for the next 15 minutes or so Harry played his imagination games with them, trying to see what he could make the clouds look like.

So caught up in the shapes he was seeing, he never noticed the silvery blonde haired boy silently come into the park, nor did he notice the boy had been watching him for the past few minutes. Like Harry, Draco had found this to be one of the longest weeks he'd endured in a while, and not just because of his father or mother, but because it seemed so long until he could see Harry again. He saw Harry gazing up at the clouds, and for a moment his face looked wistfully up towards the clouds as well, wishing in a small way he was like those clouds. That he too could float away at will, to not have to be beholden to anyone but themselves. But wishes never do come true, Draco knew that.

"I think that one's a horse...or maybe a mule...what do you think?" Draco said then, wanting to break out of his maudlin thoughts, and grinned as Harry jumped up and turned to him.

"Oi dont do that, you scared me Drake!" he said with a growl. Looking up though at what Draco was seeing in the sky, he saw what Draco was talking bout, and with a little grin said, "A horse, it looks too regal to be a mule."

"It could be a rich mule." Draco said chuckling.

"Right, and I'm Prince Albert. Where've you been, I thought you weren't going to show up."

Harry said turning back to Drake and looking at him accusingly.

"Sorry bout that, mum couldn't find her diamond earrings and took forever to have the house...er...to find them. Turns out they were right infront of her the whole time." Draco said with a mutter and sat down next to Harry on the bench.

"Bugger, diamond earrings? Wow...my Aunt Petunia I dont think even owns a pair of those. The only diamond she's got is her wedding ring, and it's a pretty small one." Harry said awed.

Draco shrugged, "It's really not a big deal. Mum's got tons of jewellery, she just does it to show off though. So, what do you want to do today?" Draco said now changing the subject. He really didn't want to discuss his family with a muggle, even if he was his best friend.

Harry shrugged too, "I dont know, got any ideas?"

"Not really. Do we have to stay in the park though?" Draco said thoughtfully.

Harry looked at him surprized. "No, but I never really explored anywhere's else round here, just in case."

"Well, it's still pretty early, we've got a couple hours to fend off, I say we go explore...you game?" Draco said with a hint of a grin.

Harry suddenly grinned as well, "Right then...let's go see what's out there!" and grabbing Draco by the arm with a laugh, the two boys left the safety of their little park to explore.

By the time they got back to the park about an hour and half later, they'd had discovered quite a bit actually of the area round them. Some things they swore they would never go back to, and had mental notes of places that definitely needed more examination, like the bookseller and the bakers. They'd stopped at the sweets store as well, and at Draco's insistance, and the fact Harry had no money of course of his own, they had walked out with a small bagfull of assorted chocolates and the like, which they couldn't wait to get back and break into.

"Mmmm...these sweets are terrific, thanks Drake! I feel bad I couldn't help you pay for it though..." Harry said licking his fingers of any last remnants of chocolate and sighing as well.

"Dont be, from the way it sounds you're aunt will never give you even a pence. I get an allowance so my money is mine, mum cant tell me what to do with it. And it was for a good cause anyway, sides that's what friends are for." Draco said with a smile.

"You're right. Still hard to believe I have a friend...that we're friends I mean. I know we've only seen each other twice, but I couldn't wait for Saturday to come round to see you Drake. It was bloody hell getting through the week, atleast I had today to look foward to." Harry said leaned back against the bench, and gazed back up at the sky thoughtfully.

"I know, I kind of felt the same way. I never had a friend before, not a real one anyway, it feels sort of odd." Draco said leaned back as well against the bench and looking up at the ever moving clouds.

"I hope we'll always be friends Drake, if you dont mind me saying. It's nice having someone to talk to who doesn't want to beat me up or make me cook a meal or lock me away somewhere." Harry said.

"I hope so too Harry, I hope so too." Draco said softly, and for the next hour or so, the two boys talked bout anything they could think of, everything that was but themselves of course. That was something they really didn't care bout, and Draco knew it would be a dangerous subject anyway.

Finally the time came to part ways again, and the boys said their goodbyes.

"Same time next week right?" Harry said looking at Draco worriedly.

"I"ll be planning on it. And next week I might even bring a surprize!" Draco said with a hint of laughter in his grey eyes, and got up and walked over to the gate, waving at his best friend as he walked through it, and glad that Harry had been waiving back.

As Draco left the park Harry felt quite a few different emotions run through him. He was happy bout how the day had gone, sad that it was over and Draco was gone now, and worried that he wouldn't be back. Draco had told him more then once that this was all based on a whim from his mum, and it could change at any time without notice, although both boys hoped that would never happen. Waiting a little bit longer after Draco left, he went back to his bench to wait for his aunt, and half hour later found himself back in his cupboard room in Privet Drive, all the while wishing that this coming week would pass alot quicker then the previous week did.

Harry wasn't disappointed either, for Saturday this time seemed to come up on him almost too quickly, and soon enough he found himself off and running to the little park in the back of the hairdressers. And this time he was rewarded with an open gate.

"Your here! You got here first this time!" Harry said grinning when he saw his friend sitting on the bench waiting for him, a smile across his face as Harry flew in the gate.

"Mum's in a hurry this week apparently. Got a compliment from one of her little friends on how good her hair was looking, so she wanted to make sure she got in alot of time today. It's great to see you Harry, I couldn't wait for this week to end!" Draco said laughing.

"I know, I got stuck weeding the entire yard yesterday on the threat I wouldn't be allowed to come today if I didn't. Took me over half the day but there was no way I was going to go to Mrs. Figg's instead!" Harry said flopping down on the bench next to Draco.

"Well I'm glad you didn't, I brought that surprize I promised." Draco said grinning, then reached underneath the bench and pulled out something that made Harry's eyes grow round in surprize.

"A picnic basket? Unbelievable!" Harry said laughing.

"I put it together myself. Even if this place is back of beyond, doesn't mean we cant eat like kings!" Draco said grinning and relieved Harry liked his surprize.

"It's wondrful Drake, really. Should we eat first, or explore more first?"

"Let's explore first, I just had breakfast a bit ago. We'll work up a bit of an appetite while exploring. This time though let's stay away from those made up woman okay? They gave me the chills." Draco said wrinkling up his nose.

Harry laughed and nodded. "Deal. I hate being told how 'cute' I am, and such a fine looking lad I am and all that rubbish. Woman!" he said gazing up.

"I know, it was ruddy disgusting! One of them even had the audacity to pinch my cheek when she said that!" Draco said feigning a wretching sound.

"Come on then, we're wasting time. I know, want to check out that booksellers? I get to go to the library once in a while, but never allowed to take away anything. And never get to see new ones..want to go?" Harry said glancing at Draco.

Draco looked at Harry for a second a bit oddly, but only said, "Sure Harry, I'd love to. Let's go then!" and Draco stood up grabbing Harry's arm, and both boys headed out of the park to the booksellers.

"Wow this is great! Take a look at this one Drake, it's got vampires in it...ewww gross, they drink blood!" Harry said making a gagging noise which caused Draco to laugh.

"They aren't the best sort of creatures I know. Let's find a different section allright Harry?" Draco said glancing at the books and getting a bit nervous.

"Oh come on, not scared are you Drake? This stuff's not real anyway, I mean come on...vampires, werewolves, witches and wizards...they're not real anyway so there's nothing to be afraid of." Harry said seeing Draco's expression.

"I'm-I"m not afraid you git, I just dont like reading bout this stuff allright? Come on Harry, let's go look at something else..." Draco said, but Harry wasn't so put off.

"My Uncle Vernon says there's no such thing as magic, so how can you not like something that's not real? I bet all these people who think they can do magic are just making it up anyway. Spells and cauldrons and flying on broomsticks...it's all rubbish." Harry said sighing wistfully, causing Draco to look at him sharply.

"What if...what if it was real Harry? What if all this.." and he spread his hands out indicating all

the books and whatnot, "what if it really *was* all real? Then what would you do?" He looked sharply at Harry now seeing his reaction.

Harry thought bout that for a moment, then laughed. "Since it's all a bunch of lies it doesn't matter what I'd do bout it Drake. If it really buggers you then we'll go somewhere's else allright?" and with that turned and started to walk over to the section in which the mystery books like Sherlock Holmes were at, not realizing that for a moment Draco hadn't followed him.

What would you do if you knew what I was Harry...would you hate me then? Draco thought silently and with a small sigh shook his head. It wouldn't do any good for him to linger on that thought, and he followed Harry to the mystery section, only half listening now to what Harry was going on bout over this Sherlock Holmes person.

Half an hour later, to Draco's relief, they were back in the park, Harry's thoughts far away now from the 'magic' books in the booksellers. He took out the picnic basket, and walked over to a small patch of grass on the far side of the park, and waited for Harry to come over. From the top of the basket he pulled out a nice sized blanket, and set it down, putting the basket ontop of it to keep it down and then sat down on it, glancing over to Harry.

"Well? You going to just stand there or join me Harry? No fun eating a picnic alone." Draco said grinning up at him, and with a nod Harry sat down next to him on the blanket.

"Sorry, guess I"m still in awe over the booksellers. So many books! I wish I had enough money to buy them all, I'd never care again if I didn't leave my cupboard." Harry said with a sigh.

"Well I would, I'd never see you again." Draco said hurriedly, and began to take the food out of the basket.

"Oh, that's true! Allright then, I'd never leave it *except* for Saturday's!" Harry said laughing now and started to help Draco arrainge things on the blanket. "Oh wow Drake, how'd you manage all this?" he said awed now.

"Oh...err...basket's bigger then it looks I guess. Anyway, got all the basics here..let's see...crisps, biscuits, cheese, some savory biscuits, chocolates, some sandwiches with I think roast beef in them...oh lets see here...some treacle, sultanas, a wedge of gammon, some jam, couple other things..oh and of course, to top it all off, some extra fizzy lemonade!" Draco said pulling out the last item and grinning at Harry.

"Unreal, it's truely a feast Drake, you're amazing!" Harry said happily.

"Well then Sir Harry, let's eat!" Draco said laughing.

"By all means Sir Drake!" Harry said and they dug into their 'feast'.

Half an hour later, after they had cleaned up what they hadn't eaten, they were laying down side

by side on the blanket full to the brim, then Harry said, "I dont think I can eat again for a week...that was peachy Drake, thanks."

"Told you, that's what friends are for Harry. I'm glad you liked it though." Draco said a bit sleepily.

"Dont you nod off Drake, I'm pretty sure it's almost time for your mum to get done." Harry said trying not to yawn himself.

"Sounds like I"m not the only one. Guess I'll have to come up with something even better for next week." Draco said yawning.

"Dont overdo yourself Drake, might attract attention. Wasn't your mum at all wondring why you'd brought the basket today?"

"No, I just told her I nearly starved myself last week while waiting, and wasn't about to this week, so she said it was allright. I'm pretty sure I can sneak it every Saturday now, if you want me to."

"As if I wouldn't! Best meal I've eaten I think in my whole life, and I didn't have to cook it!" Harry said laughing.

Draco didn't say anything, just thought bout that. He really felt bad for his friend, it hurt him how his relatives treated him so awfully. "They're a bunch of prats you're family Harry, why do you have to stay there?" he said pulling up on his elbow to look at Harry.

Harry shrugged. "Have to I guess. My aunt and uncle were the only family I had left when my parents died. Atleast that's what they tell me and there's no reason they'd lie to me I think. They hate me, but they never lied to me before. Could have been worse I suppose." Harry said softly.

"How much worse could it have been? Anything has to be better then the Dursleys." Draco said.

"I could have ended up in an orphanage, that's how."

"Oh. That's true I guess. Glad though you didn't, then I wouldn't have met you. You...you are glad we met..aren't you Harry?" Draco asked quietly.

Harry looked up at Draco and nodded, then smiled. "You're the best thing that's ever come along in my almost 9 years of life Drake. I'm really glad we met, and I really hope we'll always be friends. I know...let's make a pact Drake..."

"A what?" Draco said confused.

"A pact. That's no matter what, we'll always be friends. What do you say?" Harry said sitting up now and looking Draco in the eyes.

Draco tilted his head like he usually did when he was thinking hard on something, then slowly nodded his head. "Allright, I'd like that Harry. But let's do it in my way. Make it a real pact, not just a verbal one."

"What do you mean by that Drake?" Harry said, now it was his turn to be confused.

"A blood pact Harry. The most powerful bind two people can forge together, unbreakable no matter what. You willing?" Draco said, never taking his eyes off Harry's.

Slowly Harry nodded, "I'm willing Drake. Let's do it then."

Draco took out one of the knives he'd brought with him for the cheese which had a sharp point. Taking Harry's wrist in his hand, he pressed it to Harry's skin, and though Harry gasped a bit, he didn't flinch when he drew the blade acrost Harry's skin, creating a small slit that quickly filled with blood.

Handing the knife to Harry then, he told him to do the same thing to Draco's wrist, and though he too gasped when the blade cut him, he didn't flinch either. After they had done that, Draco took Harry's wrist to his own, and looking Harry in the eyes said softly,

"With this blood I bind you to me as I to you. No matter what happens from this moment on, we will forever be bound by the promise of friendship. Even if we get seperated, and forget each other somehow, our marks made with our own hands willingly, will always be a reminder that our blood has been mixed. From this day forth, I will always know who you are as you will know me, for now we are one."

As Draco finished the verse Harry felt a warmth spread through his body, and he could tell Draco was feeling the same thing. It wasn't painful, even the wound made didn't seem to hurt any longer, and suddenly he felt a sense of security and saftey he had never felt in his life. He knew Draco felt the same way, though how he knew he wasn't sure, but he did know. It was like looking at the world in a new light, and wasn't surprized that Draco's grey eyes were revealing the very same thing.

Draco finally broke the hold he had on their wrists, pulling them apart, though for a moment he still couldn't speak. He knew what he had just done, and though someday he might pay for mixing his pureblood with that of a muggle, he didn't care. What good was being a pureblood if you were going to be lonely, miserable and hated anyway? As far as Draco saw things, blood binding with Harry was the best thing he'd ever done in his life, and he didn't care bout any consequences.

Without saying a word then, Draco reached into the basket and pulled out a serviette, and started to clean the blood off their wrists. It wasn't until Harry gasped suddenly that he even noticed anything was wrong. "What is it Harry? What happened?" he said worriedly.

"Drake...maybe I'm...seeing things...I'm still feeling a bit odd..but...well...was this supposed to look like...*this*?" Harry said, and showed Draco his wrist.

Draco looked at Harry's wrist, surprize on his face, then checked his own wrist, only to find the same thing had happened. Shaking his head and going a bit paler then normal even, he barely whispered, "I..I dont know Harry...I dont know..."

The few moments silence and wonder was broken then as they heard Draco's mum calling for him, and quickly they cleaned up everything and got up. Draco was a bit nervous, he wasn't at all sure what had happened, but he intended to find out somehow, even if he had to break down and ask his father...in a subtle sort of way.

"Drake? You'll...you'll be back right?" Harry said now, still a bit subdued.

Draco nodded, "Of course. You'll be allright?"

Harry nodded back to him and gave him a faint smile, "Yeah, I"ll be allright. Go on, she's calling. Dont want you in trouble now."

Draco faintly smiled back, and turned round, then turned back. "Thanks Harry...for everything..." he said softly, and before Harry could even respond, ran back round the front of the hairdressers and out of sight, leaving Harry to his thoughts.

It had been an odd day, and that was an understatment. He sat down on the bench, holding his wrist in his hand, and gazing at it like he'd never seen it afore. He wondred what had happened, and how. A tiny, very tiny part of him seemed to struggle with something, seemed to know something, but he pushed it away. There was no point thinking like that, and no point at all thinking Drake had been the cause of it.

As he brushed his fingertips over the now almost fading scar that was left behind where there should have been a still fresh wound, a part of his mind seemed to wake up and remember something else...something almost like from one of the books he'd been reading earlier...and as he finally left the small park, closing the gate behind him, words came to his mind like the whisper of the wind...and running from them to meet his aunt, the same words burned into him until sleep finally overtook him that night.

Magic...it was just like magic...

Well...that's bout it for the 'prequel'..not that I'm going to give away anything mind you...but let's say from here on out things are going to take a very different turn...and a very familiar one at that :grins: Till next time:)

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Chapter: 3

Can Love Survive...

All canon events, people, places, etc belong to JKR. Anything else belongs to me :)

Thanks so far to yotan, emma, crash, Soulsister, Azzie, Jay, Hippy Flower, Vmr, Annie, Illk, Mandraco, Lamia, Laurie, Chriss, and Moi:hugs: And of course, everyone reading:)

CHAPTER THREE: Promises Broken, A Future Sealed

Draco Malfoy was fidgety. All week he had been trying to sneak into his father's library to look up possible reasons for what had happened between Harry and himself at the park last Saturday, but for some reason his father never seemed to leave the house these days. It wasn't like he could just waltz into the library while his father was there and look up blood binds, that would just create too many questions he really didn't want to answer yet. It wasn't until Friday morning that finally he got his oppertunity however, and the moment his father left the house, he bolted into the library with threats to the house-elves that unless his father returned home, he wasn't to be disturbed.

Several hours later, after having searched through atleast 30 books by now, he finally found what he wanted. It was an old ritual book, and it looked very promising for some answers. He knew his father would be gone till nightfall, so he settled into one of the highbacked chairs near the window and began to read, growing more and more apprehensive with each paragraphs he'd found on the bind he'd preformed with Harry.

A Dark Wizard's Guide To Binding, Uses In Practical Applications

Written By: Mejer The Malevolent

Chapter Twenty Five: Blood Binds And It's Uses

There are many different forms of the classic "Blood Binds" in existance, each used for it's own distinct purpose. Blood binds came into play over 1500 years ago as a tool used for servants so that they could not betray their masters. Over the years it has grown from a simple binding like that to a very complex event, often leading to tragedies, maladies, hatreds, wars, and for the rare few, profound happiness.

The most complex and hard to understand blood bind is the "Bind Of Friendship", commonly referred to as the "Lover's Bind.". To a Dark Wizard this type of bind can bring either the most extreame happiness, or the worst pain in one's life. Rather then used in normal fashion to control

their opponant into doing their bidding, Dark Wizards have used this type of bind to control their mates.

If done correctly, and both parties are willing subjects to this particular bind, the effects can be devistating as well as fulfilling. The 'friendship' forged from this willing use of the bind will last forever, there is no reversal spells or charms to rid oneself of it, and should a time come that the friendship isn't willing to last, one or both parties of the bind can be driven into a frenzy of despairs, depressions, hallucinations, often leading to suicide. Hence why over the years it has been sometimes called the 'Lover's Pact" for it is commonly the bind used by couples wishing to have that everlasting friendship/love.

If the bind is forged by a wizard/muggle pairing regardless of sex, the effects may (not always) diminish over time, needing to be renewed every so often to keep the bind active, although the 'link' created will in effect, always remain even if not used.

If the bind is forged by two wizards of the opposite sex regardless of muggle-born statuses, the bind will be stronger, never needing renewing, and will almost always lead to a permanant pairing. However should the two people wish to leave their bondmate's side, the link shall remain just as strong, and might lead to the above mentioned effects if away from each other too long.

If the bind is forged by two wizards of pureblood status, regardless of sex, the bond is at it's highest form. The friendship forged will be more powerful, more complete then any thing on earth today. The link will remain as strong as the day it was cast, and you will know a bind has been successfully created by two such powerful wizards when the wounds made during the binding heal themselves without cause immediately after the binding has taken place.

Of all forms of the blood binds, the above mentioned is the most dangerous. Should two powerful purebloods bind in this manner willingly, they have the power together to create worlds, or destroy them. Even if a time comes that one of the two parties involved forgets, or is forced to forget the other, the link will burn in their souls, never allowing them peace until the friendships are realigned with each other, and their souls are joined once again.

If the two parties cannot resolved their differences, and become somehow antagonistic towards each other, the link will cause incredible pain, suffering, illnesses, misfortunes to all surrounding them, and even death, and one if not both are often driven to self destruction. This is why that unless the two parties are willing to share a lifebond with each other, this type of pact is considered the most unstable pact of all of the blood binds.

Correctly used however between two life partners, regardless of sex, will create a bond of fufillment. Overwhelming happiness, friendship, joy, understanding, and love will take flight, and together they can accomplish anything. They would be willing to fight for each other, love with each other, even be willing to die for each other. However it is my experience that 99 of purebloods who attempt this bond do fail, the effects devestating, and the bitter results are more then obvious.

There is a place on the outskirts of Scotland, near the wizarding village of Hogsmeade, where a small forbidden forest resides. Within this forest is a small lake in which the "Leaper's Rock" is said to be found. This rock is where all the unfortunate wizards end up to drown their sorrows and hatreds and frustrations due to the fact that the binding is so rarely successful. The lake is said to have been enchanted 1000 years ago by Godric Gryffindor himself when his own son lept into the lake after performing such a bind with his lifemate, only to find that his lifemate turned on him and became his enemy.

Godric, saddened at the loss of his son, cast a spell on this lake, and it's popularity grew as a place in which those lost souls whose binds have failed can find peace below the waters, and become freed finally from their pain and despairs. It is rumored that the forest became part of the Hogwarts School grounds after a time, and permission is now needed from the current headmaster of the school to enter the forest and find freedom.

Again, I cannot stress enough that this is a binding used under falsehoods. It tricks one into believing that their friendship, and love will last forever, but that isn't the case. Beware to those using it, for it is a manipulator, a deciever of rites, and unless you're willing to suffer the consequences, do not attempt this bind, especially if it involves two purebloods.

Or shall you, reading this, be the one lucky enough to overcome all of it, and survive, becoming forever joined to the other half of your soul?

Draco read, and reread the paragraphs before him atleast 10 times, fear growing in his mind. Putting the book down on his lap, he traced the small almost invisably pale scar that was on his wrist now, his mind floating back to that particular paragraph that spoke of the healing of the wounds. Harry was most assuredly a muggle, even if it was slightly possible that he might have some wizarding blood, obviously it wasn't prevalent, so how could both boys have reacted as if they were both purebloods?

Draco didn't know what to think any longer. It wasn't possible that if Harry did have pureblood in his veins that he wouldn't have known it, even Voldemort had known what he was despite having a muggle father. Purebloods just dont simply 'forget' who and what they are, they have a place in wizarding society and they simply just didn't go off becoming muggles. So how was this possible?

There was no doubt that the bond had acted as if Harry was a pureblood, the immediate healing only worked that way. But that wasn't the worst thing on Draco's mind either at the moment. Draco was only bout to be 9 years old, he certainly didn't know what he wanted from his life yet, and although at the time it had seemed such a right thing to do with his best friend, now he was beginning to have doubts. To be beholden to a muggle for the rest of his life...could he do that? Certainly his father expected him to grow up and become a death eater, helping to revive the spirit that was Voldemort.

The death eaters had never given up hope their lord and master still lived, and even now Lucius

was combing the world over to attempt to locate the spirit that had remained after that blasted Harry Potter had destroyed him so many years ago. Which brought Draco's mind back now to *his* Harry, his best friend, and now...apparently his lifemate, even though Draco was still not 100 sure what that really entailed.

There's got to be a way round this...think Draco! I like Harry, but not in that way...granted I cant stand girls but still, I dont think I'm the other way...I'm too bloody young to think bout this stuff anyway. Gods, why isn't anything magic related just simple, easily made, easily broken! Draco thought with a sigh.

Another hour later, after searching through a few more books, and having made sure to put all the ones he had taken off the shelves away so his father wouldn't know he'd been in the library, he found something that looked promising. It was an old book, possibly even outdated, but one of the contents caught his eye, and he began to read it in earnest, looking for a solution, and suddenly found what he had been seeking, or atleast he hoped he had.

The Potion Of Forgetfullness

Have something you just have to forget? Have someone who you want to never remember you again? This is the potion for you! Created over 500 years ago as a way to combat messed up love affairs, friendships that went wrong, and over all needing to just conviently 'forget' things, simple to make, and even simpler to use.

Follow the ingredients carefully, and within 15 minutes you've created it, no strings attached. Usable either by straight out drinking, or being placed in drink or food, the results will be the same, no diminishing effects if not drank straight, and undetectable by smell nor taste!

Ingredients are as follows:

1 bats wing

2 lacewings

2 newts eyes

1/2 slice of mandrake root

5 camamille seeds (whole not cut)

5 dashes of pumpkin juice extract

1 frog leg

2 shots of any type of liquor to induce the 'sleep effects'

Mix well, let simmer in cauldron for approximately 10 minutes, cool for 5 minutes, place in bottle or vial, and that's all it takes. Usable immediately!

With a small sigh Draco knew this was the only choice. Not bothering to read any further, he quickly got up and left the library heading off to his room. As soon as he got there he rang up for Dobby his house-elf, and the only house-elf he really could trust to not tell his father what he was doing. Although he could always claim to be 'practising' some dark arts potion if he was caught, he rather have not been.

Dobby brought him everything without comment or question, as Draco knew he would. Telling Dobby a curt reminder not to inform his father or else even though he knew he wouldn't, he sent him off and told Dobby he was not to be disturbed till dinner. Mixing the ingredients carefully, 15 minutes later he was rewarded when he spooned a small bit of it, enough he hoped for the job he planned, into a vial, placing it in the pocket of the clothes he was planning on wearing the next day.

As he cleaned up everything, he felt saddened he had to do things this way. He really did like Harry an awful lot, and he was going to miss his best, his *only*, friend, but really there was no other option. For the rest of the night his manner was subdued, he was beginning to regret the sudden sense of loss already, and even his father had given him sharp looks during dinner at his passiveness.

Retiring finally to his room that night, and making all the preperations for the next morning, he finally fell asleep, but it wasn't a peaceful sleep. It was plagued by nightmares, filled with hopelessness. He dreamed Harry had found out what he had done to him, and hated him, cursing him for all time for betraying his trust. He dreamed of a lake in a forest, surrounded by trees and dark creatures, and saw himself standing on a rock, and then diving into a lake. But in his dreams the peace still wouldn't come, even after the leap, and he felt a part of himself being ripped away forever, while a much older looking Harry only stood at the edge of the lake watching as Draco slowly decended into the murky depths, calling out to him.

You promised me Drake! You promised you'd never leave me, that you'd always be there for me! You lied to me! Harry screamed out angrily, a single tear sliding down his cheek.

I'm sorry Harry, I am so very sorry, but I had no choice! Believe me, I didn't want it to end this way! Draco tried to scream back, but the water was overtaking him.

I'll hate you forever Drake, do you hear me? I hate you, I'll always hate you for this! Harry said kneeling down at the edge of the lake, gazing into the water. Gods Drake why? Why did you leave me like this? How can I go on now without you? Harry said softly, more tears trickling down his face.

Harry watched silently as his friend, his lifemate, receded into the water, his heart now forever shattered. As he got up to walk away, he turned back, swearing he heard something whispered on the wind, but it made no difference. Drake was gone, destroyed because of a childhood wish, and

nothing was going to bring him back.

I'll always love you though Harry...Always...

During the night the small house-elf named Dobby checked up on his favourite master. He liked the young master, he was in an odd way much kinder then the Master was, even the Mistress wasn't kind to poor Dobby, usually kicking him out of her way. But the young master was kind, he had never kicked him, or made him have to hurt himself, and he would do anything for young master.

As he straightened up the rest of young master's room, Dobby saw an old book lying open on the desk, and fearing what might happen should Master find him with the book, quickly closed it and put it hidden away in the young masters wardrobe. It wasn't until years and years later that Dobby would remember reading something that had appeared in glowing letters right before he'd shut the book. At this time it would mean nothing, but years later, it would mean everything, though of course he wasn't to know this.

Covering up his young master with the blanket, and making a final sweep of the room that it was in order, Dobby quickly 'popped' back out to kitchen to insure that the young masters basket and things were ready for the morning. After that Dobby the house-elf retired to the room he shared with all the other house-elves, and promptly fell into sleep.

The words Dobby had seen at the very bottom of the page in the page in the book young master had been reading was as follows:

WARNING: This will only work under 'normal' circumstances of forgetfullness. It CANNOT completely erase things such as love, friendships, and the assorted, only putting a temporary 'stopper' on the feelings. Eventually the potion can be worn down by consistant dealings with the person(s) you're trying to forget, possibly even breaking it down alltogther. Serious reprecussions of course can occur once the potion has worn down. Make sure to take great caution to insure you do NOT have consistant dealings with the forgotten party!

I did say that I wasn't going to alter how the 'future' would play itself out now didn't I ...or will I:chuckles: I hope to be able to post again today or tonight, but most likely it will be by morning, but check anyway, I get off work round 12:30 AM, and dont have to be at me second job till 3 AM, so I might have time to work on this. Although I fear I have been neglecting my 'original' fic lately, so I'm not sure which one I will do. :)

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Chapter: 4

Can Love Survive...

All canon events, people, places, etc belong to JKR. Anything else belongs to me :)

Cheers to all me readers and reviewers!

TheLostGirl - dont worry, my 'foreshadowing' has been known to fail...most of the time anyway:chuckles: Believe me though, it would make a short story if I were to 'kill' them off, and only once have I ever done it, though I did give them a happy ending all told. Have no fear though, there's no 'deaths' planned anytime soon, although I cant promise they wont get hurt:grins evilly: consider that an 'actual' foreshadowing:laughs:

CHAPTER FOUR: What Have I Done?

"And Harry Potter catches the Golden Snitch, the match is over, Gryffindor wins!" came the voice of Dean Thomas who's voice was nearly hoarse from commentating the match. Gryffindor had outdone themselves in this first match of the Quidditch Season, which ironically had been against Slytherin. After Harry's incredible catch of the snitch the tote board now read *Gryffindor 220, Slytherin 40.*

Harry couldn't believe he actually had caught the snitch. It had eluded him nearly the whole match, which was unusual, but the fact that Draco Malfoy had been right behind it, and hadn't caught it in the end was even more astounding. In a split second that only years of practice could have supplied, he replayed the final few moments of the catch, and frowned when he realized that in the end, Malfoy had deliberatly pulled out of the Wronski Defensive Feint, allowing Harry to get the snitch in the end. He didn't get much more time to think on it though as the rest of the team barged in on his thoughts.

"Bloody awesome match Harry! I knew you would get it!" Ron Weasley, one of Harry's two best friends in the whole world yelled with a grin as he got down off his broom and patted Harry hard on the back. Ron had replaced Alicia Spinnet after she'd graduated in their fifth year, and now 2 years later in 7th year, he had the makings of a spot on chaser.

"That was brilliant Harry, pure brilliant! Had me worried for a bit there when I saw Malfoy head in for it. Worked out though in the end eh?" Seamus Finnigan, another Gryffindor, and friend of Harry's said grinning. He also was a chaser for the team, replacing Katie Bell when she had graduated.

"Was just lucky is all, but that's our Harry for you! Good job Harry, great catch!" Hermione said finally making her way over to the boys now and smiling up at Harry came over to give him a hug before going over to her now 2 1/2 years boyfriend Ron. "Wonder though what made Malfoy pull up like that at the last moment. You didn't say anything to him did you Harry?" she said now almost accusingly.

"Me? Why would I talk to Malfoy on the pitch 'Mione? Could care less what he does. Probably just didn't think he could handle a Wronski I bet." Harry said putting her off with a chuckle. He wasn't ready to discuss with anyone just yet what he thought he was remembering of those last few moments of the match.

"Well at any rate, you were fantastic like always Harry. And from the looks of things...Lisa does too!" she said laughing, and they all turned to see a smallsized, black haired girl heading their way, and quickly, almost too quickly, everyone but Harry suddenly headed off to the changing rooms.

"Harry! Oi Harry! Wondrful match, kept us on our toes you did." Lisa Turpin, Harry's girlfriend, said giving him a kiss on the cheek as she came to up him. She was a 7th year Ravenclaw, not a Gryffindor, and they had been going out since middle of 6th year when Harry had finally gotten over the fact Cho Chang had really graduated and was not coming back.

"Err, thanks Lisa. Was worried myself there for a bit, Malfoy pulled up just in time I guess." Harry said back giving her a small smile, but not returning the kiss.

Lisa regarded him for a moment at the nonresponsiveness that Harry was showing towards her and said, "Everything allright Harry? I know that bludger got a bit close this time, but..."

"I'm fine Lisa, really." Harry snapped back suddenly, and felt guilty at the hurt in her eyes. "Sorry, didn't mean to snap like that. Just a bit tired I guess. I'm going to head in and catch a shower allright? See you in a bit." he said, and to make things up gave her a quick kiss on the cheek.

"Allright Harry, sure. No problem. See you later then." Lisa said giving him a forced smile, and watched as her boyfriend retreated back towards the Quidditch locker room. She chalked up Harry's behaviour lately to N.E.W.T.S, Quidditch practise, and such, even though the year was just starting out. They were in 7th year now, and had alot more on their plates then they did last year, so she shrugged off this latest round of things and headed back to the Ravenclaw dorms, never even thinking that maybe Harry wasn't as interested in her any less then he had always been.

Meanwhile, back at the locker room, Harry had to endure more pats on the back, and even more remarks on his spectacular luck in beating Malfoy out for the snitch. Everyone had theories on why Malfoy had pulled up, including Harry, but he remained silent during all the chatter surprizingly.

It was more then fact that there was no love lost between these two rivals, Harry James Potter and Draco Lucius Malfoy. Since the very first day on the Hogwarts Express back in their 1st year these two had been rivals, in everything from schoolwork to Quidditch, Draco beeing the seeker for the Slytherin team. Malfoy was a consistant thorn in Harry, Ron and Hermione's side since the first moment, and it only grew worse over the past 6 years.

It was only Harry however that realized something wasn't quite right between Malfoy and himself this year, that although the taunt remarks and slinging phrases still flew between Ron, Hermione and Malfoy were more then evident, only Harry seemed to notice that the barbs and remarks directed towards himself seemed duller, and less frequent. Normally Harry wouldn't have cared, but since summer holidays, things had been nagging at the back of his mind, things that he dreamed of at night that were gone by morning, leaving behind only a glimmer of something he couldn't place.

As everyone filtered out of the changing room finally, leaving Harry to some peace and quiet while taking his shower, did he allow himself think back now on the last few moments of the match. Getting out he still hadn't any answers, none atleast that he could actively say for sure without crossexamining Malfoy himself, the odds of that ever happening were pretty slim.

Drying himself off in the steam filled room, Harry subconciously felt his fingers trail over a scar of his. Not the lightning bolt shaped scar on his forehead, but an almost invisable scar on his wrist. He never could remember where or how he'd gotten a scar like that, and he didn't recall having it in the earlier part of his life, but from the size of the scar it should have definitely have been something he should have rememembered. Until he had been 11, he'd even forgotten it's existance, but for some odd reason, when he had began his new life at Hogwarts it had started every so often aching, especially after fights with Malfoy.

Draco Malfoy was an enigma to Harry. He had watched him quite a bit over the past 6 years, as rivals tend to do sometimes, and even though he knew Malfoy to be an evil, pain in the arse git, the past year he'd seen a few changes come over him, this year even moreso. Harry had at first been surprized noone else had noticed these changes, and after questioning Ron and Hermione, and hearing from them Malfoy seemed actually worse this year towards them rather then better, he thought maybe he had actually imagined what he saw.

Shaking his head though he knew now he hadn't, and today was even more proof. There had been no reason Malfoy should have pulled out like that, giving Harry the oppurtunity to catch the snitch for himself. It wasn't even that though that got Harry, it was what he saw right before Malfoy had pulled out that kept going over and over in his mind. He traced the scar on his wrist then, realizing that while he'd been thinking bout Malfoy it had been pulsing, but he had grown used to this as well.

Lately, since the year had began actually, everytime he'd gotten into a confrontation with Malfoy, or had found himself actively thinking bout him, the scar pulsed. At first he had been surprized, and it had felt like someone had burned him there with a branding iron, but the more time passed, and the more he had contact verbally or otherwise with Malfoy, it had dulled down to this dull pulse, till now it was at the point Harry just expected it.

Sighing a bit and realizing he was running late, he quickly got himself dressed then, and headed back towards the castle. For a minute he stopped and looked round the Quidditch pitch as he left, the thrill of winning today's match still felt good, even though something was nagging him at

how he'd won it. Like the pulse of his wrist scar, he'd gotten almost used to the nagging thoughts that played through his mind sometimes. Nothing ever got revealed anyway, so it was easier to just ignore it rather then try to figure it all out. Most times he wasn't even sure he wanted to know what was the nagging feeling, for most times it seemed it wasn't a good thing that would be revealed to him.

Halfway back to the castle he must have taken a wrong turn, for instead of arriving at the Grand Hallway, he found himself at the edge of the Forbidden Forest, and nowhere near where he was supposed to be. He looked round a bit surprized, wondring what had led him here, even though he hadn't been paying much attention to things, he shouldn't have wandered that far off course. As he stood there for a moment getting his bearings, a soft rustle brought him round, and quickly he pulled his wand out to defend himself.

A moment later however he stood there in shock, for it wasn't a creature that had made the noise, but something, rather, someone else. Someone he definitaly hadn't been ready to see.

"M-Malfoy! What the bloody hell do you think you're doing?" Harry said with more then a touch of anger.

"Potter! Might ask the same of you you know. Forbidden Forest's off limits, incase you forgot." Malfoy said in his usual dry sneer, however Harry hadn't missed the second's notice at the way Draco had first seemed just as surprized to see Harry there as well.

"I wasn't the one sneaking round inside of it Malfoy. Maybe Dumbledore or Snape would be interested to know what you've been up to. Having some sort of deatheater meeting in there or you just meeting one of your girlfriends?" Harry said smirking back.

A momentary flash of anger flew acrost Draco's grey eyes, sending them swirling, but he kept his calm. "It's none of your business what I"m doing here Potter. Why dont you just run back to the castle and join those mudbloods of yours and the Weasel." Draco sneered stepping closer to Harry.

"Those 'mudbloods' as you put it, and Ron, are twice as better then you are, you slimey little Slytherin bastard." Harry said with a hiss. He hadn't meant to respond that way, but he hated when Malfoy talked bout Hermione, Lisa and Ron like that.

"Pity that a pureblooded line like yours is mingling with such people. Even with your muggle blood, you're hundred times better then them. Really amazing how you can stoop so low as to mingle with..." Draco started to sneer but Harry didn't give him the chance.

Harry didn't know why of all the times Malfoy was his usual self, this time was the one that irritated Harry the worst. The next instant his blood had boiled and he'd attacked Malfoy dead on, throwing punches and kicks hard as he could. It didn't register that he was bigger now then Malfoy, that he was 6'1 to Malfoy's 5'7, that he'd developed quite a few hardpacked muscles now from years of being seeker that Malfoy somehow never had. Harry had never retailated on

Malfoy like this, usually Ron was the physcial fighter, not him, but this time he didn't care.

It wasn't until Harry felt his anger seeping away finally that he realized Malfoy wasn't fighting back, that infact, he hadn't tried to fight him at all, and that Harry hadn't a scratch on him. Recoiling in horror now at what he'd just done, he scrambled away from Malfoy, stunned at what he had done.

"Ma-Malfoy? Malfoy are you...gods Malfoy I'm sorry...believe it or not I really am sorry..." Harry said moving back towards Draco's prone body to see if he was even still alive. Harry had a sick feeling in his stomach, and his wrist wasn't just pulsing now but outright throbbing, aching with pain even. He got even more worried when Draco didn't respond to him, and quickly he scrambled over now to see what state Draco was in.

"Malfoy?" he asked worriedly when he saw that Draco's eyes were open, but unresponsive. "Dammit Draco say something...*anything*!" he said, fear moving through out him.

Draco blinked finally, then looked up at Harry peering over him. He didn't say anything, didn't even move cept for his eyes blinking, he just lie there staring at Harry like he'd never seen him afore now. Something was hurting him, something was burning into his arm, his wrist, that he didn't understand. It felt like a branding iron had gotten him, and the pain made him shudder, then he closed his eyes, trying desperately to block it out.

"Malfoy! Cripes, I better get you back to Madam Pomfrey. This is not good, not good at all. Malfoy...Draco...can you hear me? Can you walk if I helped you?" Harry said fear thick in his voice.

Draco didn't answer, he couldn't have even if he'd wanted to. He wasn't really hearing Harry's voice, he couldn't comprehend what he was saying, yet the voice seemed so familiar suddenly to him, not at the pitch that Harry's voice was now, but as if Harry was younger, before his voice might have broken. But just when he thought how it could sound so familiar, the thought was gone, and he found himself drifting off into a sleep. The last thing he did feel was a soft motion as if he was flying, and he knew no more.

Harry of course, drained of anger now, only concern in his body, had transfigured a stretcher out of some rocks he'd found, and lifting Draco slowly and gently had put him on it and was now heading back to the castle, stretcher floating along next to him. As he walked back, his thoughts started in turmoil again. He was going to be in major trouble for this, there was no doubts. Of course they would ask how this happened, and if Harry lied now, it would only delay the inevitable till Draco would wake up and tell them the truth, then he'd be in even more trouble.

It bothered him though that Draco hadn't even fought him back. Not once, not a punch, not anything, not even a word. He hadn't even tried to stop him, making Harry feel even more guilty then before. Even though Ron and the other Gryffindor's wouldn't care what he'd done to his rival, cept maybe 'Mione who would scold him for it most likely, even though she hated Malfoy she hated raw abuse worse, it wouldn't ease the guilt he was feeling at this all.

Why didn't you fight back you stupid git? Why were you there at all even? Dammit Malfoy, just when I think I have you figured out, you go and do something like this. You are so infuriating! Harry thought, but something else made him pull up short, nearly knocking Draco out of the transfigured stretcher. For a minute he looked down at Draco's face, surprized that in this 'sleep' he was dreaming. He could tell he was from the rapid movements of his eyelids, but his expression certainly wasn't peaceful. Truth be told, even in sleep Draco looked tormented, and Harry wondred what could cause such pain.

Shaking it off though he continued heading back to the castle, other things floating through his mind. As they passed the Quidditch pitch, the forgotten thoughts of the match flooded back to him, and glancing over at Draco again he wondred why Draco had done what he had during the match. Perhaps at a later date he just might question Malfoy after all, provided this time Harry could keep his hands off him.

It wasn't until he was just bout to bring Draco through the front door of the Grand Hallway that Harry suddenly had a thought that made him nearly double over in shock. Harry had been distracted after that match, he knew that, but what were the odds that he'd been distracted enough to not even realize where he was going? What were the odds of his getting so far offtrack that he'd ended up at the Forbidden Forest, and the fact that Draco Malfoy had been there as well? Something wasn't right in this picture, there was something decidedly odd bout this.

Harry suddenly felt there was more to all of this then he first thought. The odds were too stacked of all this to have happened, especially as it concerned Malfoy. Providing Harry didn't get expelled for his little stunt today, Harry came to the decision there was a mystery bout all this, and he fully intended to investigate it. As he marched solemnly up the stairs to the Grand Hallway, he didn't even realize that the scar on his wrist wasn't hurting anymore, and that oddly enough, a strange warmth was radiating from it, instead of the usual dull pulse. The only thing now he was concentration on was that he was ready to face the music, and hope for the best.

Just for the record, Lisa Turpin is an actual HP character from the HPPS book, she was sorted same time as Harry and crew, and into Ravenclaw, although I really haven't a clue what she does look like cause she wasn't sorted or even mentioned in the film, nor was she ever mentioned again far as I know with a description. As for her being Harry's girlfriend at the moment, keep in mind he's been living a 'normal' life up till now, and he's clueless as to why things might be going in the direction they will shortly...ah I do love the writers ability to mould people into what they want:grins:

Reviews certainly welcomed :)

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Chapter: 5

~~~~~~***Can Love Survive...***~~~~~~~
All canon events, people, places, etc belong to JKR. Anything else belongs to me :)
Cheers to all me readers and reviewers!
Constantine - Thank you! I'm taking great pains this fic to 'explain' things best I can, far as people, events, places, etc just incase (as one of my reviewers once pointed to me) someone reads this who hasn't any knowledge of the HP series. Hopefully it's working? Of course certain things shall remain 'cryptic' until later times when the 'explanations' will come forth. As for why I choose 'Drake' not 'Draco'...That is going to be explained in an upcoming chapter in a conversation between Harry and Draco. There is a reason why he did it that way though :) As for Narcissa and Petunia, heh I never even thought along those lines to write in a 'conversation' tween them. I have it in me head that they wouldn't have though, Petunia is a bit too stuck on herself but knows her place so to speak in society, and Narcissa being the vain woman she is, would make it well know by her dress and jewellry that she was above her. I doubt highly at seeing how Petunia dresses that Narcissa would have done more then give her a cursory glance, and take her for what she was, besides the fact Petunia was obviously only a muggle, which would have put Narcissa off instantly :P
Illk - have no fear on Harry and his Ravenclaw girlfriend, he's soon going to realize a few little 'facts' that will change that relationship right quick! Good thing they made the girl a Ravenclaw and not a Slytherin though...Slytherin's just dont take certain things well! :chuckles:

~~~~~***CHAPTER FIVE: Guilt And Understanding***~~~~~~
Harry was back in his dorm reliving the events of the past couple of hours. It was still hard for him to believe what had happened, and the fact that when he'd finally arrived back at Hogwarts Dumbledore had been waiting for him almost expectantly. He'd asked no questions, only telling Harry to get Draco up to the Hospital Wing quickly, and meet him back down in his office as soon as possible, "Chocolate Frogs" being today's password.
It had taken nearly half an hour in the infirmary trying to avoid Madam Pomfrey's questions, and making sure Draco was going to be allright. Large purplish bruises were now forming on Draco's normally pale skin, twisting Harry's insides in guilt. By the time he had left the infirmary he was feeling as beaten up inside as Draco was looking outside.
Arriving at Dumbledore's office he felt like he was on his way to his funeral. Oddly enough Dumbledore let him just sit there in the chair infront of his desk silently for a while, Harry's head tilted down in shame, his thoughts a jumbled mess. Finally Dumbledore sighed, the silence was getting too much.
"Care to tell me why Harry?" Albus said softly gazing sadly at the hunched over figure that was Harry.
"I...I wish I knew Professor. I didn't mean to...to..." Harry said, his voice perilously close to tears.
"I know you didn't, I"ve known you too long now Harry to think anything less of you. What's done is done. The question is what do we do now?" Albus said thoughtfully.
"I suppose then I"ll go pack my things." Harry said and began to rise from the chair.
"Are you planning on taking holiday Harry?"

Harry stood there, staring at Dumbledore, unsure he heard correctly. "I am to be expelled...aren't I?"
Albus looked at Harry for a moment, the twinkle that had been missing till now back in his eyes. "Do you think you should be?"
"But...but I attacked him Professor...I could have killed him! Even Ron's never beat him up this bad...I couldn't stop myself...I"m a danger to him if I stay here...he'll tell his father then I'll have to leave..." Harry said wildly, believe every word he was saying.
"Sit back down Harry and listen to me." Albus said, waiting for nearly a whole minute till Harry finally did sit back down. "You are not going to be expelled for a fist fight, even if things got a bit out of hand. I hardly think you constitute any danger to Mr. Malfoy, atleast not anymore."
"You dont know that for sure Professor, it could happen again! Just because it's never happened before...it still could happen again...I could lose control again if he says things I dont like to hear...if he pushes me too far again...who knows what I'll do?" Harry said bitterly.
"Harry, there are alot of things in your life so far you could have chosen to do, but didn't. Just as years ago you didn't allow Sirius and Remus to kill Peter Pettigrew, just as you felt the need to save Severus Snape's life last year risking you're own life. Consider this another one of those times you have a choice."
Harry had to think on that for a few minutes. It was true that he'd saved Peter's life back in third year, causing Peter to be beholden to him by a wizard's bond, which in the end had brought Peter salvation, even at the cost of his own life. In the end, that bond helped clear his godfather's name, forcing Peter to turn himself in to the Aurors at Harry's request, although Peter did get sentenced to Azkaban, dying only 6 months after he got there. He never had been a strong person, and the dementors and their ways had made quick work of him.
It was also true he'd saved Snape's life, though oddly enough that had been a request of Remus's, not really something of his own doing. Remus had begged Harry to make sure Severus would get help when the showdown with Voldemort came last year. After nearly defeating Voldemort yet again, though again he'd managed at the last minute to slip away from Harry, it had been Harry who'd brought a very battered and broken Severus Snape back to Hogwarts.
Voldemort had found out bout Severus's spying against him, that was the whole reason they'd gone to confront Voldemort in the first place. Dumbledore had been concerned when after the last deatheater meeting Severus hadn't shown back up at the school, and a week later after receiving word on Voldemort's precise location through an anonymous source, Albus's 'team' set out an all out assault.
The 'team' was comprised of people that Albus trusted implicitly, including his godfather Sirius Black, and Remus J. Lupin, werewolf, the man Harry termed his 'second godfather'.
Unfortunately Remus would be transforming the day they would do the assault, so he secretly told Harry that it had been his fault that Severus had gone to Voldemort's the week before, even though Albus had warned him not to go back. Reports showed that Voldemort knew there was a traitor in his midst, and it wouldn't be long before he would know it was Severus, and Albus feared for his life.
Remus didn't go into the details why he thought it had been his fault that Severus had gone, but the look on his face was enough that Harry didn't want to further question him, so he agreed that he would make sure Severus would be found, hopefully alive, and brought back to Hogwarts. It had taken Harry quite some time, but in the end, after going off on his own for a bit, he'd found Severus locked in a room deep underneath the house that Voldemort had been using as a base.

He'd been beaten severely, had several broken ribs, two black eyes, both his lips were split and cracked, a broken arm and both legs had been broken.
He barely was alive at this point, not even recognizing Harry, which led Harry to the conclusion that Severus had been overdosed on the Crucio Curse, the same spell that had driven Neville Longbottom's parents to their neverending madness. Luckily he had been given his own portkey by Albus, and quickly pulling it out (it had been an old beat up muggle shoe, possibly at somepoint one of a pair of plimsolls) and he'd immediately activated it bringing him straight to the infirmary back at Hogwarts where Madam Pomfrey and the others had been waiting.
It had taken weeks for Severus to eventually get his mind and body back in shape, oddly enough it had been Remus of all people that had almost never left his side during that time, though Severus Snape would never be the same again. The Crucio had left it's mark, there was no doubts on that. From then on Harry had felt a strange sort of protectiveness for Severus, and berated anyone who'd dare say anything against him again.
It wasn't until Severus was on his way to recovery, that one night using his invisibility cloak to check on him, that he'd heard a conversation between Remus and Severus that he probably shouldn't have. One that in the end, made him realize why Remus had been so afraid for Severus, and why he'd begged Harry to find him. When he'd gotten back to his dorm room later that night, he made a vow never to reveal what he'd overheard, not even to Remus, and definitely not to Severus Snape. Although he had changed, he still didn't think it was something up for discussion. Some things anyway, were better left alone.
Severus eventually did return to teaching, and the changes became obvious. His hair no longer stood limp and greasy, rather it now always was washed and pulled back into a ponytail. He still gave points off, but now he favoured no houses over the other, not even his own. Sometimes he would be caught daydreaming even, with an odd look playing acrost his face, which had become older looking somehow, as if he'd experienced his own death. In a sense, atleast to Harry, he had. The old Severus Snape was gone, this was a new Severus, a tolerant one, a bit kinder, yet still strict and severe when needed. He didn't pick favourites, but he didn't single out either, only taking off points when it was seriously warranted.
The most noticeable change in Harry's eyes since then was his attitude round his godfathers, and in private, himself. Since Remus had returned last year to teach DADA again, and now that Sirius had been cleared of all charges against him, he often would go down to Remus's room for some tea and to talk bout just anything that came to mind. Every so often he'd find Severus there having tea with Remus and sometimes with Sirius as well, the first time however being quite the shock. It was when Severus had actually smiled at him, and poured him out a cup of tea, that Harry realized it was his way of saying thank you for saving his life.
After that it became a weekly ritual during the school year to go down every Sunday and have a late afternoon tea with them. Sometimes Sirius was absent, but Severus never failed to show, and usually had allready been there by the time Harry had arrived. Now that Ron and Hermione were dating, it was alot easier to sneak off then before, usually his absence wasn't even noticed by them. In private Severus was decidedly nice to Harry, though for show sake, in public he still held his aloof manner towards him, which Harry didn't mind a'toll anymore.
Bringing his mind back to the present now, it was the guilt that tore at Harry. He hadn't felt guilt when he'd saved Peter and Severus's lives, that had just been instincts and requests. What possible choices did he have now though? Not that Draco could have hated him any more then he allready did, but that Harry would have to face him daily and know what he'd done to him,

would forever see the dark bruises and battered body of his rival. To stay would be torture for him, the unknown of that it could happen again maybe, but leaving...leaving seemed somehow worse. Painful. But for reasons he didn't quite understand.
He didn't know that while sitting in Albus's office he had been unconsciously rubbing the scar on his wrist, nor that Albus had noticed that particular scar, and had registered it within his vast mind. He didn't know that Albus had seen a scar like it before, on another child within his school. Harry was so caught up in his own self worthlessness that he didn't see the gleam of understanding in his mentor's eyes. Perhaps if he had, he might have questioned it, but as it was, he didn't so his questions would yet remain unanswered.
"Think on this hard Harry, think what you want to do now. I suggest you return to your dorm to think upon what has happened today. See where things could change, where you could possibly correct the situation you now find yourself in. No child, not the situation you think involving me and the school, but of yourself and of you're own guilts. That is far more a punishment to bear then I could ever deem to do." Albus said softly now.
Harry didn't say anything but nodded his head letting Dumbledore know he would comply with his request. The guilt hadnt left his mind as he returned to his dorm, which brought him back to the moment at hand. Sighing in resignation he didn't know what he would do next, nor could do. Guilt was a bad thing, he knew that. It could tear away at your soul, eating at it till it consumed you, making you feel worthless, hateful, self destructive.
Finally he decided he needed to talk to someone, to tell someone how he was feeling. His first thoughts of course drifted to Ron and Hermione, but somehow he just couldn't face them at the moment. They wouldn't understand anyway most likely why he felt this way, they'd probably just laugh at him for even thinking it had been a bad thing that he'd done. No, Ron and Hermione definitely were *not* the people to talk to bout this.
Sirius was away for a bit doing some errands for Dumbledore, and wouldn't be back for atleast a fortnight, and honestly Harry wasn't sure he could tell Sirius the truth. He loved his godfather dearly, but sometimes Sirius coddled him too much. Perhaps that was Sirius own guilt manifesting itself for what had happened to Harry's parents, and at the exact moment Harry was more then inclined to believe that theory. Guilt really could make you do the strangest things sometimes.
There was only one other person then that he could talk to, that most likely would understand, and that was Remus. He wasn't sure Remus was free, but knowing Remus he almost always made the time for Harry when he needed it, and Harry was sure that if was something like this, he certainly would put aside everything else for him. While Sirius was codling and overprotective of him, Remus was cautious, but not overstepping the boundaries. Remus let him be who he was, not judging him like Sirius sometimes did. Within moments Harry's feet trailed down the familiar hallway to Remus's room, and he tentivately knocked on the door, hoping Remus was in.
To his surprize the door opened, but it was Severus who opened it, not Remus.
"Yes? What do you...oh, it's you Harry. Come in." Severus said, and walked back to the chair he'd obviously been occupying moments before.
Harry walked in as well, closing the door behind him, and taking his usual place at the small dinette table that was in Remus's rooms. "I'm not disturbing you both am I?" he said softly.
"Not a'toll Harry. We were just discussing your match today. Quite a victory there. I thought for sure Draco would catch the snitch." Remus said looking at Harry and seeing a grimace come

acrost Harry's face at that. "What's wrong, you're looking a bit off today Harry."
"I...I have something I need to talk to you bout...and please dont get mad at me for this Severus allright?" Harry said meekly looking at Severus now. Severus seemed a bit surprized at that comment, but didn't say anything.
"Well what is it then? What catastrophe has happened to make you look so pale?" Remus said, a touch of worry in his voice.
Harry drew his breath in, and let it out slowly, then proceeded to tell them both what had happened. Though the surprize clearly registered in both their eyes, neither of them said anything while Harry was talking, for which Harry was grateful because he wasn't sure he could have continued if they had.
'Oh Harry..." Remus said softly, torn between wanting to severely scold him, and take him up in his arms to comfort him, deciding in the end it was best to do neither.
"Well. I..I dont know what to say Harry. I cant say I didn't think it wouldn't happen one day, Merlin knows the way you to can go at things. From Weasley I expect it, but from you...though I can understand what drove you to it." Severus said, though atleast his tone of voice wasn't snideful and hateful.
"I just dont know what to do now. The other's are going to find out soon enough when Draco doesn't show up for dinner, and once the Slytherin's find out why he's not there, I know there's going to be retaliations. Not just against me either, but the entire Gryffindor house. Oh gods, what have I done?" Harry said groaning and putting his head in his hands.
"Now now Harry, I'm sure we can think up something. If I know Albus he's going to keep this a secret, he's quite good at that you know." Remus said and glanced for half a second over to Severus who nodded back. "It'll be allright Harry, you'll see. Atleast you were honest to Albus, and us of course, that's allways a good way to start things out."
At hearing that Harry suddenly felt a fresh wave of guilt come over him. "I...I haven't *exactly* been...honest though Remus. That's the problem." Harry said gazing down at his hands.
"What do you mean Harry? I've known you to do alot of things, but Gryffindor's are by nature honest. Call it a trait of the house even." Severus said.
"Why does everyone always assume Gryffindor's are so honest, so forthright...so damn brave, good and courageous? I hate that, we're *not* always! Look at Peter, there's an example...going over to Voldemort's side...look at me even. It's no secret I've gotten some of Voldemort's powers like being a parseltongue. Who say's Gryffindor's cant have a bad side or be evil?" Harry said anger growing in his voice.
"Harry...Harry calm down. Noone's saying Gryffindor's cant be bad, but..they're not as a rule that's all. There's always a bad seed in the apple Harry, cant be helped. There's no point getting worked up bout it though, honestly Harry." Remus said surprized by Harry's outburst and trying to calm him down.
Harry just stared at Remus, letting his words sink in. His anger disappated then, and he sighed heavily. "You're right, I just hate when people assume and think they know you when they dont. Like you and Severus for example." Harry said without thinking, and wished he could take back what he'd just said after seeing the shocked look on both their faces.
"Wh-what do you mean Harry? Severus and I are just friends, that's all." Remus said stammering, and doing a very poor job of hiding the truth.
"Er...course you are Remus, why would I think differently?" Harry said doing just as bad a job but Severus however, wasn't fooled.

"Oh come of it the both of you. Remmy it's obvious Harry knows the truth, no point hiding it from him any longer. I admit, in your presence *only* of course Harry, that I have been seeing Remus for quite some time now. Almost 2 years actually. Not that it's anyone's concern, but I happen to love him, and intend to marry him someday. Hopefully." Severus said in an almost emotionless type of voice, though he was staring oddly at Remus while saying it.
Remus only gave him a small smile, then turned back to Harry. "Well now you know. Obviously for reasons we cant be open bout ourselves. It's nothing to do with me being from Gryffindor, nor Severus from Slytherin. There's alot more involved, and it's not the right time yet. What happened to Sev last year was actually a good way to introduce our 'friendship' to everyone else. Sirius of course knew the truth, that we are far more then 'friends', and Albus knows, and now you. *Noone* else knows though Harry and we want to keep it that way for now."
Harry nodded, letting them know he wouldn't tell another soul. "As long as you're happy, I suppose it doesn't matter what anyone else thinks though, but I can understand the need right now for secrecy. With Voldemort still running round I dont blame you actually." he said, and saw a shiver go down Severus's body. "Sorry, I didn't mean to..."
Severus cut him off with a wave of his hand. "Dont be. Remus and you saved my life. I never should have gone...I was a fool." Severus said, his mind wandering away as it had been prone to do since that time.
"It wasn't your fault Sev, dont ever think it was. I blame myself...if we hadn't fought...if I hadn't..." Remus said quietly breaking into Severus's daydreams.
Severus shook his head at Remus. "Not your fault. What's done is done Remmy. You could have left me there, you didn't. Harry saved me when I thought noone would. You still wanted me, you didn't care. That's all I've ever wanted." Severus said softly, gazing now very lovingly at Remus, who was returning that gaze in the same way.
"Um...not to err...you know...interrupt but...what am I going to do now?" Harry said shyly and realized he'd been forgotten for the moment.
Reluctantly almost Remus turned back to Harry. "I dont have the answers Harry. I dont think Severus does either. What I can tell you is this...this is between you and Draco, noone else. Only the two of you can work this out...somehow anyway. Hopefully."
"He's right Harry. It's up the two of you now. If you need us we'll be here, but we cant tell you what to do. I suggest however, that you find your way back to the infirmary before Draco wakes up and informs whomever he might. Catch him when his guard is down. If I recall correctly, it can do wonders for a friendship." Severus said glancing again back to Remus, and Harry knew exactly what Severus meant by that.
"We're not exactly *friends* though incase you hadn't noticed. Rivals yes, friends no. I dont think what happened back then with the two of you is going to work, you two atleast had a background, Draco and I have nothing. It's not like I *like* him anyway...well not like *that*...I mean...I *do* have a girlfriend right?" Harry said, but somehow it didn't sound all that convincing.
"Friendships...are a powerful tool Harry. All you can do is try. Chances are Draco might not even reciprocate, in that case you've lost nothing but a bit of pride. Nothing wrong with that." Remus said thoughtfully.
"And if he does Harry...there's more to Draco Malfoy then you might think. Perhaps you should keep in mind that if you think of Gryffindor in the way you do, then dont be so quick to judge those of the other houses. Perhaps not all of them are the way everyone thinks *they* are." Severus said quietly.

Harry caught what he meant, but he didn't have a clue what Severus would mean by Draco being more then he thought he was. Draco Malfoy was rotten to the core, going out of his way to make Harry and his friends lives a living hell...or maybe, just maybe it was something else...and Harry was beginning to wonder if Draco wasn't being the way he was because he really wanted to. Perhaps someone else was pulling the strings, and he was only the pawn. Suddenly Harry knew what he had to do, it was all beginning to make a bit of sense, and it seemed the only thing to do. Thanking Severus and Remus for their time, Harry left Remus's room and headed towards the staircase that would bring him to the infirmary. They were both right, this was now between Draco and himself, noone else. He had to resolve this somehow, even if it took everything Harry had. He wasn't going to run away, he wasn't going to pretend it didn't happen then wait for the ceiling to fall in. His friends, his house, they would all suffer along with him if he did. Stealing his reserve, he pushed open the door to the hospital wing, and with a few short words to Madam Pomfrey, who oddly enough hadn't questioned him why he'd be there, he pulled a chair up to the bed in which Draco was lying in.
He didn't care how long he'd have to wait either. Today being a Saturday meant he had all weekend if need be to fix this. Noone apart from the few he'd already spoken to knew what had happened yet, and somehow Harry knew Madam Pomfrey wouldn't let anyone disturb the two boys unless it was dire need. He would sit there next to Draco and wait, not because he had to anymore, but because he wanted to, needed to. And a part of him hoped, prayed even, that Draco would hear him out.

I"m going to hope for a post of the next chap by tonight, it's allready a bit late for me this afternoon, so make sure to check back then. I get home round 7ish, so by the time I edit and get it into HTML formatting...figure by bout 7:30 to 8 or so EST time US if not sooner. Till then!
Of course I do love reviews! :)
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Chapter: 6

~~~~~~***Can Love Survive...***~~~~~~~
All canon events, people, places, etc belong to JKR. Anything else belongs to me :)
Cheers to all me readers and reviewers!
Constantine - Oh yes, I do adore Sev and Remus together! I've written Remmy with Siri before as well, but ever since I started reading SS/RL yaoi, I just cant get enough of them. They really are so spot on together, just like Harry and Draco! :sighs happily:. I did check out and register with FictionAlley, cheers for that because I never knew bout it. I"m using same pen name, Piri Malfoy, and I did read your Sacrifice, it's great! :) I haven't tried shipping, not sure where even to start. I've thought bout creating a www page as well for a while now, but I'd need motivation...and more then just me own fics (though I still have a few I haven't posted
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here)...maybe I'll start asking folks for contributes eh? :grin:

~~~~~CHAPTER SIX: Beginning To Learn The Truth~~~~

"You think they'll be allright?" Remus asked of Severus after Harry had left his rooms.
Severus shrugged. "Can only hope so. There's alot more going on then what we first thought Remus. Obviously alot more then they both know."
"I'm surprized Albus never picked it up, you'd have thought he'd have known." Remus said thoughtfully.
"Remmy it was on pure chance that even we 'picked it up' as it were. Albus rarely sees the two boys as often as we both do."
"True. Still though, after the way they have been behaving, or rather, the way Draco has been behaving towards Harry this so far this year, you'd have thought Albus would have made some comments." Remus said getting up to boil up some more tea. "Tea?"
Severus nodded and help out his teacup, a nice ice blue with pink flowers that came from a Sevres china teaset that had been left to Remus by his mum years ago. The tea set was one of the few things he'd had left from his parents among some wizard photos and assorted other things.
Remus finished pouring out, and sat back down, wearied all of a sudden.
"Are you sure you're even right bout all this Sev? Couldn't it just be a coincidence after all?"
Severus shook his head no. "I might not have all the knowledge I did a year ago thanks to...that situation Remus, but I know what I saw. When Harry saved me it was clear as daylight to me, and I knew I'd seen it before. After I...got better...I saw it again, but not on Harry. Led me to only one conclusion."
"But when Severus? You've known Harry since the day he got here, and apart from the 1 time he met Draco at Madame Malkins Robes for All Occasions back in Diagon Alley, and on the train ride here when they were 11, they've never been anything but rivals. One would hardly call that a reason to do such a thing." Remus said arguing the issue.
"There's no point trying to figure it all out Remus. We've gone rounds on this since this term began and I noticed the change in Draco, not to mention the other thing. We both know Draco for what he is, that he isn't what everyone expects of him..."
Remus cut him off however, "That has nothing to do with the facts as they are now Severus. Obviously this was done *before* they came to Hogwarts. A long time ago too by the looks of it. The point is...what are *we* going to do bout it?" he said staring at Severus with an odd look in his eyes.
"Why do you assume *we* have to do anything? Sometimes it's better to let things lie Remus. If we interfere, it could make things worse." Severus said sharply.
"And what if they dont figure it out in time? Come off it Sev, we both know the legends, and the fact they were both at the edge of the Forbidden Forest today proves that they do share a link, and that it is becoming more active." Remus said back a bit annoyed.
"Admittedly I agree there. It probably wasn't mere coincidence that they were unknowingly right beside the very path that leads to that place. Obviously you're right, they did do this long ago, Merlin knows how, but they had to have. And it's clear that Draco must have used some sort of potion, rather then charm or spell, he would have been too young to do something of that caliber without detection. Potions however are not monitored by the ministry, easy to make especially if you've grown up round the Dark Arts, and a child of even 9 years old can most likely understand them." Severus said that last part however as if he refused to believe a child could comprehend

the subtle art that was potionmaking.
"This is Draco Malfoy we're talking bout Sev, dont underestimate the Malfoys. From the day he was born he's been trained in the arts, like you were incase you've forgotten. Obviously he knew what he was doing to a certain extent, though I cant quite figure out what he could have used. Any clues yet?" Remus said peering closely at Severus now.
Severus furrowed his brow. Ever since last year when he'd been subjected to a weeks worth of the Cruciatus curse, his memory had become riddled with tiny holes. Nothing too major, but after healing he found certain potions, certain memories had vanished. It infuriated him at first, but thanks to Remus he finally overcame that sore point, and was trying to reclaim those forgotten memories, atleast far as his potions work went.
"I know I've seen it Remmy, but it eludes me yet. I've searched but it keeps slipping away." he said sighing in defeat.
"You haven't tried the library yet have you? You are a *teacher* remember, *not* a student. You have full access to the 'restricted section'." Remus said dryly.
Severus for a moment was annoyed with Remus for that, till he realized he was actually right. "Gods, you're right Remus. If it was dark arts related of course it wouldn't be in the texts I keep in my rooms. Even I am not stupid enough to give Albus or the ministry cause to question my reading tastes. Of course! Come Remus, I think I'm beginning to remember something! I'm sure I am!" Severus said a bit excitedly and grabbed Remus up nearly dragging him out the door.
45 minutes later..."I knew it! Remus, I found them!" Severus cried out from deep within the restricted section. He came round the bookshelves then, 2 books in his hands, and placed them on the table infront of Remus.
"*"A Dark Wizard's Guide To Binding, Uses In Practical Applications"*? *"A Dark Arts Guide To Potions"* ? Good work! Let's see now..." Remus said beaming at Severus, then taking the first guide and leafing through it. "Aha! Here Sev, look at Chapter Twenty Five...*Blood Binds and It's Uses*! This is it!"
Severus meanwhile was leafing through the potions book, till his eyes fell on a particular one. "I do believe Remus, that this has to be what Draco used as well. Only I have a suspicion that he didn't bother to read the warning attached." Severus said pointing to the glowing paragraph at the bottom of the page.
"This isn't good Sev. We knew it was a binding, but I didn't think, didn't dream Draco and Harry would have...could have...done the *"Lover's Bind"*. That hasn't been performed in what now...atleast 100 years? It was forbidden by the Ministry, and the pathway was sealed by enchanted bushes so that it wouldn't be easy to find. Far as I know Albus has never allowed anyone to use the pathway while he's been headmaster, and I certainly dont remember Armando Dippet, the old headmaster when we were students here, allowing it."
"Your right. According to what I do remember, the bind was outlawed 115 years ago actually, after the then Head of the Ministry's daughter bound herself to a muggle. Because he didn't know bout the bind, he forbade her to ever see the muggle man again, and that led her to leap off the rock from being denied his presence. After Dupont, that was the Ministers name, found out what she'd done, and why from her parting letter, he forbade any use of the bind." Severus said hoping that his facts were actually straight.
Remus nodded though, "I remember reading that now. As for the potion, it was outlawed if I do remember right though I"m not the expert in them, some 50 years back...because of Voldemort. He was using this particular potion to wipe out the memories of the people who wouldn't follow

him, and replace them with memories of loyalty to him. And I remember them saying he used this potion *while he was here at school*. He couldn't use magic or charms knowing Dippet would detect them, but he could use the potion." Remus said.
"Yes, I remember that bit of information too. Remus...this is shaping up to be a bigger problem then we thought. Harry and Draco unknowingly are bonded, for all time, and if they dont find out soon...I shudder to think of what the consequences will be." Severus said softly. Only Remus knew that Severus had quite a soft spot in his heart now for Harry since he'd saved his life.
"If indeed they were young, and I'm assuming they weren't younger then 8 nor older then 10, then the bind has had a long time to fester within them. It's clear that the potions properties are breaking down, judging from Draco's behavior anyway that it started for him quite some time ago, though Harry may only now beginning to realize it." Remus said thoughtfully.
"Most likely due to the powers Voldemort instilled in Harry is why. It probably slowed the reactivness of the potion. However I agree that both of them have been noticing the changes taking place within their souls, even if till now we haven't. Harry's struggle to fight what he might be, Draco struggling to be what he wants to be. They wont find that unless..." Severus wasn't sure what words he was going to choose even.
"Unless Severus we interfere. Oh dont worry, I dont plan on doing anything 'major' and obvious. But if we dont do something soon, that is...if they dont figure it out on their own...then there will be two more people at the bottom of that blasted lake, and naught we can do bout it. Are you agreeable?" Remus said looking sharply at Severus.
"You know I loathe to interfere Remus...however I believe the cause is just. Let's give them till the end of the weekend. If by then they haven't figured it out yet, we'll do something. Agreed?" Remus nodded. "Agreed. Let's bring these books with us. We can always claim research if anyone spots us with them. I want to read up more on the bind, and what alternatives we might have. You coming?" Remus said getting up and gathering the books.
"I'll meet you in a while Rem, I have something I have to take care of. Wont be long allright?" Severus said standing up and walking towards the gate of the restricted section.
"Allright, see you then." Remus said following him out. At the doorway to the library they headed off in separate directions, Remus back to his rooms, and Severus...Severus in another direction, one in which he hoped was the right decision. Remus's intents were good, but he still had to know for himself if it would be worth the trouble, and it was with that thought that he headed off into the direction he did, a determined look upon his face.

Sorry it's a bit short but I did want to get in some Sev/Remus interaction. I'm good at involving those two in Harry and Draco's lives, but this time I thought I'd see where it was going first. They did have to figure it out as well as Albus I figured, since they were the next two people closest at the moment to Harry and Draco. i"m kind of liking this 'new' Severus...not an overly gushy one, yet not abrupt and tense all the time. An inbetween Severus I think. :)
Anyway I'll try to post again by tonight, if not by morning so be on the look out, and next chapter I will make a bit longer. :) Right now however I'm off to watch yet another Alan Rickman film called Blow Dry...ah the advantages to working in a film store eh...so many films, so little time! :grins: Ta for now!
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Chapter: 7

~~~~~~Can Love Survive...~~~~~~~

All canon events, people, places, etc belong to JKR. Anything else belongs to me :)
Cheers to all me readers and reviewers!
Ahh back from watching Blow Dry, quite interesting actually though it did need alot more of that silky speaking Alan! But ohh to hear him speak in a Yorkshire accent :faints: lovely, spot on lovely!
Constantine - read over the boards a bit, not bad! I'm actually a bit shy when it comes to introducing meself to new folks...writings easy, having to actually talk bout things is a bit harder :P I'll pop round though and say hi soon as I get me nerve up promise! Meanwhile I"ll catch up with the latest threads...was interesting to note what the others like/dislike bout fics, gives me something to work with... As for Severus and Remus, how could they not drink tea...wouldn't be normal eh! :chuckles: Personally though it's gotten harder and harder to catch teatime round where I'm stuck now, just don't really see how you yanks can go for coffee like you do though! Tons of your Starbucks, but not a single tea parlor a'toll! :gaze up: Has nothing over a good tea, course that could be just me own thoughts :P Oh right, and you're welcome! :)
Oh right one thing also...in public Harry wouldn't call them Severus and Remus. In private however I see no need for it, considering Harry did save Sev's life, that warrants a first name basis I'd say, and by now Remus is I think I said, like Harry's 'second godfather'...so it would be natural for him to call Remus by his first name in private as well. To everyone else however, he'll still say Snape and Lupin, or professor. :)
TheLostGirl - promise I wont keep you waiting long...haven't any holidays this month, only work, but that shouldn't be a problem!
Mandraco - cheers on the name. I knew it was Armando, though I suspect I know why I put Arnold instead :mutters: It's been corrected now though! Of course I had to use Sev and Remmy somewhere, and what better way then in meddling eh? I just adore it when they meddle though!
Demeter - I know, I did put Sev quite a bit OC on this fic, or atleast enough so...but as you said it's explainable. Judging how Neville's parents went a bit daft after being subjected by the Crucio for that amount of time, I am working on Sev having been under it long enough to scramble just a bit of things. I will try to keep him as close to the character as I can...though when it involves Remmy, I make no promises! :grins:

~~~~~~CHAPTER SEVEN: What's Happening To Us?~~~~~

Harry was still sitting at Draco's side, waiting for the moment in which he'd finally wake up and Harry would have to face the music. It had been several hours atleast since he'd arrived at the Hospital wing, and apart from Madam Pomfrey bringing him some dinner a bit ago, which made him realize it was getting quite late in the day now, the two of them remained undisturbed as he'd hoped for.
Draco showed no signs yet of rising, a fact which actually was beginning to worry him, though

Madam Pomfrey, who'd checked up on Draco nearly an hour back, hadn't seemed too concerned. She only had told Harry that is probably the lingering effects of all the healing spells she'd had to use to clean him up, and that the rest period would be good for him right now, to help him heal what was left. She had cleaned up nearly all of the external bruising, but a few scrapes and such remained, some things just needed time to heal on their own she said.
It's not that waiting bothered Harry, it didn't. He used the time to prepare himself for what he was going to say when Draco woke up, pacing the floors at times even to get the right words. He didn't care if Draco wouldn't accept an apology, he was going to tell him one anyway, not because he had to do it, but because at this point it was something he needed to do. The guilt still had quite a hold on his emotions, and the apology was the only thing that he felt he could do to try and alleviate some of it.
It was nearly 6 hours later now since the incident between them had taken place, and it was quite well into the evening. In the back of his mind he knew his absence was probably being noticed, and wondred what Ron and Hermione would think when he hadn't shown up for meals, nor back at the Gryffindor common room after curfew. He suspected Dumbledore had a hand in allowing him to remain in the infirmary, if not Severus and Remus as well, and a part of him was glad that they were allowing this. Another part of him internally was groaning though because this would be another thing that the "Golden Boy" was allowed to do that noone else in school would have been allowed to, meaning just another bit of ammunition the Slytherins could use against him.
A few minutes later it didn't matter though, as Draco finally began to rouse from his sleep, to Harry's immense relief.
"Malfoy? Can you hear me?" Harry said softly, not wanting to startle Draco.
Draco blinked, then looked up at Harry, his grey eyes still a bit sleepfilled, till they registered who it was who'd spoken to him, and turned his head to face Harry. At first he looked at Harry like he had never seen him afore now, then he glanced round the room for a moment and realized where he was at, remembrance at what happened finally registering on his face.
"Potter. I'm not a bloody zoo animal, stop staring at me like that." Draco said in an oddly flat voice.
"Sorry. Just didn't think you would ever wake back up." Harry said, but didn't take his eyes off Draco's just yet.
"I bet you'd have been happier if I didn't. What's the matter Potter? Come here to finish the job?" Draco said coolly, however he didn't turn his gaze away from Harry's eyes either.
"No! I-I mean, of course not Malfoy. I"m not a killer like some people." Harry said sharply, almost too sharply.
Draco seemed to burn his gaze into Harry's now, then turned away finally. "Go away Potter, I dont need you here. I'll live, if that's what you're worried about. Go back to you're little friends and leave me alone." he said, his voice holding a tinge of bitterness.
"I'm sorry, I didn't mean that Malfoy, honestly I didn't." Harry said adding more guilt to himself.
"Whatever. Everyone thinks I am one anyway, why should you be any different. .*away,* Potter. Unless you're here to pound me into the ground again, leave me." Draco's voice held more then bitterness now. To Harry, it almost sounded like resentment.
Harry sighed, everything he planned on saying got cut short in one fell swoop by that stupid comment he'd just made a moment ago. Draco would never hear him out now, and he had to resolve himself to that, and accept whatever would happen next. He slowly got up and began to walk away from the bed when he turned back to look at Draco one more time. He was surprized

though, for in that few moments he'd turned away, Draco seemed to have changed.
The sly, cunning Slytherin was curled up now on the bed, shaking as if in tears, though Harry couldn't tell for sure since Draco was still turned away from him. He seemed lost, vulnerable, and very much like...like Harry himself lately. Walking back to the bed, he looked down at Draco for a moment, then decided to ask something that he had wanted to from the first moment.
"Why?" Harry said softly.
Draco didn't turn round, but he had heard Harry. "Can't leave well enough alone can you Potter." his voice flat sounding again.
"Why Malfoy? Why didn't you fight back? Why didn't you stop me?" Harry said a bit more forcefully, and coming closer to the bed now.
"Do I really need to tell *you* Potter? So you can spread it round to your Gryffindor friends and everyone can think worse of me then they allready do?" Draco asked, the bitterness back in his voice, his head still turned away from Harry.
"I'm not like that you know, I don't just go round telling everyone everything I do Malfoy." Harry said a bit heatedly.
"Could have fooled me Potter. The rumors allways seem to start out of Gryffindor's mouths. Why should this time be any less?"
"You know...you're just like Snape and Lupin, always quick to assume that a person's house is who they are. We're not." Harry said, then wished he could take it back after suddenly remembering that conversation back at Remus's rooms.
Draco did turn back to look at Harry then, and Harry could see the tears that had been in his eyes. Slowly however his grey eyes started to swirl with another emotion Harry wasn't so sure he was seeing...pity.
"Exactly my point Potter, surprized a high and mighty Gryffindor is actually seeing that." he said a trace of his usual smirk in his tone. "An eye for an eye Potter, don't look so shocked. I assume the worst of you, you assume the worst of me. It's probably better we keep it that way."
"Better for who Malfoy...you?" Harry said, wondring where this conversation was leading.
"Better for both of us Potter." Draco said actually seeming to get weary of this. "I'll agree to a deal with you Potter. *I* wont tell anyone else what happened between you and I, if *you'll* agree to turn round and walk out of this room...and leave me alone." Draco's voice held a tone that meant he was serious about this.
Harry searched Draco's eyes for a moment, searching for something he didn't quite understand. Slowly then he said, "Now...or forever?"
Draco seemed a bit taken aback at that, and had to think for a moment. "Forever seems like the best idea." he said back slowly.
Harry searched himself and realized this was the only type of 'apology' Draco was going to accept, and if that was the way it would be, so be it. "Shake on that then. I'll leave you alone, you leave me alone." he said and extended his hand.
Draco looked at the outstretched hand and his mind just for a second, flicked back to 1st year on the train. He offering Harry his outstretched hand in friendship, only to be turned down with the coldest words, *"I can choose the wrong sort for myself thanks."* Ironically now it was Harry offering up his hand to Draco, only this time it was to forever seal themselves off from each other. It was for the best however, too much depended on Draco at the moment, and he needed no further complications.
"Right then. We'll seal the pact with a handshake, then we'll never have to deal with each other

again." Draco said, and almost in slow motion he could see himself take Harry's hand in his, but neither of them were prepared for what happened next.
As the two boys hands met, a blinding white hot flash of heat seared them at their wrists, moving into their whole bodies. Flashes of odd memories drifted into their minds, of pacts and promises made long ago that had been broken and shattered, whispered voices like ghosts from the past encircling their senses. Feelings of pain, agony, torment filled their bodies, bringing stinging tears to their eyes, though they found themselves unable to cry out.
Just as quickly however, those tormented pains ceased, and new sensations began to run through their veins. Peace, tranquility, serenity filled their souls, their minds filling with a joy they'd never in their short lives experienced. Images of a time long past in which life was simpler, kinder, and filled with picnics, explorations, and laughter.
Some point later, at some hidden signal from deep within themselves, their hands parted at the same time, their bodies still shaken, their minds still in turmoil. Neither of the boys seemed to be able to talk yet, or even move. The emotions that they had just both experienced still firmly implanted within them. A few minutes later, Harry was the first to recover.
"M-Malfoy? Wh-what...happened?" Harry said still a bit overwhelmed, and turned to look at Draco.
Draco shook his head, finding his voice. "I-I..dont..know..Potter."
"Did...did you..." Harry said softly, still not quite sure even what he had seen, but finally recovering from it all just a bit more.
Draco looked at Harry for a second, then nodded his head. He too was coming out of the hazy stupor that he'd been in.
"What does it mean? Harry asked wondringly.
"You think *I* bloody well know what it means? *You're* the one in divination Potter, not *me*!" Draco said a bit testily.
"Actually I dropped out last year." shrugged Harry, and put his hands to his temples to rub them.
"Bloody great." Draco said with a drawl, then suddenly his eyes focused upon something on Harry's arm that he wasn't sure he was seeing correctly. At first he thought he was imagining what he was seeing, but somewhere deep inside him instinct knew he wasn't.
Harry saw the odd look Draco was suddenly giving him and put his arms back down at his sides, wondring what the look was for. "What's wrong Malfoy?"
"N-nothing." he stammered, then recovered himself. "Look Potter, I dont know what happened just now, not even sure I want to know. For what it's worth I accept your 'apology', but right now I just want to be alone. In otherwords, get out." Draco said, a tenseness in his voice that even he didn't understand fully.
Harry looked at him for a second, then nodded. "What bout our pact?
"Forget the bloody pact Potter, and just *get out!*" Draco nearly screamed now, he needed time to think, he needed to be alone...now.
"Fine Malfoy, but this isn't over!" Harry said angrily, then turned and walked out of the infirmary, leaving the air tinged with heat as he left.
As soon as Harry left, Draco slumped back into the pillows, and closed his eyes, images swirling behind his eyelids. This was too much...too much to deal with ontop of everything else he had to. Had he seen what he thought he had on Harry? Could it even be possible? If so...how...when...why? Draco groaned then, tensions running rampant through his body again, and he wondred if perhaps he wasn't beginning to lose his mind suddenly.

Using a relaxation technic he'd picked up from a muggle book a long time ago when the need to bring his body back to peace from the torments of his father, he relaxed himself..mind, body and soul. He allowed his thoughts to drift away, releasing the tensions that were creating havoc within him. He used it as a way to clear his mind, and refocus on what he had seen.
Opening his eyes not much later, an odd expression filled them, and he knew then he had been right, and seen what he had. Bringing his own wrist up to eye level, he traced the pale scar that ran acrost his wrist, which no longer was painful thankfully, the pain had now edged down to it's normal dull pulse. Draco had noticed that the scar hadn't really begun to pulse like this till the start of school this year, though a few times last year after Yule, when he'd come back from holiday and done what he'd done, it had pulsed as well, as if it was approving of what he had done.
Sighing then he knew this was something he wasn't going to find out bout now, that he'd have to wait. What he had known was that the pulsing seemed tied to Harry Potter somehow, because nearly ever time it did pulse, Harry was near him, or he had been thinking about him, which meant that as of lately, his scar pulsed nearly all the time. Sometimes even during sleep because it would be aching when he'd wake up. Not that he ever remembered any dreams that Harry might have been in, but somehow deep inside his instincts, which by now had become fine tuned for the things he was risking, were never wrong, and he trusted his instincts implicitly.
Whatever was going on between the two of them, he'd bide his time. Patience had become more then a virtue to Draco Malfoy since Yule last year, it had become an art form. Like a cat stalking it's prey, Draco knew when it was time to pounce. Right now Harry James Potter was Draco Malfoy's prey, and when the time was right, Draco would find out what this all meant, and why he felt himself losing control of himself for the first time in his life. Then he closed his eyes again, drained of the evenings affairs, and fell back to sleep, odd dreams swirling under rapidly moving eyelids.
Severus Snape snuck away from the corner in which he'd put himself during the little exchange between Harry and Draco. Unknownst to both, he had been silently eavesdropping and checking in at the infirmary ever since his conversation earlier that day with Remus. He was still in the way that he needed solid proof that meddling in their affairs would be needed, and now he'd found it.
It had been luck that he'd arrived only moments before Draco had awoken, giving him the ample opportunity to remain undetected, and to witness everything that had happened. He nearly showed himself while their hands were clasped, it had actually frightened this hardened exdeatheater. The boys hadn't known that it had taken nearly 5 minutes before they had let go of each other, and the look of pure pain and anguish on their faces had almost been enough to pull him from his hiding area, until he remembered that it would be more dangerous to tear them apart then to leave them be.
He had told Remus he wouldn't be long when he had left over an hour ago now, and quickly he headed down towards Remus's rooms, his thoughts furiously racing through his mind. Last year when Draco had come to him and done what he had, he feared for him, worried for him. That was right before Lucius had kidnapped Severus from the deatheaters meeting and Voldemort had 'punished' him, leaving him to die in that coffin sized, darkened room back at the base. Back then he'd existed on pure anger, hatred, fear even, and he swore that should he ever get out he would make changes in his life. He wouldn't...he couldn't...let Remus go on alone, and that's nearly the only things that had kept him from breaking sooner.

He knew the strength of a lifemate, and the power love could yield. He knew of the torments, the joy, the fears of loving someone that intensely that nothing else mattered, and to have that love returned. A lifemate was a tool, a weapon, in a small arsenal that could fight evil...and win.
Severus knew that despite Harry's 'attempts' at remaining 'normal', at fighting what must be a losing battle judging from the looks on Lisa Turpin's face at dinner tonight when Harry hadn't shown up, that Harry was beginning to face who and what he was. The scar on his wrist would see to it even if Harry couldn't, and now that Severus and Remus knew for sure what Harry and Draco had done, and what had been used, it was no longer a match between rivals, but an all out war that was going to rage within themselves.
He suspected Draco was a bit more aware of things then Harry would be, having grown up in a world that understood such liaisons, while Harry's muggle upbringings, and having to grow up with people like the Dursleys, would have kept him sheltered, or demeaned such a liaison. He had seen the way Draco had looked at Harry's arm, his wrist in particular, and he could almost sense the thoughts..the questions..that were now running through his head.
Remus was right, if the two of them didn't find out soon, enchanted bushes or not, the two boys would become lake fodder, or worse, tortured shells of themselves, unfeeling, unknowing, uncaring. Not just Hogwarts and Albus, but the entire wizarding world needed these two boys, even if they weren't wholly aware of it, and Severus knew that at all costs, the two boys had to be prevented from doing anything stupid that would endanger them all.
He made a decision finally by the time he'd gotten to Remus's room, and he intended to stick with it. Opening the door to Remus's front room however, and seeing his lover, his lifemate looking so concerned for him at why he had been so late, he decided to wait to tell Remus anything. Instead he took his love by the hand and without saying a word, embraced him to his body, easing Remus's worry with a kiss that poured Severus's entire soul into the other, thanking whatever powers that be yet again for giving him this loving man. Silently he drew Remus out of the room to the back bedroom, his thoughts only on one thing, and anything else would have to wait till morning.

Hopefully I'll be able to post another chap tonight after I get done bowling...takes me anywhere from 1 to 3 hours to actually write one chapter, depending on how many distractions I get (AN: in otherwords me kidlets! :groan:) I cant ever get a chap out quickly really, though it might seem like it. I've never taken less then an hour, and most times it is round the 3 hour mark per chapter since I like to make sure me facts are straight (distractions dont help though as example Dippet's name..I was writing that while me 5 year old was bugging me for gameshark codes :mutter:). Creative writing certainly isn't easy! :P
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Chapter: 8

~~~~~~Can Love Survive...~~~~~~~

All canon events, people, places, etc belong to JKR. Anything else belongs to me :)

Cheers to all me readers and reviewers!

Wow, gone a couple of hours and come back to such wondrful reviews! (makes up for the horrid way I bowled tonight ugg! :sighs:) Thanks so much everyone, I'm so glad you like me fics...it's always hard when I start a new one wondring if it will be liked or hated, and I'm glad this time I'm not disappointing you all. Cheers mates! :)

Oh, for the fact that I've been using 'Draco' and 'Harry' when they're not speaking to each other persay, but about each other, I apologize for that. I know even in author's 'thoughts' they should remain canon, and I've neglected that...atleast however I am keeping to them only using their last names while speaking. Forgive me to anyone unhappy with me muse on insisting to make a 'cute' fic out of this by degeneralizing their antagonism towards each other and I will fix that as I can. :smacks her muse Scabbers - Bad Peter, very bad Peter! :mutters: The only good thing bout me Scabbers is that he did in the end, turn yellow! :laughs: Seriously though it's really just a stuffed yellow rat of me daughters, and me muse for tonight, though after tonights bowling fiasco in which he sat on the table and brought me no luck a'toll cept bad luck, I"m ducking him for a new muse tomorrow...::Rings up her friend for a download of an awesome Alan Rickman wallpaper he has that I can stare at over and over and over and :coughs: err...you get the idea :grins::

~~~~~CHAPTER EIGHT: What Tangled Webs We Weave~~~~~

Harry headed back to the Gryffindor common room partly angry at the way Malfoy had just shoved him off, and partly still a bit shied at what had happened between them at the infirmary. None of this made sense, and his head still hurt a bit from everything that had happened in that short amount of time. As he reached the portrait of the Fat Lady he stopped suddenly, finally understanding the look he'd seen in Malfoy's eyes right before he had told him to get out.

It was fear. Cold, pure fear he'd seen in his eyes, and now that he thought on it further, in his voice as well. Harry was a bit surprized someone like Malfoy could feel fear, not that he wasn't a human being, but that Malfoys on a whole weren't very prone to showing any emotions except being annoying gits. This was a new side to Malfoy, and Harry wasn't sure how to deal with it. He decided he needed sleep, and in the near future, time to mull things over, so approaching the Fat Lady and giving this week's password, *"Final Fantasy Nine"*, he headed into the common room. Muttering ,he again thought what a stupid password it was. His personal opinion was that Final Fantasy 8 was the best of the series after having a chance over the past summer to secretly get hold of Dudley's old playstation, but Dean Thomas who had picked this weeks password, he heatedly argued otherwise, so in the end that had become the password.

Dudley had gotten a PS2 after chucking his old PS1 out the window yet again last birthday because he didn't get the games he wanted. Dudley was more a Mega Mutilation person then a role player, and getting FF8 wasn't high on his priority list, therefore causing said playstation to go sailing out the 1st floor window of his room. Harry had rescued it, fixed it up, and fished FF8 out of the rubbish bin just in time. Hooking it up to the 19" telly that Dudley had also deemed unworthy years before and Uncle Vernon had grudgingly given to Harry rather then throw it out, Harry had found a whole new world opened to him rather then the complete bordem that usually faced his otherwise horrendous summers.

His moments of solitude didn't last long however, as Ron and Hermione (who had obviously been doing alot more then just talking on the sofa) rounded on him as to where he'd been.

"*Harry*! Where in the bloody hell have you been? We were worried sick!" Ron said in a huff. Ron had grown quite good looking over the past couple of years, opting to take on his brother Bill's fashion sense and hairstyle including growing his hair in and keeping it tied back. He had grown to a height of 6'3 now, even taller then Harry, and after having the opportunity to travel now that the Weasley's had actually a bit of money due to Fred and George's success in opening their joke shop, he was quite tanned these days, and muscular thanks to his Quidditch training.
"Honestly Harry, if you're going to just go off like that, atleast *tell* us! You gave us quite a start!" Hermione said giving him her usual 'glare' when she was annoyed with him. Hermione had also grown quite pretty over the past few years. It hadn't been noticeable until she had started dating Ron though. Her hair was far less bushier, and she had added a few red highlights to it over the summer hols. Her teeth were still quite nice even now, especially in view of the hex Malfoy had cast at her back in 4th year. She had mellowed out a bit too since dating Ron, though her love of her books, hadn't decreased much, even though Ron often kept her 'occupied' in other ways.
"Sorry bout that guys. Something came up, bit of an emergency." Harry said avoiding their eyes. Harry definitely wasn't going to tell these two where he'd been, nor why. Atleast not now, not when even he didn't fully understand things.
"Dumbledore came and told us he had you doing something for him, and that you'd be delayed a bit. What was so important that you couldn't tell us even?" Ron said a bit miffed that he had been left out of something.
"Really Ron, it was nothing. I'd tell you...but then I'd have to kill you afterwards." Harry said attempting a grin at Ron.
Ron chuckled like Harry hoped he would, but Hermione only rolled her eyes and make a tsking sound. "If you dont want to tell us fine, but if you're going to go galavanting off like that next time let us know allright? We really were worried bout you you big oaf." she said swatting Harry's shoulder.
Harry laughed then gave her a smile. "Sure 'Mione, will do my best to. Really though I *am* sorry I didn't tell you I was going to be busy, it was sort of..unplanned."
"Well I suppose *this* time we'll forgive you Harry. Anyway we best be getting up to bed, McGonagall's due for rounds soon and I really dont want *another* detention this week" Ron said grimacing and giving a pitiful sigh.
"You wouldn't have *gotten* detention if you had paid attention during McGonagall's class yesterday. Really Ron, what *am* I going to do with you?" Hermione said with mock annoyance.
"Oh...I can think of *several* things Head Girl Granger...care to be enlightened?" Ron said winking at her and pulled her to him, causing her to blush slightly.
"I think I'll head up to the room now...dont be too long you two!" Harry said with a wink, then grinned at the blushes now on both their faces. He climbed the stairs that led to their dorm still amazed that after so many years those two were like a newly formed couple, still very much in love with each other, and immune to anyone else's charms.
As he undressed and put his pyjama's on, tuning out the snores that came from Neville, Dean and Seamus, he climbed into bed, closed his curtains, and lie down thinking on that still. Hermione and Ron really were good for each other, there was no question there. They were the epitome of what a couple should be like, in all ways. That they still argued was a given, they wouldn't be Ron an Hermione if they didn't. That they could still tune out everyone in a room but themselves, was still amazing to watch, atleast in Harry's mind. That they still loved each other even more then they had years ago, wasn't even fathomable to Harry.

What was it like to be that much in love with someone...to know that you'd die to protect them, or that they would for you? To be in someone's arms and forget everything else but the wonders of their partner, to find their other half and be happy...forever. Ron had found that with Hermione, and Remus had found that with Severus, Dean had with Seamus, Neville had with Ginny, Percy and Penelope had gone and even married, and even Sirius...well Sirius was on again off again 'seeing' this bloke who had a flat down in Hogsmeade, however when Sirius was in town, they certainly didnt spare for lost make up time. Why was it then that he, the Boy Who Lived...the Saviour Of The Wizarding World...could not?

Ron came upstairs a few minutes later, but Harry wasn't in the mood to talk with him anymore that night, and was glad when Ron went right to sleep. It still amazed Harry how quickly Ron could nod off, and not more then 5 minutes later, a soft snoring could be heard coming from Ron's bed, and Harry returned to his train of thought.

Ron and Hermione...inseparable in nearly everything. They supported each other, when they weren't having a row over things, they could almost feel when the other needed them, and were always there for each other as a comfort and friend, not just as lovers. With Hermione having her own room this year being Head Girl, it was soon a given that some nights during the weekends Ron didn't always sleep in his own bed, with made Harry almost a tiny bit jealous.

He shouldn't have been really, but he was. He liked Lisa, though he didn't exactly remember when or why he'd originally asked her out, it just had sort of happened. But when he compared Ron and Hermione to himself and Lisa, it was an obvious that they were never going to be up his best friends standards. Truth was that when he'd gotten back off summer hols, he really hadn't felt anything towards Lisa, though he couldn't bring himself to break up with her.

It was after a few days after term started and Harry and Lisa were taking a walk down by the Quidditch pitch that he realized this. Lisa of course initiated a long missed snogging session, but for the most part Harry only remembered that the feelings he thought he'd had for her were gone, and maybe had never been there a'toll. Unlike the others, Harry was still a virgin. He'd never gone past the snogging, he wasn't sure even if he wanted to. Though his body certainly at times had seemed willing with first Cho, then Lisa, something in his mind always held him back, though he could never figure out what.

When the clock in the outside tower struck 11 pm, Harry realized sleep wasn't going to be forthcoming. His mind just wasn't allowing him to relax enough, and his body still felt way too tensed up from the day's events. Listening to make sure his roommates were still fast sleep, he silently crept out of bed, put his robes on over his pyjamas, and dug out his fathers invisibility cloak and the Marauder's Map. As he picked up his shoes, deciding to put them on when he'd left rather then risk it now, he wasn't sure exactly where he was going, but he just knew he had to get out of where he was.

Downstairs in the commons, he put on his shoes finally, threw the cloak round his body, and whispered the words that would make the map he held tightly in his hands activate, making sure the coast was clear once he got outside. Seeing all was clear, he headed out the portrait hole, and stood waiting almost expectantly for something.

Over the years the Fat Lady had finally figured out who it was that silently disturbed her late night sleep, and like she had done with James Potter years and years ago, she would hold her tongue bout Harry's late night wanderings. She felt a bit of pity for this poor boy, seeing as how this one boy went through so much in such a short lifetime. She recalled James, Harry's father, as a bit of a nuisance sometimes, but she had taken a shining to him because he was oddly polite to

her, Harry taking on those traits.
"Do be careful Harry, I think I saw Peeves heading down the left corridor." she said quietly to him now. They always had this little tete-a-tete tween each other before he'd set off to wherever it was that he went on his sleepless nights.
"Thanks, I'll make sure to go right then instead. I'll be back in a while." Harry said back just as quietly. Although Harry could have easily found Peeve's whereabouts via the map, he enjoyed that moment of conversation from the Fat Lady. Keeping the map active, but rolling it up and placing it inside his robe pocket that also held his wand, he headed off to the right, still unsure even of where he'd end up.
He was still lost in his thoughts so it wasn't really surprizing that in the end, he'd ended up outside Remus's door, and risking it, he knocked gently upon it. Remus didn't come to the door at the slight knock, and Harry suddenly suspected why maybe he hadnt answered it. Pulling the Marauder's Map out again he saw he was right. There were two dots in the room beyond the sitting room, one labeled Remus J. Lupin, the other Severus Snape.
Deciding that after all he really didn't want to intrude on the two of them, he checked the map to see where else he could go. Peeves was bouncing round in the armory, so that was out. Filch was prowling round the library area, so that was also out. Suddenly then a dot appeared and caught his eye. He hadn't seen it earlier, so Harry assumed the person had just entered the grounds, the odd thing bout it was the dot had no name indicating who the person might have been.
Harry knew the map always knew a person's name, even if they were ghosts, or registered or unregistered animagus. Even people using polyjuice would show up, which is how Harry had mistaken Barty Crouch Jr. for his father back in 4th year, even though he was in the 'body' of Alastair "Mad-Eye" Moody.
That issue always did bother Harry too, for if he had questioned the map sooner maybe, they might have seen it wasn't Moody a'toll but Crouch instead. Possibly it might have even saved the senior Crouch's life, Cedric Diggory's life, and destroying the chance that had given Voldemort a body back at Harry's expense. Right now however, Harry's main concern wasn't in the past, but with this odd nameless dot.
He knew better at this point to go searching out whatever this was, or whoever this was, so he turned back to Remus's door and knocked louder this time, making sure to keep an eye on the dot. Right now it wasn't moving, it was sitting at the edge of the Forbidden Forest, not far from where Hagrid's hut stood, and it appeared as if it was waiting on something, though Harry wasn't sure he wanted to know what.
He knocked on the door yet again, and this time was rewarded. A very surprized Remus peered round the corner of the door, and Harry without even saying a word, sped past him into the room.
"Harry, what on earth...?" Remus said, tying up the dressing gown he'd quickly thrown over himself. It had been a present from Severus last year for his birthday, and although Remus wasn't really the type to fancy black colours, preferring earthy tones or blues, he had to admit he rather liked the silky robe with the initials *R.J.L.* embroidered on it in silver and green threads, although Severus getting it for him had been a bit of an influence.
"Remus?" Severus said from the bedroom doorway a bit sleepily. He was also tying up a dressing gown that he kept there for the times he apparently spent the evening in Remus's company. The gown was an exact match of Remus's, and Harry saw that the initials *S.S.* were embroidered on it in silver and green threads as well. "Oh, it's you Harry. What's wrong?" he said stepping into the front room now and seeing the odd look on Harry's face.

Harry didn't say anything at first, just gave the map to Remus, and pointed to the dot he'd been staring at. "This is what's wrong. Bit...*odd*...dont you think?" he said staring at Remus.
"Hmm, yes. I see then. I agree, bit odd at that." Remus said keeping a watch on the dot.
"Care to enlighten me on what it is you're looking at?" Severus said a bit crossley and sat down at the dinette looking at Remus, then Harry, then back to Remus.
"Remember this from back in Harry's 3rd year Sev?" Remus said showing him the map.
Severus furrowed his brow and thought bout that a second, realization finally hitting him. "That the Zonko's product you so vehemently denied as being nothing more then a child's joke product, though in the end you made the small mistake of leaving it open on your desk, which is where I found it, and saw what it really did." he said in a drawl that reminded Harry of the old Severus Snape almost.
Remus chuckled, but nodded. "One and the same. I would have told you more about it back then but if I remember correctly, you weren't exactly on the greatest of terms with me yet at that point, so I didn't."
"Well what exactly *is* the thing then?" he said still a bit crossley.
"It's really more then a map, it's a very 'expressive' one at that." Remus said turning it over now to Severus.
"Hmm...well dark arts was always your greatest strength Remmy. Veritessium I take it?" he said, his black eyes absorbing the map with intensity.
"Among other things yes. That was actually an idea we got from you Sev. I remembered how you slipped it into Peter's pumpkin juice one night causing him to go on and on about how he felt on a certain Hufflepuff girl. Most embarrassing really." Remus said chuckling.
"Yes, yes I remember that. It was actually Lucius's idea, not mine, though I did the brewing and distribution part of the potion." Severus said looking up at Remus a little grin forming on his lips.
"Anyway, I used it to...how do I put it...give the map it's 'personality'. The use of the Veritessium would ensure that no matter what form a person would use - animagus, polyjuice, even the ghosts and Peeves - would 'reveal' themselves in truth. That's how I found out Ron's rat Scabbers was really Pettigrew back then. It will also reveal passwords for the 'secret passages' and such. Came in quite handy over the years when trying to escape Filch during our 'maraudering' days." Remus said with a catch in his voice as he recalled those days fondly.
"So that's why you followed them all out to the Shreaking Shack back in Harry's 3rd year." Severus said, his eyes back on the map. "Have to say it's a work of art now that I've seen it in action. Looks like Peeves is up to something, Filch is hot on his trail." he said with a chuckle.
"Not to barge in on Peeve's troublemaking here, but can we get back to the issue at hand?" Harry said, worry still in his voice.
"Ahh, right you are Harry. Let's see...aha, there's the offender, still where it was luckily." Remus said glancing over Severus's shoulder at the map, and pointing to the unlabeled dot.
"Nameless dot? You *sure* this thing's working right?" Severus said.
"Sirius charmed it to last forever, or until it was destroyed Sev. I doubt it wouldn't be working correctly." Remus said a bit sharply. Despite everything, Severus and Sirius still couldn't get round old habits of antagonisms.
"I"m not disparaging Black's charm work Remus, just asking that's all. So what does it mean?" Severus said trying to pacify Remus's sharpness. It was only a week till the full moon, and Remus had a tendency to become a bit testy during this time.
"Maybe whatever it is isn't...*human* Remus?" Harry asked.

"Hmm, could be Harry. The map wasn't really designed for creatures, just people, even if they are dead or transformed. Still though, wouldn't make sense. Mrs. Norris nor Fang, not even that blasted 3 headed dog Fluffy that still remains in 3rd floor hallway show up on the map. If we had included spotting creatures as well we'd have probably gone daft trying to figure out every spider, bat and worm on the grounds. Somehow I really dont think it is one." Remus said thoughtfully.
"Werebeasts, Remus, or vampires. They have 'human' blood in them, they might show up on the map." Severus said slowly.
"That's more likely to be the case then a full creature. But what on earth would one of them be doing here? Albus has wards round the forest that they cant cross to get out, if that's what it is." Remus said.
"Maybe we should go find out? Just get a peek anyway. It's not moving, just sitting there. If it's dangerous, we'll come back and get Dumbledore." Harry said now.
"I'm not so sure I like that idea Harry, but you have a point. Atleast we can get an idea of what it is, so we have a good excuse to rise Albus up from bed. Let's not dally then. If it is a werebeast or a vampire who's left the forest, Albus has to know right away." Severus said getting up from the chair and handing the map back to Harry.
"Right then. Harry keep that map active, we'll need to know if it moves allright?" Remus said, and headed towards the door.
Harry suddenly thought of something. "Err...does it matter that we're not really *dressed* to go outside though?" he said a bit sheepishly.
Remus and Severus stood there a moment, then laughed. Severus took his wand out and pointed it at himself saying the words, *"Clothe Recurso!"* and a moment later he was dressed in of course, all black from head to toe, the dressing gown (and it was obvious to Harry that was all he'd been wearing) neatly folded at his feet. Remus then did the same thing to himself, only he summoned up something a bit on the brownish side, then Severus cast the spell on Harry, who found himself suddenly dressed in black as well, his dressing robes and pyjama's also in a neat pile at his feet.
"There, answers that question. Let's get a move on shall we then?" Remus said opening the door to the corridor, and the three of them then headed off towards the Grand Hallway.
It wasn't till they got there however, that Harry remembered to check the map. Another dot surprizingly was now moving, and it made Harry stop short as they were bout to head out the main doors. Remus and Severus who had been infront of him realized this, and held up, a questioning look in their eyes.
"Go on without me...there's something I have to do. Let me know what happened." Harry said, his eyes unwavering off the moving dot.
"Harry? Something up?" Remus said seeing the odd expression yet again on Harry's face.
"N-no. Nothing. Just go ahead, I'll be allright, promise." He said, and turned round before they could respond, fleeing into a righthand corridor.
Making sure that he hadn't been followed, he quickly sped through the corridors to the staircases, praying they wouldn't change course midway and send him off to just anywheres. The dot was clearly heading in a direction now Harry knew well from his midnight wanderings, he'd gone there often enough himself, but how this person knew of the place he didn't understand. He was foolish enough to almost think noone else had found it afore he had, other then probably Fred and George possibly, and you had to have a password to enter it. But obviously he had been

wrong, someone else had known bout this place, and it was there that the person was obviously heading.
Keeping his eyes on the map when possible, he was sure of it when the dot paused, and he saw a tiny bubble over the dot revealing the password, and then the dot surprizingly disappeared. Harry was 100% sure however that the person was in the hidden room, although he didn't understand why the dot would disappear like that suddenly.
The staircases to his dismay did change midstream, sending him to the complete otherside of where he wanted to be. After several wrong turns, and barely escaping the sudden appearance of Peeves and Filch which reminded him he was completely exposed to them at the moment, the invisibility cloak still back at Remus's, he finally got back on the right path to the secret room. He stopped for a second again, and peered at the map, he was very close now to where he wanted to go, when he saw the dot reappear suddenly. The dot sat there, unwavering, then again disappeared. Harry finally arrived at the secret door moments later, and whispered the password to get inside. He walked into the very familiar room, and waited until he heard the click of the door as it shut behind him. He glanced down at the map for a second, ready to wipe it clear, when something made him gasp. The map had cleared itself, there wasn't a single mark now upon it, and Harry knew he hadn't been the one to do it.
He'd found this place without the map originally, and never had brought the map inside it now that he thought on things, so this was defiantly odd to him. What surprized him even more then, was that the map somehow reactivated itself now, and instead of showing Hogwarts and the grounds like it should, only one room appeared. The room he was in. And the final shock to issue from the map was the dots, or what should have been dots. Instead now there were two figures, not stick figures even like usual, but almost exact replicas of the two people even down to what they were currently wearing. Harry didn't move, didn't take his eyes off the map then, and watched awed when seconds later two names mysteriously appeared under those figures, even though Harry had allready know who the two figures were.
Underneath the figures, in writing that Harry didn't recognize ,yet seemed hauntingly familiar, came the two names - *Harry James Potter and Draco Lucius Malfoy.*

Told you I'd shoot for another chapter tonight. :) Mind you this was a long one, took longer then I planned anyway and I hope you'll forgive me for the length of it, I just had to put it all down before it slipped away. At anyrate, post again tomorrow, hopefully anyway. Have to work late at both jobs, but I will do me best. Ta-ra for now!
As for the map, I"m assuming here it does indeed show ALL of Hogwarts, grounds included. That's how Remus did see Peter when they left Hagrid's hut, and he only followed them once he realized they were headed for the Whomping Willow, which is why he probably didn't feel the need to take the map off his desk, hence how Severus found it. Assumably the Forbidden Forest is the boundary marker for the map, though I haven't done research into it yet via one of the many books on the market on the history of Hogwarts. If anyone does know for sure what areas are included other then the stated facts, please let me know. :)
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Chapter: 9

~~~~~~Can Love Survive...~~~~~~~

All canon events, people, places, etc belong to JKR. Anything else belongs to me :)
Cheers to all me readers and reviewers!
Chriss - I dont know yet...it's wherever me muses take me as to what crops up during writing, and what plot twists I end up thinking of. Right now I"m only on chap 9, and I've no ends in sight for this yet...so you can safely say I'm planning on quite a few more yet :) I've often found meself to completely switch tracks in midst chapter when something I've written originally that I had plans for gets overridden by a whole new concept...example was that whole map scene in the last chapter. I had no clue that I was heading that direction until midway into the chapter, it certainly wasn't what I had in me mind when I started the chap anyway, but I go wherever me little internal voice takes me and usually it knows best! :) I've never really been one for the 'short and sweet' fic...the shortest story I've done was 12 chaps only because I grew weary of it so I ended it abruptly..otherwise I usually end up between 20 to 30 chaps in a fic. :P
Constantine - Thank you, I do me best! Writing angsty !Harry, !Draco, even Sev/Remmy is so easy for me oddly enough. Perhaps because I have a flair when I am acting for the dramatic, using full ranges of accents and emotions on stage as well as in 'pen'. I have I suppose a dark side to meself, so that's why I'm able to pull it off as I do, been there done that sort of thing. :grins: Honestly though both the boys, and Sev/Rem are very angsty people as I see it. Everyone always make them out sweet and mushy (I'm guilty of this meself :P) but anyone who's got pasts like all 4 of them do is bound to have a 'dark side' to themselves I think, which lately me writing has been reflecting. I've made the mistake of throwing them together and 2 chapters later having the boys automatically fall in love and such, but I've learned that's not the way it should happen. The best fics I've read out there are when they first hate, then conflict, then realize, then join together...plot, angst, happiness, happily ever after...best stuff on earth I thinks! :grin: Actually I post daily pretty much (few exceptions are weekends when I'm using the time to 'catch up' me sleep habits) but during the weekdays I can throw out atleast 1 to 3 chaps a day if mood strikes...I know I personally hate it when I read a good fic, and a month later there's still nothing to read, so I made a vow to meself that I wouldn't ever do that to me own readers...I'll always finish a fic at some point, even if it's just that 'short and sweet' ending, but I'll always give closure so noone's left wondring what happened to them all. :)
Pythia - Honestly haven't finished FF9 yet, I love Vivi though he's so adorable! Have racked up over 150 hours on FF8 and I absolutely adore Squall so could be why I'm biased. Not to mention Squall is so dark sided and mysterious, not to mention totally full of angst and contemplations...yet able to love someone throughout it all...so wondrful! :sighs dreamily:
Now back to you're regularly scheduled fic...today on BBC1 we have...Oops wrong fic! :laughs: really though...back to the story now! :swats at Scabbers who refuses to get off me desktop and be replaced by me Alan Rickman wallpaper :mutters:: Stupid rat! Anyone know a good exterminator? :smiles sweetly at Peter:...okay okay this is what lack of decent sleep and 2 screaming children will do to you...be warned..be very very warned!
Just a note...me muse :stares again at Scabbers: has gone and added a few new twists to this

fic...call it needed help if you will since thanks to the above mentioned children, me mind's been drained dry otherwise on ideas :sigh:. Do forgive me for doing things in this way at the moment, I promise things will return to 'normal' shortly. :)

~~~~~~~~CHAPTER NINE: Nameless Dots And Hidden Revelations~~~~

"*OWW*! Remus get the bloody hell off my foot!" Severus said yelping with a scowl as he and Remus came round the corner of Hagrids hut, nearly tumbling into the outside fire pit.

"*Shush*! Sorry Sev, didn't mean it. Forgotten how confined this cloak was for more then one person. It has been a while you know." Remus said muttering back quietly and making sure they hadn't been heard by Hagrid or Fang.

"Well it was you're idea to go back and 'borrow' Harry's cloak not mine, least you could do is remember how to use it properly!" Severus bit back hushing his voice while they both inched their way towards the place they had last seen where the unnamed 'dot' on the Marauders Map was waiting.

"I'm sure Harry wont mind we 'borrowed' it Sev, it's not like we're planning on keeping it. Still, I wonder what made him run off like that though. He seemed quite distressed didn't he?" Remus whispered quietly. Even though they were under the cloak, it only made themselves invisible, not their voices.

"We'll worry about that another time Remus. Right now we have to figure out what's out here, not what's going on in there. I dont like the thought that a werebeast or a vampire might have escaped the wards of the Forest." Severus said in a tight voice.

"I dont exactly like it either Sev. Although I'm no danger thanks to the Wolfsbane Potion you brew me, I know with a snap I can be just as dangerous as one of the wild ones out there. I know what *my* kind can do." Remus said, a little catch in his voice all too revealing.

Severus stopped short for a moment, disturbed at what Remus had said. Even though he couldn't really see Remus all too well underneath the cloak, especially with the clouds that were just covering up the moonlight now, he instinctively took Remus's hand in his own. "Remus J. Lupin let's get one thing straight. You are *not* like those monsters out there. You never were. Not to *me* anyway, despite Black's little prank back then, and although I tried to hate you I couldn't. Werebeasts are pure instinctual killers Remmy, *you* are not."

"I wish I could believe that sometimes Sev, I really do. But I wear the tag of the Ministry of Magical Creature Monitoring Department, I'm never allowed to 'forget' what I am." Remus said, oddly enough his voice held no bitterness at this.

"One day I"m going to rip that bloody tag off your bloody neck and show the Ministry just what they can bloody well do with it." Severus scowled, angry that the person he lifebonded with was treated as if he were no more then a common criminal.

"I know you would love, I dont deny you wouldn't, but right now forget bout that Sev. We have to find out what's out here before someone might get hurt." Remus said with a small sigh, and thought back to two years ago when this argument first began.

~~~"The Ministry wants to do what?" Severus Snape said with a menacing growl while pacing Albus Dumbledore's office, a piece of parchment balled up in his hand.

It was three months now into the new term, and Severus was allready feeling the effects of the tasks he'd been assigned. After the end of term last year when Harry came back with Cedric Diggory's body, and Voldemort was brought back to life, he had resumed his 'role' as double spy for Albus and the Order. He hadn't told Albus, though he highly suspected he already knew, that

when he had returned he'd paid dearly for his 'treachery' in not responding when Voldemort first rose back up. Only Poppy was really aware he hoped, of what he had suffered, for she had been the one to clean him up after that fateful first day back into the 'fold' of deatheaters.
This however wasn't what Albus had summoned him for this time, this was something else, something he couldn't believe he was hearing and it made his blood boil in anger and he paced the office, keeping one eye on Albus, and another on his fulltime companion and lifemate.
However Albus had managed to contrive it, Remus J. Lupin had been allowed to return to Hogwarts to teach DADA this year, and Severus couldn't have been more surprized at what ended up happening.
Only a few people knew of the preexisting 'relationship' that Severus and Remus had shared so long ago. James and Lily Potter - now deceased, Sirius Black - still on the run as a wanted criminal, and Albus Dumbledore. Of all of them, only Albus Dumbledore knew there were still underlying currents between these two, and when Remus had come back 2 years prior, he hoped that Severus and Remus would have patched things up, however it was not to be. The feelings were still there, of that he had no doubt, but perhaps it was too much to ask for when they hadn't seen each other for so long.
This time however, when Remus returned a second time, Albus was rewarded. He contrived to get Remus to the school nearly a month before term would start while most of the staff were still was on holidays, and instincts took over. Because they were confined, and more then often left alone to themselves, their relationship renewed itself. Though they were still at odds with each other in public when term started, in private Albus knew all too well things had worked out just as planned.
The problem now lie in the fact that the Ministry wasn't happy about Remus coming back to teach at Hogwarts, and wanted certain 'guarantees' for the parents that it would truely be a wise decision to keep him there. They were putting pressure on Albus, and now he found he couldn't refuse their requests any longer, hence why Severus Snape and Remus Lupin were now sitting before him.
"Calm down Severus. Sadly this is not a joke, and we must deal with it, otherwise I am afraid the Ministry will force my hand and make Remus resign." Albus said sitting down at his desk pondering things.
"It's barbaric is what it is! What right does the Ministry have to..." Severus began, but was cut short by Remus.
"They have every right to do this Sev, and honestly I"m not sure I dont blame them. Remember the last time when I did forget to take the potion, if Sirius hadn't been there I shudder to think what might have happened to Harry, Ron and Hermione. Even you *Sev." Remus said quietly.*
"But that was only because Black had gotten you distracted Remus, otherwise you wouldn't have forgotten to take it. I blame myself really, I should have paid more attention." Severus said walking over to where Remus was sitting, a hurt look in his eyes.
"It's not your *fault though Severus. You and I weren't even on speaking terms hardly back then. It wasn't* your *job to remember something* I *needed to do. It doesn't matter anyway now, what's done is done." Remus said looking up at Severus.*
"Regardless of what was, right now we have to either do as the Ministry asks, or Remus has to leave. I see little choice here. The students have taken quite a liking to Remus, the staff is assured and happy to have him here, and I for one, do not want to lose the best Defense Against the Dark Art's teacher I've ever had at this school." Albus said as if deciding for everyone.

"I cant believe you'd really go along with this Remus. Is this what you really want?" Severus said softly and gazed deep into Remus's brown eyes.
"If it was a choice between this, and losing you Severus Snape...do you really need me to answer that?" Remus said gazing back into Severus's jet black eyes and giving him a little smile of assurance.
"Well then, it's decided. We'll leave for the Ministry tomorrow morning since tomorrow night will be the full moon. I'll make sure both your classes will be covered." Albus said, and they parted ways then, Albus going to his room, while Severus and Remus to the dungeons still discussing what they were going to do the next day.
The next day the three of them apparated from Hogsmeade to the Ministry, and in Severus's mind, Remus J. Lupin went on 'trial'. Severus realized after a while however, that it wasn't just Remus that they were doing this for, but all werebeasts, and that infuriated him even further. Luckily between Remus and Albus, he didn't lose his famous temper, and was able to demonstrate for the Ministry exactly how the Wolfsbane Potion worked, what it was made up of, and that it did indeed, render the drinker coherent during the transformations.
They stayed the night in London at the Leaky Cauldron while the Ministry debated things over. The next day, the hammer was dropped. It was a subdued party of three that returned to Hogwarts that evening, even though a celebration should have been in order.
Remus would be allow to stay, provided that potion was administered properly. To be on the safe side, he was to be chained within an unused room in the top of one of the castle towers, and alone until becoming human again. There would be a sealing charm placed round the entrance to the tower as well, so no wayward students could enter. That wasn't however, the worst of it. Though of course they had no clue of the relationship between Remus and Severus, this display of factions in Remus's teaching gave them time as well to discuss and create new laws involving the 'nonwild' werebeasts like Remus. The main laws were as follows:
1. All 'nonwild' werebeasts will be registered with the Ministry. They must provide full name (including any muggle aliases), most recent address, type of wand (if any) that has been issued to them, type of werebeast they are, and if they are with any mates.
2. "Nonwilds' must be at all times, monitored during their transformations. If not already under the care of a magical facility (such as Hogwarts School, St. Mungo's Hospital, and the like) they will have to report to the ministry the morning of the transformation and either stay there for the remainder of the time until transformation is complete, or be put under a 'location charm' that will be monitored by the ministry.
3. Under no circumstances shall any nonwild who has a lifemate have children while in any form.
4. All 'nonwilds' will be issued a tag that will include the information mentioned in paragraph one (with the exception of the mate information, that will not be included). Werewolves will be issued golden coloured tags, wererats will be issued silver coloured tags, werebats will be issued green tags. Please refer to the new "Rulebook on NonWild Magical Creatures - Werebeasts" for the correct colour tags for the other species. These tags must be worn either on a wrist band or a neckband. Any nonwild caught without wearing one will be sevearly reprimanded and sentenced to no less then 30 days confinement in the Ministry gaol, and possible other penalties.
The list went on, other rules and stipulations were set. It was with great efforts that Remus and Albus had managed to drag Severus out of the courtroom earlier that day before he could explode into a tirade of the injustice of what had been done to his lifemate. Even Albus had

protested at many of these asinine rulings. It was only Remus, who's insides had been nearly torn out by these new rules, on the surface appeared calm and collected.
He didn't care really what rules the Ministry would set upon his kind, even the tags didn't really bother him. He still had his teaching job which to him was almost everything. He no longer had to walk the wizarding world searching for someone, anyone, who would see past his wolf side and give him a home or a job. At Hogwarts he had all that, a home, a job, good food, friends...and of course, Severus. Let them do what they must the Ministry, they weren't going to take Severus away from him.
The only rule that Remus secretly wished wasn't on that list was the 3rd one. It had been his fondest dream that someday, somehow, Severus and himself could have a child together. Oh it was more then true Severus wasn't really the 'fatherly' type, but a child would have given Remus something to hold on to, especially now that Severus was back in the 'match' as it were. Something that should anything happen to Severus, he'd have a reminder always. Of all the rules, this was his regret.
He would never tell Severus this either, he swore to himself that no matter what, he would never tell Severus it was this above all else which depressed him the most.~~
"Hello...Remmy? Remus you awake?" Severus said noticing that Remus had gone off on a tangent and was no longer doing anything but standing there.
Remus blinked and recovered himself with a sigh. "Yes, sorry. Daydreaming a bit. Come on, let's keep moving before Fang sniffs us out." he said, and together they slowly moved further away from Hagrid's tiny hut.
Ten minutes later they stopped to get their bearings. "Should be right round here Sev if I remember the map correctly. The 'dot' was right round the copse over there."
"Right then, wands out?" Severus said removing his wand now, Remus getting his out as well and nodding.
Silently they crept round the copse of trees, ready to bolt if need be. Severus had seen more then his share of things over the years, but vampires and wild werebeasts were two things he actually feared the most, even if he refused to admit that to even Remus. He didn't know why they could reduce the otherwise hardened man to near jelly, perhaps it was the fact that unlike Voldemort who atleast had plans and dreams, albeit warped ones, these creatures killed on instinct, whim, and without any other reasons then that they could.
Remus was the first to notice the figure standing at the edge of the forest, and tapping Severus's arm pointed it out. They moved a little closer to get a better view, then stopped short in their tracks. What was before them was not a creature of the forest after all, in fact they had never seen anything like it.
"I will nae harm you children, you have no cause to fear me. Come so I may see you." a soft melodic voice swirled in their minds and ears and they found themselves removing the invisibility cloak and standing to face the creature.
She, for they could tell it was a woman, was beautiful. Golden hair that was wild and untamed, filled with flowers weaved within the strands, and it flowed down to the ground she stood on nearly. She wore a white robe, bound with a golden belt that twined round her waist like a serpent, which on further look revealed to be one. Her eyes were green as emeralds, and held wisdom that was ancient, as if she'd seen the dawn of the world, yet she was small as a child in appearance.
"How...why...what...?" Remus said slowly, unsure even of his own thoughts.

The child/woman laughed, a sound that sent peace throughout both of the men, a sound that the stars must make when twinkling in the night sky. "You come alone? Where are the other children I came for?" she asked then suddenly.
"O-other children? I-I dont understand?" Severus said finally finding his voice.
"Yes. The Old One said there should be two more of you here." the child/woman said turning her gaze to Severus.
"Look, there is only us, noone else. Who are you, what do you want?" Severus said stepping back away from her, not quite in fear, but unsureity.
"I told you that you nae need to fear me, Severus Snape. I am bound by the laws of Tir Nan Og and my people that I cannot harm a human." she said airily, a smile still on her face.
"*Tir Nan Og*? Then...then you are..." Remus said realizing finally what this person was.
"A Tuatha De Danann, yes. The Old One said you were clever Remus J. Lupin, I agree." she said turning her gaze to Remus now, the smile never wavering.
"I dont understand...your kind no longer associate with humankind. Why then would you come here now?" Remus said completely awed now at the fact he was speaking to the woman.
"Excuse me..but what exactly is a Tuatha De Danann? I know I've heard of them somewhere, but I cant remember where." Severus said stepping back now towards the child/woman.
"Ah yes, I recall the Old One told me you had been damaged not long ago. Perhaps at another time I can speak with my people, and help you child. For now though as to what we are is simple. We are the only true magical race of the faeries. We went to Ireland to banish the Firbolg and the Formorians, which we did. However in the end, we ourselves were defeated by a race called the Milesians, and we retreated to our world Tir Nan Og, where we live away from humankind, ageless and beautiful. It is from us that all races of Faeries are descended Severus Snape. And sometimes, when the need is great, we leave Tir Nan Og, and help those who desperately need it."
"Who is this 'Old One' you keep refering too though? And why do you keep calling us children when we hardly are that." Remus cut in.
The child/woman laughed again replying, "You *are* children...to me. I am over 1000 years old now, so therefore you are still children in my eyes. As for the Old One I call him that from respect and for his wisdom. I believe you call him...Albus Dumbledore, yes?"
"The headmaster? You know him as well?" Severus said still a bit surprized at all of this.
"For many years now. He called upon me earlier today, and told me that there were those here that needed my help perhaps. So here I am. If you had not come tonight, I would have returned until you had. But he told me there were four, not just two of you that I should seek." she said thoughtfully.
"I cant think who the other two could be...unless..." Severus said slowly thinking.
"Of course, I see it now! It has to be Harry and Draco, who else?" Remus said putting everything together. "And here we thought *we* were going to interfere in that Sev, seems Albus beat us to the punch yet again." he said chuckling.
"I believe *you* were going to interfere, *I* was mearly going along as a back up. But why would Albus call for you, that I dont understand." Severus said turning back to face the child/woman.
"You may call me Perrine, my name would not be pronounceable in human tongue to you. As for that I do not quite yet know myself, only that I would be needed. The Old One is quite cryptic when he wishes to be, even to the likes of my people." she said with a chuckle.
"Well we've established that you're here for Harry and Draco at any rate." Remus said, wondring

yet again where Harry had run off to back at the castle, and hoped he was allright.
"You are wrong Remus Lupin. I am not here for Harry and Draco." Perrine said softly.
"I thought you just said you were?" Severus asked sharply glancing at her.
"Had you listened Severus Snape, I did say I was here for *four* of you. I am here for you and your lifemate as well." she said.
"Remus and I dont need any help, especially from a meddling old fool like Albus Dumbledore. We're perfectly happy as we are." Severus said in a huff. If it was one thing he really couldn't abide with was meddling in his own life, even though it had brought Remus back into his arms.
Perrine laughed again, "The Old One said you most of all, would be reluctant to seek the help, or to listen for it. But your lifemate is not, are you Remus Lupin." she said turning again to Remus, and gazing deep within his eyes as if examining his very soul.
"I...I...dont know what you mean." Remus said, turning his eyes away from her to look into the forest instead.
"Regrets are hard to bear Remus Lupin, I see them in your soul. It pains me that you believe now that wishes cannot come true." Perrine said in a saddened voice, as if she could feel Remus's pain.
"Remus? What is she talking about? What regrets?" Severus said sharply and turned his lover to face him.
"Its...it's nothing Severus." he said, then turned back to Perrine. "Look, the past is the past, it cant be changed. It's Harry and Draco I worry for now, not my own pitiful regrets and remembrances."
A look of sorrow passed quickly through the eyes of Perrine, but she understood the wolf. When the time was right, this one might be more willing, but till that time, she would not interfere further. She would concentrate now on the other two children she had been called for, their need equally as great as the dark one's and the wolf's. She closed her eyes then, using the magic of her people, and reached out her mind to find the children she now sought. She had to get round several magical barriers, but in the end, her magic hadn't failed her.
"Come, we shall seek out the other two children, I know now where they are." she said opening her eyes and refocusing them, and started to walk towards the castle.
Remus and Severus were a bit surprized that Perrine would know what they didn't, but then they couldn't begin to understand the magic of the faeries. That was magic unlike their own, and would never be seen in the wizarding world. Without comment or question they followed her back to the castle, stopping right before the front doors. To Severus and Remus's surprize yet again, a person was waiting there, or what appeared to be a person. The person seemed familiar, yet he was not a part of the staff nor any student either.
Perrine walked up the long stairs to the entrance, and stood before the man, a small smile on her face. "It's been a long time my friend." she said softly.
"I had a feeling Albus would have sent for you. He is wise beyond his years, for an old man." he said grinning.
"I take it that it was you who led them to that place?" she said.
"Did you expect less of me that I *wouldn't* help one of my own when I could?" the man giving her an odd look.
"Are they strong enough do you think, to overcome this?"
"From anyone else Perrine I would think that was an insult to my own." the man said a twinkle in his eyes.

"You are sure he is one of yours?" she said now thoughtfully.
"As sure as you are standing here before me girl. He is blood of my blood, no less. He has shown time and time again his true colours, despite the fact he has been tainted by a serpent." the man said with a touch of a frown.
Perrine laughed, "How ironic for you then that it is a serpent he is to be forever bound to then eh?"
"Under normal circumstances I wouldn't permit this union, I would rather my own lie at the bottom of the lake then submit to a serpent. But I have watched this serpent, he is not what he seems, therefore I have allowed it." the man said.
"Come then. We shall see if it as you claim, and they are strong enough to know what they are." Perrine said, and swept past the man into the Grand Hallway, Remus and Severus behind her. The man however waited a moment, looking out towards the Forbidden Forest.
From inside the Grand Hall Perrine's voice filtered out, "Do be a dear and hurry Godric, time runs against us this night, and I will soon need to return to Tir Nan Og for you know my magic fades in the human world at dawn." And with that, the man turned and walked inside, the front doors closing softly behind him.

The information above referring to the Tuatha De Danann is accurate by the way, though I fudged it on the description of what one might look like. I'm picturing them as if they were nymphs and goddess like, then mortals, and because they are faeries, I do see them childlike in size. Their info is courtesy of this website .com/~ , feel free to visit it for it's been quite an inspiration to me in writing when I've needed to throw in assorted creatures where need be. :)
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Chapter: 10

~~~~~~***Can Love Survive...***~~~~~~~
All canon events, people, places, etc belong to JKR. Anything else belongs to me :)
Cheers to all me readers and reviewers!

~~~~~~***CHAPTER TEN: A Servant And It's Master***~~~~~~~~~
Harry looked round the room now trying to see where exactly Malfoy could be. It wasn't a big room persay, but Harry knew from experience that looks were deceiving, and the room was prone to sometimes shift round without warning, placing furniture on opposite sides and doors were there were none before. The only thing that really ever remained constant in the room was the entrance he always used to get into the room. He had a feeling that whatever door one used to get inside, was the one that would stay put, so he didn't want to risk going through the other doors just incase the door back to the corridor he knew would shift round and he'd never find his way back again.

The actual furniture remained the same as well even if they were prone to shifting spots. There was a large four-poster kingsized bed with gold and red curtains with the Gryffindor House Crest surrounding it. On one of the walls a bookshelf stretched from corner to corner, floor to ceiling. It was filled with books of every shape, size and type, from light to dark arts, charms to potions, and Harry had quickly figured out that they were very old and probably should be in the restricted section, he knew Hermione would have had loved this room for that alone. A moving ladder made of black iron lattice was the only way to access the top shelves, and it ran acrost the top shelf just like Mr. Ollivander's had in the wand shop.

A large desk made of cherry oak and stained with a reddish colour stood against another wall. It had several drawers in which Harry had found papers written in an odd language, and the ones he could read were beyond what he could understand, so he tended to leave those alone. The top of the desk was littered with candles from the many times Harry had come here during the nights. It somewhat struck Harry a bit that oddly enough, the candles in the wall holders were always lit when he got there, almost as if someone had allready prepared them for him. The extra candles on the desk though helped for the times Harry had needed a quite place to study away from distractions.

On the floor was a huge persian styled rug made of a material Harry never did place. It had a giant lion weaved into it, and the weaver had done the lion justice at that. Regal and proud, courageous and lofty looking, as if the world was beneath this lion. Sometimes even Harry would swear the lion was alive, and watching him, that's how lifelike the lion appeared. On the walls were several other hangings, depicting scenes from battles fought long ago, yet although he'd never heard of them, they seemed awfully familiar. *"The Battle of Perth", "The Capture of Loch Morar", "The Retreat of The Tuatha De Danann", "The Capture of Arinagour"*...obviously places and people of wizarding history, but Harry had never really taken the time to investigate further.

What Harry liked best about his hideaway was the feelings he had when he was there. He couldn't quite explain it if he would have been asked, but to sum it up best he could, it would be a feeling of peace and tranquility. Understanding. A place where he could stop thinking, stop feeling, stop hurting. He had long since past the point of caring what the Dursley's did to him over the summers, after as many years he'd learned to just stay put and do as told, which made everyone 'happier' allround.

He knew that coming back to school should have been the highlight of the end of summer hols, and every year till this one it pretty much had been. At school he felt safe somehow, he felt like he was home, but this year he didn't feel that way. This was his last year, and every year except for one (that being his 3rd year), he had had to face every form of Voldemort imaginable, from a childhood to an adulthood Voldemort, and frankly he was more then tired of it. He was tired of being what everyone expected of him, tired of playing crusader and showing emotions he didn't feel. Tired of wondring whether or not it would have been simpler these days to just give in and join Malfoy and the other deatheaters and complete his dark side.

Harry knew he had a dark side, no matter how often he tried to fight it, to suppress it, it was there. It was in his nightmares, sometimes even spilling into his waking hours. It was his dark side that had done what he had to Malfoy, had made him lose control like that. It was his dark side that felt the need to pick out and destroy what he couldn't control, like Malfoy and Voldemort. Even if he tried to pretend it was for the 'right' and 'just' reasons, it was a killing instinct none the less.

He would never tell another soul this, but it had taken every ounce of control over himself not to let Remus and Sirius kill Peter Pettigrew back then, that fact was that he wanted to do it himself, but luckily he had stopped himself just in time. The fact that the sorting hat had wanted even to place him in Slytherin, not just because of his link with Voldemort, but because of his own dark thoughts, was enough to make him wonder over the last 6 years if Slytherin was really where he belonged after all.
He had done so much 'good' that the 'bad' things he'd done always got overlooked. Cedric's death was his fault yet they brushed it off as mere bad luck. Voldemort's returning, again his fault, yet nobody blamed him. Cornelius Fudge not believing him even when he tried to give him names and proof, again brushed off because of his being a parseltounge and prone to 'fits and fainting spells', unbelieved because he shared a bond with Voldemort in a sick way.
And now this with Malfoy. Another piece of firewood to add to a burning flame that burned deep within Harry's soul. He could have killed Malfoy, he wanted to kill him, that was what tore him up the worst. He still didn't know what had made him stop right when he did, why the anger seemed to just seep out of him quick as it had started, though he was grateful for whatever it was that had stopped him. This went beyond guilt now, this was just pain, he had almost taken anothers life and would have enjoyed it, perhaps that more then anything else, is what drove him to follow Malfoy when he'd seen his 'dot' move on the map.
Now that he was actually here in the room, he hadn't a clue what he was going to even say to Malfoy when he confronted him. He'd already basically apologized to him, getting a grudging acceptance, so what else could he possibly say to his rival? He glanced round one more time, and realized that Malfoy wasn't even there, which surprized Harry a bit. The room wasn't big enough to really 'hide' anyone, so where could Malfoy be?
A sharp pain from his wrist made him jump, and he glanced down realizing he still had the map in his hand. Looking at it now he realized the 'dot' that was labeled as *Draco Lucius Malfoy* wasn't in the room anymore a'toll, and even more to his surprize, the map again began to rewrite itself, showing new corridors off from unseen doors. It was down one of these corridors now that the 'dot' was moving, and at a rapid pace too.
Harry walked up to the wall in which the passageway seemed to come from, though no door was in sight. The room had shifted now he noticed, and the wall hanging that had been there moments before he checked the map, that being *"The Battle of Perth"*, was now replaced by the wallhanging *"The Retreat of The Tuatha De Danann"*. The mini Harry in the map had his wand out and a little bubble came acrost with the words *"Immorte"* and from long experience Harry knew exactly what to do and moments later he was in a long corridor that was lit just enough to be able to see, so off he went.
He came out into another room he'd never seen before, and it was nothing like the room he'd just left. This was a smaller room by far, and the only things within it were an altar on one wall, and a small bookshelf on another. The floor was bare, grey flagon stones that radiated a feeling of coldness, dark stains as well marred the floor, and Harry had a growing suspicion they were blood marks, though he wasn't bout to investigate further. The was a circle of white chalk on the floor as well, as if it had been used in rituals long ago, and in the middle of that circle now was the person he was after...Draco Malfoy.
"M-Malfoy? H-how..did you get here?" Harry asked coming slowly into the moonlight room. The moonlight surprized Harry, for it was the only light within the small room, and even more so that they were apparently now in a turret of one of the castle towers from the shape of the room.

Harry knew the room that they'd left behind wasn't anywhere near the top of a tower, so he assumed it had been one of those portal corridors that he'd heard about but never seen.
"Potter. I should have known." Draco said, not sneering, not snide, but in a matter of fact voice.
"How...how did you know about the room...about this place?" Harry said stepping in closer now to Draco, keeping his eyes focused on him.
Draco shrugged. "I just did. One minute I was sleeping in Hospital Wing, the next I was woken up and almost led here. I thought *you* were behind this." he said, also keeping his eyes on Harry's.
"It wasn't *me*, I can assure you of that. I didn't even know you were there until I saw you on the map." Harry said, and held the Marauder's Map out to Draco.
Draco eyed the parchment wearily, but took it from Harry. He looked it over and a bit of awe came over his expression. "What is this thing?"
"I told you, it's a map. Normally it shows all of Hogwarts, inside and outside. People are represented as 'dots', and it shows all the hidden passages and passwords as well. My father was one of the ones who originally wrote it."
"So this is how you've been able to get round at nights undetected? Why is it only showing this room though?" Draco asked watching the mini Harry and mini Draco on the map who had moved to stand side by side like Harry and Draco were now doing.
"Yeah, that and something else. What do you mean just this room?" Harry said peering round the edge of the map, and was surprized to see the map had yet again rewritten itself, only indeed showing just the small room they were now in. "Well that's odd..."
"What is?" Draco asked.
"A moment ago it showed the other room, and the secret corridors, but not this room. Now it's only showing this room" Harry said puzzled.
"Maybe it's defunct, after all a *Gryffindor* did make it." Draco said with a trace of his usual smirking in his voice.
"Sod off Malfoy, it's working perfectly. Maybe it's because *you* touched it. Give it here Malfoy, it's mine anyway" Harry said grabbing for it back impatiently.
"Didn't need the stupid thing anyway, obviously I got here on my *own* Potter. Why did you follow me anyway, what business was it of yours? Feeling *guilty* still?" Draco said this time definitely mocking Harry, and walked over to the bookshelf and leaned against it.
"I'm beginning to regret I did now Malfoy, should have just gone with Remus and Severus." Harry said muttering back not even realizing he had just called them their first names in front of Malfoy.
"Lupin and Snape? What do they have to do with this?" Draco said raising an eyebrow questioningly.
"Nothing, not you're concern." Harry said impatiently. For some reason he was beginning to feel strange in this room, the atmosphere had definitely gotten a bit cooler it seemed, and the room was beginning to feel charged with some type of electricity.
"Just go back to whatever rock you crawled out from Potter. I'd rather be alone anyway." Draco said but noticed Harry wasn't listening. "Go away Potter, just leave." Draco said now in a tight voice.
"You know Malfoy, I'm really getting tired of you telling me what I should and shouldn't do. Maybe *you* should be the one to leave this time. Maybe it's *my* turn to be alone." Harry said angrily and walked over to Draco, making a move towards him to turn him to face him.

He didn't get the chance however, for Draco somehow had sensed him coming, and put his arm up to block him. Harry was quicker and with the speed of a well trained seeker, grabbed Draco's arm instead. As soon as they touched however, the same blinding flash of pain took hold of them, white hot like they were on fire, and neither of them could even move to scream in pain. As quickly as the searing pain started though, it ended, but Harry found he couldn't release Draco's arm even though he had wanted to. It was as if some invisible force was holding his hand, keeping him from letting go, but that wasn't what scared him the most. It was what he felt, and saw, that made his heart stop nearly in his chest, and turn cold as ice. Looking up for a moment to Malfoy, he could see all too clearly that Malfoy was experiencing the exact same thing.

It was as if time was standing still for them both as they watched and felt all this. A red snake was coiling round Harry's body, and a scent of blood, coppery and sweet, began to fill the room as it moved from his waist up to his shoulder. As it started to coil round his arm, he knew then it was blood, for it was leaving a red trail as it slithered to his wrist. The snake stopped there, as if searching for something, and began to sway it's body, emitting a strange tune that barely reached the ears of Harry and Draco.

Neither of them recognized it, yet oddly enough it did sound familiar, but they were both in too much shock to wonder where or when they'd heard it. The snake turned it's diamond shaped head, which was black and not red like it's body, and flicked it's tongue out to Harry's wrist. It took all of 1 second for Harry to realize that the wrist it was on, was the same one in which his scar was. He looked at the snake as it began to prod and poke at Harry's wrist, then gasped when a few moments later the snake slithered into an opening it had made over the scar. Oddly enough this wasn't painful, it tingled, but no more then that.

Draco was the one to next be surprized as a few moments later, the snake's head reemerged, but not from Harry's scarred wrist, but his own. Like Harry, all he had felt was a slight tingling sensation, no pain a'toll. He watched now as the snake began to slither up his own arm to his shoulders, then moved down to wrap itself round his own waist, realizing that a part of it was still attached round Harry's waist and body.

The snake then raised itself to peer into Draco's eyes, then Harry's eyes, and nodded at him as if satisfied it had found what it was seeking. *"Yesss...I wasss riiighttt...youuu are the onesss..."* it said through it's forked tongue.

Harry of course being a parseltounge understood it, and replied "The ones for what? What do you want?" he said back in parseltongue.

"To finisssh what youuu began allll thossse yearsss ago Harrrry Pottter..." it said.

"I dont understand...what did I begin years ago?" he asked back puzzled.

"Nooot youuu alone...bothh of youuu..."

"You're a snake, not a sphinx, do you mind just telling me rather then giving me riddles?" Harry said back a bit annoyed. If it was one thing he really wasn't in the mood for right now it was puzzles.

The snake seemed to give him a hiss that resembled a chuckle. *"Verrry welll Harrry Pottter...I ssshall tell youuu...youu and Draco Malfoyyy made a pacttt yearsss ago...he maaade youuu forget...I wasss sent to reeemind youuu..."*

"A pact made years ago that he made me forget? It's not possible, you're imagining things snake." Harry said really annoyed now. He didn't even know Draco Malfoy till he was 11, and he'd certainly remembered anything like a pact made after that.

"Loook closssly at hisss wrisst Harrry Pottter...youuu will sssee I do nottt lie..." the snake said pointing its head towards Draco's wrist.
Harry looked, then stared, the snake was pointing to a mark that Harry knew all too well, it was a replica of the scar on his own wrist. He looked up at Draco, who was more then confused at the exchange between Harry and the snake, not because Harry was speaking to it, Draco knew he was a parseltongue from back in 2nd year, but just on the over all events.
"Malfoy, I have to know something. Where...where did you get that scar on your wrist?" Harry asked in human tongue now.
"I dont know what scar you're talking bout Potter." Draco said trying to keep his voice steady.
"Come off it Malfoy, the scar that conviently has half a snake coming out of it! The same scar that I..." he stopped however unsure.
"That you *what* Potter?" Draco said looking Harry deep in his eyes.
Harry looked back at Draco just as deeply then said in an odd voice, "The same scar that I've had on my *own* wrist since I was a kid. That until I started here at Hogwarts or rather until I met you...I had forgotten bout. *That* scar Malfoy."
Draco didn't respond, only kept his gaze level with Harry's. The snake brought it's head level with Draco's eye's blocking off Harry for a moment and stared deep into Draco's soul. Draco couldn't even blink, he seemed hypnotized by the red eyes of the snake, red eyes that reminded Draco of Voldemort, though these eyes didn't hold malice and hate, but truth and understanding. He swore then that he was hearing things, for he could hear a silky voice say, "Close your eyes Draco Lucius Malfoy...close them and remember now...remember a time long ago...when you were younger and carefree...remember a bond made...and promises broken...remember...". Draco did indeed close his eyes to the sound, and his mind began to clear, and thoughts he didn't know he had began to flood back to him.
The snake seemed satisfied with this, and turned to Harry, and stared into his eyes now. Like it had done with Draco, it told Harry to close his eyes, and using its serpents magic that had so long ago been bestowed upon him by its master, it sent Harry's thoughts back into the past, to remember what he was then.
When both boys were under its spell, it uncoiled from their bodies, and curled up inside the chalk circle on the floor watching...and waiting. A misty figure appeared then next to it, and if a snake could smile, this one would have. It didn't turn round to acknowledge the misty stranger, but nodded it's head towards the two boys.
"It's done then? They will remember?" the stranger said.
In the same voice it had used on the boys it replied, "It is done. I have renewed the bond by mixing once again their own bloods. Are you both sure this was wise? Gryffindor approves?"
"We started this all those years ago, we will finish it. Our faithful servant Arvin did his job well in making sure the Dursley woman and the Malfoy woman would be at his shop at the same time on the same day. All we needed was for the boys to meet and become friends first, the rest my dear Shihari, was all too easy." the man said a slight grin forming on his lips.
"You both are old fools Salazar, you do know that. They could have died if left too much longer without knowing." the snake said in reproach.
"Since when do you have so little faith in your master? We would not have allowed it. It wasn't time before, now it is." the man said in a tone that meant the servant should not have questioned.
"Take caution Slytherin, these two are strong, stronger then any I have seen. The boy has already turned his face away from what he should have been, and you allow it to be."

"He is worth more alive then dead Shihari. I do not abide by my heir, I do not approve of the methods he uses to control his servants, which is why I allowed it for this one. Their blood is strong because the other is Godric's own, that's all."
"Your heir is not worthy to carry the Slytherin name. But now I am beginning to understand why you and Gryffindor did what you did. Do you really think they will do it?"
"They are the only ones who can Shihari. We just gave them the help they would need to do it is all."
"Careful Salazar, one might think you were going soft in your old age." the snake chuckled.
Salazar sighed then. "Soft? No. Careful, cautious yes. That man is dragging down everything I worked for Shihari, everything Godric, Rowena, Helga and myself worked for. I was young once, like these boys, I wasn't always what they know me as...a destroyer. I see alot of myself in the veela boy, and if I can spare him from becoming what I did, I will."
"We should go. They will awaken soon." Shihari said softly, and wrapper itself round it's masters body, happy and content again.
"You have done well my friend. I have allready informed Godric that it is done. The Tuatha will leave the boys alone. That old fool Dumbledore doesn't realize when not to meddle sometimes." Salazar said frowning.
"His heart is in the right place. Perhaps the De Danann can help the dark one and the wolf, for they too will be needed soon yes?"
"It is irony that what started 1000 years ago by a Gryffindor and a Slytherin should be continued for the first time since then by the same houses from two different sets of people. Perhaps if Godric and I hadn't been as foolish when we were younger, we could both rest peacefully within our graves." Salazar said with a touch of sadness.
"Friendship Salazar is not foolish, nor are the both of you. Gryffindors and Slytherins once were friends, even lovers...so it shall be again. Come master, our time runs short now. Let us go." Shihari said softly.
Salazar only nodded, and gave one last look towards the two boys before master and servant became only misty forms, then vanished completely. The boys would now remember what they had done, though until the time was right, they wouldn't know who or why had caused it to happen. Soon though, soon enough, Salazar and Godric would both get what they wanted, and they would be able to rest once again peacefully and undisturbed where they could forget what evils had happened long ago, and be what they once were in a time before the world had done them wrong.

Whew...sorry for the delay, had to work a long shift tonight. Do have off tomorrow all day though so I hope for atleast 1 or 2 chaps by nightfall, so do check back! :)
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Chapter: 11

~~~~~~Can Love Survive...~~~~~~~

All canon events, people, places, etc belong to JKR. Anything else belongs to me :)
Cheers to all me readers and reviewers!
Sayan - r and r'ed, not bad! :)
Trowaslove - sorry if I didn't get last chap done in time, had a 5 - 1 am shift and couldnt get done sooner :sigh: hope you had a good time though at your boyfriends! :grins:
Loverwren - Godric isn't exactly a 'faye', but you'll see :)
Demeter - sadly yes, I do sometimes adore the cliffies...one because it gives me brain time to come up with more situations, and two because...well...what author doesn't want people to come back for more eh? :chuckles: honestly though, forgive me for them, I wont keep you waiting forever on me cliffs, dont worry :)

~~~~~~~CHAPTER ELEVEN: The Past Returns~~~~~~

Falling. Darkness. Pain. Screams of voices long stilled in the past...swirling images of people and places far from where they last thought themselves to be...and then when they thought they could take no more...when they thought they would become one of the wraithlike images that they were surrounded by...a bright light shone on them, and they came to their senses again...

"Ooff! What the...Malfoy? You allright?" Harry asked feeling more then a tiny bit sick. He had felt like he was on one of those faire rides he had once been allowed to go on back when he was younger, and swore he never would again.
"Depends on your definition of 'allright' Potter. If it includes feeling like I"ve been ripped apart then yes, I"m allright." Draco's voice shot back, obviously he wasn't in any better shape.
"Very funny Malfoy." Harry said looking round now at where they were, surprized they weren't where they should have been. "How'd we end up back here?"
"Back where Potter?" Draco said recovering himself enough now to also look, and he too was a bit surprized. "This isn't the tower room".
"Bloody brilliant deduction Malfoy. Oi..wait a minute, where's that snake?" Harry said finally realizing that he and Malfoy were no longer joined together.
"Like I know Potter? This is the first room I was in, isn't it?" Draco said now walking round and looking at things.
Harry glanced round again, it was the right room but..."Yeah, it is, but yet...it isn't."
Draco looked over at Harry like he'd gone nutters or something. "What do you mean. It either is, or isn't. Can't be a cross between Potter." he said grumbling.
"Sod off Malfoy. What I mean is...it *is* the same room yes, but not exactly like I last saw it. There's no candles on the desk for one thing, and well *that*..." Harry said pointing now at a tapestry he just spotted, "Wasn't there before. Also, everything else in the room seems newer, not like it's been just sitting round a 1000 years past. There isn't even any dust!"
Draco was bout to respond to this but suddenly a door they hadn't noticed was opened on the far wall, and a lady dressed in the oddest clothes walked in. At first she didn't see them, occupying herself in a wardrobe that neither boy had noticed, and in Harry's mind had certainly never been there afore, and when she turned round she gave off a little gasp.
"Och! Ya gav' me a right good scarin' lads. Now what ya be doin' up in 'ere eh?" she said accusingly and looking towards Draco.
Harry and Draco just looked at her in astonishment, barely understanding the thick brogue accent

this woman had, it sounded like a cross between cockney and Scottish, but he couldn't be sure. Harry found his voice though and said, "Err sorry, we didn't realize that we weren't supposed to be here I guess."
"Och, nae ya lad...it's tha' one nae suppose ta be up 'ere now. Ya father be in a right state lookin' all o'er the castle for ya lad, ya best get a move on. If ya mum knew w'ere ya were at..." she said gazing up towards the ceiling.
"My..my father's here? Looking for me?" Draco said going a bit pale.
The woman looked at Draco as if he had gone daft. "O'corse lad! Why wouldn' he eh? Ya mathers are both allready greetin' the guests. Ha'f the magikin' worlds been invited to see ya lads."
"See us? For what?" Harry asked completely bewildered now.
"Och! One too many lumps on tha' noggin' o'yers I'd be wagerin'. Warned that father o yers growin' up in a place like this do that to ya both. Insistant 'e was thoug'. Said "Tarrah, it will all work out for the best." And look at ya's now. Dafter than a bat I'd wager." she said wagging a finger at Harry.
"Look lady we really dont understand what you're talking bout." Draco said giving her a typical Malfoy glare.
Tarrah just looked at him, then laughed. "Now don' be tryin' that on me lad. I brung ya into this world, and raised ya best I saw fit, despite ya father's attempts. Now...I'll pretendin' I didn't see ya's up in 'ere if asked an' give ya both 30 mer minutes. Afters tha' lad ya be headin' off ta ya room till the ceremony, an nae another words bout that ya hears? It's nae like ya won' 'ave the rest o' yer lives together lad for that." she said giving Draco a stern look.
Harry and Draco didn't know what to say, so they just nodded back at her. They hadn't a clue what was going on, and they weren't going to antagonize this strict looking heavyset woman further.
"Nows then, I put yer clothes yer mum picked out fer ya tonight in the wardrobe. If'n I sees a single crinkle before then I'll be flayin' yer hide meself lad. Yer parents want ya lookin' yer best they are!" she said giving Harry the once over. "30 minutes, an' don' think I wonnae be watchin' for ya Slytherin!" she said now giving Draco a reproachful look, then headed back out the door she'd come in, closing the door swiftly behind her.
The boys looked at the door for a minute, bewildered to say the least, then turned back to each other. This day was getting odder and odder, and neither of them knew what to do bout it. They were still obviously at Hogwarts, but this woman they knew they'd never seen before.
"Well...that was decidely..odd. Who does she think she is anyway?" Draco muttered glancing back at the door.
"Obviously someone who knows us both very well Malfoy. What ceremony is she talking bout though I wonder?" Harry said walking round the room now and opening the wardrobe to see what the woman had put in there. As he pulled out the clothing she'd brought in, he gave a little whistle.
He pulled out first what looked like a dress, but realized quickly it was really two seperate pieces, a shirt and trousers, but nothing like Harry had ever seen. The shirt was elegent, yet not flashy a'toll, the material obviously silk, and the colours were a soft blending of red and gold. The sleeves were puffy, and the collar bore lacing in white. The trousers were made of the same silk, only in swirling shades of silver and green. The trouser legs were tapered down from the hips, and a belt with a huge buckle of an interwining lion and snake sat round the waist. Also in

the wardrobe were a set of long boots that came up to the knees, made of black leather as the belt was. It was the most beautiful outfit Harry had ever seen he thought.
"Malfoy...you ever seen anything like *this* before?" Harry asked wondring.
Draco came over and looked closer at the outfit, then stepped back, pale and subdued. Nodding his head he said in a strange voice, "I have Potter. But..."
"But what?" Harry said keeping his eyes on the outfit.
"That type of outfit hasn't been used in like 1000 years Potter. I've seen a replica of it at the Manor, and in some books...but that...doesn't look like a replica." he said quietly.
Harry turned to face Draco then, wondring why Draco's voice had such an odd expression. "A replica of *what*?"
Draco debated if he should tell Harry, he didn't quite believe it himself even. It couldn't be possible that this outfit, that woman even, were here. That they were even here, but the facts were the facts...this was real, not a dream.
"You going to tell me or do I have to guess? That woman's going to come back you know." Harry said impatiently.
"Fine Potter. If you *must* know...that's...that is to say..."
"Just say it allready Malfoy!" Harry said totally irritated now.
"It is..or was..a wedding outfit Potter! A *man's* wedding outfit...used for when two *men* got married in the wizarding world...allright?" Draco said in a huff and turned his gaze away from Harry's, walking over to the desk instead.
Harry stood there dumbstruck. He knew the wizarding world wasn't a'toll like the muggle world in those sort of relationships, he just never knew how accepted it was. He didn't get the chance to think further on it though as the door opened again, only this time it wasn't that woman but another man walked through. One that seemed vaguely familiar.
"Oi! Figured you'd be here in your room. I dont blame you, nightmare down there between everyone. You'd think they'd never seen people getting joined before eh?" the man laughed while walking over to Harry and clapping him on the shoulder. "Ah, Terra outdid herself she did on your outfit. I didn't even get anything half that nice when I married Areanna! Very well indeed brother!" he said giving approval to the outfit, which Harry quickly put back into the wardrobe and shut the door.
"Yeah, it's umm...quite nice...err..." Harry began. The man called him 'brother' but he knew he didn't have a brother, so this in itself was even stranger to him.
The man went over and sat on the bed as if it was commonplace to do so, and saw Draco now by the desk, and he looked at him for a second with a look Harry didn't want to comprehend. Harry swore the mans blue eyes had darkened, but it could have been just a trick of the candlelight for a second later they were twinkling again.
"Now I see why Tarrah was in such a huff lad. You should be down in your own room waiting shouldn't you?" he said staring at Draco, a colder tone was in his voice.
Draco assessed this wearily. "Should I? Didn't realize, sorry if I'm bothering you two." he said back in the same tone, not moving from the desk.
"Hmph. Of all the men in the world you could have had brother, I still dont know why you chose a Slytherin. Oh I know what father says bout them, but still...they are what they are...betrayers to us all. Even if you did grow up with this one...they show their true colours in the end now dont they." the man said keeping his eyes trained on Draco, his voice showing a trace of bitterness.
"What do you mean?" Harry asked before Draco could shoot back anything. Last thing Harry

needed right now was an all out war in this strange place between these two.
"Nothing brother. Not going to mar what should be that happiest day of your life. Well I best get a move on, you know how mother can get round alot of people. One of the most powerful women in the world, yet cant say two words to people without getting nervous. Besides, Areanna's people will be here shortly, and I've got to be there when they do, the Tuatha's are a strange breed sometimes, even after all the years I'm married to one. Atleast our boys are only half faerie, they got good heads on their shoulders thanks Merlin!" the man said turning back to Harry now.
"Yes, right. I'll err...see you..later then..brother.." Harry said as the man got up and walked over to the door.
"Garic! Garic you here darling?" someone said in the corridor, then a moment later one of the most beautiful women Harry and Draco had ever seen walked in. "I should have know you'd be here. Honestly, do hurry now, you're mother is in a havoc and you're father has gone off discussing things with Salazar again. Men! I just will never understand you!" she said in a huff.
"Calm down Area, it will be fine. Draconus's mother will arrive shortly, she had to take care of some last minute preperations in the dungeons. Honestly Harric, I dont know why you would give up this lovely room for a dungeon after the joining, but each to his own I gather." the man, Garic, said taking his wife by the hand and looking at Harry.
"It's his choice darling. Now do come shall you? We'll see you both at the ceremony then." Areanna said smiling at the boys and leading her husband out, closing the door behind them, leaving behind two very stunned young men.
"Did she just...is what I heard...is this really happening?" Harry said, realization of what was going on dawning on him.
Draco didn't respond, just turned back round to face the desk to think on this. Suddenly his eyes fell upon a parchment on the desk that made his breath draw in, and he picked it up with a shaking hand. "P-Potter?" he said now reading the parchment again.
"Yes Malfoy?"
"I think...I think you should see this..." he said turning round and walking over to him handed Harry the parchment.
Harry read it, then gasped himself. "What in the world...?" he said convinced he wasn't seeing this, and that it couldn't be real. For some reason he read it outloud:
~~~Daily Prohpet, October 30th, 995.~~~
Hear Ye, Hear Ye!
Join on this day, October 31st of the lords year 995, and celebrate the joining of two houses of power!
Godric Gryffindor and Helga Hufflepuff, Salazar Slytherin and Rowena Ravenclaw bid you on this day to witness the joining rites ceremony of their sons at Hogwarts School of Witchraft and Wizardry.
Harric Jameus Gryffindor and Draconus Lucifer Slytherin will be joined promptly at 6 o'clock in the evening in the Great Hall, finishing out a lifebond made when they were yet still children roaming the newly built halls of this fine instution.
Their fathers were exclaimed to be happy, despite growing tensions between these two houses of power. They wish only the best for their youngest sons, and have provided them everything they will need to start off on their new lives together.
You may recall Godric Gryffindor's eldest son, Garic Gryffindor, was married 10 years back now

to a Tuatha De Danann, they currently reside in the land of Tir Nan Og, making appearances when need be, and he was a staunch promoter of helping Hogwarts by being one of it's first graduating students.
Tobias Slytherin, Salazar's eldest son, has not been seen in nearly 10 years. It is rumored that he has gone over and joined in league with darker forces that have been brewing discontents in our world, but Slytherin refrains on comments about his eldest son, only saying that he has no contact with him at this time.
The ceremony comes at a time when a love story is much needed, and this reporter for one, will be most profoundly happy to be attending such a prestigus occassion. I assure you my readers that I will bring you full report on the outcome of such a well deserved union!
Pandora Skeeter, 1st Reporter for the Daily Prophet~~~
Harry finished reading the article, which oddly enough he found he had read outloud, and as his voice died away on the last word, his mind began to spin. "This...this cant be real Malfoy. Tell me it's not real..." he said walking over to the bed and sitting down still shocked.
Draco thought on this for a moment, his mind racing to grasp something he'd rememebered from a while back. "It is Potter...but...not in the way you're thinking..." he said going over to sit down next to Harry on the bed.
"Then what is it Mr. Know It All?" Harry said irritably and turning to him.
"Obviously, these two aren't 'really' us...I think..that the snake we saw used a form of remembering magic. This obviously is the past as it really happened, even though we never heard of it happening till now...in a sense, we're not really 'here', just inhabiting the bodies of the real Harric and Draconus. Does that make sense to you?"
"Sort of. What you're saying I think is...that for the moment, we're reliving the past through the real people's eyes so to speak...Come to think of it, I swear I've seen this before..." Harry said trying to think on that. "Of course! I have seen this...1000 years from now Malfoy. It was one of the papers inside the desk that I didn't bother to read because I didn't understand it! It was one of the ones written in a language I didn't understand, so I didn't bother, but the dates and the names I do remember."
"Ugg, you're such a git! It wasn't written in an odd language, just that it was written over a 1000 years ago, so it seemed strange to read I bet. That's not what worries me though...you didn't happen to notice anything...odd...about it all?" Draco said getting up to pace now.
"Well that would explain it I suppose, but what's odd?" Harry said watching Draco pace.
Draco stopped pacing then, and looked at Harry as if he was off his rocker. "I cant believe even *you* didn't spot it Potter. Hard to believe a Gryffindor created Hogwarts if they're all as stupid as you." he said with a smirk.
"Stop being such a sod Malfoy and...oh! Oh I do see it now! Of course!" Harry said glancing down at the parchment again. "The names...it's...they're...well they're *our* names, although slightly altered...but they are!"
"Give Potter the *Order of Merlin, First Class*! Bravo Potter, you figured it out. Do you see what it means?"
"Not exactly...what?" Harry said puzzled again.
"Gods Potter, think! We've been brought back here...because these two people...Harric and Draconus...they are us...1000 years ago! We must somehow, be their heirs in our time, you see?"
"Honestly Malfoy, even *I* know though that 2 *men* cant have children! Be realistic. Maybe these two are us now...or will be us...or...oh I give up, this is confusing!" Harry whinged.

"Nearly 7 years in the wizarding world Potter and you still know *nothing*. There are potions, spells for that, so that 2 men or women *can* have children you git. Half the wizarding world is probably gay, how do you think we'd have survived all these years if there were no children able to be born?" Draco said sneeringly.
"For chrissakes I'm not even gay, so how would *I* know that Malfoy? I do have a *girlfriend* you know!" Harry bit back, causing Draco to look at him sharply.
"And look how far *that's* gotten you Potter! I bet you haven't even gone all the way with a girl have you. Course not, you're too goody goody to defile some young woman and probably make her cry, while everyone round you is obviously playing the 'lets see who can shag the most' contest. Come off it Potter, you probably *are* gay, just dont even know it." Draco said mockingly.
"Oh right, and *you're* one to talk eh Malfoy? Shagged every Slytherin girl senseless now have you? Give me a break. Other then Parkinson, and I've seen the way you treat her, what woman would want you?" Harry shot back equally mocking.
"It's none of you're business Potter what I do with whom." Draco spat back, though Harry could see a hesitation in his eyes.
"Well it's none of your concern in my *own* lovelife either Malfoy so stay out of it."
"Fine I will. Let's just worry bout how to get the bloody hell back home so we can atleast be miserable to each other where we belong. I certainly dont want to be marrying you anytime soon!" Draco said turning away from Harry and looking anywhere else but.
"Agreed there, I definitely dont want to marry *you* of all people. So, you have any ideas how to get out of this?" Harry said getting up and going over to the desk to see if there was anything else there of interest.
"Well...actually...err...not really. You?" Draco said a bit sheepishly now.
"Not really either." Harry said now turning back to Draco. A sound however interrupted the boys as the door once again opened, only this time it wasn't woman nor man that entered.
"You! You're behind this aren't you!" Draco said coming out of a slight shock at seeing the blood red snake slither it's way into the room, the door magically closing behind it.
The snake reared itself up to it's full height, matching eye level to Draco, looking deep within his eyes. "Youuu are nottt Draconussss..." it hissed slowly.
"No really? What gave it away?" Draco said mockingly, not taking it's eyes off the snake.
"Though...I sssee Ssslytherin deep within youuu...the sssoul isss the sssame..."
"Err...Malfoy?" Harry said actually picking up on something.
"Stop speaking in riddles snake...tell us how to get home!" Draco said angrilly now.
"Err...*Malfoy*..."
"Yesss...sssame sssoul...differenttt time...I sssense a remembering ssspell..."
"Again you're brilliant deductions astound me snake. You brought us here, send us home. *Now*." Draco said advancing towards the snake.
"***MALFOY***! Will you pay attention allready?" Harry said exasperated.
"What the bloody hell do you want Potter? Cant you see I'm *trying* to get us home?" Draco said rounding on Harry now with a glare.
"You're talking to a snake Malfoy...do you get it?" Harry said nonplused at Draco's reaction.
"So? Obviously I'm talking to...a snake...Oh. Right." Draco said a bit more subdued. Turning back round to the snake he said then, "How is it I can understand you?"
"Youuu are a child of Sssalazar, why ssshould youuu nottt undersstand me?" the snake said still unmoving from it's place.

"I"m a what? What on earth are you talking bout snake. I"m a Malfoy, not a..a Slytherin. Everyone knows Voldemort's the last of the Slytherins. Give me a break." Draco said with a huff.
"Malfoy he doesn't know who Voldemort is, remember? Probably not even who Malfoy is. You're bloodlines might be old, but they dont go back this far do they?"
Draco thought on that for a moment. "Actually you're right Potter, surprizingly. The Malfoy bloodline didn't become existant until bout 100 years from now when my whatever great grandfather came here from France, though I forgot now who he married. It wasn't until bout 500 years ago our time that the Malfoys left Scotland and went south to Britain. I forgot why exactly on that too."
"Youuu are a Ssslytherin...I know myyy bloodlinesss child..." the snake said now to Draco.
"Malfoy...could it be possible that..well that when your grandfather came over here he married a decendant of Slytherin?"
"I have no clue Potter, never cared much for the family tree believe it or not. Just knew I was a pureblood, that's all that mattered to my father." Draco said shrugging.
"Well if we ever do get home I suggest you look it up. Meanwhile...snake, you did do this to us even if you dont know it yet, so how we get out of this?" Harry said turning to the snake.
"Ittt isss my decisssion thattt youuu were broughttt here to sssee whattt youuu were...to helppp youuu both on a journeyyy of sortsss..."
"On a journey for what? To see just how much more we could hate each other?" Draco said scathingly and turning to Harry.
"To sssee youur true ssselvesss...whattt you were...whattt youuu willl be..."
"We...we really are these people then? It's all real? This really did happen for us 1000 years ago?" Harry said turning to the snake.
The snake looked at Harry's eyes, again as if searching his soul, then nodded. "Yesss...real ittt isss...and wasss...for youuu..."
"Why?" Draco said.
The snake turned back to Draco and searched his eyes, his soul now. "Youuu finishhh the bonddd that wasss made nowww...thisss bodesss ill forrr the eventsss of thisss day thennn..." the snake said thoughtfully.
"Bodes ill? How so?" Harry asked.
"In thisss life...a bond wasss forged betweennn the two housesss...yourrr marraige to each otherrr wasss sealing a blood pacttt made yearsss ago by youuu both...yourrr love isss a symbol to manyyy to helppp defeattt the evilsss that lurks close byyy...of which you're brotherrr Tobiasss is attemptinggg to resssurect..."
"Not *my* brother I can assure you. So we're supposed to marry because of a blood bind? Those are illegal though, atleast in *our* time." Draco said sharply.
"Thattt youuu are both here nowww...then the bind will fail...from the future the pasttt comess back...so thattt the future will beee asssured again..." the snake said cryptically.
Harry thought on this, as did Draco. It seemed to make no sense until...
"I got it! I think anyway...somehow, we've been sent back because something's going to happen..something that will end the marraige, or maybe not even allow it happen a'toll. Therefore the bind will fail now, and in the future...in the future somehow..." Harry said turning to Draco. "In the future you and I will attempt it again." Harry said softly.
Draco stared at Harry as if he had two heads. "Your..your nutters Potter. Why in the hell, how in the bloody hell, would we do that? I think I'd *remember* any time I'd cut myself to create a blood

bind with *you* of all people!"
"Not..not if somehow we were forced to forget. Or if one of us made us both forget. The scars Malfoy, did you forget? Where the snake in our time was coming out of? The same scar we both have?"
"That doesn't mean anything Potter, so what, we both have scars."
"Stop being a dolt Malfoy and listen! Obviously we did make a blood pact at some point in our lives...I'm guessing before Hogwarts even...and now we're being shown maybe why we did it...even though we might have thought it was our own choice to do it, something obviously forced us into the position to make it unwittingly back then."
"Why Potter? Why should it be us?"
"Becaussse youuu are the onesss that are meanttt to bring peaccce back ttto the wizardsss world...in thisss life youuu both are very importanttt in defeating the evilsss of Slytherinsss son...the ceremony isss the ssseal...withouttt ittt, there can be no peaccce..."
"Then something is going to happen to us...err...to them...before the ceremony...and the bond will never be able to take hold...could that be why?" Harry said thoughtfully.
"If that's true, then we just gave this stupid snake the means to stop it right?" Draco said.
"I ssshall ssspeak to my massster Salazarrr and tell himmm whattt I have heard...buttt I can make noooo promisesss..."
"Still, doesn't help us get home does it. Are we going to be stuck like this forever?" Harry said a bit worried now.
The snake shook it's head and turned back to Harry. "I can sssend youuur sssoulsss away...buttt I make no promisesss ittt will return to where ittt wasss..."
"Well I'm willing to risk it if you are Malfoy?" Harry said slowly.
Draco nodded. "Anything to get away from the thought I'd have to marry you Potter. Allright snake, what do we have to do?"
"Classsp youuure handsss togetherrr...I will do the resttt..." the snake said, and Harry and Draco joined hands.
As in the future it had done, the snake wound itself round Harry's body first, ending up as before round Draco's body, the only difference was this time there was no blood marks on Harry's arm like back in the tower room. As Harry and Draco closed their eyes, they were thrust into the same void they had before. The feeling of falling, the pain, the darkness. Then light, blinding light hit them, and they found themselves somewhere's else, somewhere Harry and Draco both seemed to remember, but it was so vague a memory they weren't sure.
They were in a park, or what appeared to be one, surrounded by buildings. They could hear cars passing in the street, and dogs were barking somewhere's nearby. There was noone there, just the boys, though somehow unlike previously, they didn't feel solid, more like ghosts watching a past memory.
A few moments later a gate squeeked, and a young boy maybe 8 or 9 years old, walked in and looked round, a happy smile on his face that the park was empty. In his hands he held what looked like a small basket, and the two invisible like boys watched as the very familiar boy hid it underneath a bench, then sat down and turned towards the gate as if waiting expectantly for someone.
Not more then a few moments later, the boys watched in shock as another boy practically flew into the park. This boy was also familiar, and had a happiness radiating from him that was obvious. The boy looked round a moment then grinned as he found what he was seeking.

"Your here! You got here first this time!"

Well sorry if it was a bit long...had to create alot more backround then I planned...hope was worth it though. :)
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Chapter: 12

~~~~~~***Can Love Survive...***~~~~~~~
All canon events, people, places, etc belong to JKR. Anything else belongs to me :)
Cheers to all me readers and reviewers!

~~~~~~***CHAPTER TWELVE: Truth Hurts***~~~~~~~
Harry and Draco watched silently as the next scenes played themselves out infront of them. It was hard for them to believe that the children they were watching, following on that fateful day, were themselves...one and the same. That they had ever been that happy, carefree, and full of laughter while together, when apart they were miserable and tortured souls.
At the booksellers, Harry and Draco heard the conversation between their younger selves, and Harry found himself shocked at his views on magic back then. How instilled it had been from his Uncle Vernon that magic wasn't real, and that the very world he now belonged in, which his parents should have raised him, was nothing but lies and rubbish. Draco on the other hand saw how disappointed he had seemed when Harry spoke of the wizarding world like that and he could almost see the question that burned in his younger mind when Harry had walked off to the mystery section.
They followed the boys back to the park now, and watched their younger selves have their picnic. How they had laughed and enjoyed the 'feast' that Draco had brought. With a sick feeling inside him Draco realized this must have been the moment that in the future, would make him cringe everytime someone would mention anything of picnics, or even when he would see a 'basket' resembling the one he'd brought to the park. He never knew why that had been, but now he did.
It was with almost detachment that the older boys watched as the picnic ended, and with words spoken between the boys, something else happened. They watched in almost horror as the young Draco brought out the cheese knife, how each boy cut the others wrist, and the fateful words spoken that sealed them forever into this supposed bind. It was when the scars closed in the way they did, that both boys realized this really hadn't been a dream, that this was a real memory, and it had happened to them both.
Neither of the older boys had said two words to each other since they had arrived, really it hadn't been needed. They watched their younger selves clean up the picnic, and Draco run off, Harry soon behind him, and finally they were once again alone in the park. Harry walked back to the

spot in which the boys had had their picnic, and with a hard sigh sat down on the grass, even though he couldn't feel the physical grass beneath him, he felt his legs just could no longer hold him up.
Draco came over and did the same, realizing that he and Harry were sitting in exactly the same places as they had years ago. Looking down into the grass, almost afraid to speak yet, he saw tiny crimson dots, obviously remainders of the blood that they two younger boys had just spilled from each other. He traced a ghosted finger upon a petal in which the blood was, thoughts swirling through his head.
"We really did this then...didn't we." Draco said softly, looking up at Harry now.
Harry turned his gaze from the blood drops he too had seen, to Draco's eyes, a sadness seemed prevailant within them. "I guess so."
Draco let his gaze drift over the park, strange feelings were beginning to bubble back up to the surface now, and he was trying to make sense of it all. Memories he didn't realize he'd had began to suddenly crop up, almost making him sick with the thoughts. He had had all this...the fun, the laughter, the Saturday mornings to spend with someone who actually liked him for himself, someone who wanted to be nothing more then his friend. And closing his eyes he tuned everything out, he didn't even realize when Harry almost sensed something was going on, and took hold of Draco's hand in his own...closing his own eyes as well as it all flooded back...that last day they'd seen each other...
They had just come back from exploring an old building just off the high street when they ran into those awful 'painted women'. They managed to find a back alleyway, and with pains eventually made it back to their little park by the shop, out of breath, but laughing, and flopped down onto the blanket they had left there earlier with the basket on top of it.
"Did you see her face Harry? How can any bloke go for something looking like that?" Draco said grinning.
"I know, it's ruddy horrible." Harry said controlling his laugh. "That's it, I swear that I will never end up with a woman...especially if they're like those women and my Aunt Petunia!" Harry said groaning now.
"On that I dont blame you...not that I've seen you're aunt, but from what you've told me of her." Draco said finally getting hold of himself.
"What bout you Drake? You gonna grow up and get married?" Harry said thoughtfully picking at a blade of grass.
Draco thought bout this for a moment. "I'd rather have just one of you Harry, then all the women of the world. You're 100 times better then any woman!" Draco said then grinned up at his friend.
"I'd think you're bout 100 times better then any women I know myself. Cor though, can you imagine if we'd both be forced to grow up and marry a woman? I think I'd rather die then that." Harry said lying down now to gaze up into the clouded sky.
Draco did the same thing and replied, "I think I'd do the same thing Harry, I really do. Hey, let's eat eh? It must be getting late by now, dont want it to go to waste." Draco said sitting up and dragging the basket over to him.
Luckily Harry wasn't paying attention at the moment, or he'd have seen the saddened look in Draco's eyes when he for just a moment, watched his best friend in the whole world. He was going to miss Harry...and it hurt him that Harry wasn't going to remember him after today.
Slowly, so that Harry would't noticed, he pulled out of his pocket a small vial, and after pouring Harry a cup of the extra fizzy lemonade that they loved so much, he tipped half the contents of

the vial into the drink, and gave it to Harry. He quickly stopped the bottle back up and put it back in his pocket, then poured himself some lemonade.
"Thanks Drake. A toast then...to us?" Harry said raising his glass.
"To us. To the best friend a person could hope and dream for." Draco said raising his own, then watched as Harry drank his lemonade and fell into a trancelike state almost immediately.
"Gods Harry, I wish it didn't have to be this way. You have no idea how much I'll miss you in my life, but it has to be this way. I dont regret binding with you, I never will...but it's safer this way, trust me. I'll always miss you Harry, and I'll always regret that I had to do this, and throw away a perfect friendship. I wasn't kidding Harry, I'd trade every woman or man in the world, just to be your friend forever. I could have grown up to love you Harry...I'm sure I could have...but..." Draco said with sigh, not quite able to continue.
He knew he had to do this, time was of the essence before Harry would come out of the trance.
"Harry, after today you wont remember me, nor any of this. Anything that involves me rather you'll forget forever. You wont remember how you got your scar, or when or where. When you fall asleep tonight, you will have a dreamless sleep, and when you wake up it will be gone. I"m sorry Harry...I"m so so sorry my friend..." Draco said, a tear running down his cheek.
Draco had just enough time to wipe it away when Harry came out of the induced trance. He blinked a few times as if foggy headed, and gave his friend a small smile.
"That's odd...did I nod off or something?" Harry asked.
"Daydreaming...you do that sometimes remember?" Draco said with a forced grin.
"Right, sorry bout that. Anyway...so where were we?" Harry said, and the two boys continued talking bout other things.
As the morning wore on, the older boys watched as the two younger boys packed up the picnic basket, only this time it was Harry who heard himself being called first to leave.
As Harry ran over to the gate he called back, "Next weekend right?"
Draco nodded, and forced himself to respond with a small grin, "Right. Goodbye Harry."
"Bye Drake!" Harry said, not understanding the poignancy of the last words he would hear from his friend, and ran round the shop corner to face his aunt.
Meanwhile Draco returned back to collect the picnic basket and knelt by it, his heart broken into a thousand pieces. He didn't know it was going to hurt him this much to say goodbye to Harry. Even though their friendship was only a few weeks old, it had been so perfect to him, it had dulled the torture of his daily life, of being a Malfoy.
The tears came freely this time. His father wasn't here to tell him that Malfoys do not show emotions like pain or hurt, Malfoys were strong, only showing anger and dominance...and right just then Draco couldn't have felt less like a Malfoy. He allowed the tears to run it's course, and when he was done he came to a decision.
Reaching into the basket he pulled out the bottle of what was left of the lemonade, and gently getting the vial out of his pocket, poured the remainder of the potion into the bottle, mixing it up well. He couldn't survive without Harry in his life, he knew that, so there was only this left to do. He wouldn't be able to go on at home with this pain and heartbreak, of knowing he'd broken a promise to never leave Harry...and the only way he would be able to go on was if he too didn't remember.
He cleared his mind then, and focused on his goal. He hoped this would work, the book didn't exactly say if it would on self inducing, but he prayed it would. Making sure to keep his mind on the one goal, to forget..to forget the park, forget the time spent, and to forget Harry..he drank the

lemonade down to the last sip.
He didnt rouse again until he heard his name called almost 10 minutes later. He looked at the bottle in his hand, then at where he was, and wondred why he was there, and holding the bottle. Shrugging and feeling a little sluggish, he threw down the bottle and got up, walking towards his mother's voice. He didn't even remember to bring with him the little basket, for it had held no meaning to him.
As he and his mother left the muggle hair parlor, he decided he wasn't going to bore himself again by coming with her next week. If his mum wanted to come, fine, he was going to do anything else but, even if it meant staying with his father instead. He was a Malfoy after all, and the muggle world wasn't for him...~~~
"So that's how it was." Harry said opening his eyes and looking at Draco, who's eyes were now open as well. Neither even realized still that Harry still had Draco's hand in his own.
"Oh gods Harry...all these years lost...we could have...it's my fault, all my fault..." Draco said, a catch in his voice as if there was a knot there.
"No Draco...or should I say Drake..." Harry said giving him a little smile, "It's not your fault. You did what you had to do. You thought I was a muggle, how were you to know I wasn't? That all this..." Harry said pointing to the blood drops still crisp and wet. "All this was destined for us from the start..."
"It was...wasn't it. Harric and Draconus...you and I...it was all meant to be." Draco said gazing now into Harry's eyes.
Harry nodded, "Seems so. Question is...what do we do now?"
"I dont know Harry, I dont know. We have to get home though, we have to know what happened...to them...to Harric and Draconus...and why I've been feeling..." Draco said, then started as if he had said too much.
Harry looked at him sharply now, tiny bits of suspicion in his mind. "It's the potion wasn't it. For some reason whatever you used to wipe our memories...it was breaking down with us."
Draco nodded slowly. "Yes. Since last year actually, but over the summer holiday it got worse. Every time I'd think of you my scar hurt, being near you made it even worse when we got back. I'd been having dreams...but I never could remember them..."
"You're not the only one Drake, I was too. The pulsing, the dreams...never knowing what they were, but I knew it involved you. You killed off any ideas I ever did have regarding Lisa you know." Harry said with a chuckle.
Draco looked at him then and grinned. "Not that I'm going to say I'm sorry, I'm not. She doesn't deserve you anyway. Not that I"m saying I do mind you P-Harry...but...I"m willing to...investigate matters further...if you are..." he said with a questioning look in his eyes.
Harry smiled, "I think we'll have little choices now in that Drake. You dont mind if I call you...Drake...will you?"
Draco chuckled. "No, I dont mind. We've got to get back, but how?" he said worried now. Before they'd had the snake to send them back and forth, this time there was noone.
"I think we can be of assistance there." a voice said from off to the side, nearly causing the two boys to jump out of their skins.
Two men were looking at the boys with somewhat grins on their faces, and they seemed more then awfully familiar. "It's bout time you realized all this, was beginning to think it would never happen." the man with black hair and twinkling green eyes said.
"I know you! You're Godric Gryffindor!" Harry said jumping up now and walking over to the

sandy brownhaired man with the brown eyes. "And you're Salazar Slytherin!" he said turning towards the raven haired man with the green eyes.
"Points to Gryffindor it seems this round Godric, after all he is one of you're own." Salazar chuckled.
"What do you mean by that Slytherin?" Draco said getting up and walking over to stand next to Harry now, suspicion in his mind.
"I cant believe by now, with all the clues Dumbledore and that blasted hat have dropped to you both, that you still cant figure it out." Salazar said leaning against the tree. Unlike the boys, these two men were not ghostlike to their surroundings, they were quite solid.
"Do shut up Salazar, it's no wonder the boy gets muddled with half you're blood running round in him. Harry, if you hadn't known by now...there was only one reason you could pull *my* sword out back then from *my* hat...can you figure it out now?" Godric said smiling down at Harry.
Harry thought on this a moment. "Harric...Harric was your son...and...I guess am I too then in a sense...I"m you're heir aren't I." he said then, not as a question, but as statement.
"Yes Harry, as was your father James. If you're wondring on the Potter name, that's quite simple. My other son, Garic, had a son and a daughter. The girl married an englishman named Potter, and every child born from them were boys, so the name stayed as it was. It is actually from them you are descended, but when you were born from James, I knew my son had returned again, that you indeed were Harric. It was my own idea to implant into James's mind when you were born that you should be called "Harry"."
"But why? Why now and not all this time before now?" Harry said puzzled.
"You weren't needed to return till now. The Tuatha De Danann race, in which you are a blood descendant, always know when they are needed, and Harric's soul must have sensed the need, and returned as you. My wife, Helga Hufflepuff, was also part faerie, though not a direct Tuatha, she was a sylvankind, who loved hard work and were very loyal to their needs."
"What bout me though? What bout Draconus?" Draco said now cutting in.
"That was a fluke actually, Draconus being born to Lucius." Salazar said then, looking at Draco.
"Tobias, my other son who was even more rotten to the core then Voldemort ever could be, unknownst to anyone had given life to a child with a veela woman he married in secret. He abandoned the veela to raise the child on her own, and not a very good job I'd wager. 100 years later, the daughter of the child born married a man who promised her riches beyond what she ever could fathom, and a place in which to carry on with the dark arts in which she was accustomed to. Do you know young Malfoy, who that man was?"
"It...he...was my ancestor, the one who had come from France..wasn't it." Draco said now in a quiet voice.
"Exactly. They married and a new bloodline of Malfoys and Slytherin's were born, each generation becoming more and more twisted. Some of them realized this however, and broke off from the Malfoy family. 100 years ago, one woman did that. Battered by her father, your grandfather, abused in every possible way, she left the Malfoy Manor, and swore never to return. She went into the muggle world, living in shame and with almost no magic but what she had learned in her 15 years. She eventually changed her name and married a muggle man, and 65 years ago they bore a son. When the man found out she was a witch when the son received his letter from Hogwarts, he abandoned her and his son."
"The son was outraged, he couldn't believe that this man, this muggle, would do that to his mother. Although he was a harsh and bitter child, he cared for his mother deeply, and swore

revenge on his father, and all of his fathers kind...all muggles and muggle borns. They were just as bad in this boy's eyes, for they were still muggles by any other right. The more his hate festered, the worst it got. By the time he'd left Hogwarts, he had no heart left, and like my own son Tobias, he had become tainted, and twisted. There was no chance left to save him." Salazar said with almost a regret.
"You're...you're talking bout Voldemort aren't you." Draco said now.
'Sadly Draco, yes. It is my worst regret I didn't destroy Tobias when I should have. He was never a good son, evil and malicious from the day he was born. If it wasn't that he loved his mother Rowena so much, he would have probably murdered us both in our sleep. Unlike you Draconus. You were everything he wasn't. Kind, gentle, more Gryffindor then Slytherin. It was no wonder you and Harric fell in love as you did, and that's why I allowed it. Everyone always thinks I was the one who destroyed it all, I wasn't. It was Tobias...always Tobias..." Salazar said with a dark look.
"I dont understand...how?" Harry said now.
"You're histories of my supposed attack on Hogwarts and against Godric are wrong. Written by fools who knew nothing of the truth. I was never against Godric, or the school, I helped create it because I wanted to, not because I was forced to. Godric however wasn't as blinded as myself. He saw Tobias for the threat he was, I wouldn't listen. By the time I did, it was too late." Salazar said sadly.
"What do you mean too late?" Draco said.
"It...it was your wedding day. Salazar and I had been talking bout adding in some new courses to the school, including Defense Against the Dark Arts. Noone knew a traitor was in our midsts. We had been a bit lax on the castle security due all the arrivals, allowing the spell for apparition into the school to drop for the day. Tobias made his move then. Using polyjuice potion from hairs he'd gotten hold of without anyone knowing it, he disguised himself as his own father, and he and his minions attacked right before the wedding started, while you were still both in the upstairs room." Godric said, a catch in his voice as he remembered.
Salazar continued. "He killed his own brother, and Harric..and because I was in another place in the castle discussing things still with Godric, I hadn't know what had happened. Before I knew it I was being seized upon at wand point, even Rowena, my mate, threatening to kill me for what I had done. In protest I swore I hadn't done it, why would I kill the son of my best friend? A friend that I too had forged a blood bind with years ago as a child? Why would I even dream to kill my own son? But my protests fell on deaf ears."
"Tobias had been clever, apparating out as soon as he had attacked, leaving behind his father to be judged, and sentenced for a crime he never committed. Salazar was imprisoned in the newly built Azkaban, and he died there alone, forever swearing his innocence. I alone believed him of course, having known he couldn't have committed it. The proof was too hard to avoid though, the witnesses that saw Harric and Draconus killed swore it had been Salazar and no other. And it was known Salazar was gifted in the dark arts, he could have easily created a doppleganger to do his dirty work." Godric said softly.
"For 5 years I languished in Azkaban, a shell of my former self. Dementors as you know are not kind beasts, even though I had a helping hand in making them what they were back then. I was a criminal to them now..not a founder of Hogwarts, not one of the most powerful wizards in the entire wizarding world, but a cold blooded killer, and that was my fate. When I died, it was a release, but I couldn't leave yet, my soul, my conscious wouldn't let me go. So here I am, 1000

years later, attempting to fix what I created...what my son did...and that's why we were the ones who did this to you both." Salazar said gazing at each boy deeply.
"Now that you remember, now that you know what you've done, and who you were, it's time to fix the wrongs. Harry, you are an heir I am proud to say is mine, as I did of Harric long ago. The two of you have to finish what was started, you must seal the binding, and defeat Salazar's heir Voldemort. Harry, it wasn't because of Voldemort the sorting hat wanted to put you in Slytherin you know. The transfer of power did not transfer the bloodline to you Harry, that alone wouldn't have done it." Godric said turning to Harry now.
"He's right Harry. The sorting hat sensed 'blood' of a Slytherin in you, not 'power'. Draco's blood...*my* blood." Salazar said now.
"So that's why then. I never did understand why it wanted to put me in Slytherin back then, and only after I realized I shared a link with Voldemort I thought that was reason. Guess I was really wrong on that huh." Harry said actually giving a small grin.
Godric chuckled. "It's not as bad as you think it is Harry to have Slytherin blood within you. It's up to you now how you want to proceed with this knowledge that you've learned. We can only do so much, and once you return to the present time, we cannot physically help you. We started you on the path by getting you to bind, it's up to you to do the rest. We have faith in you both, we know you can do this."
Harry turned to face Draco, a determined look on his face. "Well Drake? What do you think...should we give this a shot?"
Draco looked at Harry a moment as if in debate, then smiled. "It's going to take some doing, no question there...but yes, I suppose so."
"Right then, what do we do next?" Harry said turning back to Godric and Salazar.
"Now you go home. The rest is up to you. Remember the days together you shared, and what you should have had if Tobias had not attacked. We wish you could have seen those days of your youths as Harric and Draconus, but I can assure you, you were best friends, then very much in love with each other, even died trying to protect each other." Godric said.
"Goodbye boys. You wont see us again, but know that we are with you in spirit, and we'll be praying to the gods that you can succeed where the past failed. Go now, return to the present...and be safe..." Salazar said, and raised his hand towards the two boys who found themselves suddenly misting away like vapour.
Godric sighed, hope in his heart. "It will work this time wont it Salazar?" he said turning to his friend.
"It has to Godric, it has to. I wish Rowena could have been here to see her son as he is now, she would have been proud." Salazar said glancing at where Draco had been standing.
"Pity she didn't know until she died and Tobias told her the truth at what he'd done. It could have saved you all those years of torment my friend. You know I tried..."
"I know Godric. It wasn't your fault, Rowena and Helga were stacked against me, as was everyone else at the castle. Over 1000 witnesses saw 'me' laughing as I held the bodies of my son and his lover in my arms, dripping with blood. You did what you could." Salazar said with a soft voice.
"Come my friend, let's return to the boys. I am anxious to see what happens, and now we have to set work on the other issue we started." Godric said with a knowing twinkle in his eyes.
Salazar chuckled, "You're incorrigible Godric Gryffindor, you know that? It's no wonder Albus is such a meddlesome man, he takes after you. Two more to convert to the cause this night eh?"

Salazar grinned.
Godric nodded in response, then waved his hand slowly, creating a mist round the two men. Slowly their forms began to fade, and then nothing was left but a faint stirring in the leaves where they had stood. The past could not be changed, but the future was still there and untouched, and now the future had hope.

Whew...two chaps in one day :groans: Tomorrow night I do work but I think I can swing another chapter before then, atleast i'll try! :)
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Chapter: 13

~~~~~~***Can Love Survive...***~~~~~~~
All canon events, people, places, etc belong to JKR. Anything else belongs to me :)
Cheers to all me readers and reviewers!
Sorry if this got a bit confusing, will try to tie up any loose ends where I can. I know Draco somewhat took all this lightly as well, but once he remembered what had been in the past, and how happy he was with Harry, it sort of all fell into place for him. Figure this...he's just found out the truth bout why he's felt for quite some time bout Harry, and he's found out what they were in the 'past' 1000 years back, and to throw in something I"ve been 'hinting' at...yes Draco would take this a bit easier then you'd have thought...has anyone picked up through out the fic what Draco did cause it's there if you noticed it! :)

~~~~~~***CHAPTER THIRTEEN: Where Do We Go From Here?***~~~~~~~~
"You said they'd be here woman, so where are they?" Severus said pacing the small room in which he and Remus had been led to by the woman and Godric Gryffindor, though Godric had disappeared soon after they had arrived, and hadn't returned.
"Patience dark one, patience. They will return." Perrine said and tilting her head as if listening for something.
"Stop calling me that will you? I'm not what you *think* I am you know." Severus said with a growl, pacing the room.
Perrine turned and looked at him for a moment as he paced. "Even when the dark is lit Severus Snape, it always has it's edges. You may not practise what you are, but it will always be a part of you. It is instinct, survival even. You're wolf knows that all too well." she said softly.
Remus turned to the woman with an odd look, then looked away, as if he was ashamed. Severus saw this, and walked over to him, placing a comforting hand on his shoulder, but Remus only sighed.
"She's right Sev, we are what we are. We can fight it, suppress it, even try to outrun it...but we were created by the dark." Remus said softly.

"If it hadn't been for you Remus I would still be lost you know. So much time we spent denying each other, wondring bout each other faults and demeons...but you always could see past that side of me, you brought me back..." Severus said in a saddened voice.
Remus turned round then to face his lover, his lifemate. "As you could see past the wolf in me Severus. The killer that I could have been, even at your own risks you stayed by me. When the Ministry imposed the rules on my kind, you stuck by my side, never letting me go down into the despair of what had happened to my kind. And you've had no regrets." Remus said gazing into Severus's eyes.
"But you have my dear Remus. It has eaten away at you for all these years, forging a rift between the two of you that even you couldn't see. Regret that holds you back from fully giving yourself to the one you love..." Perrine said softly.
"Regrets? What regrets do you have with me Remus? Because I was a death eater? Because I had to kill innocents and have their blood on my hands? Because I am a Slytherin?" Severus asked now, his tone becoming laced with anger.
Remus looked back at him wideeyed now, the shook his head. "Gods no Sev, not because of that! I knew what you were from the start, and I still wanted you, even back at Hogwarts days I didn't care you were in Slytherin did I."
"Then what? I've given you everything Remus Lupin...my heart and soul to wear on your sleeve...yet now I'm hearing you haven't done the same with me? What do you expect me to think?" Severus said looking into Remus's eyes, his anger growing.
"You really want to know Severus? Why I've never been able to 100% give you what I wish I could? I've always wanted you heart, I've always needed it...but I can never give you something in return you deserve to have...my one true hearts desire..." Remus said turning from him with his tears in his eyes.
"What more do you think I want from you Remus? Or that I could possibly give you in return to make you think like this?" Severus said, anger replaced by despair.
"Tell him Remus, tell him the truth. Let no more secrets, no more lies come between you now. If you are to fight on the side of good, together...you must give your hearts completely to each other, without reservations and restrictions." Perrine said softly to Remus.
Remus gave a long drawn out sigh that came from his very depths. Turning back to face his lifemate, tears still flowing from his eyes, he said softly. "A child Severus. A child. Something that I cannot give you. A part of you that I can hold and cherish if anything ever happened to you. That is why I havent been able to give you all of myself...because I cannot. I cannot give you a child." he said slumping down to the floor as a new wave of tears began.
Severus stood there as he looked down at his lifemate, realization beginning to dawn on him. His mind for a moment flashed back to the day in the courtroom when the rules of Remus's kind were read. Through all of them Remus sat quite, saying little to nothing. He knew for a while after that day Remus had become slightly depressed and maudlin even, but he attributed it to the blasted new rules...all of them. But now he was it wasn't all of the rules, it had only been one...one rule that had caused it all. He sank down to the floor and pulled Remus into his arms, holding him until the shaking of his sobs were stilled.
When Remus stopped his tears, Severus brought his face round with his hand to meet his own, and looked deep into Remus's brown eyes, how lost and hopeless they looked. "No Remmy, no more tears. No more regrets. I dont care what the blasted Ministry says, we will fight them Remus. We'll find a way round it, I dont care how, but we will."

Remus's eyes lit up, hope beginning to restore itself. "Really? You...you would do that for me?"
Severus gave him a little grin. "Mind you I make no promises Remus Lupin. I cant say it's something I ever planned on, having a child that is, and I can honestly say I have no clue what kind of father I'd be...probably a lousy one at best...but..." he was cut off however.
"Oh Sev, I think you would make a wondrful father...if not a bit strict and grouchy..." he grinned. "But to me it would be a part of us...something we did *together*..." and he found another wave a tears flowed from his eyes, but this time in happiness and Severus leaned in kissing away the tears, everything else round them completely forgotten for the moment.
Perrine slid back into the shadows using her magic, a smile upon her face. She turned and left the room silently as not to disturb the two men, everything would work out now. She made her way now to another room, although a slightly surprized gargoyle wondred how it was able to get opened without a password, grunting and returning to sleep when he saw noone about.
She saw the man at the desk gazing thoughtfully at some papers. He seemed even older then when she had last seen him just that early morning, as if the entire weight of the world were on his shoulders. Suddenly he picked his head up from the papers, a questioning look in his eyes.
"It went well?" he said to the apparently empty room.
Perrine gave a little chuckle then appeared, nodding at him. "I never could keep myself unknown from you could I Albus." she grinned at him.
He chuckled, "As if you had need to. I sensed Godric and Salazar's presences here earlier, the boys?"
"Taken care of, they're in Salazar's old study, and should be returned about now, memories in tact."
"Remus and Severus?"
"In Harric Gryffindor's old room. I believe shortly you will be approached Albus." she said sitting on the edge of Albus's desk and seeing a paper that he had on there. Picking it up she gave a laugh. "You knew allready didn't you."
"Of course. It was my own request. When Arthur Weasley became Minister of Magic over the summer, I approached him in ernest. There was no chance while Cornelius Fudge was still minister, but Arthur...he always did have a better view on things."
"Why haven't you told them then? They deserved to know before now Albus." Perrine said, a sharpness in her voice.
"For starters, I know Remus J. Lupin. Even if he had known, I seriously doubted he would have ever approached Severus on the issue. Ever since what happened to Severus last year Remus has been keeping things a bit bottled up from him, and to tell him that there might be hope, might have sent him over the edge. Torn between what he desired, and what he knew he knew he could have." Albus said thoughtfully.
"Perhaps. I did sense great sorrow within both of them. They have much to overcome before they will be ready to accept another into their lives yet, but it is possible." she said reflectively. "What is the other reason?"
"Because it has taken until now to get it revised. Laws are easy to be written, but to undo them is another matter. In point of fact this request of me only came last night, and it still isn't a guarantee that they will allow it. Arthur is more lenient however, and atleast is willing to hear the circumstances."
"Then everything shall work for the best Albus. As long as you remain hopeful, I shall. Are you sure what you're going to do is wise?" she said peering at him now.

"I have served my purposes Perrine. I have more faith now then I have before in that *they* can do what must be done." he said with a sigh.
"You have spent far too much time in the human's world Albus. You've grown soft." Perrine said with a chuckle.
Albus grinned. "And would you really have me any other way?"
Perrine laughed. "Of course not my brother, of course not. You are you, and none other. I return back home now, dawn will come soon. Unlike you, I have not been given special rites to stay here too long. I shall see you soon then?" she said getting off the desk and heading towards the door.
"I will let you know." he said nodding at her, and with that she was gone.
Albus sighed, thinking back into the past. He remembered what this world had been like when he was younger, how it had fascinated him...how it still did. Ever changing, yet always in a way the same. People loved, people fought, good and evil still needed each other to survive. Humankind was like that though. It needed as much pain as it did pleasure, as much hate as there was love. That's what made humans so durable, so intriguing.
Humans would survive, with or without him. For the first time in the 150 some years since he first felt that urge to see what it would be like to experience all the wondrful if not complicated emotions of men, he felt now was the right time to do what he planned. Harry and Draco were strong boys, Remus and Severus strong men. His 'team' of friends and companions would carry on the legacy that had been in existence far longer then even he had been alive. And good would still always triumph over evil.
The side of good would win, and then Albus Dumbledore would be free. Free to return to the life he cast aside, free to return to a home he hadn't seen in over 150 years, but that waited for him nevertheless. He was prepared for this though, he had known for quite some time that he couldn't stay forever in this place, there was still enough left in this world to want to see it for a while longer, even if he could only observe in it and not actually take part, so he had made his plans. He knew he was making the right choice for a successor. Minerva wouldn't be too happy bout it, but he felt under the circumstances, it was the best decision to make especially now. It was time to get the man away from his past, and to begin his future, and Albus had no reasons to doubt that the responsibility of what he planned would be taken lightly by his choice. Yes, things would work out allright in the end, and indeed it would be good to return to his birthplace...even if only for a little while.

Okay before you all say yes I did go so OOC here :sniffs: I know I'm giving too much license to meself perhaps...especially with Albus, but honestly he always has made me wonder why and how he got such incredible powers like he has. Being able to turn invisible like he can without potions or spells...knowing what goes on without even being there...and it is said that even Voldemort does fear him most likely because he knows Dumbledore is more powerful then him, yet for some reason Albus cant bring himself to kill off Voldie...anyway I've confused you enough, wont do more :chuckle: Does make you wonder though doesn't it? :)
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Chapter: 14

~~~~~~***Can Love Survive...***~~~~~~~
All canon events, people, places, etc belong to JKR. Anything else belongs to me :)
Cheers to all me readers and reviewers!
Mandraco - as always :hugs hugs hugs: you're wondrful mate! :)
Lindsey - ugg I had chinese for dinner...and I wish I hadn't meself...love the stuff but lately it always tastes off :sighs: hope you're feeling better though! :)
Icyeyes - I know, was completely unintentional and unplanned to do it...not me thing really though I've tried AU's before with HP...usually I stick to conventionals (well usually anyway :chuckle:) hopefully though it's not that farfetched in the AU world, I"m not changing much I do hope?
Shini - actually it's wasn't Salazar himself holding up the bodies, remember he stressed the witnesses 'saw' him doing that, but in actuality it was his 'son' using the polyjuice...I do think with Siri though it was shock that made him do that, losing his two best friends, getting betrayed by a third friend...poor pup so much to suffer, he probably had a breakdown! :(
I am seeing an end to this faster then I thought by the by. I've got some ideas for the next fic (having for the moment given up doing me originals sadly, atleast perhaps not on FFnet, I tend to find they just dont get read :sigh:), so if all goes well there wont be any gaps in the end of this fic, and the start of the next...I"m not sure exactly how to go with me next one...I haven't done a Rem/Sev one yet (started one a bit ago didn't go well I dont think :mutters:), or do another Harry/Draco...or both of them of course...any ideas what you all would like to see? Let me know via email (either or), or in review...cheers mates!

~~~~~~***CHAPTER FOURTEEN: We Are One***~~~~~~~~~
Harry and Draco returned to their bodies with a start. Everything they had been though, all the scanning of past memories, had taken almost no time at all in the waking world to their surprize. The position of the moonlight showed perhaps an hour at best had gone by, yet for them it had felt like days. Now would begin their new lives, with new changes and chances, even if it would take more then a bit of doing.
Harry however still had alot of questions running through his mind, and maybe now he would get some answers. Dropping Draco's arm which he realized he had still been holding since before they left, he looked Draco in the eyes, forming his questions.
"What is it Harry, you're looking a bit odd." Draco said keeping his gaze on Harry.
"I just...it's just that...Why did you pull up at the match? Why didn't you go for the snitch? You had the chance to show you're father how good you are, and you through it away..." Harry said.
Draco looked at Harry a moment, as if debating what his answer would be. Finally with a sigh, he gave into his internal debating. "It's *because* of my father that I did that Harry."
Harry looked at Draco very perplexed now, that didn't make sense to him. "I dont understand, you deliberately threw you're chance away?"
Draco broke eye contact and walked over to the altar, turning his back to Harry. "No, I suppose you wouldn't understand, it was hard for me even to understand it back then." he said quietly,

almost too quietly.
"Try me Draco, maybe I would." Harry said walking over to Draco and standing right behind him, putting a hand on his shoulder.
Draco turned round and faced Harry once again, emotions thick within his eyes. He searched Harry's eyes then, and what he found was the final thing to convince him this was all real, all meant to be. Harry's eyes showed something Draco Malfoy had never had in his life, understanding. Compassion. Caring and truth. And more importantly, hope. Draco had never had any of those things..or atleast, not since those days long ago when he had a few shortlived weeks of pure happiness with a boy named "Harry".
With a sigh he began his story. "It was the end of 5th year when it all started Harry. My grades were hardly up to standard that year, and to my father it was a sign of weakness. Granger beat me out in everything, believe it or not, even potions. My father wasn't too happy needless to say, and when I got home, all hell broke loose."
"He didn't..." Harry began, but was cut off by a wave of Draco's hand.
"He didn't hurt me no, not in the physical sense persay. Nothing that I hadn't already been used to in my life at any rate. Mentally though, he played mind games with me. Dragging me down so deep I thought I'd never know my own name again. I'm pretty sure he used the Cruciatus Curse a few times to control me, and Imperio when I wasn't trying hard enough."
Harry didn't interject, but he did shudder at that. He himself of course having been subjected more then a few times to both curses, and personally had seen the effects of what can happen when used too much.
Draco saw Harry's shiver and nodded to him, and continued. "By the end of the summer I thought I'd be lost. I thought he wasn't going to allow me to return to Hogwarts, and send me to Durmstrang or something. Now that Voldemort was back and in command, he wanted me to take the mark, but through some grace I was able to stall him. Told him it would be better if I waited till I was out of school, and could devote my time towards learning the dark arts without problems. He bought it thank Merlin."
Draco started to get restless, so began pacing the room, thoughts all the while, running through his head. "When I returned to school I wasn't myself persay. I'd even stopped antagonizing you and the others to the point that Dumbledore even noticed. One day he called me into this office, and as I followed him I felt like a lamb being led to the slaughter."
"I remember that was when you did stop being you're usual annoying self to me, I didn't realize why though." Harry said softly.
Draco looked at him, but only nodded. "I figured you of all people would notice, but honestly I didn't care. When Dumbledore took me into his office that day, my life changed forever. When I left...I wasn't my old self, and I certainly felt different."
"What happened? That is...if you want to tell me..." Harry said.
Draco gave a choked chuckle. "I suppose after all this, you have to know Harry. It's all really simple. I was a given a choice, and I took it, and gladly so."
"A choice? To do what?"
"When I got to Dumbledore's office I was surprized, I wasn't the only one there. Severus Snape and Remus Lupin were there too, and that day I found out alot more bout some things then I ever thought I would." Draco said reflectively.
"S-Severus and Remus? Wh-what things?" Harry said suddenly.
Draco actually grinned now. "I think on that, you allready know Harry. Oh dont look so startled,

they had to tell me...for a very good reason."
"And you kept that secret all this time?" Harry said astonished.
"Believe it or not, yes I have. Because...because they saved my life Harry, if for no other reason." Draco said softly. "Please, let me finish and you'll understand why."
Harry nodded. "Sorry, though I have to say it's kind of nice to hear the word please from you of all people." he said grinning.
Draco grinned back and continued. "As I sat there, listening to everyone say their sickles worth, I hardly could believe it. Here were two people least suited for one another, one a death eater, one a werewolf, yet they had found a happiness in each other that was unmatched. As I saw how protective Severus was over Remus Lupin, I realized that maybe, just maybe, houses didn't matter, that bloodlines didn't matter. Nothing mattered to the two of them but finding peace with each other."
"In the end, Severus told me the truth, that he had been playing a 'game', that he was really a spy for Dumbledore, working against Voldemort. He knew what my father had done to me over the summer, how I had been basically brought down into the submission state I was at that point, and how I was ready to throw it all in and maybe even do something very stupid with my life."
"Sounds like Severus, I've heard that speech from him myself at times." Harry said with a wry grin.
"It's no wonder then you turned out as you did, he can be more severe and harsh then even my father at times." Draco said with exasperation. "In the end though, it worked. They brought me back from the depths of despair and torture I was in, and offered me the choice that Severus himself was given...to die a coward and a killer, or to redeem myself with hope, and become one of them...a spy in a sense. I took the latter."
"How though? You dont have the dark mark..." Harry said puzzled.
Draco shoulders seemed to slump, and he gave a soft groan. "But you're wrong Harry...so very wrong..."
"Drake? Draco tell me...tell me you didn't..." Harry said stepping back away from him now.
"It was the only way. Dont you see? If I didn't...if I didn't play the 'game' the way I had to...they would have killed me for fighting them. A betrayer to my own family, to their master...I would have been dead before I could scream Harry..." he said softly.
"Oh Drake...I...I do understand...I want to anyway..." Harry said stepping back towards Draco, but Draco moved away from him.
"Some 'spy' I turned out to be though. I dont think my own father really trusted me. I suppose now looking back I seemed a bit too eager to take the mordesmordre...after trying to avoid it all summer, not 2 months later I'm owling my father that I'm ready for it, accepting of it..." Draco said bitterness in his voice.
Harry suddenly thought of something then. "It was you..wasn't it. When Severus got captured, you're were the anonymous tipoff..."
Draco sighed and nodded. "Yes, it was me. I found out though almost too late. I was too young yet to attend that meeting, and my father never owled me what he had planned until after they captured him. He met me in Hogsmeade a few days later, and told me that Severus was a traitor, and the school was well rid of such scum like him. He told me he would make arraignments to get me out of school or something or another so I could come witness what happens to traitors and spies. As if he was telling me something..." Draco said vehemently this time.
"But you did save him Draco...you did. He's alive and here, that should mean something." Harry

said softly, going over to stand infront of Draco now.
"You saved him Harry, not me. It's you he owes his life to..." Draco said the anger seeping out of him now.
"You're wrong. It was both of us. If you hadn't warned Dumbledore, I wouldn't have been there in the first place. It doesn't matter though, he's here, alive, and personally I think better for the worst...atleast he doesn't take points off Gryffindor anymore for just anything." Harry grinned trying to lighten the mood.
Draco looked at him then grinned as well. "That's true, he is a bit better these days, but I really think Lupin has alot to do with that dont you?" he said a bit coyly now.
Harry laughed. "I think you're right there. Remus was really the one who told me to look for Severus you know, I didn't even know why until I overheard them in Hospital Wing later on, and let me tell you, that was a revelation. But Drake, what are you going to do now? About the mark I mean?"
Draco shrugged, "I dont know Harry. I"m turning my back on it all though, I even told Dumbledore that. I'll be 18 this year, my father can't make me go back with him, and I'll make up some excuse not to go home for Yule Holidays as well. I dont know where I can go, but I do know I wont go home. If possible, not ever again. Lucius will never make me submit to him or Voldemort again!" Draco said determined.
"I"ll do what I can too Drake, believe me. I never go home for the holidays, the muggles cant stand me during the summers let alone any other holidays, so we'll just be here together." Harry said.
"To...together. Sounds strange doesn't it." Draco said thoughtfully looking at Harry.
"I think...together...sounds awfully nice actually Drake. Remember what you said..back then in the park all those years ago?" Harry said bridging the gap between them suddenly.
Draco furrowed his brow, then shook his head. For some reason all of a sudden with Harry standing so close, it was hard to think. "No, what did I say?"
Harry took Draco's chin in his hand, gazing deep into his eyes. "You said...*I could have grown up to love you Harry...I'm sure I could have...*do you think now you could?" he said almost in a whisper.
Draco searched Harry's eyes, eyes that showed so much expression in them, and he knew that this was what he wanted. What he secretly had hoped for all those years ago, what his namesake must have felt for Harric Gryffindor...defying everyone and everything for what he needed...what he loved. This was what Severus and Remus showed him, what he could have if he gave himself over completely to the side of light, and truth.
"No Harry...I dont think I could..." Draco said breathlessly now and before Harry could interject he said, "I *know* I could. Can...can *you* ever feel that way for *me*?"
Harry didn't say anything, instead very gently, he drew Draco to him, and placed a kiss on his lips. He was amazed at how soft Draco's lips were, and not surprizingly, unlike with Cho or Lisa, this felt like he had come home. This was where he belonged, where he'd always belonged. He felt Draco respond to the kiss, and intensified it, wrapping his arms round Draco's body, warmth spreading through him like lightning.
When they finally broke apart, lips trembling, bodies shaking with feelings of raw emotion, their eyes sparkled now with a newfound emotion. Suddenly everything made sense, who they had been, what they had done...had all led up to this moment, this moment that was pure magic. The magic that was called love.

Draco looked at Harry with such love, amazed at the fact that Harry was returning that same love, and he knew that he had made the right choice when he had joined the side of good and light. He felt that there was nothing that could stand in their way now, that they would win because they *had* to win. Because love always wins.
Harry looked at the man in his arms, his mind a swirling vortex of emotions he couldn't believe were real. He had lied to himself for so long, tried to be what everyone expected him to be, but no longer. From now on he would live for one thing only, Draco's love, nothing else would ever be as important as that to him.
As the two boys gazed at each other, passion swirling in their bodies, words seemed to be whispered from their lips at the same time. Then the only sounds after that were murmurs of happiness, of finding out what they should have long ago. They didn't know that those very same words had been whispered before, 1000 years in the past, by two who had also found solace and fulfillment in each others arms. Only this time, those words wouldn't be just a sacrifice, and they would hold true.
"For all eternity our souls will intertwine, for I am yours and you are mine. We are joined by body and heart, we are one that none shall part."

I just realized that there's not been one snog nearly through out the whole fic :groans: so this just had to be written. I cant believe I totally bypassed a good snog for plot this fic oi! Ah well, all's well that ends well I hope...I know it's not quite the 'passionate' type thing I've been writing persay, but I hope for the moment it will suffice. :)
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Chapter: 15

~~~~~~Can Love Survive...~~~~~~~
All canon events, people, places, etc belong to JKR. Anything else belongs to me :)
Cheers to all me readers and reviewers!
Wow, glad everyone liked that snogging scene! :laughs: Sorry though on the delay in getting out this final chap, been a bit hectic as usual over weekend what with work and all...so do forgive me :sigh: Do have all week off though :whoo hooo!: so I plan on defiantly wrapping this fic up and starting me next one during this time...still not sure what I should do though :scratches her head: I'm seriously beginning to think I'm a rare breed that's heavy into Severus/Remus, and there's sooo very little out there with the two of them as the main characters...yet to not write Harry/Draco is a crime in itself I thinks...oh what choices what choices! :wail: hmm...maybe a bit of both worlds next eh? Guess I'll have to figure it out soon for you all! :)
Ah, Constantine? If (and I do hope so) you're still reading...can you help me out far as the Alley what I would have to do to post me fics there and all? I've be reading alot, some posting as well (still bit shy in that area :sigh:), but I'd love to get meself started over there as well, so can you

give me a few pointers please? Epost me at or either one works well. Cheers! :) Oh oh oh...is there any Ships for Rem/Sev on the Alley? I've been scouting everywhere, but even on the main threads there's nothing! :wail: I'd even considered starting up one of me own but not a clue how to do it...so if you could help there too I'd love that!
PS for anyone that's a Sev lover, check out a fic on Shnoogle by Silverfox I believe it was...18 chaps + epi, and worth every moment read! It's not slash a'toll, but still for Sev lovers, it's a must!

~~~~~~CHAPTER FIFTEEN: A New World Begins Again~~~~~~~

"Firs' years! Firs' years over here!" a giant voice boomed out over the hum of the steamer, a bright red and black engine proudly showing it's origins the *"Hogwart's Express"*. As many years as the half giant had been doing this, it never ceased to amaze him how wondrful a feeling it was to say those words. He'd grown older, his moustache and beard now completely greyed, and most of the hair on his head bout there too, but his black eyes still held a twinkle that was youthful and energetic. And Hagrid, though he could have retired years back, wouldn't have traded this for the world.
As the first years made their way over to Hagrid, having made last checks on their various pets and luggage which they were assured would be waiting for them at the castle, only four seemed to linger behind, two boys and two girls, as if they really didn't want to go with Hagrid on those tiny little boats to the castle. It's not like these 4 hadn't seen the castle, so by rights they felt they didn't need the normal first years 'first glimpse' ride up, and instead opted towards the carriages, almost even getting away with it, but they were stopped short however.
"I should have know I'd find you four here. Hagrid must be worried sick why an entire boat of students failed to show up. Care to explain yourselves?" a man said in a very authoritive tone of voice, not really full of anger, though slightly tinged with amusement, even if his expression was neutral.
"*He-headmaster!* We didn't see you there!" one of the girls said startled, and looked down sheepishly.
"Obviously not, or you would all be on the boats now rather then infront of *me*." the man said in a dry tone, looking down at the children with what he hoped was a stern look. A look that for all of the children, did indeed do it's job, making them nearly squirm under his gaze.
"Honestly Headmaster, we truely are sorry..." one of the boys said guiltily.
"That is still no excuse. You know the rules here, dont expect any special treatment because of the circumstances you realize." the man said giving his darkest stare to the second girl.
The girl seemed to bristle to that look, about to respond when she got nudged by the boy standing next to her. Glaring at the man now she only said in a voice that dripped with sweetness, "We really *are* sorry Headmaster. Since we *have* missed the boats however, we should catch a carriage. That is, unless you *want* us to miss the sorting ceremony?" She even gave him one of her angelic looks to make it look good.
For just a second a controlled grin seemed to appear on the mans face, but he quickly schooled himself back to his normal dourness. Realizing the girl was right, he sighed in exasperation.
"Very well, you may take the carriages. I do believe you allready know where to go to wait for Hagrid. However, if I catch any one of you anywhere else *but* there, you will wish you *had* missed the sorting ceremony. Do I make myself clear?" he said punctuating every one of his last words.

The children nodded their heads while answering him simultaneously, *"Yes Sir!"*, and before he could get another word in, they ran off towards the carriages at top speed.
The man watched the children go sighing in frustration when someone came up behind him and put a hand on his shoulder. He didn't jump, he knew that touch, and right now he welcomed it dearly.
"It's going to be a long 7 years from now on dont you think?" the second man said softly, watching the carriage that held the children descend up the hill.
The first man shook his head and sighed. "I'll be happy if we make it through the first year, let alone the next seven."
"Come on, let's get back up to the castle, they'll all be waiting on you...Headmaster..." the second man said with a chuckle, and led the first man off towards a hidden carriage reserved only for the staff.
Unknown to the two men, nor to the children, a pair of twinkling blue eyes, old with wisdom, yet held the youth of agelessness, had been watching them all. He smiled, and was glad to have witnessed that little scene, something in which he never thought could have happened years and years ago when he'd left this place. He knew his leaving had been a shock, but he knew his plans were well made, for everything had indeed, turned out allright in the end. The school was safe, and a new generation would now run Hogwarts. In this he placed all his faith, and he had every reason to do so.
"You miss it dont you." a soft voice said from the shadows, barely becoming visible in a small shaft of moonlight.
"I would be both fool and liar if I said I didn't my dear. But I am content in knowing I did the right thing." Albus Dumbledore said gazing up at the castle he once called home.
"He has made a good Headmaster Albus, you did well to choose him. But I never did understand why?" the woman said also gazing up at the castle, remembering times past.
"It's very simple Perrine to understand why. Because I trust him." Albus said reflectively, then began to walk away from the platform on which the now silent train sat. He didn't look back at the train, nor at the castle again, he had no need to. Every so often he would come here to see the new generation if he knew there was to be someone special involved, and this year were 4 very special children who had come aboard that train he wanted to see, and now there was no further need to stay.
Perrine watched as her brother walked off, no regrets within his voice even now at what he'd given up, and she suspected there never would be. It had been good to have him back where he belonged, but she would never doubt that a part of him would always remain in the humans world, and she would never fault him for it.
Meanwhile back at the castle preparations had been made for the first years, and they were all now standing before a strict brownhaired woman, who after seeing the four children lagging behind after coming in from the carriages rather then the boats, secretly gave a chuckle. As the rest of the new first years were now before her, she began the speech that 5 years ago she had inherited from her predecessor and friend Minerva McGonagall, although slightly reworded to suit her own needs.
"Welcome to Hogwarts. I am Professor Hermione Weasley, Head of Gryffindor House, and Transfiguration professor. In a few moments you will pass through these doors to join your classmates and be sorted into your respective houses. They are: Ravenclaw, Hufflepuff, Gryffindor..and Slytherin." she said looking round now, careful to keep her eyes off the 4 in the

back.
"While you are here you're houses are like your family. Points will be rewarded for good behaviours, while taken away for rule breaking. At the end of the year the house with most points is awarded the House Cup. Now we shall enter the Great Hall and commence with the sorting. When you have been sorted I ask that you quickly join your house tables so we may begin with the feast." And with that she smiled at the new first years, lingering her gaze for half a moment on the four again in the back, and turned to open the huge double doors, walking proudly into the Great Hall.
The hall was silent this year, oddly enough, and a slight anticipation ran through the houses as the new first years passed by. For those inside, this was a special year, and everyone seemed to be looking with interest at the four children who now passed by the tables, unawares even that they were the focus of nearly everyone in the room.
As Professor Weasley got to the platform infront of the headtable, she gave those sitting there a short nod, and a grin, then reschooling her features she turned back to the students and unrolled a piece of parchment she had been holding.
"Now, as I call your name, please step over to the stool, I will place the sorting hat on your head, and then you will be sorted and join your classmates."
The school seemed to hold it's breath during all this, even the teachers seemed a bit on edge as they waited patiently for the names to be called. Oddly enough, only 4 more names finally were left to be called, the four children that had missed the boats.
"Potter, Misha!"
A small girl with silvery blonde hair, and green eyes, stepped forward, trembling slightly. She had of course, like the other 3, seen this sorting ceremony tons of times, but now was different, now she was the one going underneath the hat. She gave a quick glance to the head table, got a slight nod from two of the people up there, and sat down on the stool, the sorting hat placed on her head.
The hat seemed to debate for a bit, and after nearly 2 minutes, the old seam finally gave up it's answer..."SLYTHERIN!"
The girl smiled, relieved for this to be over, and even more relieved she was to be in Slytherin. She knew she was Slytherin material, it was in her blood after all, and with a quick glance again at the head table, and seeing the smiles on the faces of the others up there, she went over to her new house happy, then turned her attentions to the next person on the list.
"Lupin-Snape, Ryanna!"
The second girl, a bit bigger by atleast 3 inches from the other girl, with jet black hair that had a streak of pure white, and coal black eyes sauntered over to the stool, a small smirk on her face. Unlike her childhood best friend, she didn't fear the hat, nor what the reactions would be to the people at the head table. Of the four of them, she was 'brains' of all their operations, and not just because of her advantages at the school, for she knew she wouldn't get any now.
The hat surprizingly though didn't say anything at first, though she knew sometimes it didn't, but it didn't give an answer right away either, and though she couldn't 'see' the stares coming at her, she could certainly 'feel' them. Her heightened senses picked up the scents of every sort of emotion flowing in the room right now, and even she was beginning to wonder what was going on with the hat.
"Come on you bloody thing, let's get a move on eh? Still got more to sort you know." she said with a bit of annoyance.

"I'm quite well aware of that fact Ms. Lupin-Snape, unfortunately I am having a difficult time in where to put you..."
"How hard can it ruddy be to just say a house? So let's go already, I"m getting peckish here" she said muttering under the brim of the hat.
"Hmmm...how about Ravenclaw then? You would do well there..."
"Put me there hat and I'll personally rip out every one of your bloody strands I will. Try again" she said heatedly.
The hat chuckled. "Unlike Ms. Potter who I also had trouble placing due to her lineage, you are quite different...you possess the knowledge of all four houses, and would do well in any of them..."
"Dont even start with Hufflepuff either hat...Either decide or I'll decide for you you stupid git of a hat..." she muttered now with a huff, disgusted with this hat allready.
"Allright then I will. Better be..." "SLYTHERIN!"
The girl for a moment, showed relief on her face, but a part of her did really desperately need to know that hat had made the right choice, so she too turned to face the people sitting at the head table. Unlike Misha though, she made it quite obvious at who she was looking at, and was secretly thrilled when he nodded his head at her, though no smiled was really returned. She nodded back, not expecting a smile anyway, but was glad to see a smile on the next person's face she looked at, and returning it to him briefly, she took her seat at Slytherin's table next to Misha. Both the girls then focused their attention on the 2 remaining children, and what came next was hardly a surprize.
"Weasley, Arthur!"
"GRYFFINDOR!"
"Weasley, Benjiman!"
"GRYFFINDOR!"
And as the two very red headed young set of twins left the stand, Professor Hermione Weasley smiled as if she had been the cat that had eaten the canary. Truth was, if her and Ron's boys had gone anywhere's else, she would have had to kill the sorting hat, and asked questions later. Over the years Hermione had gone from bookworm, to prankster, to wife, to mother. And with that final change in life, she became a mature, very attractive woman who had a temper to match her husband's.
As the last student found his way to the Gryffindor table, she was about to roll up the parchment when she realized something was wrong. Either she had bypassed a name somehow, which she had never once done before, or someone was missing. Giving a questioning glance to the Headmaster, she was soon rewarded as the 'missing' student entered the hall at breakneck speed, a man equally sprinting in behind him.
"So sorry to be late Headmaster, I had forgotten about some plants I needed at last minute and we missed the train. Had to get Ginny to bring us." the disheveled man said taking his seat at the high table, while the boy stood, still out of breath, on the platform with the stool.
A wave of chuckles and grins floated up from the high table, apparently this wasn't the first time this man was late because he had conviently 'forgotten' everything for his precious plants, and it certainly wouldn't be the last time.
The Headmaster actually was grinning as well, and shook his head. "Atleast you made it before the feast actually ended this year." he said and was received by the man's face reddening with embarrassment. "Continue with the sorting then Professor Weasley" he said now turning back to

Hermione.
She nodded, then read the missed name off the list.
"Longbottom, Gerald!"
"HUFFLEPUFF!"
The boy seemed happy for that house match, and quickly, with a huge smile on his face, went over to sit with his new housemates, his father beaming with pride.
As the students settled in, and Hermione took her seat, the Headmaster stood up and said the opening speeches.
"A few announcements as we begin another new year here at Hogwarts. First off, the Forbidden Forest is strictly off limits to ***ALL*** students, ***NO*** exceptions." and for a moment he allowed his stern gaze to settle on the girls at the Slytherin table who were conviently looking over at the boys at the Gryffindor table and all four were pointedly ignoring him.
"Mr. Filch, our caretaker, asks me to remind you no magic is to be used in the corridors between the classes. Anyone doing so will answer to him." he said sweeping his gaze now at all the students, although thankfully as long as he'd been headmaster here, noone has broken that rule severely, atleast not enough to require punishments.
"House Quidditch tryouts will commence on the 3rd Saturday of this month. Now that the restriction for 1st years on the no broomstick policy is lifted, *ALL* years are eligible to try out, however please note that the new captains will not be chosen by your head of house until next week, and you're broomsticks must be approved by our flying instructor, and checked over before you may use them for the year."
"Now many of you may notice a new course curriculum for the 5th years and up called Transformations. This will be the first year we are attempting to teach this class, and it will be an elective, not a requirement. With the creation of this new post, we have hired a foremost expert in the field, Professor Sirius Black."
As Sirius nodded, a smile spread acrost his face. For a moment he glanced over at the Headmaster, who barely gave him a perceptible nod, then turned his attention back to the students. Most of them didn't know who Sirius Black was, or what he supposed had done all those years ago. This was a new Sirius Black, his long greying hair still tied back, his manner still very Gryffindorish, but more reserved, relaxed even. He may never be able to bridge the certain gaps that lingered even after all these years, but he felt as if he had come home at last, and a quick glance at the others round the high table confirmed that.
The Headmaster waited as the applause died down, then continued. "On that note, let the feast...begin!" he said with a flourish, and to everyone's delight, the opening feast of a new Hogwarts year began.
Hours later, when the prefects had shuffled their house students off, and the Heads of the respected houses gave them the last checks before bedtime, 7 people headed towards a small stone gargoyle, gaining admittance with the password, "Wolfsbane".
As they climbed the spiral stairs they met up with 2 more people in the office of the Headmaster of Hogwarts, a place they knew well, and some of them for many reasons. Each person took a seat, transfiguring up a few sofas even to accommodate everyone, and with an almost collective sigh, they all sat back with a groan, and began to talk.
"This...is going to be a very long year you know..." Professor Harry Potter, flying instructor of Hogwarts, said rubbing his eyes in weariness, then wrapped his arms round the person sitting next to him drawing him close.

"Mmm...I do believe you're right love. Slytherin though? I thought for sure it would be Gryffindor..." Professor Draco Potter, Potions Master and head of Slytherin House, said thoughtfully to his husband, finding a comfortable spot on his shoulder.
"Well I for one am thrilled that Gerald got into Hufflepuff. Wish I could have been there though." Ginny Longbottom, Charms professor and head of Ravenclaw, sighed. "No I dont blame you dear, but I do wish you'd remember to use the rememberall more often, I can hardly be expected to keep an eye on both of you and the baby now can I?" she said exasperated.
"I am sorry m'love, but those venus flytraps were very important. I just couldn't leave them back in London like that for a whole fortnight now could I." Neville Longbottom, Professor of Herbology, and head of Hufflepuff, said softly to his wife, hoping to pacify her. "Atleast Gerald will be happy in Hufflepuff, he never really was meant for Gryffindor anymore then I was." he said without malice. He wasn't really ever brave and courageous like the others, and it was always a mystery to everyone how he had ended up there instead of Hufflepuff.
"Atleast you dont have to deal with the twins like I have to Gin!" Hermione said now with a groan, putting her hands to her forehead to rub her temples.
"Awe come on 'Mione, it wont be so bad! After all, maybe with the four of them separated it wont be half as painful anyway..." Ron Weasley, her husband and Professor of Astronomy, said with a half grin, though everyone in the room knew that wasn't a likely option.
"The way I see it, now that the houses are actually on speaking terms thanks to you four, it's just going to make it worse. Marauder's in the making I think." Sirius said with a grin.
"Well pardon us for destroying Voldemort, Sirius. Ungrateful you are you know!" Harry said laughing. "I mean we didn't *have* to you know, you could have always stayed as Snuffles." he said getting a swift kick for his efforts.
"Yeah yeah, rub it in. Meanwhile you four get the Order of Merlin First Class, the admiration of the entire wizarding world, each other and your kids...and what did poor old Sirius Black get?" Sirius said with a mock grumble.
"Come off it Paddy, I saw the way Mika Sorrenson, the Divinations professor looked at you when you were introduced. I think she's already fancying on checking her charts to see if there a big black dog in them!" Remus Lupin-Snape, Professor of Defense Against the Dark Arts, said with a chuckle, and Sirius turned red as a beet.
"W-well...she is rather err...oh face it I'm way too old for her anyway. She's what...40?" Sirius said with a grimace.
"Oh really now Sirius Black, you're only 58 yourself, that's hardly old in the wizarding world! You're still in your prime man!" Ginny said with a snort. "And since when does age matter anyway eh...you may be going grey Sirius, but you're still a darn attractive man by any means, and Mika isn't exactly taken you know...go for it." she said with a yawn.
"She's right Padfoot, you've got plenty of time left. Give it a go mate." Remus said, yawning as well now.
"Well, personally I"m in for it. Think I'll go check up on the girls, then head down to the dungeon. Coming love?" Harry said trying to hold back a yawn as well, and moved slightly, realizing Draco was already sleep on his shoulder. "Guess that answers that. Headmaster do you mind?" Harry said nodding over to the fireplace, and getting a nod of approval from the Headmaster, he took his husband gently in his arms, a loving look on his face still after all these years, and made his exit via the floo to their rooms in the dungeon.
Ginny and Neville were next to go. "We'll go just check up on Gerald and Katherin as well. I

haven't seen her nearly all day now. Miss the little tyke." Neville said, his eyes also showing how proud a father he was, and how much still he loved his wife Ginny. Bidding everyone goodnight, they also made a hasty retreat.
"Guess we'll head out too. Check the boys and make sure they didn't bring anything truely horrid to put out on their first day of classes. If those two aren't a match for Fred and George I'll eat that damned sorting hat meself." Ron said taking his wife by the hand and chuckling at the pained expression on the Headmasters face.
"Dont worry so much, they'll be fine. But we best check them out now before it's too late. Goodnight all!" Hermione said, dragging Ron out almost forcefully, words of 'how could you' in the backround.
Sirius glanced round at the very emptied room now, and for a second debated on something.
"Well, then, I can tell when the party's ended for the evening. I do believe it's not late enough where a nightcap might be allowable. What say you Moony? Think a trip to the heavens might be worth it?"
Remus chuckled, "Let's just say you're reputation precedes you Padfoot. I"m sure a butterbeer by moonlight is just up her alley so to speak. Go on, have a good time, just stay out of trouble eh?"
"*Moi*? Trouble?" Sirius laughed. "That's the idea Moony, that's the idea!" and with a grin he headed quickly out of the office, a certain attractive Divination's professor in his mind.
There was now only two occupants left in the room, both feeling suddenly older then any of the ones who'd just left, even Sirius.
"Well?" Remus said slowly getting up and pushing back a strand of his now all grey hair. The years had taken it's toll on him, the transformations getting harder and harder. In 5 days would be the full moon, and his body allready ached as if it was that night.
The man, who had said nothing during all this, just sat observing and listening, got up and crossed the room, his manner a bit more relaxed now that the others were gone. He went over to a small cabinet and pulled out 2 stemmed glasses, and a bottle of butterbeer, then walked back and stopped infront of Remus, pouring them both drinks.
He looked round the room for a moment, still unbelieved in his mind that all this real. The office hadn't changed much since he had been a student here, a few new pieces of furniture, Fawkes still sitting on his perch, sadly close to his deathday or he'd have been in fine plumage, and of course, a new painting on the wall behind the chair in which his old Headmaster, and now he himself, sat.
"Knut for your thought love?" Remus said standing up and going over to rub his mates shoulders, feeling the tensions ease out of them from underneath his gentle fingers. He noticed more strands of salt and pepper grey now in Severus's hair then before, and his body noticeably was getting thinner of the last few months, but at the moment Remus didn't want to get his mate riled up, so he just kept massaging.
Severus Snape sighed, then took hold of his lifemate's hand, bringing him round to face him.
"She's a Slytherin."
Remus chuckled. "As if she would be anything but love."
He raised an eyebrow at Remus, but that didn't answer the underlying question, and Remus knew it.
"She's everything I always wanted Sev. She's you, a part of you...that I can always have, always hold on to. Now that there's peace in the world, with Voldemort gone, the death eaters, including Lucius Malfoy dead, I would still have wanted her." he said softly gazing his aging brown eyes

into the dulled coal black ones that once held hatred and mistrust. Black eyes that were softer, more tolerant, loving.
"She is me isn't she. She has the same demeanor, the temper, the curiosities...she'll be our death you know." Severus said just as softly, and with a slight grin.
Remus grinned as well, "I know, and I love her even more for it. But not half as much as I love you still Severus Snape. She's not our responsibility anymore now Sev, she'll be fine. It's you I'm worried bout Sev..." Remus said gazing intently at Severus now, giving him the once over.
He waved his hand towards Remus, shaking his head. "I"m fine too Remmy, nothing to worry about." he said swiftly.
"You can fool everyone else Severus, but not me. I'm your husband, you're lifemate remember. Every part of you is etched in my mind, so dont lie to me now." Remus said softly, standing again before him.
"I never could, could I." Severus said with a sigh. "When Albus gave me this position, I swore to him I would do whatever it took to make this school work. To move it away from the traditions that have long held it back, the house feuds that bred so many hatreds. I did that, I kept my promise."
"Yes you did, but stop avoiding the question Severus. What is it?" Remus said.
"I do love you you know. I'm not very good at being mushy or loving, or saying things with alot of emotion in that area, I am certainly no expert. But I do love you Remus Lupin-Snape." Severus said, avoiding his mates eyes now.
"Now I know something's wrong with you Sev. The only time you ever tell me that is on our wedding anniversary, and that's 6 months away yet." Remus said in a pained voice.
Severus sighed. "I'm paying for what I was Remus, that's all. Time..cannot heal *all* wounds."
"How long?" Remus said in a strangled voice.
Severus shrugged. "I dont know. I've told noone either Remus, and I want to keep it that way. Not even Poppy knows. Only you."
"Why? There's nothing that can..."
"Nothing. I've looked, checked every dark and light source of magics out there Remus, I blame noone but myself. When Harry and I confronted Voldemort, and you and Draco had gone off to fight Lucius, I knew what I was in for. When Voldemort got off the *"Torturisus Curse"*, I thought I avoided it. I apparently didn't. I never told anyone, I wasn't even sure I had got hit really, it all happened so quickly that night. The effects of the curse can sometimes take days, weeks, months even to manifest fully. I was lucky, it took 5 years before I knew then I had been hit, and now I"m paying for it."
"That's why you've been down in the potions lab when Draco was out, wasn't it." Remus said sitting down now in a chair, trying to take all this in. He couldn't lose Severus, not now. Not after everything they'd been through.
"There's no reversal spell for the curse, you know that Remmy. I've been secretly all these years making sleeping draughts, strengthening potions, everything you could think of so it would appear as if nothing's wrong with me. It's just prolonging the inevitable though, eventually..." Severus said, an there was no need for explanations.
"Guess...I guess then...we'll keep fighting Sev. I"m not going to lose you now you know. I need you, I couldn't go on with out you anymore. Everyone needs you Severus, not just me really, Harry, Draco, Ron, Hermione, Sirius...the whole school...and especially Ryanna. Dont you dare die on us now Severus Snape." Remus said getting up and walking back over to Severus, gazing

deep into his eyes.
Severus looked at him, love pouring out of his eyes for the man before him. A man whom he had humiliated, defeated, nearly lost...and who still loved him more each day then Severus could ever dream possible. He knew he didn't deserve a man like this, but that was an argument he wasn't willing to breech at the moment.
Instead he said, "You can be rest assured on that Remus Lupin-Snape. I think even, I have more then enough energy at the moment to even show you that..." he said with a small curl to his lips, and taking the glass from Remus's hand, and putting both glasses back down on his desk, he drew his lifemate to him, holding him tightly for a moment.
As he gazed into his lovers eyes, gently he drew his lifemates lips to his own, feeling the immediate response such a small kiss could still bring to them both. Despite the full moon being so close, this was a passion that always burned in these two, as it still did within Harry and Draco now many floors and rooms away.
The painting of Albus Dumbledore watched with a smile as the Headmaster of Hogwarts and the Defense Against the Dark Arts Professor left the room towards their private chambers off the main office, where they would remain undisturbed till morning.
Life was short, even for the noblest of wizards, and new generations would come and go in this school. As it had for a 1000 years prior, it would for the next 1000 years, and more portraits would be added to the office of the Headmaster. New faces, new heros would come and vanquish the evils, but there would never be heros in the history books that would sing the praises of the ones who'd fought so valiantly for the side of good and truth. Even 1000 years from now, the books would show the faces of Albus Dumbledore, Harry and Draco Potter, and Severus and Remus Lupin-Snape as the leaders of the what was to become the 'Beginning of the New Wizarding World."
Hatreds would be pushed aside, houses within the famed school would show no sides, no preferences in friendships, purebloods would befriend muggleborns. And in a small clearing, near a lake within the Forbidden Forest, 4 shining headstones, always clear of leaves and debris, were constant reminders of this new world, and what had been lost in creating it. There were only 2 visitors to these 4 graves all these years, and that was the way it was supposed to be. A promise, a bind even had been made, and this time, remained unbroken. And the brother and sister would always remember these four people with fond hearts, and even fonder memories. Love had indeed, survived.

~~~~Severus Snape~~~
1960 - 2020 Age: 60
Husband, Father, Friend
Headmaster Of Hogwarts
Died Of Unknown Causes

~~~Remus J. Lupin-Snape~~~
1960 - 2035 Age: 75
Husband, Father, Friend
Headmaster of Hogwarts
Leaving Only To Join His Love

~~~Harry James Potter~~~
1986 - 2131 Age: 145
Husband, Father, Friend
Headmaster of Hogwarts
The Boy Who Lived For All

~~~~~Draco Potter~~~~~
1986 - 2131 Age: 145
Husband, Father, Friend
Died in his Husband's Arms
Never Regretting His Sacrifices

Well that's it for this one all :sniff sniff: sorry bout the touch of angsty ending, but rest assured there's plenty more Harry/Draco and even Sev/Remus, and even more Sirius and the rest coming up next...possibly even by tonight! :) (depends if I get some more sleep ugg!) Ta-ra till then mates!
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