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Name: Mind Over Matter
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Chapter 1 to 8

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Chapter: 1

Paring: Dm/Hp

Warnings: Slash and some spoilers

Rating: R- rated

Summery: Harry never was good at potions. Ron never was good at controlling his temper. Draco never was good at shutting his mouth. A disastrous choice in potion pairings by the Harry-Hating Snape only ends up brewing trouble. When the potion inevitably explodes Harry and Draco are landed in the hospital wing, completely unconscious. Upon waking they discover that not only do they feel an annoying itch which neither can identify but they are also able to see into the only place no one is meant to see- the other's mind. Scared into secrecy by the though of being used for experimentation in order to get rid of the condition (that was probably not curable anyway) how will these two enemies cope with not only each other, the itch and the threatening shadow of Lord Voldemort, but a jumble of mixed up no-sense, 'what-the-hell-am-I-thinking?' emotions?

A/N: Hey everyone. Hope you all enjoy this fic. Its funny, light-hearted, sappy and not too badly written if I do say so myself! This is one of my early fic's that have been hiding on my computer for ages and as such I'm a little insecure so please review and tell me if I should bother continuing it. Thanks so much and enjoy the show!

Chapter one- The Accident:

Eye of bat, tongue of newt
Leg of spider, seed of fruit
Heart of kitten, nail of bear
Toe of rhino then leave it there
Juice of beetle… or was it of bug?
Essence of snail… or was it slug?
Er… Maybe it's this… but wait… was it that?

A liver of a dog… or was it cat?
If this turns out all right then I'll eat my boots
-But I think I add this now, I think that I… oops…

Harry hated potions.

Perhaps it was the dank, depressing dungeons, or maybe it was the revolting fumes of the simmering potions. It might have been that the only light was the steady flickering of the torches, that made the walls shimmer and a shiver to run up his spine… or maybe it was the simple fact it involved Snape, Malfoy and the Slytherin's.

Harry had an uncomfortable feeling it was the latter.

Snape was evil, vindictive and an all round bastard, but up until this moment Harry had always assumed he had *some* sense; but really, when you put Harry Potter, Draco Malfoy and Ron Weasley in the same group your just asking for something horrible to happen. It would have been less trouble to write an invitation to ask the fates to please muck up there lives as soon as possible, because having nothing but homework to worry about was getting rather dull *thank you very much*.

Harry would have preferred more homework.

There are times in everybody's life where our temper will get the better of us. Ron's temper was as red as his hair- and that's on a good day. Bring a certain blonde Slytherin into the picture and you better grab anything flammable and duck behind the nearer object with your hands over your head. You think the same old insults about his family and home life would have less effect after five years, or at least that as a sixth year prefect Ronald would be able to pay more attention to his potion than some crude insults put forth by someone whose opinion doesn't even matter to him.

You would *think* that, but you would be wrong.

"No, let me stir it, you probably can't even count properly" Draco's dull voice said coolly and Ron flushed not even realizing he was stirring the potion in the wrong direction

"Leave it Ron" Harry said dully without looking up from his ingredients.

Unlike Ron he knew how to control his temper. He also knew that Malfoy was all talk and he had no time to worry about him since what happened last year. He was far too busy trying to dispose of his depression- and having no luck so far.

Ron shot Draco a glare accidentally adding the wrong ingredient

"Did you add the Mandrake Root?" Harry asked looking at Ron

"Er… I think so" Ron said uncertainly adding another incorrect ingredient, making the potion so dark blue it was mistaken by the proper purple by all gathered around it.

"The colour looks okay, you must have" Harry said absently

"Do we have Dragon Spleen?" Draco asked rudely rummaging round the table "Hey Weasly, be a good little servant and fetch us some will you?"

Ron grit his teeth

"Just get the Dragon Spleen Ron" Harry said, realizing that Ron was reaching the end of his tether. Ron merely muttered something inaudible before heading off to the ingredients, which were spread out on Snape's desk.

"What do I add next Potty?" Draco asked crudely

"Bat Wing" Harry said getting a little annoyed with Malfoy

Draco carefully added the ingredient (as it would react t the Rat Toes, causing the potion to explode slightly) and took a step back preparing for the small explosion.

None came.

Professor Snape passed the cauldron, looked in, nodded absently and moved on. The potion flared slightly, but that was it.

Draco blinked, scowled, and then took a step forward. Harry looked up from the parchment and frowned. Both peered into the cauldron.

"I thought it was meant to-"

BOOM!

A cloud of strange simmering cloud burst forth and engulfed Harry and Draco both of who immediately started coughing, struggling to find a patch of the air that was breathable. The mist seeped into their lungs finding its way into their blood steam, making their mussels tense up until it finally arrived at its intended destination: Their brain.

Harry and Draco fell to their knees both clutching their heads and screaming, each dimly aware of the attention they were attracting, though neither of them caring. Harry felt a strange sensation flood through his body and mind… perhaps a distant tugging… then everything went black.

When Harry opened his eyes the first thing he realized was that he couldn't move. He was tense all over and his throat was dry giving Harry the message *'don't even bother to try and talk'*

/Ouch/

If Harry had been able to he would have jerked in shock. He laid very still listening with all his might… but could hear nothing

/Great/ he thought */I'm hearing voices. It's second year all over again/*

There was a pause then

/Potter/

Harry felt his heart skip a beat. He knew that voice… he knew that tone… what he *didn't* know was what the hell was going on.

/Malfoy/

/Oh crap/ was the tired reply

/Okay, we've established that either we can hear each others thoughts, or all the pressure has finally gotten to me and I've lost my mind/ Harry thought weakly

/As much as I would like it to be the latter, I think it's the former/ Draco said (well, thought really)

/Out of all the people to be stuck with I have to be stuck with you. I bet Ron added the wrong ingredient. After I kill him in as many painful ways as possible I'm never talking to him again. Ever/ Harry said, groaning inwardly

/Not if I kill him first. Sharing thoughts with Harry Bloody Potter… what did I do to deserve this/ Draco asked despairingly

/Where do I start/ Harry asked grumpily

/It was a rhetorical question Potter. Wait till my father hears about this/ He said sharply

/I don't about you but I feel like my throat is made of sandpaper/

/What/

/Never mind. Point is I can't speak… or move. Can you/ Harry asked

/No./ Draco admitted

/So how do you plan to tell your father? How are we supposed to tell anyone what's wrong with

us if we cant speak/ Harry asked absently
Draco couldn't find an answer to that
/God, I hope this is only temporary/ He said at last

/For once in my life, I agree with you/ Harry shot back

/I'm honored/ Draco said dryly

/God, even your thoughts *are sarcastic/* Harry said with an inner sigh

The hours crawled by as if time had decided to ride a turtle just for the hell of it. Harry and Draco spent half the time bickering and the other half attempting to think nothing at all. It was strange to see the random thoughts that entered the mind of the other while doing this. Harry tried with all his might to block Draco out (like he did with Voldemort) but it didn't work. Draco would just ask him what the hell he was doing.

What was the most curious was that every now and then he felt a faint tug towards the left of him (where he assumed Draco was lying) almost as if there was a magnet. He finally got irritated by it and decided to ask.

/Do you feel that/ He asked at the next tug

/Feel what/ Draco asked, but Harry got the distinct feeling that Draco knew exactly what he meant

/That tug/ Harry said

/No/ came the reply. He was lying. Harry could feel it. He freaked out a little

/What/ asked Draco in confusion

/What, what/ Harry asked back

/You freaked/ Draco said uncertainly

/How do you know that/ Harry asked softly

/I...I felt *it/* Draco replied

/I felt your lie. You can feel the tug. That's what scared me a little. We can feel *what the other is feeling/* Harry said slowly

/So not only can we hear each other's thoughts we can feel each other's feelings. It can't get any worse than this/ Draco said miserably

/Your going to regret that. Rule number one is to never say 'things cant get worse' *because then it always does./* Harry said

/Well I didn't technically say *it, I* thought *it. Besides, that's superstitious nonsense. I knew you were stupid, Potter, but that's beyond it/* Draco drawled

/We'll see whose the stupid one soon enough/ Harry said softly

As the time moved on even more slowly (as if time had gotten bored of the turtle and moved onto a snail) their mussels slowly began to relax. Though movement was still impossible it was a consolation to know the condition obviously wasn't permanent. Madam Promfrey came bustling over and stood over them.

"Now I know you can't move; that much is obvious. So take this and you'll have control of you limbs in an hour's time. Anything else I should know about?" She asked

/Malfoy, I think I could say one word. We should tell her about her throats. I cant live with this much longer. I'll say 'can't' *and you say* 'speak'

There was a hesitant pause, then

/Very well/

"Can t …"

"…Talk"

Harry rolled his eyes. He had deliberately changed 'speak' to 'talk' just to spite him.

/idiot/ he muttered

At any rate it had the desired effect and soon they were gulping slimy potions that smelled bad and tasted worse but were to patch them up *'in no time at all'*. They were told that they would have to stay the night but that they would be free to go tomorrow. Harry groaned inwardly

/Great. A night with you/ Harry said

/Oh, and I'm absolutely thrilled with this situation/ Draco shot back

Fortunately for them the potions had contained a drowsing effect and soon enough Harry was drifting into an exhausted sleep.

The world was spinning. Harry looked around in confusion. It was like scenes in a movie that had been jumbled up and mixed together. Each scene was flickering and replacing each other at

random. The strangest thing in all of this was the fact that Draco Malfoy was standing right next to him looking around with as much confusion as Harry.

"*What are you doing in my dream?" Harry snapped*

"*Your dream? This is my dream" Draco said frostily*

"*That wouldn't surprise me given your subconscious" Harry muttered*

"*It must be a potion side effect. We share dreams," Draco said after a moment's silence*

"*This is what you get for saying* 'it can't get worse'. *Don't say I didn't warn you" Harry said casually and Draco glared*

"*All this because of a Mind Expanding potion gone wrong" Harry said absently*

"*Why is everything flickery?" Draco thought out loud*

"*I think its both our dreams. Because where now in the same place it can't decide what one to stick with," Harry said finally*

"*Perhaps. Since you're here though, it is now officially a nightmare. I haven't had a nightmare for a while now" Draco said*

"*Just pray we don't get stuck in my dreams then" Harry said quietly*

The scenes began to fade slightly and Harry began to feel more solid. Everything was becoming more… there. There was a slight pulling sensation and things became lighter.

"*I think we're waking up" He said before the scene disappeared entirely and his eyes fluttered open.*

TBC...

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Chapter: 2

Paring: Dm/Hp

Warnings: Slash and some spoilers

Rating: R- rated

Summery: Harry never was good at potions. Ron never was good at controlling his temper. Draco never was good at shutting his mouth. A disastrous choice in potion pairings by the Harry-Hating Snape only ends up brewing trouble. When the potion inevitably explodes Harry and Draco are landed in the hospital wing, completely unconscious. Upon waking they discover that not only do they feel an annoying itch which neither can identify but they are also able to see into the only place no one is meant to see- the other's mind. Scared into secrecy by the though of being used for experimentation in order to get rid of the condition (that was probably not curable anyway) how will these two enemies cope with not only each other, the itch and the threatening shadow of Lord Voldemort, but a jumble of mixed up no-sense, 'what-the-hell-am-I-thinking?' emotions?

A/N: Sorry for the delay. HSC sucks. I'll try update sooner. Please review as I am seriously considering deleting this fic. It's one of my older ones, I've completed it on word and I'm simply editing it and putting it onto the site. I'm worried it's not as good as my usual stuff as I it was one of my very first stories. That in mind, please read and review

Chapter 2- The Tug

I'll lead you around

I'll lead you here

I'll take you places

And conquer your fear

I'll make you feel things

That were once unseen

And desperate confusion

Will haunt your whole being

I'll tell you some secrets

All about another view

You'll spin for eternity

For I control you

When Harry's eyes were fully open he realized one thing: He could move. He still felt a little

sore but was confident that his legs would support him if he cared to try them out. He reached over and grabbed his glasses before applying them.

/Malfoy/ He thought uncertainly hoping against hope that it had faded away

/Still here/ came the disappointed reply. Harry sighed

/At least I can move/ he thought stretching. His throat still felt a little tender but speaking would also be achievable

/So can I, and my throat feels better/ Draco was thinking

/Mine too/ Harry said

"Harry!" A voice called and Harry looked to see Hermione enter the hospital wing Harry smiled at her

"Hey 'Mione" He said hoarsely

"Oh dear Harry, you sound awful" she said sympathetically

"Better than yesterday" He said simply

/I can hear you conversation, not only through my ears, I can hear it through yours/ Draco's uneasy voice broke into his thoughts and Harry frowned

/Strange/ He thought simply

"What's wrong Harry?" Asked Hermione, seeing him frown

"Where's Ron?" Harry asked and Hermione bit her lip

"He didn't want to come. He feels guilty for mucking up the potion so he's trying to turn some blame and say that you were being discourteous to him to potions" Hermione said quietly

"He's an idiot. Tell him if he *ever* wants to speak to me again, he'll apologize. You have no *idea* how annoying some of the symptoms are" Harry said hoarsely

"Tell him yourself. He really is sorry Harry, he's been so miserable because of it. He was convinced he'd killed you" Hermione said softly

Harry sighed

"I brought you some sweets," Hermione said brightly fishing out some Chocolate Frogs from her bag and placing them on his table

"Thanks 'Mione. I'll be able to leave as soon as Madam Promfrey declares me well," Harry said softly and Hermione smiled

"It could have been a lot worse," Hermione said

/You have no idea/ Draco said quietly

"I'd love to stay Harry but I'm going to be late for class. I'll try talking some sense into Ron. I'm glad you better," She said kindly before standing and giving Harry a brief kiss on the cheek

"Don't tell Ron you did that," Harry said smirking and Hermione shook her head smiling slightly before making a hasty exit

/If those two aren't together I'll eat my Firebolt/ Harry thought fondly

/Granger and Weasley? Really? If she likes the Weasel then why did she kiss you/ Draco asked

/Its platonic, Malfoy. She's like a sister to me. I'd be weird if we ever went out./ Harry said simply

/I could hear everything you said. Everything/ Draco said sounding slightly amazed

/What should we do about this… condition/ Harry asked finally

/Nothing we can do. We don't know exactly what went wrong with the potion so the most we can do is hope it goes away/ Draco said with a sigh

/What if it doesn't/ Harry asked eventually

/If it's still effective in a couple of days time, we'll have to go to Dumbledore for testing./ Draco said slowly

/Don't like the sound of that/

/Neither do I/

"Draco!" A shrill voice called and Harry heard Draco groan inwardly

"Hello Pansy" he said, voice slightly scratchy

Pansy Parkinson made her way to Draco's bed and sat at the edge of it

"Oh Draco dear, you look absolutely awful! Your skin is so pale! How are you feeling are you cold? Hot? Would you like another blanket? I was so terribly worried when you collapsed in potions. Snape was furious. You should have seen him. Can I get you anything, dear?..."

It was the strangest thing Harry had ever experienced. He could hear their conversation. It was at the back of his head; he tuned into it and because he was concentrating on it the voices became clearer.

"Don't worry Draco, I'll stay here and keep you company until my next lesson starts" She was saying brightly

Please*let me kill her/* Draco pleaded and Harry smiled

/This is weird. I can hear your conversation… so I'm tempted to let you kill her. Is she always like this/ Harry asked listening to her ravel on about her morning

/Yes. It's gotten worse since the Yule Ball. I only went with her to shut her up/ Draco said miserably

/Either way, we'd better let her live/ Harry said smiling and Draco groaned again */get her to leave by saying your tired or something/* Harry suggested

"So I said to Blaise, I said-"

"That's great Pansy, but I'm feeling a little tired. As much as I would *hate* being separated from you for even a *second* I must get my sleep and if *you* were sitting near me the only thing I'd be able to focus upon would be your beauty" Draco said smoothly (although Harry could pick up the sarcasm insinuated into some of the words spoken)

"Of course dear" She said fluttering her eyelashes. She got to her feet and left the room, swinging her hips in a way that she no doubt thought a sexy manner

/Finally/ Draco breathed

/Why did you act nicely… or at least less dryly than usual/ Harry asked curiously

/Basically, I can't afford to insult her family. It's too powerful. I try to drop hints but she's thicker than a Dragon's hide./ Draco said and Harry couldn't help but smile

"Well boys you both look as good as new. If you hurry you can still make dinner" Madam Promfrey said as she entered the room. They stood and she gave them a quick look over before dismissing them.

They started their way to the great hall together

/I'm so glad to be out of there/ Harry thought in relief

/I hate infirmaries there so *boring/* Draco said in agreement

As they entered the Hall and went to there separate tables Harry felt a very faint tug. A sort of ache in his chest

/Ignore it/ Draco said. He had obviously felt it as well. Harry shrugged and sat down next to Hermione and Ron. He helped himself to some food and waited for Ron's apology.

"Er…Harry?" Ron began guiltily

Harry turned his head slightly so Ron knew he was listening

"I'm sorry that I stuffed up the potion causing it to bow up and landing you in the hospital wing" He said nervously and Harry couldn't help but smile at how strange that had sounded.

"Forgiven" Harry said smiling reassuringly at him and Ron smiled in relief

"Great! You'll never guess what happened in Charms today; we were starting a new topic and…"

/That's it? That's the apology? What an anti-climax/ Draco said and Harry smiled slightly

/He looks so ridiculous. Can't stay mad at him. Besides I'm a Gryffindor. Were all stupidly noble/ Harry said and he felt Draco smile slightly

/You're an idiot Potter/ Draco said simply

/I'll need all the friends I can get with you stuck in my brain, Malfoy/ Harry retorted pretending to listen to whatever the hell Ron was saying.

/Your breaking my heart/ Draco said dryly and Harry felt another faint tug.

*/What*are *those tugs/* He asked in exasperation

/I don't know, but there getting on my nerves/ Draco said grumpily

Figuring there was nothing to do but ignore to ignore them Harry tuned back into what Ron saying.

"….Flitwick tried to give her detention but no one could hear her over the laughter. It was brilliant." Ron said finishing his story and Harry smiled

"Wish I could have been there" Harry said and Ron nodded before proceeding to stuff his face

"What was you punishment from Snape?" Harry asked curiously and he felt Draco tune into the conversation

/Eavesdropper/ he said silently

/Your point being/ Draco asked and Harry mentally rolled his eyes

"Detention for three days and twenty five points" Ron said miserably

Harry gave him a sympathetic look

"It was all Malfoy's fault. He distracted me. Worse still was that you weren't effected" Ron complained

"Malfoy's an idiot, I wasn't about to get upset by him. His ego and pride are ten times as large as he is." Harry said simply

/I resent that/ Draco mumbled

"It just gets to me what he says about my family" Ron said clenching his fists

/Do you really *think those things about his family/* Harry asked

/Since you would be able to tell if I was lying I wont bother. No, I don't think it. Personally I couldn't care less. It's just fun to see him all worked up./ Draco said and Harry could almost feel the smirk

/What about muggles/ Harry asked

/I'm not too fond of them but I don't think that's necessarily a good reason to wipe them all out. Would take ages to do and be a little pointless. And before you ask, no I don't plan on becoming a Death Eater. Which is lucky because tattoos are so *out of fashion. /* He said sounding slightly bored

/Why don't you want to become a Death Eater/ Harry asked with the utmost curiosity

/I bow to no one. Voldemort's an insane skeleton that's bent on world domination. The system he wants simply would not work. And as much as I hate you, I certainly don't want you dead./ He said after a pause and Harry could tell he hadn't meant to say that last part.

/Wouldn't want you dead either/ Harry admitted and he knew instantly that it was true

/You wouldn't want anyone *dead/* Draco said simply

/That's not true/ Harry said quietly thinking of Voldemort and Wormtail. He certainly wanted Voldemort dead. He would settle for Wormtail brought to justice. And Belatrix… He would make sure she suffered

/She's my aunt, you know/ Draco said

/I know./ Harry said simply

He realized that Ron was still looking at him

"I'm sure it's all words. You really need to control your temper, Ron, it will get you into trouble one day" Harry said

"You have a temper too," Ron pointed out

"Harry's temper isn't as bad as yours. It takes a bit to get Harry mad, and if you do *then* you have to start panicking" Hermione said smiling slightly

Ron rolled his eyes and began talking to Seamus about Quidditch tactics. Harry tuned into what Draco was listening to, but he wasn't currently involved in a conversation so it was just distant chattering. Evidently he has to be paying attention in order for him to hear it.

/How dull/ He said

/Compared to Mr. Excitement/ Draco said dryly

Harry rolled his eyes and finished his dinner. He stood with Ron and after Hermione told them to go ahead they left, Ron still asking if she was sure she didn't want them to wait over his shoulder until Harry shut him up with a jab with his elbow.

"Ouch!" Ron cried rubbing his side

"You two aren't going out are you?" Harry asked and Ron blushed slightly, shaking his head

/Then why were they snogging on the couch yesterday/ Harry thought with sarcasm

/Don't need that mental picture thanks/ Draco said sounding revolted

/He's such a bad liar. I've known for ages./

"Good; I'd hate being the third wheel" Harry told Ron lightly and Ron mumbled something

/No you wouldn't, or since their already going out, no you don't/ Draco said

/Yes, well, if there not going to tell me I may as well have some fun with it/ Harry thought smirking slightly he could tell that Draco was reluctantly impressed

"I was only joking Ron, I know your not *really* going out. You would have told me." Harry said trying not to smile

"Course I would have" Ron said

/How very evil of you Potter/ Draco said

/Watch this/ Harry said. He'd been waiting to say this all day

"I'll hold your wand for you Ron" He said and when Ron gave him a puzzled look said, "I heard you ask Hermione to hold you wand, but she said she wouldn't know how, so you said you'd teach her. Well I'll hold it. I hold mine all the time. I don't know why Hermione wouldn't know how to hold yours; she once held mine very well. Even corrected my grip" Harry said innocently and Ron tried to stop himself go red

/Even I'm impressed by that/ Draco admitted */you're an okay actor/*

/And the Emmy goes to…/ Harry said in a announcer voice

/Emmy/ Draco asked, puzzled

/Never mind/ Harry sighed

"You must be hot, Ron, you've gone all red" Harry said, sounding concerned

/Off the record I don't punish him like this often. Only every once in a while. As retribution./ Harry said

/Uh huh. Why don't they tell you/

/Think I'll feel left out, jealous or that I'm too stressed out after everything to deal with it. They don't want to upset me when I'm in 'such a fragile state'. I heard them talking/ Harry said dully

"I'm fine" Ron said as they reached the portrait hole. "Unicorns" He said

"We've got to stop letting Ginny choose the password." Harry said as they entered

"I know" Ron agreed as they made their way to their dormitories

No sooner than the door was closed than Harry felt a powerful, slightly painful tug

"Ouch!" he cried and Ron gave him a worried look

"Scar acting up again" Harry lied rubbing his forehead

"Want to go to Dumbledore?" He asked

"Nah. Happens all the time now. No point." Harry said feeling another powerful tug. He ignored it and lay down in his bed.

He had barely closed his eyes when an even more powerful tug pulled at him. It was coming from the center of his chest. Almost as if his heart was trying to escape. What was worse was that as the minutes, and then hours passed it got worse. More powerful.

As another tug racked his chest Harry let out a sigh and got out of bed. The tug was leading him in a direction and Harry felt that the only thing to do was to follow it. He spelled his curtains shut so no one would be able to open them and notice his absence then grabbed his invisibility cloak and crept silently out to the common room, where he put on the cloak and slipped through the portrait hole.

/Malfoy/ he asked very softly

/No, I'm not sleeping either/ came the reply

/Meet me outside the room of requirement, and we'll figure out where this is taking us/ Harry said

/Where is it/ he asked and Harry quickly gave him directions while making his way there himself

As Harry got closer the tug got more urgent, more painful, more desperate. He arrived outside the corridor before Malfoy did and took off his cloak. As he waited he stated to analyze the tugs. They were become harder ever second. He had an ache, as if something inside him was missing. It was both physical and metal anguish.

/I'm almost there/ Draco snapped impatiently when Harry asked for the third time where he was

Finally Draco rounded the corner. Harry turned to face him… and froze. Draco wasn't moving either. The two of them just stood there, perfectly still looking at each other. The tug was so painful Harry was shaking.

It was pulling him towards Malfoy.

/Malfoy/ he said quietly

/Potter/ Was the faint reply

Another enormous tug caused them to run at each other; they grabbed at each other in a fierce hug, each as confused as the other. The contact wasn't enough, for the longing in his chest was still there, demanding to be filled. Draco must have felt it as well, for he tilted Harry's head up and pressed his lips urgently to his.

The pain and emptiness was replaced with the most amazing feeling of pleasure each had ever felt. Harry's very skin was alight with sensation as Malfoy kissed him desperately. Harry was

dimly aware of the fact that he was kissing him back with just as much desperation. They both relaxed into each other as the kiss went on, and Harry's eyelids fluttered closed.

Need for air forced them apart and when they separated the feeling in their chests was gone, replaced with a feeling of completeness, and of the feeling that somehow, this was *right*. Harry's eyes opened and looked into the confused silver ones of Draco Malfoy

/That was weird/ Harry whispered and Draco nodded

/I think we found out what the tug is/ Draco said, just as softly

/We can only be separated for a small amount of time or the tug gets stronger/ Harry said absently

/I kissed *you/* Draco suddenly said and Harry had the sudden fear that Draco totally hated doing it. That he was disgusted and outraged and only did it because he thought it might ease the pain. Which was true, and which it did, but which hurt Harry all the same, and for the life of him he couldn't figure out *why*

Of course Draco could feel what Harry was feeling, and was amazed to discover he felt the same thing. Yes, he had done it to ease the pain, but it had been nice… it had felt right. He didn't regret it and the fact that Harry feared he might touched something within Draco that he could not identify. He lifted Harry's chin again and placed his lips gently to his. Harry returned it at once.

/What are you doing/ Harry asked not taking his lips away and holding Draco from moving back

//I'm kissing you Potter, this is called a kiss/ He said softly

/Why/ Harry asked

/Because I want to/ Draco said simply

/Don't you hate me/

/No./

/Good. I don't hate you either/

/Good/

And with that he pushed Harry against the nearest wall and continued the kiss. He pulled his lips away only long enough to attach them to his neck. Harry gasped, and that gasp quickly turned to a soft moan as Draco's tongue touched his skin and he sucked at the flesh in a way that was bound to leave a mark.

/Mine/ Draco thought strongly, suddenly feeling very possessive */Mine/*

Harry gasped and pulled Draco up for another heated kiss.

/We can't stay here, we'll be caught in the hallway, but we have to stay close enough to touch so we don't feel the tugs. We'll have to sleep in the room of requirement / Harry said, trying to gather his senses as Draco resumed his exploration of his neck

/So open it, whatever the hell it is/ Draco said reluctantly pulling away

Harry paced back and forth in the corridor three times thinking what kind of room he wanted.

/Big, with a lit fireplace for the cold and a double bed, as we'll have to share. There has to be soft sheets and nice carpet. Somewhere nice and quiet where no one will find us and where an alarm will signal to warn us if someone who intends to enter the room is coming/

The door appeared and when Harry opened it, they entered the very room he had just described. He felt Draco's shock and smiled at him

/The room of requirement. For anything one could possibly require/ Harry said proudly

/Convenient/ Draco said looking around

/Very/ Harry said grabbing Draco's hand and pulling him towards a bed with white sheets

/Are you tired/ Harry asked turning to Draco. What he saw surprised him. His eyes were filled with a strange hunger that made Harry shiver. He'd never been looked at like that before and was considering what to think of it when Draco tackled him, pinning him on the bed. Harry barely had time to cry out before Draco's soft lips found his.

Draco kissed Harry passionately. He had an overwhelming desire to ravish him silly, now that he had him alone in a room. Draco knew that this wasn't an effect of the potion. He wanted Harry. He just knew it. He knew it like he knew the sun rose in the morning and set at night. Like he knew that fire was hot and ice was cold. Like he knew Harry could feel his confidence.

/How do you know/ Harry asked him unbuttoning his shirt

/I feel it. Can't you/ Draco asked

/Yes.../ Harry said slowly and Draco could feel his uncertainty. On impulse he closed his eyes and was rewarded with a flash of a memory that wasn't his. A memory that Harry was remembering at that moment.

Harry was about eight years old and his uncle was yelling at him. Uncle Vernon had called Harry's father worthless and Harry had used magic accidentally. His uncle had pinned him to a

wall and screamed at him.

"*Your as bad as your father boy! You're a worthless, good-for-nothing bastard, who's going to grow up and die alone! You're a freak! A sordid individual not fit to walk the face of this planet! No one would even give a second look to insignificant Harry Potter! You remember that boy! Your parents were nothing, and you are nothing! You should learn to respect you betters and memorize the line* 'could you spare a quarter?'*!"*

He punched Harry hard in the stomach several times before throwing him violently into the cupboard and bolting the door locked. Harry had collapsed onto the bed and spoken the words 'I won't cry. I wont give him the satisfaction. He is wrong. My parents weren't helpless. I may be. But not them… not them'

Draco blinked. Harry's hands were still and he was looking at Draco with wide eyes.

"You saw it. I know you did. I felt you" Harry whispered

/You are not worthless/ Draco told him giving him a gentle kiss. He felt such compassion and *feeling* surge through him that it scared him slightly. Harry felt this and smiled

/I've just broken a Malfoy commandment. 'Thou shalt not feel'. *Unless its anger, hatred revenge or something along those lines. This is definitely none of those. If my father weren't in Azkaban he wouldn't be too happy/* Draco thought to himself

/Malfoy commandments/ Harry teased

/Shut up and kiss me/ Draco said and Harry did, all sense of uncertainty gone

/I'm going to kill your relatives/ Draco said softly

/And if you do, I'll help you burry the bodies/ Harry thought with a touch of black humour */we cant kill them. They're my family. Without them I'd truly be an orphan/*

Draco kissed him deeper and when he pulled away Harry set his lips to his neck to give him an identical mark to the one he was currently paying host to.

/Mine/ Harry thought, remembering them being spoken just moments before */Mine/*

Draco moaned quietly and tilted his neck to allow better access. When Harry pulled his lips away he pulled Draco down beside him and aligned himself next to his body. Draco wrapped his arms around Harry who snuggled further into the embrace and placed his head on Draco's shoulder.

/To think we were worst enemies this morning/ Harry said sleepily

/Bloody potion/ Draco said affectionately

/What do we do tomorrow/ Harry asked

/We have to keep it secret I suppose, given the fact that my father is a Death Eater and that he'd kill you. Add the fact of Voldemort trying to kill you and using would no doubt use our relationship against us and that until recently we were convinced that we hated each other, and don't forget that we're bond to attract a lot of attention. With controlling the tugs my suggestion is to bump into each other and make as much contact as possible while making it look like a accident or hostile/ Draco said slowly.

/Secrets. There are too many of them in the world/ Harry said dully

/I don't want to keep it a secret, but I wont put you in danger/ Draco said gently

/I know. It will be hard. We'll have to sneak around a lot and deceive a lot of people. We'll also have to sleep here every night. That's no big deal for me; I'm always up before Ron. Nightmares mostly. It won't arouse too much suspicion for me to be in the Great Hall first. Plus he's too busy with his own secret relationship. I'll tell them *only when they tell* me. *So no one will know until they get engaged or Hermione gets knocked up./* Draco chuckled here */What about you/*

/I'm always up early. Slytherin never ask questions. Even if they notice they wouldn't put too much thought to it unless I was really suspicious/ Draco said thoughtfully

/Glad that's sorted/ Harry said brightly before kissing Draco's chest and falling asleep

Harry was in another flickering place. Draco still stood beside him

"*Not this again" Draco complained*

He went to take a step forward but Harry (who was aware of how inconsistent the floor was) grabbed his hand. The flickering stoped.

They were in a meadow, with lots of flowers and a soft gentle wind.

"*I know this place. I came here on a family picnic once" Draco said quietly*

"*Its very pretty" Harry said looking around*

"*I want to try something," Draco said before dropping Harry's hand.*

The flickering started again

"*Curiouser and curiouser" Harry whispered and Draco raised an eyebrow*

"*Muggle thing" Harry said shrugging*

Draco seised Harry's hand once more and another scene came into focus. A graveyard.

"*This would be mine. The graveyard. Well I suppose it could have been the ministry" Harry said absently looking around and clutching Draco's hand tightly*

"*What is this place?" Draco asked quietly when a voice spoke out*
"Kill the spare"
Harry shuddered and Draco looked to see a figure holding what appeared to be a bundle of robes. He frowned.
"You!"
An angry voice cried and Draco looked over to see another Harry tied firmly to a gravestone glaring at the hooded figure.

Harry was clutching his hand very tightly now. He was looking down. Draco followed his gaze and gave a start.

Cedric

His eyes open in shock and mouth agape. As Harry looked at him he suddenly sat up, causing Harry to take a step back. Cedric looked at him with total anger
"Murderer!"
Harry bolted up and arms immediately wrapped around him. He struggled slightly, still disoriented.

/Shh. Calm down. It was just a dream./ Draco's presence calmed his thoughts and he relaxed into the arms

/I'd forgotten how bad that dream is/ He said softly

"Harry" Draco said firmly and Harry felt a strange shiver go through him at the sound of his first name on Draco's lips. He realized suddenly that it was first time he had spoken it. "It wasn't your fault"

/I know. But I still feel guilty/ Harry said in mind- speak
They were silent for a moment, then
"Draco?" Harry said softly and Draco felt that same tremor run through him

"Yes, Harry?" he asked, just as softly

"Thank you".

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Chapter: 3

Paring: Dm/Hp

Warnings: Slash and some spoilers

Rating: R- rated

Summery: Harry never was good at potions. Ron never was good at controlling his temper. Draco never was good at shutting his mouth. A disastrous choice in potion pairings by the Harry-Hating Snape only ends up brewing trouble. When the potion inevitably explodes Harry and Draco are landed in the hospital wing, completely unconscious. Upon waking they discover that not only do they feel an annoying itch which neither can identify but they are also able to see into the only place no one is meant to see- the other's mind. Scared into secrecy by the though of being used for experimentation in order to get rid of the condition (that was probably not curable anyway) how will these two enemies cope with not only each other, the itch and the threatening shadow of Lord Voldemort, but a jumble of mixed up no-sense, 'what-the-hell-am-I-thinking?' emotions?

A/N: Here you go people, please do enjoy. Hope you like it, read and review and sorry about the wait. Love you all.
Chapter 3- In the Name of Science
I'm doing an experiment
I'm doing an experiment

I'm testing facts and lies

I'm testing out the strength

Which no one can diguise

I need to find the truth

To see it come to light

And through sheer determination

I swear I'll get this right

Harry and Draco walked down to the Great Hall together, still holding hands as it was far to early for anyone else to be awake.

/Sorry I woke you up/ Harry said guiltily as Draco yawned

/Are nightmares a natural occurrence for you/ Draco asked

/Yep. Nightmares or visions of Voldemort/ Harry said

/I wont even ask/

/I am *sorry though/* Harry said softly

/Its okay. Who needs sleep? We'll just make sure we end up in my dreams/ Draco said, a spark of mirth visible in his eyes

/Well it's a nice day today Draco*, isn't it* Draco. *What do you think* Draco Harry said brightly, insinuating Draco's name and effectively changing the subject. Draco raised an eyebrow

/Well if I have to insult and call you 'Malfoy' *the whole day I may as well enjoy your first name while I can/* Harry said simply

/Whatever you say Harry Draco said and Harry smiled

/When the tugs start again we'll organize an 'accidental' *collision in the halls/* Draco said releasing Harry's hand and entering the Great hall. Harry took his seat at the Gryffindor table and helped himself to some toast.

/Okay. I hope it's not that often. It will seem strange if were bumping into each other all the time. Whenever we have a class together we'll have to accidentally on purpose get partnered together/ Harry said taking a sip of pumpkin juice.

"Harry!" a voice called and Harry turned to see Ron walking towards him

"Where were you this morning?" He asked

"Nightmare. Same as always Ron" Harry said offering him some toast

"Why were your curtains spelled shut?" He asked

"I'm sick of the first years from The Harry Potter Fan Club going through my things. You'll notice I lock my trunk as well." Harry said simply

/Harry Potter Fan Club/ Draco snickered

/Tell me about it. Their annoying as hell/ Harry groaned

As first lesson (Charms) approached Harry made his way to the classroom with Ron chattering away as they went. They entered the classroom to sat next to Hermione who had arrived early.

"Did you eat?" Ron asked frowning and Hermione shook her head

"I wasn't hungry. I have a bit of a headache," She said rubbing her forehead

Ron immediately stated fussing over her and Harry rolled his eyes.

/Could those two be any more obvious/ Harry muttered

/I'm starting to see your point/ Draco replied

The lesson was a double and by the end of it the tugs had started up again. Very faintly, but Harry knew it was only a matter of time.

/I feel it. We have potions now, if were both late we'll be forced to partner each other/ Draco suggested

"Guys, I'll catch up. I have to ask Professor McGonagall something," Harry told Ron and Hermione packing his books away slowly

"Don't be too late or Snape will take points," Ron warned before leaving the classroom. Harry waited a few minutes then followed them.

He arrived at the potions classroom seconds before Draco.

"Potter, Malfoy, take the front cauldron, I expect better from sixth year students. If your late again I'll be forced to take points" Snape snapped and Harry shot a desperate look at Ron who shot a sympathetic one back.

They set up the potions ingredients with one hand and inconspicuously held hands briefly under the table with the other. The tugs ceased and both breathed a soft sigh of relief.

/What do you have after lunch/ Harry asked

/Arithmetic/ Draco answered */you/*

/Divination/ Harry said with a sigh

"Watch it Potter" Draco snapped as Harry nearly knocked over a glass

/My mistake/ Harry said lightly

/No problem. Just keeping up the 'Harry and Draco worst enemies' *act/* Draco explained

/I know/

"Its clockwise Malfoy, not counter clockwise" Harry sneered

/As am I/ Harry said with a slight smirk */though actually you never* were*my worst enemy. I think Voldemort is a little higher on the list/*

/I'm crushed/ Draco said dramatically

The lesson passed in much the same matter, bickering through their lips but talking civilly through their minds. As the lesson ended Draco squeezed Harry's hand slightly before letting it go. They went to lunch separately and Harry made sure to do his usual complaining.

"Malfoy is such a git." He said

"Just ignore him Harry, he's an immature prat" Hermione said

/Hey/ Draco said defensively and Harry smiled slightly

"I know. He just gets to me sometimes" He said with a sigh and Ron nodded sympathetically.

They ate lunch quickly before embarking on the long journey to the Divination classroom.

"Lets see how I'll die today" Harry muttered

"May as well be creative about it" Ron said as they climbed the ladder

"I'm guessing… rampaging Taipans," Harry said smirking

"Taipans are Australian aren't they?" Ron asked frowning

"Yep, so how they will mange to kill me while their rampaging will be fun to find out" Harry said brightly and Ron laughed

There was a faint tug at his chest and Harry groaned inwardly

/But we were just touching/ He complained

/I think it's affected by distance as well as time/ Draco said

/Well I am *in the top tower/* Harry answered

/ I wonder how far we could distance ourselves/ Draco said curiously

/Lets find out. Meet me on the grounds after dinner and we'll see how far we can get/ Harry suggested

Professor Trelawney suddenly stepped forward and looked at Harry gravely

"My poor child, the grim still lurks over of you. I'm afraid you shall die in the utmost pain and you will suffer most greatly," She said sadly and Harry sighed

/Why can't I ever die in my sleep/ He complained

/Where's the fun in that? Does she always predict your death/ Draco asked

/Yes. Ever since day one. I'd be a medical miracle if I dropped dead every time she said I would/ Harry said and Draco chuckled slightly

The lesson passed slowly and Harry blessed the bell when it rang. Listing all the ways he could die was getting tiresome… not to mention he was running out of ideas.

The tugging was getting a little stronger now.

/We can bump into each other out side the Great Hall/ Draco suggested and Harry agreed.

As he approached it Harry saw Draco walking towards him. He pretended to be engaged in conversation with Ron and *'accidentally'* knocked his shoulder hard against Draco's. Their hands touched briefly

"Watch it Potter!" Draco growled and entered the Hall

"Bastard" Harry sneered

"Its Malfoy" Ron said as an explanation walking to the Griffindor table and taking a seat next to Hermione

/ Malfoy? Well he's a Weasley but I don't hold it against him… oh wait… yes I do/ Draco said and Harry smiled widely

"Harry" Hermione said in amazement

"What?" Harry asked in confusion

"You're *smiling*," She said in shock and Harry gave her a puzzled look

"And…?"

"Well… you haven't smiled… I mean *really* smiled…. Since before what happened last year" She said gently

"Hey, your right 'Mione. I didn't notice before but he was smiling like that in Divination" Ron said

"Well, I'm allowed to smile. I've had an alright day" Harry said simply

"Well this is great Harry! You'll be laughing soon," Hermione said brightly

/Weirdo's/ Harry thought quietly

/I made you smile/ Draco said suddenly feeling very proud and Harry smiled again at the tone. Hermione beamed at him and began talking to Ron quietly. Harry could guess the topic was something like *'I think he's recovering. Maybe we will be able to tell him soon'*

/I must be going mad, if Draco Malfoy makes me smile/ Harry said fondly

/Or you've finally gotten some sense/ Draco added

Harry spent most of dinner smiling, making it seem like it was what Ron was saying and not a certain voice in his head.

Dinner ended and Harry told Ron and Hermione that he was going for a walk in order to get *'some fresh air'*. They agreed rather quickly which gave the impression that they wanted some *'alone time'*. He went outside and was barely there a minute when Draco joined him. They grabbed hands quickly to disperse of the tugs then Draco and Harry began walking in the opposite directions.

Harry was near the lake and Draco near the start of the Quidditch pitch when the tugs started. Ever step they took away from each other made the tugs more painful. Harry was soon clutching at his chest.

/Keep going/ Draco encouraged

Harry's legs felt like lead. He felt as if he was dragging something incredibly heavy behind him. He took another step and fell to his knees at the very start of the lake. He could sense Draco doing the same. He tried to crawl forward but the pain was intense. It was ripping at his chest, making his whole body shake with tremors. His breath was coming in pants and spots were dancing in front of his eyes. He couldn't take this. The ache was unbearable

/Draco/ He cried frantically

/Harry/ was the strained reply

He turned and struggled to his feet to go in the direction that the tug was taking him. He felt Draco do the same thing and quickened his pace until he was almost running. Draco came into view and they threw themselves at each other, kissing passionately. Both fought back a sob of

relief as the pain left to be replaced by that familiar tingling feeling. Harry sighed as all pain left him and their kisses became less desperate and more tenderer.

/How far was that/ Draco asked

/I don't know, but lets never *do that again/* Harry replied

Draco agreed before he ran his tongue over Harry's lips, begging silently for entry. Harry parted them and Draco's tongue dived in, exploring. Harry was just as curious, if not a bit shyer about it. Suddenly his legs felt weak and both Harry and Draco fell to their knees, tightening their arms around each other, their tongues still battling for dominance.

/We could get caught/ Harry said weakly noticing they were on the middle of the grounds, and it wasn't even that late.

/We could/ Draco replied obviously not caring. Harry smiled

/It would be warmer inside/ Harry pointed out, taking off Draco's robe

/It would/ Draco replied removing Harry's

/We should go/ Harry said undoing the buttons on Draco's shirt

/We should/ Draco said undoing his

/I don't want to move/ Harry admitted his hands exploring Draco's smooth skin and making him shiver

/I won't/ Draco said stubbornly, undoing the button on Harry's pants.

Draco's hand hesitantly entered Harry's pants and even more uncertainly wrapped around what he found there making Harry gasp.

/Can I/ he asked unsurely

/Yes/ Harry said softly, just as nervous

He moved his hand and a moan escaped Harry's lips. Encouraged he sped up the velocity until Harry was panting loudly. Harry had enough sense to drag his free hand down and wrap around Draco, who gasped, his hand immobile for barely a second before starting up again, with Harry keeping pace. Both were shuddering in pleasure and simultaneously quickened the swiftness until all that Harry was aware of was his hand on Draco and Draco's on him.

/Oh God/ Harry gasped before he came; Draco followed seconds latter with an inaudible cry.

Both slumped together slowing their breath and gathering their senses. Harry gathered his enough to give Draco a slow, tender kiss. He was dimly aware of how quickly their relationship was processing but he also realised he didn't care

/I've never done anything like that. I've been with Draco for just over a day and yet I'm not worried. I don't care. It feels… right. I don't know what I'm ready for or how far he's gone but I'm probably much less experienced. We should probably slow down a little. That would be the sensible thing to do… but when have I had any sense/ Harry thought to himself

/I've never known you to have any, but your right. We should slow down a little. We've been enemies for over five years remember. And as much as it may surprise you I haven't taken any relationship to sex yet. I'm very selective of who I want to take to that level. Malfoy's can't sleep with just anyone. A thought that was drilled into my head from a very early age./ Draco said

Harry started to re-button Draco's shirt while Draco worked on his

/Well I don't know about you but that's the most amazing thing I've *ever done/* Harry said

/I've done that, but it hasn't felt like that. *I've never felt* anything *like that/* Draco said quietly and Harry gave him a quick kiss feeling suddenly very glad.

They finished organising their clothes and started into the castle. Harry noticed dimly that it was very dark and wondered what time it was.

/10:00/ Draco said

/Wow… we were out there for over a hour/ Harry said as the approached the corridor of their new residence and began to pace.

A door appeared and they once more entered their room where Harry immediately collapsed onto the bed.

"I need some pyjamas" he said and some instantly appeared "blue… nice" Harry said changing into them. Draco followed suite

"I want a thousand gallens," Draco said hopefully. Nothing materialized and Harry rolled his eyes

/It doesn't work like that, but leave it up to you to try/ Harry said crawling under the covers and lifting them up, inviting Draco to join him. Draco did.

/No harm in trying/ Draco said pouting slightly

/Your pouting/ Harry pointed out

/Nonsense; Malfoy's don't pout/ Draco said

/Yes, and Malfoy's don't feel. Yet you feel for me/ Harry pointed out

/Yes, well, you always have had a habit of being outside the rules. Technically speaking everyone's supposed to die when hit by a killing curse. You're an outside case/ Draco said fondly wrapping his arms around Harry

/Goodnight Draco/ Harry said tiredly

/'Night Harry/ Draco replied quietly

Harry grabbed Draco's hand immediately when they entered the dream. They were in a wide hall and Harry had barely time to wonder where they were when a tiny Draco Malfoy shot past him calling out.

"Daddy, daddy, daddy!"

"*Awwwww" Harry cooed and Draco shot him a look "Well look how cute you are!" Harry pointed out*

"*Malfoy's are not cute" Draco said indignity*

They saw miniature Draco throw himself at a severe looking Lucius Malfoy who gave the child a cool look.

"I missed you daddy" *Little Draco said earnestly*

"Malfoy's do not miss because Malfoy's…"

"Do not feel" *Draco said immediately* "Because Malfoy's have no heart and people who have no heart can not feel nor can they love. And since Malfoy's have no heart and cannot feel I could not have possible have missed you…. But I did anyway"

Lucius rolled his eyes as Draco cried "Look what I can do!" *and began spinning in circles. Lucius put his head in his hands*

"*Awwwwww!" Harry cried with more feeling*

"*Would you shut up!" Draco snapped*

"*Your blushing" Harry teased then turned back to a still spinning little Draco "Look at you go!"*

"Stop that" *Lucius finally snapped and Draco fell to the floor smiling at his father*
"Love you" *little Draco said to his father. Lucius opened his mouth but little Draco interrupted*

him "I know. Malfoy's do not love, it s the absolute last thing a Malfoy could ever do. Love is an evil cruel thing that will leave you in the dark with a broken heart. Malfoy's have no heart so therefore we cannot love. Our hearts are black and do not beat. We must never love… but I love you anyway" And so began the spinning again. A faint smile crossed Lucius's lips and he rolled his eyes again before exiting the room, a little Draco Malfoy skipping at his heals.
Harry awoke and smiled at Draco

/You were so sweet as a kid/ Harry sighed

/Malfoy's aren't sweet/ Draco mumbled

/Wish I had a father/ Harry said longingly and Draco kissed his temple

/Wishing will get you nowhere I'm afraid. Lets go to breakfast, I'm starving./

They went down to breakfast a little late (as they had slept in) and therefore had to enter separately. Harry had barely sat down when the mail arrived and an owl set down in front of him, a letter tied to its leg. Harry took it curiously ignoring Ron's questions of where he had been and read it slowly

Harry,

I'm afraid I have some bad news, come to my office as soon as you can. The password is 'Blood pops'

Albus Dumbledore,

Headmaster

Harry stood immediately said "Dumbledore wants to see me" to hold off Ron and ran out of the hall to make his way as fast as possible to Dumbledore's office.

/What's wrong, Harry/ Draco asked feeling his nervousness

/I don't know/ Harry said anxiously reaching the gargoyle and giving the password

He entered the office to see Dumbledore sitting at his desk.

"Ah Harry, take a seat" Dumbledore said kindly and Harry did

/Tune out Draco. I know your listening. I don't want you to hear what he tells me/ Harry said and Draco reluctantly did so.

"What's happened, sir?" He asked, getting right to the point. Dumbledore looked at him gravely and Harry gulped

"It's your relatives Harry… I'm afraid there was an accident. They were killed" Dumbledore said gently. Harry froze.

/He's joking. They cant be… how/ he thought weakly

/Harry/ Draco's voice asked uncertainly

/Go away Malfoy/ Harry snapped and he felt Draco do so, obviously feeling slightly hurt

"How?" He managed to ask. Dumbledore said two words

"Car crash"

"How ironic" he said softly. "That's how they told me my parents died"

A car crash. Not Death Eaters. Not any kind of magic. It was muggle technology that was their downfall. Harry couldn't disperse of the shock

"They did not suffer, but I must warn you that this will be in the Daily Prophet tomorrow, as they were *your* relatives " Dumbledore said quietly. Harry remained silent. He didn't know what to say.

"If there's anything I can get for you Harry, anything you need. Just ask for it" Dumbledore said softly and Harry looked him in the eyes

"A piano" he said softly

Dumbledore blinked then smiled softly and waved his wand.

"Next to the Astronomy tower, down the hall is a room. There should be one there" Dumbledore told him

"Where will I live?" Harry asked weakly

"We will think of something," Dumbledore said softly. Harry nodded then did what he had wanted to do since he heard the news. He ran.

Through stairs and corridors always going up. He realised dimly that he was crying but he ignored his tears. After what seemed an age he reached the astronomy tower. Down the hall in another tower was an open door and in the centre of the room was the piano. It was beautiful.

With a chocked sob he sat on the velvet seat stretched his fingers, closed his eyes briefly and started to play.

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Chapter: 4

Paring: Dm/Hp

Warnings: Slash and some spoilers

Rating: R- rated

Summery: Harry never was good at potions. Ron never was good at controlling his temper. Draco never was good at shutting his mouth. A disastrous choice in potion pairings by the Harry-Hating Snape only ends up brewing trouble. When the potion inevitably explodes Harry and Draco are landed in the hospital wing, completely unconscious. Upon waking they discover that not only do they feel an annoying itch which neither can identify but they are also able to see into the only place no one is meant to see- the other's mind. Scared into secrecy by the though of being used for experimentation in order to get rid of the condition (that was probably not curable anyway) how will these two enemies cope with not only each other, the itch and the threatening shadow of Lord Voldemort, but a jumble of mixed up no-sense, 'what-the-hell-am-I-thinking?' emotions?

A/N: Here you go people, please do enjoy. Merry Christmas everyone and a happy new year. In this time, take a moment to recognise how lucky you truly are- for to many Christmas is just a word and the company of family just a fantasy. Happy tidings. Love you all.

Chapter 4- Music Magic

Watch it as it sweeps the skies
As dazzling as you glowing eyes
Let it calm, let it sooth
Its very tune will make you move
More powerful than any mere force
In every form- soft or course
Let it overtake you- lose it
Such is the magic of the music

Draco dropped the potion. He didn't hear it smash. He didn't hear the yelling. He didn't hear Snape. He heard music. He heard singing.

/I never thought I'd die alone
I laughed the loudest who'd have known?
I trace the cord back to the wall

No wonder it was never plugged in at all
I took my time, I hurried up
The choice was mine I didn't think enough
I'm too depressed to go on
You'll be sorry when I'm gone./

He ignored everything. His blood had run cold. He could feel Harry's anguish flowing through him. He bolted. He was dimly aware that they someone was yelling after him but he ignored it. The song went on. He followed the music.

/I never conquered, rarely came
16 just held such better days
Days when I still felt alive
We couldn't wait to get outside
The world was wide, too late to try
The tour was over I'd survived
I couldn't wait till I got home
To pass the time in my room alone/

He ran faster. His feet were pounding on the stone floor, his breath coming in gasps and then to make matters worse, something horrible happened. The bell rang.

/I never thought I'd die alone
Another six months I'll be unknown
Give all my things to all my friends
You'll never set foot in my room again
You'll close it off, board it up
Remember the time that I spilt the cup
Of Apple juice in the hall
Please tell mum this is not her fault/

The doors opened, the students flocked the corridors. Draco pushed viciously past the people, ignoring their cries of protest. He showed no mercy.

/I never conquered, rarely came
16 just held such better days
Days when I still felt alive
We couldn't wait to get outside
The world was wide, too late to try
The tour was over I'd survived
I couldn't wait till I got home
To pass the time in my room alone/

He raced up the stairs following that distant tug. Working mainly on instinct. He still ran. Up the astronomy tower down the hall fling open the door and-

He froze.

Harry was playing the piano and singing.

And he was wonderful.

But he was crying.

Draco walked slowly towards him as Harry was finishing the song.

"I never conquered, rarely came
But tomorrow holds such better days
Days when I can still feel alive
When I can't wait to get outside
The world was wide, the time goes by
The tour is over, I've survived
I can't wait till I get home
To pass the time in my room alone."

He took a seat next to Harry and wrapped his hands around him.

/Thank Merlin/ He said silently. Harry was safe. Harry slumped against him burying his head in Draco's shoulder.

/Shhh. Its okay Harry, everything will be fine/ He said silently rocking Harry back and forth slowly.

/Their dead. All of them. Their all dead/ He was chanting in his head

/Who? Who's dead/ Draco asked softly

/My relatives. My uncle. My aunt. My cousin. All of them/ Harry said, still crying. Draco kissed the top of his head

/Death Eaters/

/Car crash. A car crash! A bloody car crash/ Harry said desperately crying even harder

/When was the last time he let himself go like this/ He wondered

/When I was seven/ Harry answered softly

Draco stayed with Harry for hours. For hours he cried. And Draco just held him both thinking and saying reassuring things. He used the mind-speak more than his voice, because it was

impossible to lie, so Harry would know he spoke the truth. Finally Harry's tears ceased.

/This will be in the papers tomorrow/ He said absently

/I'll eat breakfast with you in the room of requirement, so you don't have to see their stares./ Draco promised

/Thank you/ Harry said sincerely. Draco turned to the piano

/I didn't know you played/ He said

/No one does. You're the first. Once my cousin had piano lesson and I teased him so much my uncle made me learn as well. I loved it. When Dudley finally quit I purposely made a big deal about how much I had hated it. My uncle made me keep going. I've been taking lessons since I was eight and I still have them./ Harry explained */How did you find me anyway/*

/Followed the tugs. I just knew where you were. All I did was run, as if my feet knew exactly where I was going. Obviously neither of can hide from the other/ Draco said

/So we can never play hide and seek then/ Harry said smiling very slightly

/No idea what that is/ Draco said fondly wiping away the remainder of Harry's tears and kissing him gently

/Play me something/ He requested

/What should I play/ Harry asked, turning back to the instrument

/Anything. Whatever you feel/ Draco said and Harry placed his fingers on the keys and began to play.

Harry moved his fingers across the keyboard almost out of habit. The song was soft, slow and calming. It had no words but lingered in your head as well as any lyrics. It was smooth, gentle and lovely. Exactly what he was feeling with Draco there, his arms still wrapped around his middle. He closed his eyes and lost himself in the music. He let it sweep though him, calming his nerves and making him relax. His heart and breathing slowed and he lay back into Draco's embrace.

/Your using magic/ Draco said in awe

/But I don't have a wand/ Harry pointed out, continuing to play

/Your still using it. I can see it. I think it's a calming spell. It's in the music/ Draco said in amazement and Harry opened his eyes

It was beautiful.

A mist flowed around the piano, coming from his hands onto the keys and into the air. It was the music. It wrapped around the both of them, calming their nerves. Music magic

/I didn't know you could do this/ Harry said quietly, hands still moving

/You can't. Wandless magic is hard and draining enough but there has never been a case of being able to do magic through an object. And look at it. It's so powerful. It's long since seeped out of the door. If you kept playing the whole castle would be calm in under an hour/ Draco said softly

/How is this possible/ Harry asked

/Technically it isn't. But neither is surviving a killing curse; or seeing Voldemort and living; or being a parselmouth and in Gryffindor; or being able to do a corporeal Patronus at your age. Yet you have accomplished all those things and more/ Draco pointed out

/I'm an 'outside case' Harry said, quoting him.

/Indeed/ Draco said smirking

/Is this something I should tell Dumbledore/ Harry asked, still playing

/Probably be a good idea/

/Will you come with me/ Harry asked hopefully

/You sure/

/Yes/

/Then I will/ Draco said and Harry smiled

/Come on then/ Harry said

/Now/ Draco asked, surprised

/No time like the present. As soon as I finish this song. While the calming spell is still working. I don't want to break down again/ Harry answered

/I like watching you play/ Draco said absently

/I like you watching /

It took another few minutes for Harry to finish the song and he and Draco spent the time

watching the Music Magic (as they had dubbed it) flow around the room and into the castle. Harry finished the song and removed his hands. The shimmering lingered slightly before fading away. The effects of the spell remained

/Well at least we calmed everyone within the radius/ Harry said as they made their way to Dumbledore's office.

/I wonder how far it travelled. Lucky it looses form the further it gets from the piano or else people would have been screaming about some kind of mist that somehow resembled music./ Draco said smirking

They reached Dumbledore's office and Harry gave the password. Harry knocked briefly before entering. Dumbledore looked at them calmly from his desk smiling very slightly.

"Was there anything else you wanted Harry?" He asked in what was supposed to be a worried tone but sounded far too relaxed. Harry noticed some traces of the spell lingering in the room.

"How do you feel Sir? I want you to tell me exactly. Its very important" Harry asked

"I feel very calm. Its most curious since I have so much to worry about today." Dumbledore answered

"It travelled this far?" Draco said sounding impressed.

"Mr Malfoy, forgive me I did not see you there. What can I do for you?" Dumbledore asked

"Draco's here with me" Harry explained and Dumbledore's eyebrows shot up in surprise and his eyes twinkled

"Its not that shocking" Draco murmured

"Were here because I did magic" Harry told Dumbledore who looked at him curiously

"Harry. It's a wizard school, you'll have to be more specific" Draco said rolling his eyes and Harry blushed slightly

/You could have told me that silently/ He complained

/Where's the fun in that/

"Maybe you should explain your meaning" Dumbledore said smiling

"He did it without a wand, but with an instrument. He did not loose any energy and it was so powerful it made it all the way down here. It was a calming spell. That's why everyone's feeling a lot better suddenly. It was Harry" Draco explained before Harry could

"I assure you that's quite impossible," Dumbledore said frowning slightly

"Yes. Harry has a habit of doing things considered impossible doesn't he?" Draco droned

"I can show you, if you care to conjure another piano rather than travelling to the astronomy tower" Harry offered and Dumbledore waved his wand making a piano appear. Harry sat on the seat and stretched his fingers slightly.

"A cheering spell would be good. I could use one" Harry said absently before playing.

Harry's hands moved fluidly over the keys. This music was upbeat, slightly fast and never failed to make Harry smile slightly. He closed his eyes pouring his soul into the music getting lost in the melody of the song. He felt his spirits start to rise and his smile widen slightly. His relative's death was pushed away into the corner of his mind and he focused sorely on what he was playing.

/It's working Harry/ Draco voice spoke in his head and Harry opened his eyes.

It was.

The Music Magic was swirling around the piano. It had a slightly different look to it than the calming spell did, but it was otherwise identical. He had only been playing a minute and it had already filled the whole of Dumbledore's office. Dumbledore was looking both happy and amazed. Harry finished the song and stood. He realised that Draco was clapping slightly and made a slight bow to him, smirking.

"Evidently its not as impossible as I thought" Dumbledore said finally

/Nicely played/ Draco said and Harry beamed

"As it will be near impossible to think of something this important with both a calming and cheering spell on me I shall have to discuss this with you tomorrow. You don't have to go to classes for the rest of the day Harry, because of the news you received and if you wish you can have someone stay with you" Dumbledore said

"Can Draco?" Harry asked. Dumbledore looked slightly surprised but nodded.

"I'll come back tomorrow after dinner" Harry said

"That should be fine" Dumbledore said making a gesture that Harry took as a dismissal.

He left the room with Draco and headed outside

/What do you want to do with your day/ Draco asked

/Fly/ Harry said walking towards the broom shed

And they did.
TBC…

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Chapter: 5

Paring: *Dm/Hp*

Warnings: *Slash and some spoilers*

Rating: *R- rated*

Summery*: Harry never was good at potions. Ron never was good at controlling his temper. Draco never was good at shutting his mouth. A disastrous choice in potion pairings by the Harry-Hating Snape only ends up brewing trouble. When the potion inevitably explodes Harry and Draco are landed in the hospital wing, completely unconscious. Upon waking they discover that not only do they feel an annoying itch which neither can identify but they are also able to see into the only place no one is meant to see- the other's mind. Scared into secrecy by the though of being used for experimentation in order to get rid of the condition (that was probably not curable anyway) how will these two enemies cope with not only each other, the itch and the threatening shadow of Lord Voldemort, but a jumble of mixed up no-sense, 'what-the-hell-am-I-thinking?' emotions?*

A/N: *Hey guys, welcome back. This is more of a fun chapter than anything else and as such you can expect the next chapter fairly soon. I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I did writing it- and please forgive me for humiliating Draco- I couldn't resist! And by the way, yes, the poenms are mine. Enjoy. Love you all and please read and review.*

If I fall towards the troubled earth
I know you'll catch me just in time
And if you hold me close to you
I'll let you know your mine
Make me laugh when I want to cry
Your acting like a fool
But although you're the one embarrassed
Know I'm a fool for you.

Chapter 5- A Daring Flight

Harry had only ever played with Draco in Slytherin versus Griffindor matches and then they

were fiercely, each competing mercilessly against each other. For once Harry could really admire Draco's skill and visa versa. The only downfall was that they couldn't fly too far apart and every hour or so they would have to fly along side each other, holding hands in order to ward off the tugs.

Harry watched Draco fly. Usually he's too busy watching the players, dodging bludgers, keeping track of the score and searching for the snitch to admire other players flying ability, but watching Draco he realised something. He was good. He was *very* good. Harry tried to analyse it.

/He's graceful. He flies through the air with a poise that would be capable only through a lot of practice. I got my ability through sheer luck, I happened to be a natural, whereas he got his through work. I wonder why he hasn't beaten me yet/ Harry thought curiously

/Skill. I may have more practice but when you fly you let go completely. Nothing holds you back. It's as if you were made for the sky. / Draco replied and Harry blushed slightly. A downfall of loving someone able to read your every thought: they know exactly what you're thinking.

/How bout we have a little fun/ Draco asked smirking. He pulled a rock out of his pocket and waved his wand. The rock lifted off his hand and shot into the sky. He waited a minute before shooting after it. Harry caught on pretty quickly.

It was a little slower than the snitch because of the weight but in order to compensate for that fact Draco had chosen a slightly smaller rock. It weaved around the pitch before it suddenly disappeared. Harry looked around in confusion.

/Where did it go/

/I put a flicker charm on it. It will appear and reappear at random. Make things more interesting/ Draco explained, looking around

/What does the winner get/ Harry asked

/What do you mean/ Draco asked, confused

/Sorry, sometimes in muggle games the winner gets something. Usually they have to act out a dare or a favour./ Harry explained

/Mmmm. Interesting. How about the loser has to do whatever the winner wants/ Draco said, smirking

/Deal/ Harry said smiling

The game went on. They flew through the sky weaving in and out of each other looking for the elusive… er… rock. After several close calls and hours passing by they still hadn't caught it. By now each had realized an advantage and disadvantage. The second it was spotted the spotter

would immediately think */There it is/* causing the other player to realise that it was spotted giving the spotter absolutely no advantage. Harry had tried twice not to think anything when he saw it, but it was no use. It was simply impulse. At least he had the same advantage/disadvantage Draco had. The match was all down to speed, skill and how close you were to the rock when it was spotted. In the end Harry was the winner and the two descended.

/Now what should I ask for/ Harry asked smirking wickedly

/Oh crap/ Draco sighed

/Mmmm. Well tomorrow will be one hell of a depressing day for me, what with the whole newspaper thing so I should ask him to do something that will make me laugh. Something humiliating…/ Harry said thoughtfully

/Oh crap Draco repeated despondently

/I have an idea/ Harry said with a wide smirk

Draco gulped

/You can't *be serious/* Draco whined
/Oh grow up. I could be making you do this in front of the whole school/ Harry said smiling

/I hate you/ Draco said moodily and even though Harry knew it wasn't true, he could still feel the lie.

/Wait in that empty classroom and I'll get on and Hermione and Ron/ Harry instructed and Draco reluctantly entered it.

Harry went to the Great Hall (as it was dinner time) and walked quickly to the Griffindor table.

"Harry! Where were you all day?" Hermione asked him in a worried voice

"You'll find out tomorrow, now come on! I want to show you something" Harry said grabbing Hermione's and Ron's hands and dragging them to their feet and out of the hall ignoring Ron's protests of how he hadn't finished eating yet. He began taking them to the classroom but was stopped but his name.

"Harry!" He turned to see Professor McGonagall hurry towards him. She reached him and put her hands on his shoulders.

"As your head of house, I just want you to know that I'm here if you need anything. Anything at all" She said kindly and Harry's smile dropped

"Thanks professor, but I'll be fine," He said sincerely

"You two look after him tomorrow wont you? I'm counting on you," She said to Hermione and Ron before giving Harry's shoulders a comforting squeeze and heading back to the Great Hall

"What was that about?" Ron asked Harry, confused

"If it's okay with you I want one day where I don't have to think about it. You'll find out tomorrow," Harry, said retaking their hands and dragging them into the classroom where Draco was leaning against the teacher's desk and absolutely glaring at them.

"Malfoy?" Ron said giving Harry a look

"Now you're probably wondering why Draco Malfoy is here. Well you see he had the audacity to challenge *me* to a Quidditch match. He lost, naturally and now he has to do whatever I want." Harry explained smiling and Ron smiled evilly

/Aren't you overdoing it a touch Draco's annoyed voice asked

/Nope/

"Well go ahead Malfoy" Harry said crossing his arms over his chest

"I'm going to kill you for this" Draco spat

"Uh huh, I'm terrified. Now go on. With feeling and don't forget the actions" Harry said, smiling

Draco pushed himself off the desk and cleared his throat.

"I'm a little teapot, short and stout
Here is my handle, here is my spout
When I get all steamed up hear me shout!
Tip me over, pour me out"

Harry and Ron burst out laughing and Hermione was giggling madly. Draco glared at them but no one was paying any attention. Harry couldn't stop laughing. He laughed so hard he had tears in his eyes, and Ron had long since fallen to the floor.

/That's it I'm leaving/ Draco snapped irritably

"Malfoy! Wait" Harry called calming down slightly. He grabbed Draco's wrist and waited for his breathing to calm down.

"You kept your word and I plan to keep mine," He said, smiling widely. He turned to Hermione and Ron who were still giggling slightly "Hold out you hands guys" He instructed and they did so

"Now you have to swear that what we just saw will never leave this room. We can never tell anyone what has happened here and you have to willingly promise that you will never tell another soul," Harry said

Ron looked extremely disappointed but held out his hand just the same. Harry, Hermione and Ron put their hands on top of each other.

"One two three-"

"We swear," they all said together and Harry waved his wand.

/What did you do/ Draco asked mentally

"I just cast a Secrecy Spell. If any of us try to tell anyone we won't be able to. We can talk about it amongst each other but if anyone's listening we won't be able to utter a sound, even if we can't see them. We simply won't be able to speak" Harry explained out loud

"By the way you have a lovely voice" Ron said causing all three of them to start laughing again

/I'll never live this down/ Draco said despairingly

/Think yourself fortunate; I added the secrecy spell for your benefit. You know very well that wasn't part of the deal/ Harry said still laughing slightly

/Gee, thanks/ Draco snapped

/That's going to raise my spirits tomorrow/ Harry said happily

/I'll meet you in the room of requirement/ Draco said before making a hasty exit.

"That was bloody brilliant" Ron said when he had calmed down "I'm going to remember that forever"

"I haven't laughed like that since… well I don't even remember" Harry said smiling and Hermione and Ron shared a happy look

Harry hugged them both tightly

"I'm sorry I didn't tell you," He whispered

"Tell us what?" Hermione asked, worried

"You'll find out tomorrow," Harry said and with that he walked out of the room and to the room of requirement

When Harry entered it Draco was sitting moodily on the bed

/Cheer up. I thought you had an alright voice/ Harry said sitting next to him

/Why didn't you tell Weasel and Granger/ Draco asked, changing topic's

/I don't want to think about it until I absolutely have to. They'll find out tomorrow/ Harry said yawning

/I thing the tugs are wearing off. Have you noticed there coming less and less/ Draco asked

/Yes, a little. It's strange because if anything our mind bond seems clearer, more powerful/ Harry said changing clothes and climbing under the covers

/I noticed that as well. I could hear your conversations even better when I tuned into them and hardly hear them at all when I don't. Though I can still hear your thoughts/ Draco said also getting under the covers. Harry snuggled up to Draco who sighed before giving in and wrapping his arms around him.

/I'm still a little mad that you made me sing that/ Draco said grumpily

/I know, but you can't be mad at me today. I'll be too upset tomorrow for you to be mad at me. The cheering and calming charm would have well and truly worn off by then./ Harry said closing his eyes.

/I know/ Draco said before following Harry into a deep sleep.

TBC...

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Chapter: 6

Paring: Dm/Hp

Warnings: Slash and some spoilers

Rating: R- rated

Summery: Harry never was good at potions. Ron never was good at controlling his temper. Draco never was good at shutting his mouth. A disastrous choice in potion pairings by the

Harry-Hating Snape only ends up brewing trouble. When the potion inevitably explodes Harry and Draco are landed in the hospital wing, completely unconscious. Upon waking they discover that not only do they feel an annoying itch which neither can identify but they are also able to see into the only place no one is meant to see- the other's mind. Scared into secrecy by the though of being used for experimentation in order to get rid of the condition (that was probably not curable anyway) how will these two enemies cope with not only each other, the itch and the threatening shadow of Lord Voldemort, but a jumble of mixed up no-sense, 'what-the-hell-am-I-thinking?' emotions?

A/N: Hurrah! New chapter! I hope you all enjoy this one as much as you've enjoyed the others. By the way the song featured (you'll see what I mean) is completely and totally mine- so if you find it lacking, that's why. Please continue to review- your comments keep me going!

No matter what I do
I can't escape their eyes
Their sharp and bitter taunts
Their laughter and their lies
I can't escape the gossip
But I can escape to you
And with your form beside me
I know I'll make it through
They don't understand me
But just you wait and see
Cause I can hack through anything
As long as you're with me.

Chapter 6: Action, Reaction-

In the morning it took a few moments for Harry to remember why he was feeling so miserable. Then everything came rushing back to him. His relatives were dead.

/So I have absolutely no family left and I'm only in sixth year, I don't even have a godfather. I don't have any home either. I'm a homeless orphan. What if I end up in an orphanage// He thought miserably

/That won't happen. I wont let it and neither will Dumbledore./ Draco's voice spoke and Harry looked up to see a table lined with food. He smiled very slightly

/Hungry/ Draco asked as Harry took a seat opposite him.

/It's bacon and eggs, who cares/ Harry said helping himself to some

Harry ate and got ready bit by bit, trying to pass the time as slowly as possible but far too soon the bell for first class rang. Harry sighed.

/Potions. Joy/ He said dully

/That's the spirit/ Draco said smirking grabbing Harry's hand and walking down to the potions dungeon with him.

When they approached the classroom they released hands and entered just as the rest of the class were doing so. Everyone took their seats and Harry was forced to walk to the only remaining ones left at the very front of the classroom. Everyone stared at him as he walked past (no one was stupid enough to whisper in Snape's class) but Harry lifted his chin and pretended not to notice. Draco sat near him (while pretending to be disgusted that the seat next to Harry was the only one left) and held his hand comfortingly under the table, out of view.

The lesson was spent taking notes and was possibly the slowest lesson that Harry had ever experienced. He refused to release Draco's hand for the whole of the period and Draco spent the lesson trying to get his mind off his dead family. The class ended and Harry was about to leave and face a very worried looking Hermione and Ron when-

"Potter, a word please"

Harry sighed and went to the front of the classroom wondering if Snape was going to rub it in the fact he had no family.

"Yes sir?" He said, noticing Draco was hanging back for him. Snape gave him a pointed look but he held his ground

/You can go/ Harry told him

/But I won't/ Draco said strongly

"As well as my condolences I have something else to give you. I was the first on the scene when the crash was reported -which was long before the muggle ambulance arrived- but the damage was too great for me to help them. You aunt's last words was that I give you this" Snape said holding out his closed fist.

Harry held out his hand and when Snape's fist opened a white and very worn toy horse fell onto his palm. A sob wracked through Harry's chest and he fell to his knees. Draco rushed forward immediately and dropped to his knees to comfort him.

"I don't believe it." Harry whispered he looked at Snape who was looking at Draco in shock "Where did you get this?"

"It was hidden among some of your aunts belongings" Snape explained

"What is it?" Draco asked him gently

"When I was delivered at my aunt and uncles house this horse was in the basket with me. It was the only thing I had from home, but when I was six years old I accidentally used magic. That was the first time I ever did. My uncle took this off me; he knew how much it meant to me. He told me he was going to destroy it and until now I thought he did" Harry explained and Draco helped him to his feet

Harry gave Draco a long hug and when he saw the concerned look on his face when he pulled away he gave him a soft, reassuring kiss. He turned to Snape whose mouth was hanging open in shock. He looked slightly green and Harry smiled slightly

"Really Sev, we've been going out for days, I'm surprised you haven't figured it out by now" Draco said coolly

"He's the first," Harry said absently

/Sev/ he questioned

/He's my Godfather/ Draco answered

"So if you could not tell anyone we would really appreciate it on account of I'd rather not have my father go on a murdering rampage," Draco said calmly

"I'm too old for this" Snape said warily

"Thank you for giving this to me professor. You have no idea how much it means to me," Harry said sincerely clutching the horse

"One last thing Sev, maybe you can convince Harry that he won't be put into an orphanage." Draco said and Harry shot him a look

/Well I'm sick of you thinking it every three seconds/ Draco snapped

"I don't know where he will be placed but it certainly will not be in an orphanage" Snape said at last, staring at Harry and Draco's clasped hands

Harry nodded his gratitude and pointing out the fact he was going to be late for charms, he left the potions classroom, still holding Draco's hand.

/His face was priceless/ Draco said smirking

/I wish we could tell everyone/ Harry sighed */I hate keeping secrets/*

/It would certainly be fun to see their reactions./ Draco said smirking

/We can't hide forever you know/ Harry pointed out

/I know. Be patient/

They parted ways and Harry made his way to charms. The teacher ignored the fact he was five minutes late and Harry ignored the fact that his classmates were staring at him. He sat next to Hermione who reached over and grabbed his hand under the table. He gave her a grateful smile and realised there was tears in her eyes. He released her hand and took out some parchment. After doing some little sketches and some random words Harry realised that he had written a passage… it looked almost like a song…

/Encased in the darkness,

Here no one can see.

Yet I know a candle,

Is shinning for me.

Through the dark passage,

Where evil will reign.

It keeps up my spirits,

While keeping me sane.

The candles your love,

Your heart is the light.

It surely guides me,

Through the darkest of night,

No water can douse it,

No wind and no rain.

It's shining forever,

Taking my pain.

So shine on little light,

The dark is now gone.

I'm here now forever,

So keep shining on.

I know that you love me,

For I love you too.

Through day and through night,

I'm here now with you.

No one can stop us,

No dark and no light.

No one will stop us,

For we'll always fight.

You hold my heart,

And that is enough.

Our love will prevail,

Through easy and tough.

The darkness will fall,

Fearing our hearts.

For they are much stronger,

Than all the dark arts.

So shine on little light,

The dark is now gone.

They'll never beat us,
So keep shining on./
Harry stared at it

/I don't remember writing that/ He thought absently

/It's very good/ Draco praised

The bell rang and Harry started. How long had he been writing for? He stuffed the note into his pocket and had barely gotten to his feet when he was tackled in a hug.

"Oh Harry, I'm *so* sorry" Hermione upset voice cried and Harry wrapped his arms around her
"It's okay 'Mione, I'm fine" Harry said gently
She took a step back and looked at him with tearful eyes and Harry gave her a gentle smile.

"You right mate?" Ron asked gripping him in a brief hug and looking at him with concern

"Not really, but I'll get there."

He walked to the Great Hall with them and took a seat ignoring the fact that it had gone dead quiet since he had entered it, and the fact that everyone was now looking at him. The whispering started up slowly at first until the whole Hall was abuzz. Harry sighed.

/Want me to curse anyone/ Draco asked and Harry smiled, despite himself

/Better not/

"If you'd rather not, we don't have to go to Hogsmade tomorrow" Hermione said gently

"No, I'd like to go, but I want to go alone. Will you two be okay without me?" He asked.
Hermione hesitated

"Are you sure?" Ron asked and Harry nodded

"If your certain" Hermione said uncertainly

/Your going alone/ Draco asked and Harry could tell he was slightly disappointed

/No, I'm going with you. That okay/ Harry asked back

/I think I can live with that/ Draco answered and Harry could feel his joy surge. He smiled

/Good/

The rest of the day passed slowly for Harry, who only kept it together because of Draco's presence in his mind. They slept in the room of requirement once more (even though neither of them had felt any tugs the whole of the day) and when the morning dawned they were the first ones out the door and into the carriages that would take them to Hogsmade. Once they arrived they made sure to keep in the shadows so as not to attract attention.

/As soon as its safe I'm going to announce our relationship to the whole school/ Harry said after they just ducked into an alley to avoid a group of people for the third time in an hour

/I know what you mean/ Draco replied in exasperation

Having to keep away from the main shops they took this opportunity to explore the other, less visited parts of Hogsmade. They spent hours doing this, walking around and taking (out loud most of the time) and were just deciding whether they could risk a trip to the three broomsticks when they heard an explosion.

/That can't be good/ Draco said looking in the direction of the sound.

Screaming followed a few seconds later. A shrill, terrified scream that cut through the air and made their hair stand on end.

/Definitely not good/

Black robed figures flocked into the alleyways and spotted them. Death Eaters.

They ran.

Through twists and turns, going blindly in any direction that they thought might lead them away from the figures that were far too close. Holding hands tightly so as not to become separated they turned a corner and shot down the path, randomly shooting spells over their shoulder. They reached a fork turned left and ran… right into a wall.

A dead end

Harry found himself suddenly wishing the name were a touch more optimistic. *'Dead end'* did very little for his confidence. Especially since the death eater were walking down their alleyway and they were currently cornered. Fear rose in him. He knew even before they raised their wands what was going to happen. He assumed the defence stance but knew that there were far too many of them. Still he wasn't a Griffindor for nothing and planned to fight till he could fight no more.

Spells flew. One consolation was that they were not sending any of the Unforgivable Curses. Obviously they had orders to get them alive and unharmed. They had a chance. A very narrow chance, but a chance all the same.

/Don't give up/ He said fiercely to Draco who was also shooting every spell he could think of.

They managed to take down six of the death eaters but for every one they took down another two took its place. There were too many. Harry dimly saw Draco fall to the floor hit by a spell and felt himself being pulled to his knees (they were still holding hands) before everything went black.

TBC...

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Chapter: 7

Paring: *Dm/Hp*

Warnings: *Slash and some spoilers*

Rating: *R- rated*

Summery*: Harry never was good at potions. Ron never was good at controlling his temper. Draco never was good at shutting his mouth. A disastrous choice in potion pairings by the Harry-Hating Snape only ends up brewing trouble. When the potion inevitably explodes Harry and Draco are landed in the hospital wing, completely unconscious. Upon waking they discover that not only do they feel an annoying itch which neither can identify but they are also able to see into the only place no one is meant to see- the other's mind. Scared into secrecy by the though of being used for experimentation in order to get rid of the condition (that was probably not curable anyway) how will these two enemies cope with not only each other, the itch and the threatening shadow of Lord Voldemort, but a jumble of mixed up no-sense, 'what-the-hell-am-I-thinking?' emotions?*

A/N: *Yay! Second last chapter! Almost done now! Wow, time flies! Hope you enjoy the chapter and remember- read and review*

Raise your voices
To the sky
A caged bird sings
So it won't die
For to be without song
Is worse than your death
And even the voiceless
Will never sink to that depth
So sway to the music
Fly on healed wing
Rise with the tempo
And let yourself sing

Chapter 7- Sing For Me

Everything was dark. Harry thought for a second that he was still asleep but then he his eyes adjusted and he realised he was in a dungeon.

/This can't be good/ He thought weakly

/Not very reassuring is it/ Draco replied and Harry sighed in relief

"Where are you?" He called

"Here" Draco's voice called back to the right of him. Harry crawled towards the sound until his groping hand clasped another. They hung tightly together.

/We've been kidnapped by death eaters haven't we/ Harry asked in despair

/Yes/

/I wonder if I prefer the graveyard to this/ Harry said absently

/My father might have been able to help us, but he's still in Azkaban/ Draco said, thinking of ways to escape

/Don't bother. If there's a way you'll know when it happens/ Harry advised

/Well, how have you survived/ Draco asked

/Luck/ Harry replied

/Let's hope it hasn't run out/ Draco said

The door swung open. Blinding light that made Harry's eyes water flooded into the small dungeon and a tall robed figure stepped over the threshold. Harry's scar exploded in pain and he who immediately who it was.

"Harry Potter we meet again" The chilling voice spoke and a spell wrapped around Harry, making it impossible to move

"We really have to stop meeting like this" Harry said weakly and Voldemort chuckled deeply

"Don't worry, I assure you it will be for the last time," He said coldly

He took another step forward and waved his wand. A light flickered on inside the cell and Voldemort flicked back his hood. Draco gasped in shock.

"Ahh yes. I almost forgot your little friend here. I'm afraid he will be sharing your fate" Voldemort said softly

"My father will kill you" Draco spat

"I think not, as he's in Azkaban and in no position to kill anyone," Voldemort said coolly

"Well, what can we do for you Tom?" Harry asked, thinking if he was going to die he may as well piss him off while he was at it. Voldemort's eyes flickered

"I have come to announce your execution" Voldemort said coldly

"How thoughtful" Draco said sarcastically reading Harry's thoughts about pissing him off

"Yes. I'm going to be generous and let you choose when you wish to die. I'll even go beyond that and grant you a last request, for old times sake," He said coldly to Harry

"I'm touched" Harry darkly. But then he realised what Voldemort had said and got an idea.

/You're a genius/ Draco praised reading his mind

/Do you think it'll work/ Harry asked uncertainly

/We have to try. We're dead anyway/ Draco pointed out

"Now" Harry said to Voldemort

"What?" He asked darkly

"I chose now as our execution" Harry said very slowly as if speaking to a very small child

"Very well. Take them" Voldemort said to the Death Eaters

They were pulled to their feet and dragged down some winding corridors to a large round room that looked like an amphitheatre. The risen seats were filled with death eaters and there was a small stage in the center on the whole thing. Everyone had a good view of the stage and as Harry and Draco were tied to some polls that suddenly appeared in the center of it Harry realized that they were going to be killed as entertainment. The room was full. Escape seemed impossible.

/I hope this works/ Harry thought desperately

/Even if it just buys us some time. No doubt there searching for us/ Draco said very calmly, considering the situation.

Voldemort climbed the stairs to stage and looked down on Harry and Draco. The death eaters (who had been jeering) fell silent

"After countless years of failed attempts I am going to do the impossible: Kill Harry Potter. I have dreamed of nothing but this for fifteen years and now the moment has come" Voldemort's voice rang through the stands

/He really needs a hobby/ Harry said

/I thought it was killing you/ Draco replied dryly

"Any last requests?" He asked turning to Harry

"If it's all the same with you I would like to play one final song on the piano" Harry said loudly. Voldemort blinked. Obviously (from the way his eyes flickered to Draco) he had thought he would wish for Draco's freedom. Harry knew they would have set him free… and then killed him moments later

Voldemort waved his wand and a black piano (how typical) appeared next to him. His hands were untied and he was roughly shoved into the seat, which immediately sent ropes around his middle.

"It has words. Could you amplify my voice?" Harry asked and Voldemort reluctantly did so.

He pulled a piece of paper out of his pocket, smoothed it out and placed it on the jutting piece of wood where the music went. He also took out the white toy horse and put it on top of the piano.

/For luck/ He explained to Draco

He cleared his throat, flexed his fingers and began to play. At the first note the death eaters were immediately enraptured by the music. Then Harry began to sing. Pouring his soul, his life, his very being into the music.

"*Encased in the darkness,*
Here no one can see.
Yet I know a candle,
Is shinning for me.
Through the dark passage,
Where evil will reign.
It keeps up my spirits
While keeping me sane.
The candles your love,
Your heart is the light.
It surely guides me,
Through the darkest of night,
No water can douse it,
No wind and no rain.
Its shining forever,

Taking my pain."

The Music Magic flowed around the room, wrapping around the death eaters who struggled in vain to escape it.

"*So shine on little light,*
The dark is now gone.
I'm here now forever,
So keep shining on."

Voldemort was screaming and Harry closed his eyes pouring everything he had and more into the music. He sang louder his voice echoing the chamber.

"*I know that you love me,*
For I love you too.
Through day and through night,
I'm here now with you.
No one can stop us,
No dark and no light.
No one will stop us,
For we'll always fight.
You hold my heart,
And that is enough
Our love will prevail,
Through easy and tough.
The darkness will fall,
Fearing our hearts.
For they are much stronger,
Than all the dark arts."

"Stop him from playing! Stop him!" Voldemort was screaming covering his ears. No one obeyed; the remaining death eaters that were conscious were too busy screaming. Harry played on; letting himself be filled with the love that the song spoke of. The love he shared with Draco.

"*So shine on little light,*
The dark is now gone.
They'll never beat us,
So keep shining on."

Voldemort gave one final scream of agony before his form exploded with light. A strange mist filled into the air but Harry kept playing singing louder than ever and the mist seemed to dry out falling to the floor becoming nothing more that charred ashes. Harry finished the last note and exhaustion filled through him. His scar was alight with pain and the last thing Harry heard was his name being called and he gathered enough strength to think the words */I love you/.* Then he knew no more.

TBC...

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Chapter: 8

Paring: *Dm/Hp*

Warnings: *Slash and some spoilers*

Rating: *R- rated*

Summery*: Harry never was good at potions. Ron never was good at controlling his temper. Draco never was good at shutting his mouth. A disastrous choice in potion pairings by the Harry-Hating Snape only ends up brewing trouble. When the potion inevitably explodes Harry and Draco are landed in the hospital wing, completely unconscious. Upon waking they discover that not only do they feel an annoying itch which neither can identify but they are also able to see into the only place no one is meant to see- the other's mind. Scared into secrecy by the though of being used for experimentation in order to get rid of the condition (that was probably not curable anyway) how will these two enemies cope with not only each other, the itch and the threatening shadow of Lord Voldemort, but a jumble of mixed up no-sense, 'what-the-hell-am-I-thinking?' emotions?*

A/N: *Yay! Done! Finish! Completed! Well ladies and gentlemen its been quite a ride together! I hope you've all enjoyed my story and that you like my very last chapter. Where does the time go? In regards to future stories, there's Figments Forever for all those sick of the clichéd 'Harry joins Voldemort' story. Be warned, it is slash, but I hope you can all give it a shot. Read and Review! By the way, for all those who asked, the song (in the previous chapter) is not by any actual band- I made the whole thing up. And that, all my faithful readers, is why I have no plans on being a song writer! Enjoy!*

So it is an end to things
A cut and done conclusion
An 'it' *and* 'done' *and* 'that is all'
No worry or confusion
But from this ending of sorts
A new story, it is sculptured
For the ending is just the start
And the circle never faltered
So happily ever after

Is really all so fine
But just another way of saying
Once upon a time

Chapter 8- An Ending of Sorts
White. Everything was white. Was this heaven? No… the Hospital Wing… he was in the empty Hospital Wing.

/Draco/ He cried out in panic

/Relax Harry, I'm fine. You've been asleep for days. Lazy bastard/ Draco said and Harry could feel his absolute relief and happiness

/Well aren't you going to visit me/ Harry asked teasingly

/I'll consider it/ Draco said playfully

/Please/ Harry pleaded

/Oh very well/ He said coming into the hospital wing minutes later and sitting next to his bed.

"You came!" Harry said in mock glee

"Couldn't have you annoy me all day, now could I?" Draco said smirking

"So what happened?" Harry asked him out loud (his mind was far too confused at the moment for any more mind-speak)

"Well apparently playing the piano takes a lot out of you; you fainted as soon as you finished the song, all your magical energy sapped. Moments after that something called the Order of the Phoenix flocked in preparing to fight the Death Eaters only to discover they were all unconscious" Draco explained still smirking

"So I killed him?" Harry asked in disbelief

"Yes" Draco said taking Harry's hand

"So when people ask me *'how did you kill the most powerful wizard in the world?'* I'll have to say *'I played the piano'*" Harry said, incredulous

"Death by piano playing. Most embarrassing" Draco said mockingly, shaking his head. Harry smiled and they were silent for a moment

"You really must stop this you know" Draco said gently

"Stop what?" Harry asked

"Nearly getting yourself killed every year. I'm tempted to tie you to the bed" Draco said

"I wouldn't mind that much" Harry said mischievously and Draco grinned

"I just might you know, cause if you die Harry, I'll kill you" Draco said smiling, although Harry could feel how serious he was

"I'm the Boy Who Lived for a reason you know. What did everyone think of you being there with me?" Harry asked suddenly curious

"Well Dumbledore knows but your brilliant friends thought I was taken because I had run into you when we were running away" Draco explained

"You're kidding? They still haven't figured it out? Hermione will chuck a fit when I tell her. You think that she would realise we were at Hogsmeade together" Harry said smiling

"Yes. On another note I think your having too much of an influence on me Harry. When I bumped into Weasley before, I actually apologised" Draco made a face

"That nice" Harry said absently

"But Malfoy's *don't* apologise. It simply isn't done. You should have seen their faces. Have they told you they're going out yet?" Draco asked

"Nope. I had hoped they would have figured out I knew by now. I helped them get together for crying out loud," Harry said smiling

"How'd you manage that?" Draco asked curiously

"It was a hell of a lot of work I can tell you that much" Harry said sighing

"Er… Harry?" Draco said softly suddenly sounding very nervous

"Yes?" Harry asked inquisitively

"Do you remember how just before you blacked out you told me… something?" He said slowly

Harry thought for a moment then remembered

"Yes" He said

"Did you mean it?" Draco asked and Harry could feel the hope

"Yes" Harry replied smiling

"Well I just wanted to tell you… you too." Draco said softly

"Really?" Harry asked disbelievingly

"Yes" Draco said, blushing slightly

"Can you say it?" Harry asked eagerly

"Why?" Draco snapped blushing darker

"No ones ever said it to me before" Harry said pleadingly

"Never?" Draco asked in shock and Harry shook his head "Are you so insecure that you need me to *say* it?"

"Yep" Harry said brightly

"Okay. I'll try, but if you tell anyone it'll be the last thing you ever do…. Harry Potter?" He said nervously

"Yes…?" Harry prompted

"I love you," He said sincerely

"I love you too," Harry said smiling

"Good. Now shut up and kiss me"

Harry did so.

/And I thought a Malfoy couldn't love/ he said teasingly. Draco kissed him deeper

/Outside case/

"Okay, okay! Please stop!" a voice cried Harry and Draco pulled apart to see Hermione and Ron taking off the invisibility cloak off. Both were blushing furiously

"How long have you two been there?" Harry asked

"Since he came," Ron said gesturing at Draco who scowled. Harry retook his hand

"About time you guys found out. We've been going out for ages now" Harry said lightly

"Why didn't you tell us?" Ron cried in outrage

"Same question" Harry said looking from Hermione to Ron. Both blushed deeper

"I didn't even know you were gay," Hermione said

"Huh. Didn't think of it like that. I don't think I'm gay," Harry said thoughtfully

"Me either" Draco said

"Then what would you call each other?" Ron cried

Harry and Draco shared a brief look and replied together

"An outside case." Both smirked

"But you hated each other" Hermione said uncertainly

"No, not really. Most of it was rivalry. When Ron stuffed up that potion we were forced to spend some time together. Draco's really not that much of a prick once you get to know him" Harry said fondly

"So really this is all Weasley's fault. If it hadn't of been for him we wouldn't have gotten together" Draco pointed out. Ron scowled

"So is he the reason you've been smiling so much?" Hermione asked

"Yep" Harry said looking at Draco affectionately

"And Harry was the only reason I sung that song. If his relatives hadn't of died I would never had done it" Draco said abruptly and Harry smiled

"Wait. You told him but not us?" Ron asked in disbelief

"I had too. One of the side effects of the potion was that we could read each other's mind and feel each other's feelings. When I got the news Draco felt my anguish and he came and found me," Harry explained

"That's the only side effect that hasn't worn off," Draco added

"I kinda hope it doesn't" Harry admitted and Draco smiled at him

"Well I don't know what to say" Ron said, shaking his head

Hermione shrugged walked up to Draco and hugged him. When she pulled away Draco looked at

her in shock.

"If he makes you as happy as you have been these last few days then I'm happy for you. I wish you both happiness forever" She said sincerely

"Thanks 'Mione" Harry said kindly, looking hopefully at Ron

"It'll take me a bit to forgive him but I hope you're happy too I suppose. I'm not hugging though," Ron protested and Draco sighed in relief

"Thank Merlin" He muttered and Harry smiled

"You know what this means?" Harry asked Draco suddenly who shook his head

"We can finally tell everyone, we were only keeping it secret because of Voldemort, but now that he's dead we can finally come clean" Harry said and Draco smiled at him

"Your even more of a celebrity now, Harry, I'm sure there's a family who will be only too happy to adopt you" Hermione said kindly but Harry frowned

"But I won't know if it was me they were adopting or the Boy Who Lived" Harry said sadly

"Well you'll just have to live with me then" Draco said brightly

"What? I couldn't" Harry protested

"Of course you could. My father is in jail my mother wont mind and its not like we can't afford it. We Malfoy's have far too much money for our own good" Draco said mater-of-factly

Harry smiled brilliantly and was overflowed with a pure resound happiness. Draco smiled at him gently

"Well, lets get this over with. Ready to shock the Hogwarts population to death?" Draco asked, smirking

"Naturally" Harry replied practically jumping out of bed.

They exited the hospital wing with Hermione and Ron following them, still in slight shock. They entered the Great Hall hand in hand and created instant pandemonium. It probably did not help that Draco spun Harry around and kissed him passionately. Pansy Parkinson was not the only one who fainted. Several people looked as though they approved, others as though they did not and the rest just plain confused.

"Yes me and Draco are together, yes, I just defeated Voldemort, no I won't answer any questions do any interviews or sign any autographs, and yes I am hopelessly in love with Draco Malfoy. If

you don't like it, then tough" Harry said loudly casing even more outcry among the students and several more to faint.

"Well I think we've created all the havoc we can today. Want to skip lunch and go pack early? Have more time for… other things?" Draco purred in Harry's ear making him blush slightly

"Sure" Harry replied and Draco smiled and proceeded to drag Harry out of the room.

Severus Snape smirked secretly as he watched his Godson and Harry Potter leave the hall together. Their feelings were so obvious a blind beggar could have seen them. He did not like Harry but he knew how long his godson had lusted over him. It had all gone so well. He made a mental note to secretly change the potions of his students more often. For the first time in years a smile graced the lips of Severus Snape, Match Maker.

The End

Authors Note: For those faithful readers out there you would have noticed the subtle tip at the beginning of the story about Snape's sneaky manipulations. Darn Slytherin's. For those who didn't notice, however, here it is:
'Professor Snape passed the cauldron, looked in, nodded absently and moved on. The potion flared slightly, but that was it'

Okay, if they'd been doing anything really wrong Severus (as a Potions Master) would have noticed. Also, its quite odd that the potion flares right after he's done leaning over it. Sabotage! A very very subtle hint, I admit it, but it proves I was planning and setting up the scene from chapter one. Hope you all had fun and remember: read and review!