Storyid: 5659401
FanFiction.net
Name: Being Draco Malfoy
Author: IceQueenRia
Chapter 1 to 20

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Chapter: 1

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Being Draco Malfoy

Disclaimer-I do not own Harry Potter, I just like to play

Sequel to 'Being This Boy'. The blonde Slytherin had thought it was tough being in Ron Weasley's body but now in his 6th year he's about to learn just how hard it really is to be Draco Malfoy.

Some of you were disappointed that 'Being This Boy' ended where it did so I would like to take this time to explain why I chose to end 'Being This Boy' and begin a sequel.

The main plot in 'Being This Boy' was the body swap between Draco and Ron and the main goal of the story was for them to return to their original bodies. As that was achieved in the last chapter the story reached its natural end. If I were to carry on with 'Being This Boy' to get the happy harry/draco ending you all want it would be like two different stories placed together e.g it would be like the philosopher's stone and chamber of secrets put together as one book rather than split into two. I hope some of this ramble makes at least a little bit of sense as to why I've opted to write this story in a two part rather than just one.

And now on with the story:

Chapter 1-Mission

He had been nervous whilst he waited for Harry to arrive for their date, but he never truly thought the Gryffindor boy wouldn't turn up. However, on that chill February morning, Draco

Malfoy had waited outside the Three Broomsticks for over an hour but Harry Potter did not show.

Hurt and humiliated, Draco had trudged back up to the castle and cried onto Pansy Parkinson's shoulder. Once he was all cried out he'd grabbed his broomstick and walked down to the quidditch pitch for a quick fly to clear his head and make him feel better. After that he had taken a long relaxing bubble bath in the prefects' bathroom.

Everybody knew what had happened. Stares, whispers and giggles followed Draco and Harry both as they walked down the school corridors. Some found it amusing that Draco Malfoy had been stood up by Harry Potter of all people. Then there were others who thought Harry was a heartless prick for doing such a thing even if it was to Malfoy.

After that day, Draco had made the decision to ignore Harry James Potter. He didn't ask him why he had failed to show up, never insulted him in the halls; he didn't even look at the Gryffindor boy if he could help it.

However, since Theo and Ron were dating, keeping away from Harry proved to be somewhat difficult. So Draco closed off from his friends and started hanging around with Crabbe and Goyle again. If Theo or Blaise tried to talk to him he'd snap at them and send them away. When Pansy tried talking to him Draco acted as though he couldn't hear her. Even the Gryffindors had tried talking to Draco. Hermione was the first to try and she tried time and time again but was never successful. Seamus, Dean, Ginny, Neville and even Ron had all come to Draco individually but he didn't listen to either of them.

Eventually, they had all given up. Hermione had been the most persistent but even she had called it a day when Draco called her a mudblood. After that insult she had struck him across the face and never spoken to him again.

As for Harry, not once had he tried to communicate with Draco in any way and for that the blonde was thankful for it made things much easier. They both continued about their school lives as if the other didn't exist.

Draco was not there for Harry when he suffered with nightmares or when he broke into the Department of Mysteries along with Ron, Hermione, Ginny, Neville and Luna. When Harry had lost his godfather, Sirius Black, Draco was not there to comfort him as he would like to have been.

On the last day of his fifth year at Hogwarts, Draco had packed up his things ready to go home. As he did so he came across two letters in the bottom of a drawer. One was from his father, the second from his mother. He assumed Weasley had opened them whilst he was in his body.

Sitting down on his bed, Draco read over both letters:

Son,

I hope your school work is going well and that your grades are improving. I'm sure you understand that I will be most displeased if I have to suffer the embarrassment of you being beaten by that mudblood girl yet again.

As you have not come home for the Christmas holidays I expect you home for Easter where we will have a special guest. I've told our guest a great deal about you and he is eager to meet you. If you behave accordingly and show the man proper respect you may even be initiated before the summer.

Don't let me down boy.

Lucius Malfoy.

After finishing the first letter Draco had shivered. It was lucky he hadn't gone home that Easter. He had been tempted to because of how miserable he was at school but he had opted to stay.

Draco then read through the letter from his mother:

Draco my darling,

I do hope you are doing well. I'm sorry you won't be with us this Christmas, but taking into account your father's plans for you it is probably better that you are not home. Of course I would love to have your company my boy but I feel you are safer in the walls of Hogwarts.

I know your father has sent you a letter no doubt requesting that you come home for Easter but you must not return. I'm sure I don't need to spell out what your father and his 'lord' have planned for you.

There is little I can do to prevent what your father wishes to happen. I have tried to say that you are too young to take part in such activities but your father is adamant that you join the service of his master.

I fear it may not be safe for you to return home at all, at least not until a certain wizard is vanquished. You must speak to Severus; he'll know what to do.

It may be a while before we see one another again but do not worry my child. In the end, good will always triumph over evil just as it did in the story books I used to read to you.

I love you my son, be strong and be brave, for me.

All my love, mum xxx

It had angered Draco slightly that Weasley had dared to read his mail. It infuriated him even further that the redhead hadn't said anything about it but he supposed he had simply forgotten.

Taking out his wand, Draco had destroyed the letters. He would soon be back home and it was highly likely that he would be forced to become a death eater. He knew he should have confided in someone, Dumbledore, Snape or even one of his former friends. But Draco Malfoy said nothing.

That summer, he hadn't even had time to unpack before his father was dragging him off to meet Voldemort. Upon meeting the snake-faced monster, Draco had felt incredibly sick but somehow he managed to remain calm.

Before he knew it, he was back in his bedroom staring down at the ugly black tattoo that spoiled his ivory skin. There were times when Draco thought death would have been better but then he thought about Harry. He didn't want to leave Harry. Even though they weren't together Draco did not want to die and leave Harry in this world alone. He would return to Hogwarts and though he wouldn't make any attempt to convince Harry to give their relationship a chance, he would secretly watch his Gryffindor from afar.

His mother was worried about something, Draco could tell. When the summer holidays were nearing an end Draco learned what his mother was so anxious about. He was given a mission by Voldemort, a seemingly impossible mission that even the dark lord could not achieve. Draco Malfoy had to kill Albus Dumbledore.

The sixteen year old did not want to do it, of course he didn't. But what choice did he have? If he refused the mission he would be killed but not before Voldemort killed his parents in front of him.

So Draco had gone to a shop called Borgin and Burkes that housed a variety of dark artifacts including a cursed necklace, the Hand of Glory that would give light to only the holder as well as two vanishing cabinets. One of them was broken but Draco ordered the cabinet anyway and insisted that it be delivered to Hogwarts so that he could try and repair it. The purpose of the cabinets was to act as a passageway so that the death eaters could break into Hogwarts. However, the likelihood of Draco being able to repair it was slim but the chances of Draco being able to murder Dumbledore were even slimmer.

It was more than likely that Draco would be dead and buried before he even became of age.

On September the first, Draco returned to Hogwarts for his sixth year. He felt a little better to be back inside the safety of the castle but he could not relax completely. His mother was still at the manor and Draco knew that if he failed his mission, she would die at Voldemort's hand.

During the welcoming feast, Draco kept his head down. He could not bring himself to look at Dumbledore as he gave his speech. He didn't want to kill the sparkly eyed headmaster. He didn't want to kill anyone but he didn't want to die either.

Looking up from his plate of untouched food, Draco gazed over at the back of Harry's head.

They really were on two different sides of the war now.

There's no chance for us Draco thought sadly. *At least not in this lifetime. But he loves me too, he said so himself. That's something.*

When the feast was over and Dumbledore told them to retire to their rooms, Draco walked to the Slytherin common room alone. He passed by Pansy, Blaise and Theo but neither of them looked in his direction or tried to speak to him.

It's for the best Draco told himself. *This way, they won't get put in danger because of me, they won't get hurt.*

He made his way up to his dorm room and changed into his pajamas. He lay down in his bed and pulled the covers over himself but he could not find sleep. Draco tossed and turned the whole night feeling like he was about to crumble.

Why does life have to be so hard? He asked himself. *I didn't ask for any of this. I don't want to be a killer. But if I don't kill Dumbledore, I'll be killed as will my parents. I can't let that monster kill my mother.*

Eventually, in the early hours of the morning, Draco fell into a fitful slumber but all too soon it was time to get up and face the day.

Maybe I should just jump off the Astronomy tower Draco contemplated as he sat down in the hall for breakfast. As soon as the thought had entered his head it left for Harry had just walked in laughing at something Ron had said. *I'd give anything to be the one to make him laugh like that.*

Draco managed to nibble down a single slice of toast before gulping down a glass of pumpkin juice. As he stood up preparing to head early to his first lesson he spied Hermione sharing a secret smile with Snape.

So there's still something going on between them Draco realised. *I wonder if anyone else knows yet. They should be careful, if the dark lord finds out there will be hell to pay.*

To Be Continued

Please Review

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xxx</B

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Chapter: 2

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A huge thanks to the people who reviewed, I wish you erotic dreams about Harry and Draco

Chapter 2-Tick-Tock

For Draco, September seemed to pass by at an alarming speed and before he knew it October had arrived. Time had become like a bully to the young blonde and he felt like a helpless victim. Whenever he was in a lesson that he shared with Harry time seemed to go by agonizingly slow. Yet somehow the days blurred into weeks and passed by in the blink of an eye.

Nighttimes were the worst. Most of the time Draco was up all night and each second seemed like an eternity, yet on the rare occasion when he did get some sleep his dreams were either plagued by nightmares or his blasted alarm clock signaled the start of the new day far sooner than it ought to have done.

Before Draco had time to adjust to the October weather November was staring him in the face. He wasn't having any luck with repairing the vanishing cabinet that he had stored away in the room of requirement, nor was he any closer to killing Dumbledore, not that he'd been trying.

The Slytherin was just silently hoping for something or someone to come along and fix all his problems. But no help was coming; it was just Draco against the world and he was losing the battle spectacularly.

In his first five years at Hogwarts, Draco had never really noticed the clocks in the classrooms. But now in his sixth year the incessant ticking followed him wherever he went reminding him that time was running out and if he didn't succeed in his mission he'd be dead by the summer.

On top of all his worries about the dark lord and his mission, his school work, and his sleep deprivation, Draco was also incredibly lonely. It seemed so long ago since he'd spoken to anyone. His old friends made no attempt to try and talk to him and he made no attempt to talk to them. He desperately wanted to see his mother or at least write to her but he knew it was not wise. In turn, she could not write to him for fear that the letter would be intercepted and the wrong person would discover that Narcissa and Draco Malfoy did not support You-Know-Who.

As Draco was sat alone in a dark corner of the library he spied Harry's mop of unruly hair through a gap in the shelves. Abandoning his Transfiguration essay, Draco crept up to the shelf so he could peer through and watch the Gryffindor. He saw Harry sit down at a table beside Ron

and Hermione. There were leaning their heads close together whispering about something.

Rummaging in his trouser pocket Draco pulled out an extendable ear he'd confiscated off of a first year on his way to the library. Inserting the bottom end into his ear he was able to clearly hear the trio's whispered conversation.

"Honestly Harry if you had any decency you'd hand that book in." Hermione told him.

What book? Draco wondered.

"Just leave it out Hermione." Harry said exasperatedly and Draco imagined they'd had countless discussions similar to this before. "Anyway, what did you want to talk about?"

"A few things." Hermione answered looking around to make sure no-one was eavesdropping.

My dear Hermione you are slipping Draco thought. *You ought to do more thorough checks if you do not wish to be overheard.*

"Will you hurry up Mione?" Ron urged as his stomach emitted a loud growl. *What on earth does Theo see in that boy?* "I'm starving and I have to go and meet Theo soon."

"Do you ever stop thinking about your stomach?" Hermione asked tersely.

I don't think he does Draco answered in his head. *I swear he eats like a Hippogriff.*

"Hermione." Harry pressed wanting the girl to get on with it rather than have her and Ron start bickering.

"Right." Hermione said in a business-like tone. "I've been trying to find information on the Half-Blood Prince and I haven't been able to find a single thing."

"So?" Harry and Ron asked together.

"Doesn't that seem a little strange to you?" Hermione sighed.

Don't bother Hermione Draco thought. *You'll never get an intelligent from those two. You may as well have a conversation with a brick wall. Or yourself. I'd recommend it actually; having a talk in your own head can be quite soothing sometimes.*

"It's a book Hermione." Harry told her. "It's harmless. And what does it matter about who this Half-Blood Prince is? If you can't find any information on them then they can't be all that important."

"What about Tom Riddle's diary?" Hermione asked. "That was just a book and it nearly cost Ginny her life."

"That wasn't just a book though it was a horcrux." Harry replied. "The situations are completely different."

Horcrux? Draco mused. *That rings a bell. It's some form of dark magic I know that.*

"Can we just drop it about the bloody potions book?" Ron asked. "The only reason you're even bothered is because whoever it belonged to was better at you in potions."

Ron let out a sharp yelp and Draco was pretty sure Hermione had just kicked him in the shins.

You deserved that Weasley Draco thought in amusement. *You should know that no-one's better than Hermione in potions; does her little body-swapping trick ring any bells? Although I have to admit Harry is doing really well in potions this year. I suppose that must have something to do with that Half-Blood Prince book you're all raving about. Snape would be impressed, in fact Harry might even be as good as him now…hold on…there is someone better at potions than Hermione, Snape! The book must have been his. He's brilliant at potions and he's a half-blood so it makes sense. Ha, I know who the Half-Blood Prince is and you don't, suck my Slytherin dick you inferior Gryffindors.*

"Fine, I also wanted to talk about Draco." Hermione said.

What? What about me? Draco asked silently as he waited with bated breath for the conversation to continue.

"What about him?" Harry sighed whilst Ron's stomach grumbled again.

"Just go and eat something Ron." Hermione told him shooing the redhead away.

Grumbling to himself Ron slouched out of the library leaving Harry and Hermione to talk alone with Draco secretly listening in.

"You're obsessed with him Harry." Hermione said bluntly. "If you're not reading that potions book then you're looking at the map to see where Draco is."

Map? What Map? Draco wanted to know. *And why's Harry watching me? Shit, if he finds out what I'm doing he'll probably go back to hating me.*

"I just…I just need to know that he's ok." Harry replied defensively.

"So why don't you just ask him?" Hermione asked.

Yeah why don't you? Draco thought. *Wait don't answer, simply asking would be far too simple for our scar-headed savior.*

"It's complicated Hermione." Harry answered.

"Complicated." Hermione repeated. "So you choose to practically stalk him because it's complicated?"

"What else am I supposed to do?" Harry asked her. "We can't be together even if he did still want me. This is the only way I can keep an eye on him."

"He's not your responsibility." Hermione pointed out.

"I love him; of course he's my responsibility." Harry replied.

I love you too my stubborn little lion Draco thought wistfully.

"But I think…I think I'm too late to help him." Harry said.

"Explain." Hermione ordered sounding scarily similar to Snape.

She's definitely been hanging around Snape too much; he's starting to rub off on her. I wonder if she's rubbing off on him…maybe Snape will start curling his hair haha.

"I've been watching Draco carefully." Harry told her. "And every now and then he disappears off the map. He must be leaving Hogwarts."

"Harry that's impossible." Hermione scoffed. "The school is too well protected. Besides, what business would Draco have leaving the school?"

"There's only one explanation." Harry replied gravely. "He's one of them."

Oh fuck, he knows Draco panicked.

"One of what?" Hermione asked before realization dawned on her. "A death eater. Harry that's ridiculous."

"I'm right about this." Harry insisted. "He's joined Voldemort. He's a death eater…my enemy."

"You're wrong." Hermione told him. "Draco would never become a death eater. He loves you too much."

Sorry Hermione but Harry's right this time Draco thought sadly.

Not wanting to hear anymore Draco pulled the plug of the extendable ear out and tucked it back into his pocket before tip-toeing back to his stuff on the little desk in the dark.

He continued with his essay and by the time he had finished Harry and Hermione had left the

library.

Homework completed, Draco dumped his book bag back in his dorm before heading up to the seventh floor and pacing past the room of requirement three times. As he stepped inside he looked around him wondering if Harry was watching him now or looking at the 'map' Hermione had mentioned.

Shaking his head as if to tempt thoughts of Harry to fall away, Draco set to work on trying to mend the cabinet. He remained in the room to the wee hours of the morning still no closer to fixing it. Exhausted, Draco returned to the Slytherin dungeons and crawled into his bed without bothering to change. As soon as his head hit the pillow he was asleep but all too soon the alarm clock was blaring at him to wake up.

I fucking hate my life Draco thought feeling close to tears. *Tick-tock, tick-tock, I so hate the sound of that blasted clock.*

To Be Continued

Please Review

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xxx</B

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Chapter: 3

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Wow, so many reviews for just 2 chapters, thank you so much. I guess you all have a lot of expectation for this story, I really hope I don't let you down.

Chapter 3-The Cursed Necklace

It was nearly Christmas and snow gently powdered the grounds of Hogwarts. As Draco walked through the blanket of snow up to Hogsmeade village his intestines twisted themselves into knots at the thought of what he was about to do.

Hogsmeade looked like a Christmas card and villagers and students alike all seemed excited and

joyful for the upcoming holiday. It was nice seeing people look happy for once, as though the fear of the dark lord and his death eaters wasn't hanging over people's heads like a storm cloud.

However, for the likes of Draco, the threat of the dark lord was still very prominent and would not simply melt away with the snow. At times he tried to forget about his mission and escape into a blissful daydream but it did not help his situation. Every time Draco refocused on the harsh reality of his life he just felt worse than before. He could not escape the darkness; it was as permanent as the tattoo on his arm.

Entering the Three Broomsticks, Draco found himself a secluded corner and sat down at the table alone placing the parcel he was carrying on the table top.

Whilst waiting to be served he peered through the gaps in the branches of a Christmas tree and saw Harry, Hermione, Ron and Theo sat at a table laughing together as they drank butterbeer.

They look so happy and carefree Draco thought enviously as he watched them.

Theo was sat comfortably on Ron's lap absentmindedly running his fingers through his boyfriend's red hair and Harry and Hermione were sat opposite them.

Madame Rosmerta appeared at Draco's side and he wrenched his eyes away from his former friends (and Weasley) to smile pleasantly at the pub land lady. She had her notebook out with her quill poised above it ready to write down his order. Discreetly, Draco aimed his wand at her and muttered a curse under his breath.

"Imperio." He said.

The witch's eyes went out of focus and Draco handed the parcel to her before ordering her to go to the toilets and give it to a Hogwarts student with directions to give it to Dumbledore. Under Draco's spell, Rosmerta did as she was told.

When she entered the toilets she came upon Katie Bell, a Gryffindor student who also played on the quidditch team alongside Harry. Because the girl was reluctant to accept the parcel Draco had Rosmerta curse Katie Bell too.

From his secluded corner, Draco watched Rosmerta go back to work behind the bar. Not long after Katei Bell emerged from the toilets with the package in hand prepared to deliver it to Dumbledore. Her friend followed the girl out asking her what she was doing but Katei did not reply.

Harry, Ron, Hermione and Theo had finished off their drinks and had decided to make their way back to the castle. They were walking a short distance behind Katie and her friend and they witnessed Katie be wrenched into the air before slamming back down to the ground when she touched the cursed necklace.

When Draco returned to the castle for dinner, all anybody was talking about was Katie Bell. He squirmed in his seat uncomfortably and sipped at his pumpkin juice trying to calm down and not arouse suspicion. However he could feel Snape's black eyes burning into him and he was sure the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher knew that he was to blame.

Just stay calm Draco told himself. *Everything's going to be ok. Katie Bell will recover, you heard McGonagall say so. Fuck, Harry's looking at me. Don't make eye contact, just act natural and eat your food. He must know that it was me, he probably hates me now. Just don't look at him.*

After forcing himself to stay in his seat and eat most of the food on his plate, Draco got up and left the hall trying not to walk too quickly or look guilty. He then made his way to Moaning Myrtle's bathroom where he proceeded to break down into tears.

Hearing the sound of Draco crying, the ghost of the girl who had died in the girl's toilets over fifty years ago floated out of the U-bend and hovered beside the sobbing Slytherin.

"This is a girl's bathroom." Moaning Myrtle told him. "You're not a girl."

"Oh well spotted." Draco retorted wiping his eyes on his shirt sleeves.

"This is my toilet." Myrtle continued. "You shouldn't be in here. I only like to have Harry Potter come and visit me but he hasn't been to see me for ages."

The ghost then let out a long sigh followed by a pitiful wail that turned into a mournful sob.

"Oh shut up." Draco snapped. "Some of us have real problems to cry about."

"You don't have to be so mean." Myrtle sniffed. "I am dead you know, you can't imagine how upsetting that is for me."

"Well from where I'm standing being dead doesn't seem like such a bad thing." Draco told her as he turned on the faucet and splashed some water on his face.

"What could be so bad that you'd want to die?" Myrtle asked. "I bet you've never had anyone pick on you. When I was alive I was teased all the time. Olive Hornby always made fun of me about my glasses."

"Oh how tragic." Draco drawled sardonically.

"Why are all you Slytherins so insensitive?" Myrtle asked with a huff.

"I don't know." Draco replied. "Now will you please leave me alone and haunt somebody else."

"No, this is my toilet." Myrtle reminded him.

"Fine, whatever." Draco sighed before leaving the girls' bathroom and heading up to the room of requirement.

I can't believe I just had a conversation with Moaning Myrtle of all people Draco thought as he made his way to the seventh floor.

After checking that nobody was around he slipped into the room of requirement. He wasn't working on fixing the cabinet today. Instead he sat in a comfy armchair pouring over some happier memories in a pensieve. Each memory was of himself in Ron's body spending time with Harry.

How pathetic is my life? Draco asked himself when he pulled out of the memory of the time when Harry had first kissed him when he was posing as the redhead. *The best memories I have are of the times when I was pretending to be somebody else.*

Once he'd grown bored with reminiscing he left the room of requirement and headed back to the lower part of the castle to the Slytherin common room. As he moved through the school the temperature dropped and by the time he reached the dungeons he was physically shaking.

He entered his common room and made a beeline for the fire. He knelt on the hearthrug and stared transfixed at the red and orange flames as he tried to warm up.

On one of the leather couches, Pansy was spread out comfortably reading a book but she set it down when she spotted Draco. Standing up she crossed over to the fire and crouched beside him admiring the way the flickering embers cast an orange glow to Draco's pale skin and golden hair.

"Talk to me Draco." Pansy said quietly.

He turned his eyes to face her and smiled sadly before shaking his head. She made to argue with him but he silenced her with a soft peck to her lips before standing up and heading up to his dorm room.

A short while later Blaise and Theo stepped through the door and Pansy marched up to them.

"Try and get Draco to talk." She ordered before turning on her heel and making her way back to the sofa and her book.

"What are we supposed to say to him?" Blaise asked Theo in a whisper as they made their way up the stairs.

"I don't know love." Theo replied. "Hello might be a good start."

Quietly they stepped into their dorm room and found the blonde sat cross-legged in the middle of the floor with his duvet wrapped around him.

"Hello Draco." Blaise said sitting opposite the boy on the floor. "What's up?"

Draco looked briefly at Blaise before turning his attention to Theo who was leaning against one of the posts on his bed looking at Draco concernedly.

Those two always make me think of chocolate and caramel Draco thought randomly as he took in the brown colour of Blaise's skin and the golden colour of Theo's.

"Did you go to Hogsmeade today?" Blaise asked. "Isn't it terrible about what happened to that Bell girl?"

Oh don't talk about that please Draco silently begged. *That was all my doing. I'm the bad guy here.*

"Is there anything you want to tell us Draco?" Theo asked gently.

"Pansy put you up to this didn't she?" Draco asked even though he already knew the answer was yes. "Look, just do me a favor and stay the hell away from me."

"Draco, come on mate." Blaise tried but Draco silenced him with a deadly look.

He stood up and made his way over to his bed and curled up beneath the quilt.

Just go away Draco willed with his mind. *Leave me alone. Loneliness, fear and guilt are the only companions I need. Just go away. The less you have to do with me the better, you're safer that way.*

"Blaise, let's go downstairs and get to work on those Ancient Rune translations." Theo said. "Draco, we're here if you want to talk darling. You know that right?"

Yes I know Draco replied in his head. *Now go away, I'm so close to breaking down so just leave.*

He heard Blaise stand up and walk out of the room but Theo was still there. The sounds of his feet grew louder and the blonde could tell that the other boy was standing right beside his bed.

He felt the covers being pulled away and turned on his back to look up at Theo.

"Whatever it is, it will be ok in the end." Theo told him. "Sleep well honey." He bent down and pressed a gentle kiss to the crown of Draco's head before following Blaise out the door.

To Be Continued

Please Review

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Chapter: 4

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Thanks for all the reviews guys, I can't believe how many I've got already, thank you so much xxx

Chapter 4-The Dark Mark

Professor Slughorn was throwing a Christmas party. Only the select students of his 'Slug Club' were allowed to attend along with their dates. To Draco's surprise, he had discovered that Hermione was attending the party with a Gryffindor seventh year named Cormac McLaggen.

Why on earth is she going with him for? Draco wondered to himself. *She must have had a row with Severus; he has been looking much surlier recently. I wonder what's happening between them.*

However, his curiosity about Snape and Hermione was soon replaced by hurt when he learned that Harry was taking Luna Lovegood. The Slytherin boy had been sulking in a corridor when he saw the two walking past arm in arm making their way to the party.

They're just friends Draco told himself. *There's no reason to be jealous or upset. It has nothing to do with me now anyway, Harry's not my boyfriend, he never was and he never will be.*

A few minutes later Draco stepped out of the shadows and made his way determinedly towards Slughorn's party not really sure what his plans were. Mostly, he just wanted to see Harry. He was just about to sneak in through the door when the school caretaker, Argus Filch, caught him. The squibb gripped his arm painfully and yanked him inside telling the professor's that he'd been trying to gatecrash.

The blonde kept his head down low as he felt Harry's green gaze burning into him. He also spied Snape glaring mutinously at McLaggen before the head of Slytherin house marched up to his pupil and escorted him out of the room.

They came to a stop in a seemingly deserted corridor and Snape began lecturing Draco about all kinds of things before interrogating him about his role in what happened to Katie Bell.

"Just leave me alone." Draco snapped at his professor as he looked up and down the corridor. He felt an odd tingling sensation on the back of his neck as if someone was watching him.

"Draco, just let me help you." Snape hissed gripping his student by the shoulders.

"I don't need your help." Draco retorted. "This is my mission. I was chosen for it and I'll succeed by myself. I don't need you, I don't need anyone."

"You do not fool me Draco Malfoy." Snape told him. "I know you're scared."

"I am not." Draco interrupted. *I'm fucking terrified.*

"Draco, I know this isn't what you want." Snape said with surprising gentleness.

"It doesn't matter what I want." Draco replied as he pulled back his sleeve exposing the dark mark on his ivory flesh. "This is what I've got. I don't have a choice. Now why don't you just leave me alone and sort out your own problems."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Snape asked as he let go of Draco and crossed his arms over his chest.

Why does he always fold his arms and stand to his full height like that? Draco questioned in his mind. *Is he trying to look intimidating or is it just something he does when he's feeling insecure?*

"Hermione went to the party with McLaggen." Draco answered. "That seems rather a strange thing for her to do. I thought the two of you were all loved up in your forbidden romance."

Both Draco and Snape froze when they heard a small intake of breath. They looked around them but there was no-one in sight.

"You are never to mention or pass judgment on my relationship with Hermione again is that understood?" Snape whispered in a dangerously low voice. Draco merely nodded still darting his eyes about in search of someone. "Good, now get back to your dormitory."

Sweeping his eyes along the corridor a final time, Draco did as he was asked and made his way back to the dungeons. He was two floors below when he heard the sound of somebody stumbling. Taking out his wand he whipped around and demanded for whoever it was to show themselves.

A few seconds later Harry pulled off his invisibility cloak. Upon seeing him Draco lowered his wand and turned on his heel before speedily walking in the opposite direction eager to get away from the Gryffindor.

"So you're a death eater now then." Harry stated as he walked a few paces behind the blonde.

"Mind your own business Potter." Draco sneered.

"I heard what you said to Snape." Harry said. "And I saw you show him your dark mark."

Draco ignored him and carried on walking. As he rounded the corner Harry grabbed hold of him and pinned him to the wall.

Oh fuck, he hates me; he's going to kill me Draco panicked. *Quick, make an escape plan.*

"Why Draco?" Harry asked as he placed his palm on Draco's cheek and gently caressed the smooth skin. "Why did you join him?"

Phew, he's not trying to kill me. He's touching me…why is he touching me? He shouldn't want to touch a cowardly death eater. Gosh I want to kiss him.

"I didn't have a choice." Draco finally answered as he gently pushed Harry away from him.

"What's your mission?" Harry demanded to know.

"Do you honestly expect me to tell you?" Draco asked incredulously. "You're the enemy Potter."

Enemy, I hate that word Draco thought sullenly as he progressed further down the corridor.

"Katie Bell." Harry said causing Draco to pause. "She was on the quidditch team. She's one of the nicest people I've ever met, she's a good friend."

Don't give me a guilt trip Harry Draco begged. *I feel guilty enough as it is. Just leave me alone you Gryffindor bastard.*

"I was there when she got cursed by that necklace." Harry continued. "I watched as she was pulled high into the air before being slammed back down to the earth and I heard the way she shrieked in pain. Was that you? Did you do that to her?"

Why are you asking me this Harry? Draco thought. *You already know it was me.*

Without answering Draco carried on down the corridor and this time Harry didn't follow or call out to him.

He made it back to the Slytherin common room and hurried up to his dorm. There he found Theo and Ron in a passionate kiss and both topless. Draco cleared his throat and the two boys pulled apart and looked at him with swollen lips, tousled hair and red faces.

"Hi Draco." Theo said meekly as an embarrassed Ron pulled his jumper back on. "Are you ok honey?"

Draco didn't respond. He just sat down on his bed and watched Ron's movements out of the corner of his eye until the redhead left.

"Harry and Hermione both had that Slughorn party thing tonight." Theo told Draco. "So I said Ron could hang out here with me."

Draco still didn't reply as he looked down at his perfectly manicured finger nails.

Thank Merlin they grew back he thought. *I thought they were ruined forever when Weasley chewed them all down.*

"Draco darling?" Theo asked softly as he perched himself on the edge of the blonde's bed. "Where have you just come from?"

"The corridor." Draco answered.

"Baby talk to me." Theo pleaded as he rested a hand on Draco's knee. "Whatever's going on let me help. Don't push me away."

"I'm beyond help." Draco replied weakly.

He peered at Theo through his lashes seeing the concern on the golden skinned face. As Theo moved closer and wrapped his arms around him Draco felt something within him break. His bottom lip trembled and before he knew it he was crying into the crook of Theo's neck.

"Ssh, ssh love." Theo soothed as he rubbed the blonde's back. "Don't cry. It's going to be ok. I won't let anything bad happen to you."

Draco cried harder before confessing everything to the other boy. From the look on Theo's face, Draco got the impression that the other boy had already guessed the truth.

"You should go to Dumbledore." Theo advised but Draco shook his head frantically. "Draco, he can help you."

"I'm supposed to kill him." Draco sobbed. "I *have* to kill him."

"No sweetie you don't." Theo said as he cradled Draco's face in his hands and gently wiped the tears away. "I know that you don't want to do this and you don't have to. You're not a killer Draco. You aren't your father no matter what other people say."

"If I don't kill Dumbledore the dark lord will kill my mother." Draco replied. "I have to do this…to protect her. She's my mum Theo, I can't let her die."

"Dumbledore can protect her too." Theo assured him.

"She's in Voldemort's lair." Draco told him. "She's basically a prisoner there. If I betray the dark lord or fail in my mission then my mum's a dead woman. Dumbledore can't protect her, only I can and the only way to do that is to kill Dumbledore."

Theo bit his lower lip not knowing what else he could say. So he stayed silent and held Draco tight in his arms and the two teenagers cried together.

To Be Continued

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Chapter: 5

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Thanks for the reviews everyone, I can hardly believe I've got over 100 already, thanks so much you people are brilliant xxx

Chapter 5-Need to Breathe

It felt like he was drowning. He tried to kick his arms and legs and swim upwards but his limbs were far too heavy. He was sinking, falling down into the watery abyss, water clogging his lungs and depriving him of oxygen. His feet were tangled in the seaweed and the sharks were circling him gnashing their sharp teeth together ready to bite into him and spill his blood. There was a lifeboat but it was sailing away from him. He tried to call out but the water in his mouth prevented him from doing so. The boat drifted further away until it was out of sight. Gone. And Draco Malfoy drowned.

"Draco." Theo called gently as he lightly shook the blonde boy. "Draco, time to wake up sugar."

Mumbling something unintelligible Draco batted Theo's hands away and pulled the covers over

his head.

"Draco come on, wake up." Theo told him sternly.

Oh leave me be Draco thought as he recalled the dream he'd been having. *I was drowning…I didn't like it. But dreams about drowning are still better than getting up and facing the day so Theo can piss off and leave me to sleep some more.*

"Draco darling wake up or I'll have to call Pansy in here." Theo threatened.

Ok fine I'm getting up. Draco pushed the covers off and sat up glaring heatedly at the bronze skinned boy. *Happy now you annoying…um…er…argh it's too early to think of insults.*

"So, it's the Christmas holidays tomorrow." Theo said conversationally as he watched the blonde stumble around getting dressed. "What are you doing? Staying here? Going home?"

"I'm staying here." Draco replied as he pulled his shirt on in such a way that he obscured his dark mark from view even though the other boy knew it was there. "Do you honestly think I want to go home and play happy families with a bunch of evil psychopathic death eaters?"

"Of course not." Theo sighed. "I was only asking. I thought perhaps you'd be spending the holiday with your mother."

"I wish I could." Draco said quietly. "But I'm to stay here."

"I understand." Theo told him.

No you don't Draco thought. *There's no way you could understand. Nobody could. No other sixth year student is a marked death eater with a mission to kill Dumbledore. Nobody else has to become a murderer to save their mother as well as their own stinking skin. Nobody else is in love with Harry Potter…well, nobody loves him like I do anyway.*

"I'm actually going to The Burrow this Christmas." Theo said as he watched Draco buckle up his belt.

The Burrow? What the fuck? Why are you spending Christmas in a rabbit hole?

"I'm a little nervous actually." Theo admitted. "I mean what if Ron's family don't like me?"

"They'll love you." Draco assured him. *Though I still don't see what a burrow has to do with the Weasley's. I mean I know they're poor but surely they don't live in a rabbit hole.*

"Do you really think so?" Theo asked.

"Yes." Draco nodded. "Everyone loves you Theo."

"Thanks babe." Theo blushed. "Hey, why don't you sit with us for breakfast? We all miss you."

"I miss you too." Draco admitted. "But…it's better this way. Easier."

"Come on honey, just this once." Theo begged. "It is nearly Christmas after all."

Puppy-dog eyes do not work on me. They do not. Nope, still not working. You can pout those pretty lips and flutter those eyelashes all you want; I'm still not doing it.

"Ok fine." Draco agreed. "But only if Harry isn't sitting with us too."

Theo beamed before flinging his arms around the blonde's neck and letting out a squeal.

I swear he's part girl Draco thought as he rolled his eyes at his best friend's antics.

Together they made their way to the great hall, Draco strutting and Theo practically skipping. They headed to the Slytherin table and Draco sat between Pansy and Theo with Blaise sat opposite them next to Seamus and Dean.

It was obvious from their expressions that they were all surprised to see Draco sit with them but nobody commented on it. They just continued eating and talking about their plans for their holidays. Draco joined in the conversation and for a few minutes he almost felt happy but as he looked across the hall and caught Harry's gaze on him his spirit dampened. Then when he looked to the staff table and saw Dumbledore licking his plate clean he felt even worse as he thought about what he had to do.

The next day was the beginning of the school holiday and many of the students were preparing to head out to the school carriages that would lead them to the Hogwarts Express. Draco was one of the few students that were staying in the castle over Christmas. In fact, he was the only Slytherin in the entire school that was staying behind unless you counted professor Snape.

It didn't bother Draco, not really. He was fine by himself. He'd spent most of the term on his own anyway so what did it really matter?

Who needs company when I've got my own mind to speak to? Draco asked himself. *Not me that's for sure. I don't need anyone other than myself.*

The young blonde had never been fond of goodbyes so he made sure he was elsewhere when Theo, Pansy and Blaise packed up the last of their things before heading down to the school gates with their trunks. Instead, Draco had opted to wander aimlessly through the corridors.

He was about to round a corner when he heard what sounded to be a whispered argument. Curious, Draco pressed himself against the wall and listened carefully. It didn't take him long to work out to whom the two voices belonged. Round the corner were Hermione and Snape.

"Just stop being so immature Severus." Hermione whispered. "You're supposed to be the adult here yet you're behaving as childish as a five year old."

"I most certainly am not." Snape hissed back and Draco could just picture his teacher stamping his foot like a petulant child whilst Hermione rolled her eyes and tapped her foot with her hands placed on her hips. "This is a very dangerous situation we are in; I'm not sure that pretty little head of yours fully comprehends that."

"I completely understand how serious the consequences might be if we get caught." Hermione replied. "But you need to relax. What does it matter if Harry knows about us? I trust him."

"Well I certainly don't." Snape snapped his voice rising in volume a little.

"If you don't trust Harry that's fine, but you should at least trust me." Hermione told him.

"Too many people know about us already." Snape replied. "Draco knows and now Potter knows too. It will only be a matter of time before Potter tells Weasley who will no doubt tell Nott who will confide in Zabini and Parkinson and then Parkinson will inform everybody who speaks the English language."

"Harry won't tell anyone." Hermione sighed. "I've already spoken to him and he's promised he'll keep it a secret."

"Promises can be broken." Snape snarled. "I suppose you'll be seeing that damned werewolf over the Christmas holiday too? Potter will probably tell him everything."

"He won't." Hermione said defensively. "Now will you please just calm down? I'm about to leave, I don't want to argue."

"Oh just go and snog McLaggen." Snape spat.

"Don't tell me you're still jealous about that?" Hermione asked disbelievingly.

"I wasn't jealous." Snape denied.

"Oh of course not." Hermione replied sarcastically in a tone that sounded almost Slytherin.

I'm not sure I should really be listening to this Draco suddenly thought. *But I've listened so far so I may as well continue* he decided.

"I'll have to leave soon." Hermione told him. "I'll miss the carriages otherwise."

"Then go." Snape said dismissively.

"Severus." Hermione sighed.

"Just go Hermione." Snape said sounding incredibly stressed. "Go on you silly girl go."

"Silly girl?" Hermione repeated sounding annoyed. "Is that what you think of me?"

"Yes that's what I think of you now piss off." Snape replied nastily.

"I really don't understand you Severus Snape." Hermione retorted and Draco heard a wince of pain come from the defense teacher before Hermione's footsteps started to get closer.

As quickly and quietly as he could, Draco took cover behind a statue and watched Hermione storm past him muttering about the male species being complete and utter idiots. Soon after he heard what sounded like Snape punching the wall before he marched away with his robes billowing out behind him.

After waiting long enough to be sure that both Hermione and Snape were gone, Draco emerged from his hiding place. He roamed through the corridors before jogging down the staircase that led him to the giant oak doors of the castle. Standing there was Harry Potter.

Fuck, quick walk away before he sees you Draco told himself.

"Draco." Harry called as he made his way over to the blonde.

Damn it, too late.

Halting in his footsteps, Draco slowly turned around and came face to face with the green eyed boy. They stood facing one another both feeling a little awkward.

Why's he just standing there? Draco wondered. *Maybe I should just walk away. Merlin, why does he have to look so gorgeous all the time? He still hasn't said anything. Ok, if he doesn't say something in the next three seconds then I'm walking away…one…two…three…and I'm still standing in front of him and he still hasn't said anything. Alright then, I'll give him five seconds this time and if he's still just standing there looking all sexy I am definitely walking away. One…two…three…I really mean it this time…four…I will walk away…four and a half…*

"Mistletoe." Harry finally said.

Huh? What? Draco thought puzzled before looking up to see the green leaves and white berries hanging overhead. *Oh…oh…what do I do now? Shall I kiss him? No, no of course not. I'll wait for him to kiss me. He's not doing anything, he's just staring. Well come on Harry, are you going to kiss me or what?*

Slowly, Harry leaned forwards and pressed his mouth firmly upon Draco's. The Slytherins eyes fluttered closed and the Gryffindor wrapped his arms around Draco's waist pulling him closer.

Harry darted his tongue out and traced it over the blonde's lower lip encouraging him to open his mouth and grant him access.

Hmm, this feels so nice. Ok that moan came from Harry not from me. Honestly it did, I would never moan like that, never…oh ok it was me who moaned but don't you dare tell anybody or I'll fucking hex you. Why am I threatening myself? Oh gosh…as much as I'm enjoying this I do need to breathe.

Reluctantly, Draco pulled away from Harry's lips and opened his eyes to look into Harry's emerald orbs.

"Merry Christmas." Harry said before turning on his heel and walking away.

"Merry Christmas." Draco echoed as he leaned against the wall for support and traced his lips with his finger as if to feel for proof that Harry had in fact kissed him.

Well Santa I certainly don't need any presents this year Draco thought as he strutted back to the Slytherin common room. *That kiss was fucking fantastic.*

To Be Continued

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Chapter: 6

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Thanks for reviewing everyone

Chapter 6-More than a Tattoo

That Christmas holiday was without doubt the longest, loneliest and most boring of Draco's entire being. At first he tried to convince himself that it was a good thing to have the entire Slytherin common room to himself but the silence quickly became tedious. Draco missed the

younger years that made too much noise as they practiced spells and played gobstones and exploding snap. He also missed the sight of Pansy draped across one of the leather couches reading a book looking somewhat elegant and ladylike until she opened her mouth to yell for the younger students to quiet down. He missed the sound of Theo singing in the shower each morning and how Pansy and Theo would gang up on Blaise when he annoyed one of them. The young blonde even missed Crabbe and Goyle's snoring and that weird smell that always hung on Millicent Bulstrode's robes.

But more than any of that, Draco missed seeing Harry at meal times or about in the corridors and all the Slytherin could think about was that parting kiss.

What did it mean? Draco constantly wondered as he lounged on the Persian rug by the common room fire. *Did it even mean anything at all? Harry kissed me, I know that much but I just don't understand why…not that I'm complaining because that was one hell of a kiss…way better than the way he kissed me when I was in Weasley's body…eww I so didn't mean that in a dirty way, I wasn't in Weasley as in being in Weasley, my dick wasn't up the ginger boy's ass or anything that's just vile…I meant when I was trapped in Weasley's body because of Hermione messing around with our potions…ok, why am I explaining things to myself? I think I'm officially going insane. Book me a room in St. Mungo's people, a nice one with a good window view if you please.*

Being alone with just his thoughts for company often gave Draco a headache and he was thankful that he was amongst others during meal times. That was about the only thing keeping Draco of sane mind at the moment.

As it was a holiday Draco hadn't been working on the still broken vanishing cabinet. He knew that he ought to hurry up or the dark lord would get angry but his Christmas was already terrible, working on the cabinet would only make him feel worse so he opted to forget about it for the time being. Of course, his mission to kill Dumbledore did not fully leave his mind, nor did the cursed necklace and Katie Bell or the guilt and fear that followed Draco about the castle like a shadow.

There was also another action he had taken just after the majority of the students had left for home. Sneaking into Slughorn's office, Draco had found a gift that had Dumbledore's name attached to it. Opening the bottle, Draco had laced the drink with poison before fleeing the room and silently praying that Slughorn dropped the bottle and it smashed so that the poison would not be drunk. Though at the same time, a very small yet incredibly guilty part of Draco hoped that it would work so that he and his mother would be safe from the dark lord's anger.

At long last the new term began and the school population was returning through the school gates. That day Draco had taken great care in getting dressed and combing his hair. Harry was returning today and with any luck Draco would finally find out what that kiss had meant.

I so hope it did mean something Draco thought as he waited in the entrance hall. *But I mustn't get my hopes up too high; I don't want to be disappointed. Oh no what if it didn't mean anything?*

What if he only kissed me because of the fucking mistletoe? Ok just calm down. Oh look, there he is…Merlin he looks good oh I just want to…um…what the fuck? Why is he holding Ginny Weasley's hand and whispering into her ear like that? Why is she giggling? What's going on? This isn't right.

The blonde watched Harry and Ginny come closer not sure what to make of their behavior. Another student was running through the large throng and accidentally tripped Ginny over. She would have hit the floor if Harry hadn't have caught her.

He shouldn't be holding her so close or touching her so much Draco thought.

His attention was then drawn to Pansy who let out a loud squeal as she rushed over to Draco flinging her arms around him.

"Oh my gosh Drakey, you will never believe what I got for Christmas!" She shrieked excitedly in Draco's ear.

Draco spared her a brief glance before searching the sea of heads for Harry again. After a few seconds he spotted the mop of black hair heading up the stairs with Ginny in tow. He tried to fight his way through the mass of students so he could follow them but by the time he managed to reach the stairs the two Gryffindors were out of sight.

"Drakey are you even listening to me?" Pansy asked as she looped her arm through his and fiddled with a strand of his hair.

"No." He answered before turning away from the stairs and striding towards the dungeons with Pansy clutching hold of his arm.

"What's wrong?" The Slytherin girl asked once they'd entered the common room.

"Nothing." Draco mumbled as he took a seat on the couch.

Pansy sat silently beside him patiently waiting for him to speak. The room was filled with noise as the other students told one another about their holidays.

It's too loud in here Draco complained. *I'm not sure what's worse, this ruckus or the silence I've been subjected to the past fortnight.*

"I'm getting a headache." Draco groaned as he massaged his temples.

"Would you like me to get a potion form Madame Pomfrey?" Pansy asked as she studied him.

The blonde shook his head before heading up to his dorm room, Pansy trailing along behind. They sat together on Draco's bed and a few minutes later Theo and Blaise entered.

"What happened to you?" Draco and Pansy asked together looking at Blaise who had clearly been hit by a nasty stinging hex.

"It was Hermione." Theo told them in amusement.

"That girl's a fucking lunatic." Blaise said as he kicked his shoes off and dropped his cloak and outer robes on the floor. "All I did was say hello."

"Whilst grabbing her ass." Theo added as he picked up the other boy's discarded garments.

"So what if I grabbed her ass?" Blaise asked defensively. "There was no need for her to hex me."

Pansy and Theo just laughed at the dark skinned boy whilst Draco's lips twitched in slight amusement. Blaise then announced he was going to take a shower and made his way to the bathroom.

"So, how were you holidays my darlings?" Theo asked as he curled up on the bottom of Draco's bed rather like a cat.

"Boring." Draco answered before Pansy launched into a long talk of her amazing Christmas. "What about you?" Draco asked Theo when Pansy had run out of things to say.

"It was good." Theo replied with a bright grin. "Molly Weasley is so nice and she's a wonderful cook. Honestly, that woman should own her own restaurant or something. Hermione seemed a bit upset about something all Christmas though."

Hmm I suspect that's because of Snape Draco thought knowledgably. *Now what about Harry and Ginny, what were they doing? Tell me so that I don't have to look like a jealous idiot and ask.*

"But she seemed a bit more cheerful in Christmas day. There was one present she got and she opened it alone in her room." Theo said. "The twins tried to find out what it was but she must have hidden it well because they never found it. She told Ron it was just something her parents had got her but she was obviously lying. I think she might have a secret boyfriend or something."

It must have been from Snape Draco realised. *Does that mean they've made up from that little argument they had?*

"A secret boyfriend?" Pansy repeated nosily. "Tell me everything you know Theo. I will find out this mystery man's identity even if it kills me."

Oh no Draco panicked. *There's no stopping a Parkinson, especially when it's Pansy. And if Pansy finds out the truth she WILL spread it around school and Snape and Hermione will probably blame me for telling her.*

"There is no secret boyfriend." Draco told his two companions.

"How do you know?" Pansy challenged.

"The present was from me." Draco replied.

Something flickered in Theo's eyes and Draco was almost certain the caramel skinned boy didn't believe him but thankfully he didn't say anything. Pansy on the other hand believed Draco's lie without a moment's thought and her shoulders slumped in disappoint at the lost opportunity for gossip.

"Anyway." Draco said changing the topic. "How was…Harry…and Ginny?"

"Fine. Why?" Theo asked with a shrug.

"No reason." Draco replied as he shifted awkwardly. "I just saw them in the entrance hall earlier and they looked a little…close." *I swear to Merlin I am not blushing, the pink tinge to my cheeks is merely a result of the temperature.*

"There's nothing going on with them if that's what you're asking." Theo answered. "Harry's gay love, you know that."

"Draco, what aren't you telling us?" Pansy asked just as Blaise returned with a towel wrapped around his waist.

Despite Pansy's presence, Blaise dropped the towel to the floor and slowly began to dress himself. Pansy's eyes instantly zoned in on Blaise's manhood and she seemed to forget about Draco and Theo entirely.

"Like what you see Miss Parkinson?" Blaise asked cockily once he'd pulled a tight white t-shirt over his head.

"A little." Pansy admitted. "It's just a shame you ruined the mood by opening your mouth."

Narrowing his eyes at her, Blaise stooped down to pick up the wet towel and threw it at the Slytherin girl. Pansy let out an undignified yelp before launching at Blaise yelling out a string of impressive swearwords. She tackled the chocolate skinned boy onto Theo's bed and beat him around the head with a pillow. When Blaise managed to fight her off he ran out the door and Pansy chased after him shouting death threats.

"Hermione's present wasn't really from you was it." Theo stated once they were alone.

"No." Draco admitted. "But don't ask me who it's really from because I'm not telling you. I've been sworn to secrecy."

"Fair enough sugar." Theo replied. "Now back to Pansy's question, what aren't you telling us?"

That Harry snogged me senseless before leaving for Christmas break and I'm not sure what it means Draco answered in his mind.

"Well?" Theo pressed when the blonde didn't respond. "Tell me dragon."

"The day you left to spend Christmas with the Weasley's, I spoke to Harry." Draco told him. *Well, it wasn't really a conversation but we said Merry Christmas…that counts as speaking.* "We were standing underneath the mistletoe and he…he kissed me."

"He kissed you?" Theo asked with a beaming smile. "That little rascal, he kept that quiet. So are you boys going to be together now? Oh you two are so cute together honey."

"I don't know what's happening." Draco told him honestly. "I'm not even sure if the kiss meant anything. Anyway, even if it did mean something, how could me and Harry possibly work? I'm a death eater now."

"You're not really a death eater though." Theo said reasonably. "You don't support you-know-who's beliefs or anything like that. That tattoo on your arm doesn't define who you are you know…just like that lightening bolt scar doesn't define Harry."

"I know." Draco smiled. "Harry's so much more than that."

"As are you sweetheart." Theo said. "Just talk to Harry, find out what's going on."

"But what if the kiss didn't mean anything?" Draco asked fearfully. "What if he's spent Christmas regretting it?"

"No-one could regret your sweet lips." Theo told him. "Come on, you can help me unpack my things."

Oh can I Theo, really? Oh you do spoil me Draco thought sarcastically as he stood up to help.

"We'd better sort out Blaise's stuff as well." Theo sighed. "He'll never do it himself otherwise."

Draco chuckled slightly and concentrated on unpacking in order to take his mind off of Harry.

To Be Continued

Please Review

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Chapter: 7

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Disclaimer-I do not own Harry Potter, Draco Malfoy or any character you recognize

Thanks for all of your reviews, you guys are the best

Chapter 7-The Truth about Harry and Ginny

He wasn't one hundred percent certain, but he was fairly sure that Harry was avoiding him. If Draco spotted him in the halls Harry was gone so fast the blonde questioned if he'd been there at all or if he'd hidden under his invisibility cloak. The Gryffindor never stayed in the great hall at meal times if Draco entered or if he was already there; Harry would simply get up and leave. The blonde had even tried gaining Harry's attention during lessons but that only served to get him an hour long detention with professor McGonagall.

What's his problem? Draco asked himself as he took a seat at dinner and Harry immediately stood up and left leaving his half eaten food behind. *And why's Ginny the one running after him? I'm not sure I like her so much anymore, she's definitely too pretty and she always used to have a crush on Harry. What if he's suddenly decided he's straight or bisexual? I mean I know I'm bi but that doesn't matter. It's only Harry I love; I'm not running off mysteriously with Ginny Weasley trailing behind me. Oh Merlin what if they're hiding in a broom cupboard somewhere locked in a passionate embrace?*

Suddenly, the Slytherin found his appetite disappear. He scraped his fork around the plate making patterns with his spaghetti for a while before taking his leave.

He was passing a classroom when he heard giggling coming from inside. Pausing, he looked up and down the corridor before stepping closer to the door.

It's them Draco thought. *Harry and Ginny, they're in their together doing…doing…oh I don't want to know what they're doing. But I have to know.*

With a fierce expression on his face Draco pushed open the door to find *Hermione and Snape.*

The couple froze but relaxed when they saw it was Draco. Clearing his throat, Snape stepped away from Hermione and fixed his robes whilst Hermione readjusted her school tie and neatened her hair.

"Pardon my intrusion." Draco drawled. "I thought you were…someone else. Anyway, you two really ought to be more cautious. Have you ever heard of a locking charm perhaps?"

Hermione rolled her eyes and Snape glared.

Is he actually glaring at me? Draco wondered. *Or is his face permanently fixed like that?*

Robes billowing out behind him Snape took his leave. Hermione looked at Draco before making to move past him but he caught her arm to stop her.

"What did Snape get you for Christmas?" He asked.

"That's really none of your business." Hermione replied tersely.

"Theo told Pansy about your mystery present." Draco informed her. "She thought perhaps you had a secret boyfriend and she was determined to figure out how." *Oh yeah now that you're all nervous you listen attentively.* "I said the present was from me. I just thought you should know in case she asks you about it, and in case she asks me it might be helpful if I knew what it was."

Sighing, Hermione un-tucked a necklace from her shirt. It was a simple but clearly expensive silver chain with a heart dangling from the end. On the heart was an inscription that bore the words, 'My Girl.'

"Everyone assumed it was from my parents so I went along with that." Hermione told him. "So if anyone asks what you got me I'll just say it's a book then they'll instantly lose interest."

Draco nodded and removed his hand from Hermione's arm. She scanned her eyes over him looking as though she might say something before shaking her head and exiting the room.

You're welcome Draco thought sourly.

He was sat at a desk in the library, his green eyes sparkling behind his glasses and his raven hair wilder than ever. He was drumming his fingers on the desk and had a book opened up on his lap but he wasn't reading it. Harry was just sat there looking up every now and then before checking his watch. He was waiting for someone.

Concealed by a bookshelf, Draco watched the boy-who-lived wondering who he might be waiting for.

Should I try and talk to him? Draco mused. *It's a perfect opportunity…but what should I say? Hello Harry, did you have a good Christmas? By the way, what was the meaning behind that kiss?*

Such questions sounded ridiculous even inside Draco's own head so he stayed behind the cover of the shelves and continued to watch the Gryffindor. A few minutes later Draco caught sight of

red hair.

Please be Ronald. Please be Ronald Draco thought desperately. *Damn, it's Ginny.*

The red-haired girl skipped up to Harry with a massive smile stretched across her face. She sat down opposite Harry looking very much like she wanted to squeal in celebration. Harry shoved the book away and sat up straighter before leaning towards her taking her hands in his.

He's touching her…why's he touching her? What's going on? Draco wanted to know.

"Well?" Harry asked. "What did Ron say?"

What did Ron say? Draco's mind echoed. *What did he say about what? What does that have to do with…with…anything? And does asking such a question really require the two of you to hold hands? No, no it doesn't.*

"He's given us his blessing." Ginny answered sounding delighted.

"Really, that's amazing." Harry replied pulling the girl into a tight hug.

"I know." Ginny gushed. "I mean, I was so worried about telling him about the two of us. I thought he'd hate the thought of us being together but he took it surprisingly well."

His blessing…being together…oh no Draco thought sadly. *They ARE a couple. So that kiss didn't mean anything. Harry and Ginny. Ginny and Harry. Together. Then me, Draco…alone.*

"Come on." Ginny smiled pulling Harry to his feet. "I can't wait to tell Hermione the good news."

Ginny led the way out of the library and Harry followed behind her.

Draco's heart was aching something dreadful. His throat felt tight, like there was a giant lump lodged in his windpipe that he couldn't swallow, his eyes stung and everything suddenly looked grey.

He heard the sound of something breaking…his heart. It must have been his heart, it was broken. The blonde cradled a hand over his chest and felt his mangled heart beating painfully.

Why does it hurt? Draco thought desperately. *Why does it hurt?*

Keeping his head down so nobody would see the hurt clearly etched on his face, Draco made his way out of the library and up to the room of requirement. He took his wand out and once again began work on trying to repair the vanishing cabinet.

Guilt…fear…self-hate Draco thought as he worked. *I have to fix the cabinet so the death eaters*

can enter the school…I have to kill Dumbledore…I have to become a murderer.

He played these thoughts in his head again and again reasoning that thinking about his fear and guilt would be less torturous than thinking of his heartache.

When Draco returned to the Slytherin common room he looked tired and it was obvious he'd been crying. Pansy was by his side questioning him about where he'd been but he didn't answer her. Blaise tried making the blonde laugh by telling his best jokes but Draco acted as though he didn't hear him.

He made his way up to the dorm and gathered his bath stuff before heading for the prefects bathrooms for some privacy. He filled the swimming-pool sized bath then stripped off and sank into the warm water.

Maybe I should just drown myself he contemplated as he stared at his reflection in the water.

When he heard the sound of the door opening he panicked slightly and quickly reached for his towel so he could cover the dark mark on his arm. A few seconds later Theo stepped inside closing the door softly behind him.

"I thought you might like some company baby." Theo said.

Draco nodded and folded his towel back up and placed it by the edge of the bath tub before stepping back into the water. Shortly after Theo joined him and sat close by waiting for the blonde to speak.

"I don't want to talk about it." Draco told him. "It hurts too much."

"Ok." Theo replied understandingly assuming it was Draco's mission that was causing him to be so upset.

They stayed silent and simply washed their hair and bodies before relaxing in the warm water.

"Feeling any better?" Theo asked.

"A little." Draco answered. "But I'm sure I'll feel awful all over again as soon as we leave the bathroom."

"I really do worry about you honey." Theo told him as he wrapped an arm around the blonde's shoulders. "I don't know what I'd do if anything happened to you."

Draco rested his head against the tanned boy's shoulder breathing in the cinnamon scent of the other boy's soap.

"You smell nice." Draco complimented as he leaned closer, his arms winding themselves around

Theo's waist.

Why couldn't I have fallen in love with Theo? Draco asked himself. *He's smart, funny, and loyal and he really cares about me.* He turned his head to the side so he could really look at his friend. *He's gorgeous too. Why didn't I ever notice that before?*

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Theo asked.

I'm just thinking Draco replied mentally as he cocked his head to the side and brought a hand up to rest on Theo's cheek.

"Um…Draco, darling what are you doing?" Theo questioned.

Maybe I could love him Draco thought. *He's not Harry, he'll never be Harry but…I'll never be Ginny so Harry will never want me. I can't have Harry, I need to move on. So why not Theo? He's amazing, I'm sure I could learn to love him. I already do love him, but maybe I could really love him, you know LOVE LOVE.*

Closing his eyes, Draco moved closer to the other boy and pressed their lips together. It was very brief and Theo quickly pulled away.

"Draco, sweetie what are you doing?" Theo asked him.

"I don't know." Draco shrugged. "I just thought…I thought maybe you could love me, that we could love each other."

"I *do* love you Draco." Theo told him. "But not like that. And I'm pretty sure you don't love me in a romantic sense either."

"I could." Draco replied. "If we gave things a try then we could."

"I'm with Ron." Theo pointed out. "And I love him."

Fucking Weasley's Draco thought bitterly. *Why do they get all the good guys? Ronald gets Theo and Ginny gets Harry.*

"Draco what is this about?" Theo asked. "Has something happened with Harry? Did you talk to him about that kiss he gave you?"

"That kiss didn't mean anything." Draco said quietly.

"What? Did he tell you that?" Theo asked.

"He didn't have to." Draco answered. "But I know he doesn't want me. He's with her."

"Her?" Theo asked. "Her who?"

"Ginny." Draco told him. "Harry's dating Ginny. I saw them together in the library, holding hands and hugging. Ginny told him that Ronald had given his blessing for their relationship."

To Draco's surprise Theo let a small chuckle and smiled at Draco fondly.

"You're such an idiot sometimes." Theo informed him. "You've got it all completely wrong. Ginny isn't with Harry."

"She's not?" Draco asked hopefully.

"Of course not." Theo answered. "She's dating Neville."

"Longbottom?" Draco asked screwing his face up in disgust.

"Yes silly." Theo replied sounding amused. "Apparently they've liked one another for ages but Ginny was worried how Ron would take it so she went to Harry for advice. He told her it was best to tell Ron when Hermione and I were around so that we could control him and make sure he didn't react badly."

"So…Ginny's with Neville." Draco stated wanting to clear things up. "And Harry's still single."

"That's correct." Theo nodded in confirmation.

Good, that's good Draco thought. *But I feel like an idiot now. And Longbottom? Urgh, some people have no taste. So maybe Harry does still love me…but I still can't be sure…I still need to talk to him and find out what that kiss meant and…oh Merlin, I just practically threw myself at Theo. I kissed him; he's going to think I'm such a desperate loser.*

"About…um…you know?" Draco asked awkwardly.

"About what darling?" Theo grinned. "You kissing me?"

"Yeah that." Draco said through gritted teeth. *Fucking asshole.* "I'm…sorry. Can we just forget about it?"

"Consider it forgotten babe." Theo replied.

"Good." Draco said as he climbed out the bathtub and wrapped his towel around his waist. "And if you tell anyone I will make sure you regret it."

"My lips are sealed." Theo assured him.

Damn I know that look Draco thought as he saw the sparkle in Theo's eye as he got out of the

bath and began dressing. *He's going to tease me about this every time we're alone for as long as we both live.*

To Be Continued

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Chapter: 8

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Thanks for all the reviews people, have some love xxx

Hey, please check out the story 'Hating Everything About You' by ActorPotter

Chapter 8-My Fucking Valentine

January was fading by incredibly fast. Soon enough it was February and Valentine's Day was approaching.

Most of the girls were bubbling with excitement over the upcoming holiday. As Draco roamed the corridors during his prefect duties he could often find a group of girls huddled together whispering and giggling about the boy's they had a crush on. Much to his disgust, Theo was also chatting non-stop about Valentine's Day.

The caramel skinned boy had droned on and on about his love for Ron so much Draco had ended up hexing Theo's mouth shut in order to get some peace and quiet whilst he completely his Transfiguration essay. Of course Theo just left the room then returned several minutes later having had Hermione reverse the curse.

Draco didn't hate Valentine's Day; he just wasn't in the mood for it this year. Why would he be when the love of his life wouldn't even look at him?

He still hadn't spoken to Harry about the kiss but he had persuaded Theo to ask the Gryffindor about it but Harry had remained tight-lipped. Pansy had suggested that Draco ambush Harry in the corridors, tie him up and then force veritserum down his throat in order to get the truth out of him. The blonde had seriously considered it for a few moments but Theo had talked him out of it.

This year, it seemed like everybody was loved up or at least everybody apart from Draco was.

Hermione and Snape Draco thought. *They may have a forbidden relationship that they have to keep secret but they still love one another. I wonder how many times they've had sex…eww, on second thought that's not something I care to know. And everyone else still thinks know-it-all Granger is an innocent little virgin haha, oh people are foolish.*

As he moved across the room to collect an ingredient for his potion, Draco passed behind Hermione and saw her writing 'H+S forever' on a scrap of parchment. He rolled his eyes before grabbing some pickled toad eyes and taking them back to his desk trying to convince himself that the green colour did not remind him of Harry Potter's beautiful eyes.

"Are you ok angel?" Theo asked as Draco stabbed his knife into the desk without realising.

"Fine." Draco lied. "I just…that table's been giving me shifty looks all lesson; it's about time I showed it whose boss."

Theo frowned at him before returning his attention to his own potion.

And of course Theo has Ronald Draco said to himself. *Which is good, I'm glad Theo's happy even if it is with someone who is ridiculously tall, eats like a pig and has no fashion sense. Theo's my best friend and I want him to be happy…I just wish I could be happy too.*

Glancing round Draco caught sight of Seamus and Dean standing close together and whispering things into one another's ears.

Dean and Seamus have each other Draco noted. *Even if they are keeping it mostly to themselves. I'm pretty sure Pansy and Blaise have been flirting with one another since the beginning of the New Year. Even Longbottom has a girlfriend for Merlin's sake. Neville and Ginny, who ever would have guessed? Then there's me all on my lonesome because Harry is a stupid bespectacled moron.*

Twenty minutes later Slughorn made his way around the room to inspect all of their potions. Once again he declared Harry's as perfect which greatly displeased Hermione.

When all their equipment had been cleared away Slughorn dismissed them. As Draco stepped out the classroom he spied Harry walking up to the professor's desk looking determined to ask Slughorn about something.

Pausing slightly in the corridor outside the potions classroom, Draco mused to himself whether

or not he should wait for Harry to come out so he could try to talk to him. However, before he'd made a decision Pansy looped her arm through his and led him away talking non-stop about all the things she found annoying about Blaise Zabini.

Doesn't she ever shut up? Draco asked himself as he listened to her babble on. *She doesn't even pause to catch her breath. Merlin she could probably write a full-length novel about Blaise.*

When the Slytherin girl had run out of negative things to say she began mentioning all the positives.

Is she under the impression I care about what she thinks of Blaise? Draco wondered as they entered the Slytherin common room having finished their lessons for the day. *Well I can assure her right now in this head of mine that I really don't give a fuck. Hmm…maybe if I cast a silencing charm on her she'd stop annoying me…no, she'd find another way to get on my nerves, she's talented like that. She'd probably write everything down on a piece of parchment and charm it to speak the words aloud.*

The dreaded day arrived, Valentine's Day. That morning Draco woke up with a groan and desperately wanted to have a lazy day where he just stayed in bed eating chocolates and wearing his silk pajamas but little Miss Parkinson had to ruin his plans by bounding into the dormitory shrieking 'Happy Valentine's Day!'

Miserable Valentine's Day more like Draco thought glumly as Pansy stole his quilt covers.

With a bright smile Theo rose from his bed commenting on now beautiful everything was to him. He laced his hands with Pansy's and the two spun around the room singing some song about love.

Dressed in only a black pair of tight fitting boxers, Blaise crossed the room and cheekily squeezed Pansy's bum on the way to the bathroom. Stepping away from Pansy, Theo withdrew a neatly wrapped package from his bedside drawer. The present was wrapped in glittery pink paper with a neatly tied silver bow around it.

He is such a girl Draco laughed to himself.

"He's handsome and he's brave." Theo improvised with a dreamy look in his eye clearly rambling on about Ron. "His hair is red like fire, he's my one true love, my only pure desire."

You've got to be kidding me Draco thought.

When Blaise emerged from the bathroom Draco and Theo went in leaving the dark skinned boy alone with Pansy. Several minute later the four Slytherins made their way to breakfast together, Theo carrying his present for Ron in his hand.

"Accompany me Draco darling." Theo said as he latched hold of Draco's wrist and led him

towards the Gryffindor table where Ron was seated between Harry and Hermione. "I need your moral support."

Theo placed the gift on the table then draped himself across Ron's lap gazing at him lovingly before clearing his throat to speak.

Oh shit not more poetry Draco panicked.

"I look at you." Theo began and Draco placed his hands over his face and watched the scene through his fingers. "You look at me, that's how I know, we're meant to be. You look at me, I look at you, that's how I know, you feel it too. Our eyes connect, and my breath slows, in our private world, where no-one else goes. If you were a bird, then you'd be a dove, pure, free and white, and my one true love."

Theodore, I'm embarrassed for you Draco thought before he fled the room unable to withstand Harry's piercing emerald gaze a moment longer. *Oh yes Draco, that's right, you wait for ages to try and talk to Harry and then when he's ogling your gorgeous body you run away like a Hufflepuff.*

"Draco!" Harry called jogging up to catch him.

Aaaarrrggghhh! He followed me Draco inwardly screamed. *Wait, that's a good thing…I think…maybe…I'll decide later after…after whatever happens happens.*

"I…I'd like to talk." Harry said.

That's nice…you already ARE talking, don't you realise that?

"Walk with me?" Harry asked shyly holding his hand out.

Draco studied the Gryffindors hand for a while trying to decide what he ought to do.

Take his hand Draco; you know you want to one voice in his head said. *No, Harry can't just kiss you then not speak to you for ages and then expect you to hold hands with him and sing 'lalala'* another voice told him. *Oh, fuck it, just walk with him and cherish the moment whilst it lasts* a final voice said decisively. *And don't forget to question him about that kiss at Christmas and make sure you get a sufficient answer.*

Tuning out all of those irritating voices, Draco slipped his hand into Harry's loving how perfectly they fit, as if their hands had been designed for that very purpose.

As they walked through the school grounds Draco began to shiver and deeply regretted not putting his robes on that morning. Noticing the blonde shaking, Harry pulled his robes off and draped them over Draco's shoulders.

"Thanks." Draco said quietly. "So…you wanted to talk about something? The kiss perhaps?"

"You drive me crazy." Harry blurted out unexpectedly.

"Oh well…you give me cause to question my sanity too." Draco replied as he pulled his hand out of Harry's; however he quickly missed the other boy's fingers and soon threaded them together again. "Over Christmas you were all I could think about. I spent my days and nights agonizing over what that kiss meant and since you returned to school I've been trying to ask you about it but you've been avoiding me."

"I'm sorry." Harry mumbled having the decency to look ashamed.

"Just tell me what that kiss meant." Draco demanded.

"It meant everything to me." Harry replied.

Oh for the love of Merlin could he have possibly said anything cornier? Draco thought to himself as he suppressed an eye roll. *I swear if he goes all Theodore Nott on me and starts improvising poetry I will have to punch him in the nose really fucking hard.*

"If that kiss meant so much to you…then why haven't you spoken to me until now?" Draco asked.

"It's Valentine's Day." Harry pointed out. "You're supposed to spend this day with the one you love right?"

"Are you saying that…wait, what are you saying?" Draco questioned him feeling thoroughly confused.

"I love you Draco." Harry told him as he rested a hand on the blonde's ivory cheek. "And I know you love me too." *Prove it* Draco challenged in his mind even though it was perfectly true. "But we can't be together, not with Voldemort out there and not whilst you're working for him."

Draco batted Harry's hand away from his face and took a few steps away feeling anger ripple through him at Harry's gall to bring up the fact he was a death eater.

"I'm sorry." Harry apologized stepping after him and lightly running a hand through the Slytherins blonde tresses. "But it's true."

"You don't have to rub it in my face." Draco snapped. "I didn't have a choice. Now if that's all you have to say I think I'll go now."

"No, wait." Harry said quickly placing his hands on the blonde's slender waist. "We can't be together because it's too dangerous. If Voldemort were to find out he'd use you to hurt me, that's why we can't be together…not until he's dead."

So fucking hurry up and kill him then Draco mentally replied as he glared at the ground.

"But I want us to have today." Harry told him. "Let's just spend Valentine's together."

"What?" Draco asked disbelievingly. "You want me to spend today with you and then what…just go back to ignoring one another tomorrow?"

"Well…um…that's not quite how I'd put it but…yeah." Harry answered meekly.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" Draco asked before turning around and storming away, Harry hot in his heels.

"Draco wait, please let's just enjoy today." Harry begged.

"No, you can't just use me like that." Draco told him throwing Harry's robes back at him.

"I'm not using you." Harry objected. "I love you."

"Yeah and unfortunately for me I fucking love you right back." Draco snarled as he swept through the school corridors towards his common room with Harry following him like his own personal shadow.

"What's your problem?" Harry asked.

"I don't want to spend one day with experiencing what could possibly be and then having it taken away from me tomorrow." Draco answered as he whirled around to face the green eyed boy. "That's just cruel. That's like giving a blind mine sight for one day and then taking it back and leaving him in the darkness again."

Harry let out a deep sigh and looked like he wanted to say something further but Draco turned his back on him and whispered the password before stepping through to his common room.

Before Draco had time to think, Harry had darted in behind him, seized him by the shoulders and shoved him against the wall before he slammed their lips together in a desperate fiery kiss.

Draco's hands flew to the bird nest that was Harry's hair and he tugged harshly on the dark strands before biting the Gryffindors lower lip causing it to bleed. Harry let out a startled gasp and pulled away from the blonde's mouth.

For a few seconds Draco just glared at the chosen one before tackling him to the floor and pinning his wrists either side of his head as he crushed their mouths together in another demanding kiss.

Hearing Harry whimper caused Draco to smirk into the kiss and he ground his hips against the

boy beneath him creating a delightful friction.

"Fuck." Harry gasped when Draco diverted his attention to the Gryffindors neck, marking him as his own.

"Get a room." A voice said and the two sprang apart and caught sight of a second year boy making his way out of the common room.

Pulling away from Harry, Draco stood up trying to ignore his erection. Harry scrambled to his feet and faced the blonde.

"Happy Valentine's Day." Harry said softly pressing a gentle kiss to Draco's mouth.

"Happy Valentine's Day." Draco returned before punching the Gryffindor square in the face. "Now get out."

"I love you too." Harry replied as he left the Slytherin common room holding his aching jaw.

I hate Valentine's Day Draco decided before taking the stairs up to his dorm.

To Be Continued

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Chapter: 9

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Thanks for reviewing everyone

Chapter 9-Nobody to Hear

I don't like that freaky little kid Draco thought as the second year boy who had caught him making out with Harry passed by. *He looks shifty if you ask me…he keeps giving me these weird*

looks, I don't like it.

"Pansy?" Draco asked leaning in to whisper in the girl's ear. "Do you know who that kid is?" He gestured to the mousy haired boy that was just leaving the great hall.

"He's a second year." Pansy told him always eager to divulge information to anyone who would listen. "His name is Damian Sykes. It's not wildly known but he's actually a muggle-born."

"A muggle-born?" Draco asked in surprise and Pansy nodded.

"His father is in prison for murder." Pansy whispered.

"Who did he supposedly murder?" Draco asked.

"His wife, Damian's mother." Pansy answered. "Apparently it was really brutal and was all over the muggle news. Though the way in which she was murdered was very suspicious. I've even heard rumors from the younger years that Damian was the one to murder her using magic. That's why nobody speaks to him; they fear he could become the next dark lord."

Draco couldn't help it, he laughed and Pansy looked very scandalized.

"Honestly Draco it's not funny." She hissed.

"He's twelve years old, he's just a kid." Draco replied. "What's so scary about that? And he couldn't have possibly murdered his mother using magic, the ministry keeps a close eye on underage magic they'd have caught him instantly."

"Oh…I didn't think of that." Pansy admitted. "But still, it could have been him. He could have murdered her in a muggle way."

"Why would he murder his mother?" Draco asked her.

"I don't know." Pansy exclaimed before lowering her voice when people turned to stare at her. "There could be a number of reasons."

"But his father's in prison for it." Draco pointed out. "They must have evidence that proves it was him. There's no way some little twelve year old kid is a murderer."

"You asked me who he was." Pansy reminded him. "I was just telling you all I know."

Draco rolled his eyes before drinking the last of his juice and heading out of the hall.

Over the next few days, Draco seemed to bump into Damian Sykes an awful lot. He passed him in the corridors on the way to lessons, twice he had exited the boys' toilets just as Damian was entering and the mousy haired boy seemed to always sit close by in the common room as well as

do his work in the library whenever Draco was there.

The blonde was just emerging from the room of requirement when he spied the second year appearing round the corner.

That's just too weird Draco thought. *This kid must be stalking me.*

Fixing a scowl onto his face Draco stormed down the corridor and grabbed a handful of Damian's robes then pinned him to the wall. The younger Slytherin wailed in pain as his head hit the wall and his eyes widened in fear.

That's it you little squirt, fear me Draco thought as he glared down at the frightened youth. *Hey that's weird, he has one green eye and one blue eye…I never noticed that before. Now to threaten him so that he wets his pants and stays the hell away from me.*

"Listen up Sykes." Draco spat, his face barely an inch from Damian's. "I don't know what your problem is and frankly I don't care…just stay away from me in future or I promise I will make things very difficult for you. Is that understood you little snot?"

Ha, that'll show the brat Draco thought triumphantly. However, that thought soon left his head when the second year's eyes started to brim with tears and his bottom lip pouted out and began to tremble. *Oh no, I've made him cry.*

Draco released his hold on Damian and the twelve year old slumped to the floor quaking in fear and sobbing as he looked up at Draco through tearful eyes.

Now I feel really rotten. Poor kid, I never meant to make him cry. Maybe he wasn't even following me around; perhaps I was just being paranoid. I should apologize to him.

"Stop crying like a Hufflepuff." Draco sneered. *Hmm, as far as apologies go that's not my best.* "Look kid…I'm sorry ok." Draco told him as he crouched down facing the boy. "I'm just under a lot of stress lately and I took it out on you. It's not your fault. I'm just an insensitive asshole. Will you stop crying now?" *Please stop crying, you're making me feel so guilty.*

After a few sniffs Damian sat up a little straighter and wiped the last of his tears away but he still looked scared.

Well at least he's stopped crying Draco's mind pointed out.

"So…am I forgiven?" Draco asked tentatively.

Damian just nodded as he wrapped his arms around himself trying to look small.

I'm still scaring him Draco realised. *Maybe I should just go away and leave him.*

"Right well, I'll just be on my way." Draco told him as he stood to his feet. "Um…bye." He said awkwardly.

He turned to leave when Damian spoke up.

"I'm sorry I made you angry." He said in a small voice.

"You didn't." Draco replied. "I just thought…it seemed like you'd been following me around for the past few days and I freaked out a little that's all. I was just being paranoid."

"No you weren't." Damian said meekly. "I *was* following you. But I wasn't trying to make you mad or be annoying…I was just trying to be near you because well…of what I saw on Valentine's Day."

If he asks me to get him Harry's autograph I will do more than make him cry.

"You mean when you saw me and Harry kissing." Draco clarified and the mousy haired boy blushed slightly as he nodded. *Did the hat really put him in Slytherin?*

"I just wanted to ask you about it." Damian squirmed slightly and fumbled his fingers together.

"So ask." Draco replied as he leaned casually against the wall and looked down at the second year who peered shyly up at him.

"What's it like?" He asked. "What's it like kissing another boy?"

"It's fucking amazing." Draco answered honestly with a shrug of his shoulders.

"You said the F word." Damian remarked.

This boy NEEDS to be re-sorted.

"Yeah, I say it quite often." Draco replied. "It's not that big of a deal. Anyway, if we're done here I'll be on my way."

"No wait." Damian begged as he stood to his feet. "How do…how do you know if you like other boys or not?"

Oh this is a sexuality confusion thing Draco realised. *Well I don't know what to tell him…I'm rubbish with advice. I know, I'll tell him to talk to Theo.*

"Look kid, I'm really not good with this type of thing." Draco told him. "But my friend Theo would be happy to answer your questions. Do you want us to go and find him now?"

Damian nodded and followed behind Draco as the blonde led the way back to Slytherin domain.

Ignoring Blaise and Pansy, Draco led Damian up to his dorm room where Theo was reading a book Hermione had leant him.

"Theo." Draco said to gain the other teen's attention.

"Hello darling." Theo replied setting his book aside. He caught sight of Damian and raised an eyebrow before looking to Draco for an explanation.

"Theo, this is Damian." Draco introduced. "Damian this is Theo."

"Hi." Damian said shyly.

"Hi sweetheart, nice to meet you." Theo replied politely still looking confused.

"Damian would like to ask you a few questions." Draco said encouraging the second year to step further into the room. "I'll just leave you to it." He smirked before fleeing the room leaving Theo to talk to Damian about sexuality.

Half an hour later Theo and Damian came downstairs. Cheeks slightly pink, Damian walked past Draco and smiled coyly at him before exiting the common room. Looking thoroughly amused Theo took a seat in Draco's lap.

"What's so funny?" Draco asked raising an eyebrow in question.

"Damian has a crush on you Draco." Theo informed him. "Isn't that just so cute?"

Blaise sniggered and Pansy giggled whilst Draco glared at Theo then shoved him off his lap onto the floor.

"Draco has an admirer." Pansy said in a sing-song voice. "That's sooooo sweet."

"Shut up." Draco snapped at them before storming off.

Progress with the vanishing cabinet was finally being made. Draco wasn't sure whether or not he should be relieved at that prospect. He had spent the past two nights in the room of requirement and had ended up falling asleep there.

Theo had noticed his absence but hadn't commented on it much to Draco's relief. Right now however, his golden skinned friend was more focused on the fact that it was Ron's seventeenth birthday.

During their afternoon potions class Seamus and Blaise had suddenly broke into song and soon enough the class, with the exception of Draco, was singing 'Happy Birthday'. Ron grinned broadly as he blushed a brilliant shade of red.

"Congratulations my boy." Slughorn boomed. "It is a remarkable thing indeed when a child finally comes of age. This is truly cause for celebration."

The potions teacher who looked very much like a walrus scrambled through the potions cabinet before taking out a bottle and a glass.

"It was supposed to be a Christmas gift for Dumbledore." Slughorn mumbled. "But never mind." He poured a generous amount into the glass and handed it to Ron. "Happy Birthday my boy, drink up."

An odd feeling washed over Draco and it was only when the glass was at Ron's lips that the alarm bells began to ring.

The poison Draco panicked. He opened his mouth to yell for Ron to stop but it was too late.

The redhead had taken a large gulp then in the blink of an eye he was on the floor shaking violently as foam frothed out of the corners of his mouth.

Draco froze and the scene seemed to play out in slow motion before his eyes. Most of the students moved back their jaws dropping to the floor in shock. Slughorn was spluttering in disbelief uselessly shaking his head from side to side. Hermione was crying and screaming. Dean had buried his face in the crook of Seamus' neck unable to look at the sight. Seamus' eyes were glued to Ron's convulsing body unable to look away. Screaming and crying harder than Hermione, Theo had rushed to his boyfriend's side and looked down at him helplessly desperately shrieking for somebody to do something.

Harry was the one to take action and play the role of the hero. He searched through Slughorn's ingredients until he came across a bezoar. Running back over to Ron he knocked Theo out of the way then shoved the bezoar down Ron's throat.

When Ron's mouth stopped frothing and his body stopped shaking and Theo and Hermione ceased screaming, time returned to a normal pace.

Class was dismissed and an unconscious Ron was immediately taken to the hospital wing. After everyone else had left the potions room Draco hurried over to the sink at the back of the classroom and vomited. He leaned on the basin for support feeling weak and his knees trembling slightly.

What have I done? Draco asked guiltily. *Shit…please be ok Weasley…for the love of Merlin please be ok. Theo…oh gods Theo will figure out that it was me…he'll hate me and he'll tell Harry and he'll hate me too…fuck.*

Turning on the tap, Draco held his hands under the faucet then splashed water onto his face and into his mouth in an attempt to rid himself of the taste of vomit. However, even though the taste of puke eventually faded, the taste of guilt continued to assault his taste buds.

That evening, Draco was pacing up and down in his dorm waiting for Theo to return from the hospital wing. When Theo entered he glared right at Draco before quietly asking Blaise, Crabbe and Goyle to leave the room.

The bronze skinned boy closed the door behind their fellow room mates before spinning round to face the blonde.

Oh shit Draco thought pitifully. *Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit.*

"Ron's still unconscious." Theo whispered his voice sounding hoarse. "That must have been some nasty poison in that drink…I hate to think what might have happened if Harry hadn't acted so fast."

I'm sorry Draco told his best friend mentally as he was currently unable to speak. *I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Please don't hate me Theo, please don't hate me. I'm so, so sorry.*

"That drink was supposed to be for Dumbledore." Theo continued. "The poison was meant for him, not for my Ron."

I don't want to be here Draco thought miserably. *I don't want to have this conversation. Oh I just want my mother.*

"Tell me it wasn't you Draco." Theo pleaded as his eyes brimmed with tears. "Tell me it wasn't you."

"Theo…" Draco choked out shaking his head slowly feeling tears prick at the corners of his eyes. "I…I…I'm sorry."

The other boy clasped his hands tightly over his ears and began shaking his head frantically as he backed away from the blonde.

"Theo please." Draco croaked.

"You bastard." Theo said in a low menacing voice as he dropped his hands from his head and curled them into fists. "You bastard, you FUCKING BASTARD!"

"Theo I didn't mean…I'm sorry…" Draco tried to say as he made to move closer to his friend but Theo pulled his wand out on him.

"If you come anywhere near me right now I swear I will save you-know-who a job and kill you myself." Theo snarled. "I hate you Malfoy." He said coldly before leaving the room slamming the door behind him.

Tears streaming down his face, Draco collapsed to the floor in a tight ball repeatedly muttering

apologies for nobody to hear.

To Be Continued

(Don't hate Theo, just hate me)

Please Review

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xxx</B

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Chapter: 10

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Thanks for the reviews everyone, here's a short chapter for ya'll

Chapter 10-Of Mothers and Children

Since Ron had come out of the hospital wing, Draco had been yelled at by what felt like everyone in the entire school. Theo hadn't said a word to Draco since he'd claimed to hate the blonde but others had made their feelings quite clear.

The first to yell at him had been Ginny. She had used every insult under the sun before firing her trademark bat-bogey hex at him. Next to give Draco a piece of their mind was Hermione. Her hair seemed to cackle with anger, the blazing fire in her eyes burned into his skin and her voice was laced with venom putting Draco in the mind of Snape. After Hermione, professor Snape had in fact called Draco to his office and spoke to him in that deadly serious tone that made so many first years cry.

Then Neville had said his piece to Draco, putting a shocking amount of aggression into it too. Seamus had shouted at him first in English and then in Irish with Dean standing silently behind him with a look of disapproval on his face.

After that it was back to the Slytherins and Blaise and Pansy united together to yell at Draco. They didn't care so much about Ron but more about Theo's feelings.

Finally, Harry had caught him alone and the look of hurt, anger and betrayal in his eyes stung far worse than all of the others' hateful words combined. He had expected Harry to curse him, hit him or at least yell at him. Part of Draco wanted him to in fact but Harry did neither. That look was all he gave to Draco before he walked away making Draco feel worse than he ever had in his entire sixteen years of life.

It seemed the only person willing to talk to Draco was twelve year old Damian Sykes. He repeatedly asked Draco if he was ok and if he'd like some company but Draco always turned the offer down. However, the mousy haired youth didn't give up so easily and he took it upon himself to sit with Draco at meal times and ensure he ate a suitable amount of food. Damian even shared a desk with the older boy in the library and made sure Draco got all of his homework done. Though the blonde wouldn't admit it to the second year, or even in his own head, he was grateful to have the younger boy's support.

The blonde Slytherin had also spent a great deal of time in the room of requirement working on the vanishing cabinet. He had successfully managed to send an apple to the cabinet in Borgin and Burkes. Draco knew it had worked because Mr. Borgin had taken a bite out of the apple before sending it back. However, more work needed to be done. Sending an apple through a cabinet was a far cry from sending a group of death eaters.

If Draco wasn't on the seventh floor or in the library with Damian he was usually walking, or sometimes flying, about the school grounds. He didn't feel welcome in the Slytherin common room anymore and tried to keep out of there as much as possible. Recently, Draco had also made the habit of taking frequent visits to Moaning Myrtle's bathroom on the second floor. More often than not the visit would end in both human and ghost crying.

During one visit the ghost had even offered Draco to share her toilet with her if the dark lord did indeed kill him.

Would I come back as a ghost if I died? Draco wondered. *I don't think I'd like to. Just imagine it, a never ending death spent with Moaning Myrtle. What would people call me? Depressed Draco probably. What a pair we would make, Moaning Myrtle and Depressed Draco.*

Sitting alone by the lake, Draco was immersed in such solemn thoughts when Damian approached him accompanied by none other than Luna Lovegood.

The blonde girl was dressed in a baby blue rah-rah skirt with indigo leggings underneath. With it she wore a pale blue top with long fancy ruffled sleeves with an indigo waistcoat worn over that. She decorated both her arms with a number of purple bangles and wore four beaded necklaces of different lengths and had a purple feathered earring in her left ear and a simple purple stud in her right. She had also fashioned a purple silk ribbon in her blonde hair and on her feet she wore a pair of purple flats.

"Hello Draco Malfoy." The Ravenclaw greeted dreamily as she came to stand in front of him, her blonde hair dancing in the wind.

"Hello." Draco replied politely looking briefly to Damian who smiled shyly before sitting down beside him.

Why do I always feel like Damian's checking me out Draco wondered as the boy scanned his body through his blue and green eye. *Oh I know why…because he is. It feels so strange to have a pre-teen fancy me, not that I blame him. After all I am rather like a Greek Adonis but I'm still terrified the kid is going to try and kiss me or something. And just what is Loony Lovegood doing here? And she's looking at me too…does she have a thing for me as well?*

"You seem sad." Luna observed as she fiddled with her beads.

Really, how can you tell? Draco thought sarcastically.

"Perhaps Harry Potter could cheer you up." Luna suggested. "When he talks to me I always feel better, it's like having a friend. He even took me to professor Slughorn's Christmas party; I had a lot of fun."

Draco smiled up at her awkwardly trying to disguise the irrational jealously he felt as he recalled Harry and Luna attending the party together.

"Harry isn't talking to me right now." Draco told her. "Nobody is." He added in a whisper but his two companions still heard.

"I'm talking to you Draco." Damian pointed out as he scooted a little closer to the blonde teen.

"As am I." Luna smiled. "You shouldn't let yourself be bothered by what other people think of you. People think I'm rather strange but I don't let it upset me. They even call me Loony you know? And they hide my things. But they don't steal my shoes anymore because I always wear a pair to bed, just in case I sleepwalk, and I've charmed the other pairs to kick anybody who tries to take them without permission."

"Oh." Draco simply said his mouth forming into an O shape.

"People avoid me too." Damian squeaked in a voice that was obviously beginning to break. He cleared his throat before continuing. "Some people just think I'm weird because my eyes are different colours and others started up rumors that I killed my own mother."

I've been meaning to ask him about that Draco thought. *I just never knew how to bring it up sensitively but now he's talking about it I don't suppose it would hurt to ask a few questions.*

"Your parents were both muggles right?" Draco asked and the mousy haired boy nodded. "I heard it was your father who killed her and that he's in prison."

"That's true." Damian said quietly.

"I'm very sorry Damian." Luna told him as she placed an arm around the boy's shoulders in a one armed hug. "I lost my mother too. She was an extraordinary woman but one of her spells went terribly wrong."

"My mum was wonderful too." Damian croaked and Draco strongly hoped the kid didn't start crying. "I was the one who found her body. There was so much blood."

"Fucking hell." Draco swore under his breath and both he and Luna enveloped the younger boy in a hug as he cried silent tears. *This boy definitely shouldn't have been a Slytherin.*

As Draco sat with Damian and Luna, two people who had lost their mothers, the death eater's thoughts turned to his own mother. He missed her terribly. He hadn't seen her since the summer. They hadn't even been able to write letters to one another for rear of the owls being intercepted.

I want to see my mum Draco thought. *I have to make sure she lives, I have to…that means I have to make the cabinet work and I have to kill Dumbledore. I don't want to, Merlin knows I don't want to, but if I don't complete my mission it's my mother who will suffer the price first.* Draco's situation was a difficult one. The only options he could see was to either spare Dumbledore and ultimately sacrifice his mother's life as well as Lucius' and his own, or he fulfilled his mission and killed Dumbledore in order to save himself, his mum and Lucius. *I don't care about Lucius…at this point I don't even care about me but I love my mum. I have to save her.*

That night, Draco succeeded in sending a small bird through the vanishing cabinet.

To Be Continued

Please Review

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xxx</B

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Chapter: 11

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Disclaimer-I'm not J.K Rowling, I don't own Harry Potter and if you want Harry to fall in love with Ginny then go read the actual books

Thanks for reviewing everyone

Chapter 11-Forbidden

Young Draco Malfoy couldn't concentrate on his Transfiguration essay. Not because he didn't understand the work and not because he didn't know how to answer the question. It wasn't even because Hermione was glaring at him from across the library. No, Draco simply couldn't concentrate because Damian, who had taken to styling his hair in the same way Draco had his, was sitting much too close to him batting his eyelashes and making goo-goo eyes.

"Stop that, it's very annoying." Draco drawled as he tapped his quill on the table.

"Stop what?" Damian asked innocently.

"Staring at me." Draco replied.

"But I like looking at you." Damian told him with an impish grin.

Rolling his eyes, Draco shook his head and tried to ignore the younger student.

I can't even yell at him Draco thought. *Every time I get angry with the kid his eyes well up and his bottom lip trembles as if he's about to cry and I suddenly feel all guilty. He really needs to get over this whole crush thing.*

"Are you going into Hogsmeade tomorrow?" Damian asked nosily.

"I don't know, maybe." Draco answered distractedly as he wrote another sentence to his essay.

"Could I come with you?" Damian asked hopefully.

"No." Draco said bluntly. "You're only a second year, you're not allowed."

"But Draco, I'll be bored here by myself." Damian whined.

"Kid, if you want me to stay here in hang out with you tomorrow then just say." Draco sighed.

"Well…it would be nice if you did." Damian told him.

"Fine I'll stay." Draco said.

Before he could blink Damian had jumped into his lap wrapping his arms around him in a bone-crushing hug.

"Thanks Draco, you're the best." Damian babbled before planting a wet kiss on the older boy's cheek then exiting the library with a distinct bounce in his step.

Draco wiped his cheek clean letting out a small noise of disgust. He picked his quill back up preparing to continue with his essay when he felt Hermione's eyes boring into him with a greater intensity than before. The blonde lifted his eyes to meet the Gryffindors gaze and raised an eyebrow in question. She pursed her lips, a look that did not suit her, before gathering her stuff and moving to sit on the same table as him.

Oh great what have I done now? Draco wondered as he folded his arms across his chest and looked at her expectantly.

"That boy is twelve years old." Hermione told him in a quiet voice.

"So?" Draco asked confused as to why she was telling him something he was already aware of.

"He's too young for you." She said.

"Hermione, I really don't think you're in a position to lecture me about age difference." Draco said coolly giving her a pointed look. *I mean come on, Snape's old enough to be your father and the two of you are probably at it like rabbits. There's only a four year age gap between Damian and I and we're just friends.*

"Leave my relationship out of this." Hermione hissed. "This is about you and that boy."

"I'm friends with the kid." Draco told her with a shrug of his shoulders. "What's so wrong with that?"

"He has a crush on you." Hermione pointed out.

"Yes I realise that." Draco said. "But so what? It's not like I'm going to lure him to my bedroom and have my wicked way with him. I might be many things Hermione but a pervert isn't one of them."

"I never said you were a pervert." Hermione replied. "But that young boy is very impressionable. I fear you may lead him astray."

"What do you mean?" Draco asked defensively.

"I think you know what I mean." Hermione answered as she leaned forwards and placed her hand over the dark mark that she knew to be hidden beneath the blonde's shirt.

A death eater? She thinks by hanging around me Damian will become a death eater? Draco thought angrily as he scowled at her and pulled his arm away.

Reaching for his wand, Draco cast a spell so that nobody would be able to hear them.

"Damian's a good kid." Draco hissed at her. "He nearly cried when he accidentally squashed a bug with his shoe for Merlin's sake. There's no way he'll ever be a death eater and I certainly wouldn't get him involved in that shit."

"By being friends with you he *is* involved." Hermione retorted.

"Look who's talking." Draco replied. "You're shagging a death eater."

"Severus is a spy for the order." Hermione said. "He's not evil."

"Neither am I." Draco told her. "I didn't want any of this. At least your darling Snape had a choice. He chose to become a death eater; he didn't have a father who forced him into it. He may be working for Dumbledore now but that doesn't undo all the things he's done. If you're under the impression that your lover is some sort of Prince Charming then you are very much mistaken. Snape's killed and tortured plenty of people but that doesn't mean you're suddenly going to become a death eater because he's had his cock up your cunt and Damian isn't going to become one just by hanging around with me."

With that said the blonde grabbed his stuff and stormed off leaving a very flustered Hermione behind.

As he prowled angrily down the corridors he came across Theo, Ron, Neville and Ginny. He quickly ducked behind a statue so that they wouldn't see him. They were talking and laughing together and Draco felt a jealous pang in his heart that he was not a part of it.

I really hope you can forgive me Theo Draco thought as he watched his best friend walk away with the three Gryffindors. *It's funny; I never really knew how much having your friendship meant to me until I lost it.*

Once he was sure the four friends had gone, Draco stepped out from behind the statue and decided to take a walk about the grounds to get some fresh air. After walking around the lake three times, Draco headed towards the dark forest.

Truth be told, the place terrified him. It always had done, especially since he had been forced to serve a detention in there during his first year. He shuddered at the memory of the cloaked creature that had been drinking unicorn blood. Back then, Draco had run away leaving Harry alone, something that the Slytherin deeply regretted now.

I was such a coward. If the centaur hadn't saved Harry he'd surely have met his end that very night and it would have been my fault.

Forcing those dark thoughts away, Draco took a determined step into the trees. He secured his bag more firmly on his shoulder and gripped his wand tightly as he made his way through the branches. Coming to a stand still, Draco listened intently for the hint of any sound. The sound of a twig snapping reached his ears and the blonde froze as he felt a shiver ripple up his spine.

Muttering a charm that would cover the noise his feet made, Draco cautiously made his way towards the sound. Peering through a low hanging branch Draco's eyes landed on Snape and Hermione.

It looks like they're arguing Draco thought to himself. Their mouths were moving and the look on Hermione's face was thunderous but Draco could not hear what they were saying. *They must have cast a silencing charm.*

Making sure to keep himself hidden, Draco watched as the couple argued. He supposed something he had said to Hermione had struck a nerve and that the Gryffindor girl had sought out Snape and questioned him about his past as a death eater.

As Draco watched, Snape took what looked to be a painful grip on Hermione's upper arm and snarled something into her ear. In response Hermione began beating her fists against his chest still screaming words that Draco could not hear but Snape certainly did.

The older man allowed Hermione to keep hitting him for a while before he seized her wrists and pulled her into a tight embrace whispering seemingly gentle words into her ear. She pulled her head back and looked up at him through tear-filled eyes. Reading the girl's lips, Draco determined that Hermione had told Snape she was sorry about something. It seemed that Snape had forgiven her because he met Hermione in a passionate kiss and pushed her up against the trunk of a tree.

Kind of romantic but also incredibly gross Draco thought as he quietly sneaked away. After emerging from the trees Draco looked back over his shoulder in the direction he knew the two to be concealed. *A forbidden relationship in the forbidden forest, it's fitting I suppose.*

Turning away Draco headed back up to the castle. As he passed through the great oak doors he came face to face with the boy-who-lived.

Someone up there clearly hates me Draco decided. *And whoever it is has caused me with a never-ending bout of bad luck…I bet its Grandmother Gertrude.*

Bowing his head, Draco made to just walk past Harry but the Gryffindor, or perhaps Grandmother Gertrude, had other ideas. Harry grabbed his arm and swung him round so they were face to face.

A mixture of emotions passed over Harry's face, each one flickering in his emerald eyes so fast Draco didn't have time to name each feeling. The messy haired boy bit his lower lip as he continued to survey Draco clearly trying to decide what to say or do.

The perfect haired blonde just watched Harry warily waiting to discover what the Gryffindors next words or action would be.

If he hits me I'll fucking punch him back so hard I'll break my own hand Draco said to himself. *If he tries to hex me I swear to Merlin I will hex him first. If he kisses me…I'll probably cum in my pants.*

Finally, Harry simply shook his head as if to rid himself of thoughts and then released Draco's arm before walking away.

And if he walks away Draco thought as he watched the raven head leave. *I'll stare at his cute little ass but deny it if anyone asks later.*

After watching Harry disappear round the corner Draco made his way to the Slytherin common room.

To Be Continued

Please Review

Love and hugs, IceQueenRia xxx</B

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Chapter: 12

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Thanks for reviewing everyone

Chapter 12-As They Sleep

It wasn't a very good day for Draco so far. He'd slept in which meant he missed breakfast and arrived late to his first lesson. After that things just seemed to get worse. When he unscrewed his inkpot another student bumped into him and the ink had spilled everywhere. He accidentally snapped his favorite quill, he walked into the door on the way out and when Damian later asked if the blonde was ok he had yelled at the second year causing him to cry.

Oh for the love of Merlin Draco thought in frustration. *Could this day possibly get any worse?*

Just as that thought passed through his mind a large number of students entered the great hall.

Curiously, Draco peered over trying to see what was causing such a fuss. A few minutes later, Katie Bell emerged from the crowd.

Though Draco was relieved to see she was ok he found he couldn't bear to see her face for it only reminded him of what he had done. Beginning to feel hot the Slytherin loosened his tie and nervously made his way out of the hall keeping his head low so people wouldn't see his face.

However, what Draco was not aware of was Harry's eyes fixed upon him. After a brief word to Katie Bell, Harry followed after Draco.

Shoving past any students he came across, Draco made his way determinedly towards Moaning Myrtle's bathroom. Unable to contain his tears any longer, they spilled out of his eyes and journeyed down his cheeks. He gripped one of the sinks for support as he cried hysterically.

When Harry entered the bathroom behind Draco, he found the blonde shaking uncontrollably as he let out a series of heart wrenching sobs. As the Slytherin lifted his eyes up to his reflection he caught sight of Harry in the mirror. He froze in shock for a split second before whirling round to face the Gryffindor with his wand held high.

Don't give me those pitying looks Draco silently pleaded. *Just go away Harry, I hate having you see me cry.*

"Draco…" Harry began but the blonde was not willing to listen.

He fired a hex at the green eyed boy and Harry ducked out of the way.

Now just piss off Draco thought.

Fishing his own wand from out of his robes, Harry darted back round and aimed a spell at Draco. The curse missed him by an inch and Draco soon sent a spell back.

"Fuck off Potter, just FUCK OFF!" Draco screeched as one of Harry's spells blew up the sink behind him creating a small flood.

"Draco, calm down!" Harry yelled back before narrowly missing being hit by a stinging jinx.

Ignoring him completely, Draco fired another curse that missed the Gryffindor and knocked one of the toilet doors completely off its hinges.

"Stupefy!" Draco called out but Harry rolled out of the way.

"Sectumsempra!" Harry bellowed saying the first thing that sprung to mind.

Sectum-what? Draco barely managed to think before he shrieked in agony and collapsed to the floor, his hands scrabbling feebly at his bleeding chest. *Fuck, it hurts. It hurts so much…what's*

happening…Harry, Harry help me. I don't want to die…I don't want to die…

Slowly, Harry poked his head round the corner to see what had happened to Draco and his heart dropped to land low in his stomach at the sight. Draco Malfoy looked paler than ever as his arms, stomach and chest poured with blood that seeped through his shirt and stained the water on the floor pink.

"Draco?" Harry asked inaudibly as he took in the sight.

To Draco, everything was becoming a hazy blur and Harry's voice sounded as though it was coming from a badly tuned wireless. He was in so much pain that he passed out; the last thing his mind comprehended was Snape's soothing voice saying what sounded like a lullaby.

Everything hurts Draco thought as he regained conscious thought but did not open his eyes. *Hospital wing, I must be in the hospital wing. My head feels heavy…I can't move…it's too painful. The blood…I lost so much blood…oh I feel so weak. Harry…where's Harry? I want him here; I need to see him so that I can punch him in the face for being such a jerk. Honestly, what the fuck was he thinking using that spell on me? I thought I was going to die.*

As his mind raged about the boy-who-lived, Draco felt a gentle hand slip into his own and give it a gentle squeeze.

Um…hello? Draco questioned wondering who it could be. He heard the sound of somebody sniffing and crying. *Oh, it must be Damian.*

"Draco, I am so sorry baby."

No not Damian, its Theo. Yay, sod Potter, Theo's here. How are you? Oh you have no idea how much I missed you. This does mean you like me again right?

"Madame Pomfrey says you're going to be ok." Theo told him softly as he clutched Draco's hand. "You know you had me so scared sweetheart. I thought…I thought…I thought I was going to lose you. Honestly, you have no idea how scared I was."

Actually I think I do Draco replied. *It was me who was hit with that vicious spell after all. For a moment I thought I was going to die alone on that stinking bathroom floor. It was terrifying.*

"I'm sorry for the way I've been treating you darling." Theo continued.

Ha, it's about time you apologized to me.

"And I swear I didn't mean it when I said I hated you." Theo told him as he smoothed Draco's blonde hair out of his face. "I was just angry and upset and…and…"

Stupid, don't forget stupid Draco thought.

"I was so stupid." Theo said.

Good, you've admitted it. In that case I'm prepared to let this whole thing go. I'll open my eyes, we'll hug and we'll never fight again.

Letting out a small groan Draco managed to lift his eyelids and turn to the side to smile softly at his caramel skinned friend.

"Hi." Draco croaked.

"Draco!" Theo yelled happily as he launched himself at the hospital patient causing the blonde a great deal of pain. "Oops, sorry honey."

Maybe I should punch Theo as well as Harry Draco thought as a stabbing pain shot up his entire body from Theo's tight embrace.

"Gosh you had me so worried." Theo sighed still keeping a tight hold on Draco's hand. "I'm sorry, for everything, I'm sorry."

"Forget it." Draco told him. "It doesn't matter." *You're my best friend and I really missed you and I'm so glad I have you back.* "I hurt all over." Draco complained.

"You'll be fixed up in no time." Theo assured him. "And I promise I will give you massages for ever and ever to make you feel better."

"Where's Harry?" Draco asked. "I don't think I'm up to thumping him myself just now but you could do it for me."

"Actually, Harry's still unconscious." Theo answered as he pointed to the other side of the hospital wing.

Turning his head slowly so as not to cause himself pain, Draco faced the other direction and saw a very battered looking Harry on a bed with the nurse bustling around him.

"What happened?" Draco asked.

"Your little admirer." Theo informed him.

"Damian?" Draco asked completely flabbergasted. "Damian Sykes put Harry Potter in the hospital?"

The other Slytherin nodded and Draco wasn't sure whether he should be flattered, impressed, angry or down right scared.

"But…how? He's just a kid and Harry's…well, Harry." Draco said still shocked and confused.

"As soon as little Sykes found out what happened to you he went after Harry himself." Theo explained. "He waited until Harry was out flying and hit him with a spell when he was defenseless. Then Harry fell off his broom, luckily he wasn't too high in the air so there won't be any permanent damage, but he was injured enough for Damian to hex the hell out of him. The kid's in detention until the end of the school year."

Damian put Harry in the hospital? That sounds absurd Draco thought. *And Hermione thought I'd be the bad influence. I guess I know why the sorting hat put the kid in Slytherin now.*

"I'm not too sure if I like Damian so much anymore." Draco mumbled.

Meanwhile, Hermione was stood beside Snape with her hands on her hips tapping her foot impatiently.

"Are you going to tell me what's on your mind or am I to invade your privacy?" Snape asked as he marked some essays.

"What do you know about the half-blood prince?" Hermione questioned.

"Now why would you ask a question like that?" Snape replied though he already knew why she was asking; she had figured out the he *was* the half-blood prince and was now looking for confirmation.

"That spell Harry used was one he found in his potions book." Hermione told him. "A potions book that is said to belong to the half-blood prince. I was merely wondering how you knew the counter spell to such a vicious curse."

"Why with the interrogation?" Snape asked as he set his quill down and faced the girl. "You already know the answers."

"I was hoping you'd tell me I was wrong." Hermione admitted.

"Well Miss Granger, I'm afraid you're right as you so often are." Snape snapped and Hermione flushed a little; he only called her Miss Granger when he was really annoyed with her.

"Why would you create such a horrid spell?" She asked him as she looked down at the floor.

"Perhaps I'm just a horrid person." Snape told her.

"I don't believe that." Hermione said shaking her head.

"In that case you're a fool." Snape mocked. "As you are well aware, I was a death eater. The dark arts fascinated me, they drew me in and I experimented and created my own curses. There was a

time when I was the bad guy, the enemy, you ought to have realised that by now."

The Gryffindor girl didn't reply, she simply continued to stare silently at the floor.

"Hermione, say something." Snape ordered as he took her hand and pulled her into his lap.

"Sometimes, sometimes I feel like I don't even know who you are." Hermione told him. "There's so much that's happened in your past that I can't even begin to understand the man you truly are and how you became him. You never talk to me about your childhood, your teen years or your family. You never let me in."

"My past isn't a pleasant fairytale." Snape replied. "It's not something I care to dwell on and it's not something you need to know."

"I hear you screaming at night." Hermione said. "When I stay in your chambers, you have nightmares but you never tell me about them."

"They are not important." He reasoned.

"Severus do you…do you love me?" Hermione asked as she looked him in the eye.

"You know I do." Snape replied as he pressed a gentle kiss to her mouth.

"Then surely you should realise that I love you too." Hermione said. "Despite all that's gone on in your past, I love you."

"Well in that case, it really doesn't matter why I invented the sectumsempra spell does it." Snape retorted in a smug voice and Hermione frowned.

"At least tell me how you came up with name." Hermione sighed.

"My mother's maiden name was Prince." Snape answered. "And I'm a half-blood, my father was a muggle."

Hermione's eyebrows shot up under her hairline in complete surprise.

"But I thought that…well that…" She stammered unable to finish her sentence.

"You assumed I was a pureblood." Snape supplied and she nodded. "You're not alone. Most people are under that impression."

"Your parents, what were they like?" Hermione asked wanting to know more about the man.

"My mother was a woman, my father was a man." Snape answered briskly as he gently pushed her off his lap. "That's all you really need to know. Now if you'll excuse me I have work to do."

Once again, he refused to divulge personal information to her and letting out a frustrated sigh, Hermione left his office.

Later that evening, Draco was permitted to leave the hospital wing and Theo was kind enough to escort him back down to the Slytherin dungeons. When they made it to the dorm, Draco found that Blaise and Pansy were both there waiting for him.

The Slytherin girl looked like she wanted to sweep Draco into a hug but fortunately for the blonde Theo stopped her and explained that Draco was still very sore.

"I baked you some cookies." Pansy told him as she held up a plate of chocolate chip cookies that looked as though they'd come out of the back end of a horse.

"Thanks." Draco said as he took the plate from her. *I certainly won't be eating those. Clearly Pansy is a terrible cook.*

"I'm really glad you're ok mate." Blaise said.

That's the closest I'm going to get to an apology from him Draco thought.

"We're really sorry about everything Drakey-poo." Pansy piped up. "I'm sorry we've been such bad friends."

"It's ok." Draco replied. *You're the only friends I've got so you'll have to do.*

"Here." Blaise said as he picked up a fluffy teddy-bear and handed it to Draco. "That Sykes kid left it for you."

"So what do you want to do Draco?" Pansy asked him as Theo helped the blonde to his bed. "We could play exploding snap, or I could do your hair. Or if you like we can dress Blaise up as a girl."

"No thanks." Draco told her. "I'm actually really tired. I just want to sleep."

"Oh." Pansy said obviously disappointed.

"You can still dress Blaise as a girl though." He told her and Pansy smiled evilly before looking at Blaise.

"No, come on." Blaise pleaded. "Not again."

Pansy made a leap towards the chocolate skinned boy who fled the room and she ran out after him cackling wildly.

Again? She's dressed him in women's clothes before? Damn, I wish I'd got the chance to see that.

"Do you need me to get you anything babe?" Theo asked gently as he tucked the blonde into his bed.

"No thanks Theo." Draco replied. "There isn't anything I want." *Apart from Harry but he's still in the hospital wing so you can't get him for me.*

"You sure?" Theo checked. "Not even one of Pansy's cookies?" He asked with a slight laugh.

"Definitely *not* one of Pansy's…can they really be called cookies?" Draco raised an eyebrow as Theo brought one of the cookies to his nose and sniffed. *Don't do it Theo, don't eat one. You'll end up in the hospital wing if you do.*

Slowly, Theo too a small nibble before pulling a face of disgust and spitting the crumbs out onto the floor and throwing the cookie across the room.

"Ok, that was gross." Theo exclaimed. "Yuck."

I tried to warn you Draco smirked. *It's your own fault for not being able to read my mind.*

"Well pet, I'm going to go brush my teeth and get the taste out." Theo informed him. "I'll see you in the morning. I'll even bring you breakfast in bed."

"That sounds great." Draco smiled. *Oh Theo you are good to me* Draco thought before he closed his eyes and fell into a deep relaxing sleep.

That night, Blaise ended up sleeping on the floor using one of his shoes as a pillow. Crabbe and Goyle had eaten the cookies Pansy had made and they were both snoring loudly up in the hospital wing after obtaining food poisoning. Theo was sleeping on his side sucking his thumb in the bed next to Draco.

As Draco slept soundly, the figure of Damian Sykes loomed over him gently petting his blonde hair.

To Be Continued

Please Review

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Chapter: 13

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Chapter 13-Get Well Soon

Morning came and as promised Theo brought Draco breakfast in bed. Draco inspected the food and nodded his approval before tucking in.

"Did you sleep well?" Theo asked him as he made some last minute additions to his Charms essay.

"Better than I have in days." Draco answered through a mouthful of pancake. "I had pleasant dreams. I dreamt that Harry was here, he was stroking my hair. It felt so real."

"Are you going to visit him in the hospital wing?" Theo asked conversationally.

Hmm, I haven't really thought about that Draco realised as he chewed on his food. *Well I definitely want to yell at him at some point so I may as well pay him a visit.*

"Yeah, I will do." Draco said. *But I'm not giving the asshole a present.*

"Right well, do you need anything else?" Theo asked him. "It's just that I said I'd meet Ron so…"

"I'm fine, go." Draco told him.

"Thanks sweetie. I'll see you in class." Theo replied as he dropped a kiss on the top of Draco's head.

Shortly after Theo had left the dormitory the door creaked open again. Draco looked up expecting to see Blaise and Pansy but instead he met the smiling face of Damian.

"Are you feeling better Draco?" The second year asked as he bounded into the room and perched beside the older boy on the bed.

"I'm fine kid." Draco assured him pushing the plate of toast towards Damian when he noticed the younger boy eyeing it hungrily. "Now, about Harry…why did you attack him like that?"

"Because he hurt you." Damian replied as though it was obvious.

"That didn't mean you had to hurt him." Draco said. "Two wrongs don't make a right you know."

Damian hung his head and nibbled on his toast; Draco cringed as the crumbs fell upon his bed sheets.

"I only did it because I care about you." Damian said quietly. "My dad was always hurting my mum, ever since I can remember. I never once had the courage to try and stop him."

That's all very tragic Draco thought. *But what the hell does that have to do with me and Harry?*

"Sometimes, I think that if I'd done something before, if I'd have stood up to him, then maybe…maybe my mum would still be alive." Damian smiled sadly and the hint of a tear shimmered in his green eye. "If he had known how it felt to be hurt then maybe he'd have thought twice before beating my mum. That's why I attacked Potter. I thought if I taught him a lesson now then…well, he wouldn't hurt you in the future."

Hmm, none of this is really making any sense to me. But I suppose his heart was in the right place. He was just doing the wrong thing for the right reasons.

"I'm sorry Draco." Damian pouted.

"I don't really think it's me you need to apologize to kid." Draco replied as he draped an arm lazily across the mousy haired boy's shoulders. "Tell you what, why don't you come and visit Harry with me at break time? You can apologize to him then." *And I can yell at him myself.*

Damian nodded and gave a toothy grin before moving off the bed so that Draco could get dressed.

"Close your eyes." Draco ordered and Damian did as he was told.

Once he was clothed Draco picked up his school bag and he and Damian left the Slytherin common room together. They walked down the corridor side by side before parting ways and heading to their different lessons.

When break time came, Draco left the Charms classroom and Damian was stood outside waiting for him.

Has he memorized my timetable or something? Draco wondered before shaking his head and leading the way to the hospital wing.

Damian spoke non-stop about various things whilst Draco strutted along the corridors only half listening. On the way through the castle they came across Luna who was sat cross-legged on the floor meditating.

As they approached the Ravenclaw, Draco cleared his throat and the blonde haired girl opened her big eyes and pressed a finger to her lips indicating for him to be quiet. Draco cast a questioning look to Damian who merely shrugged his shoulders before joining Luna on the floor.

Are they actually meditating in the middle of the corridor or am I having a hallucination inspired by a very peculiar potion? Draco asked himself. Craning his neck round he looked up and down the corridor hoping no-one would see him in such company.

"Hey kid, are you coming to the hospital wing with me or not?" Draco asked impatiently.

"Oh, are you feeling sick?" Luna asked sympathetically as she looked up at him from her position on the floor.

"No, we're going to visit Harry." He answered.

"That's a lovely thought." Luna responded dreamily as she stood up. "I'm sure he'd much enjoy your company."

"Yes well, Damian wants to apologize." Draco told her. "And I want to…yell at him and make him feel guilty for cursing me."

"I think I heard something about that." Luna nodded. "A lot of people were talking about it in the Ravenclaw common room yesterday. Though I'm sure Harry feels guilty enough already, you've really no need to make him feel worse."

"Yes I do." Draco replied. "It will make me feel better."

"I don't think that's true." Luna disagreed as she took a fork out of her robe pocket and began combing her hair with it. "Yelling at Harry won't make your problems go away. Ignoring them won't help either."

"Oh no? Then what will help?" Draco asked raising an eyebrow inquisitively. "Look no offense Luna, but you don't know anything about my problems or how to solve them so just keep your weird comments to yourself."

Grabbing Damian's shoulder, Draco began guiding the younger boy away from Luna and towards the hospital wing.

"Life's like the dark lake." Luna called over her shoulder and Draco paused in his steps to hear what she'd say but he didn't turn back to look at her. "It probably feels like you're drowning sometimes, and there are a lot of things trying to pull you down, like the giant squid and the grindylows."

Or in my case Voldemort and the death eaters Draco thought.

"But you have to keep swimming." Luna continued. "Because if you don't…you'll sink, then you'll never make it back to shore. And if you're too scared to swim alone, then swim with a friend."

Just as Draco turned round to ask her something more the girl was skipping away in the other direction.

"You can swim with me Draco." Damian told him.

"Thanks kid." Draco smiled before setting off for the hospital wing again.

As they passed through the double doors, Harry turned to face them. Taking the seats beside Harry's bed, Draco nudged Damian.

"I'm sorry." Damian apologized not looking the older boy in the eye.

"That was pitiful Damian." Draco told him. "At least try to sound like you mean it."

"I'm sorry I attacked you Harry." Damian said sounding more convincing. "It was wrong and I hope you can forgive me."

"Not bad." Draco said approvingly. "We'll make a proper sneaky Slytherin out of you yet."

When Harry didn't say anything Draco began to feel ill at ease. Noticing the blonde's discomfort, Damian placed his small hand over Draco's larger one. Harry's green eyes zoned in on the contact and Draco noted that the Gryffindor looked jealous.

"You've said you're sorry Damian, you can go now." Draco told him jerking his head in the direction of the door.

"Ok." He replied. "I'll see you at lunch then. Bye Harry, feel better soon."

As Damian made his exit Harry glared at his retreating back.

"Stop glaring, he said he was sorry." Draco snapped. "Besides, you sort of deserved it for using that spell on me. Do you have any idea how much pain I was in? I thought I was going to fucking die for Merlin's sake. I'll tell you something Harry, you're incredibly lucky that you're in a hospital bed right now or else I'd be torturing the shit out of you right now."

"Well it seems your little boyfriend got their first." Harry said harshly.

"He's not my boyfriend Harry." Draco sighed. "I'm not a fucking pervert ok. And even if he was my boyfriend there's no reason for you to be all angry and jealous. We're not a couple."

"Right, of course I shouldn't be jealous." Harry replied. "After all, as you pointed out we're *not* a couple. I'm only in love with you, that's no reason to hate the idea of anyone else touching you."

"Urgh, possessive much?" Draco asked. "Anyway, I haven't heard a single apology yet."

"I'm sorry." Harry told him quietly. "I didn't…I didn't even know what that spell did."

"Well I'm so happy you chose me to test it on." Draco drawled sarcastically.

"Draco it was self-defense." Harry replied. "You hexed me first."

"You didn't have to hex me back though." Draco retorted. "You could have taken it like a Gryffindor and then pissed off and left me alone."

"I don't want to argue." Harry groaned tiredly. "I'm so sick of fighting with you."

"Stop being such a dick then." Draco told him. "All I want is for us to be together but oh no, the big bad dark lord might try and hurt me if he finds out about us." He said mockingly.

"This isn't funny." Harry hissed. "The people I care about most tend to be the one's that die or get hurt…my parents, Sirius. Then there's all the times that Ron and Hermione have been hurt and Ginny being possessed by Voldemort…I wouldn't be able to stand it if anything like that happened to you."

"Harry, I'm already in danger." Draco pointed out. "In case you've forgotten I have an ugly tattoo on my arm that means the dark lord can keep track of me. If I don't do what he asks then come the summer he's going to come after me and I'm a dead man…he'll kill my mother too."

"I'll protect you." Harry promised as he sat up straighter.

The blonde just shook his head as he stood up from his chair.

"I'm past help." Draco laughed humorlessly. "Besides, I still have to do this."

"Do what?" Harry asked.

I can't tell you my nosy little lion Draco answered mentally. *Honestly Harry, I don't want to kill Dumbledore…I don't want to kill anyone but I have no choice. Your mother died to save you and I would gladly die to save my mother…but I can't. In order to save my mother I have to kill. I just hope when this stupid war is over that you and I…if we both survive it that is…I hope we can be together one day, you know, get a happy ending.*

"Draco, do what?" Harry repeated when the blonde gave no answer.

"I hope it hurts." Draco spoke up. "Because that spell you used sure as hell hurt me so I hope

you're in a shit load of pain now."

"It hurts." Harry confirmed. "Happy?"

"Ecstatic." Draco replied with a smirk. "Get well soon you loser."

With that Draco turned on his heel and made his way to Herbology not caring in the slightest that he was over ten minutes late.

To Be Continued

Please Review

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Chapter: 14

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Thanks for reviewing everyone

Chapter 14-A Broomstick Race

When Harry was freed from the hospital wing a day later he entered the great hall during lunch accompanied by Ron and Hermione. His two friends made to sit down at the Gryffindor table but Harry moved on the opposite direction to the Slytherin table. After exchanging a puzzled look with one another, Ron and Hermione followed.

Ron of course sat beside Theo and after casting Blaise a look of disgust Hermione took the empty space beside Pansy. Harry just stood for a while behind Draco glaring at Damian who was sat next to him.

"Are you lost?" Draco asked tilting his head back so he could get a view of Harry.

"Do you mind if I sit with you?" Harry asked.

Actually yes I do mind Draco thought. *I hate when you do random things like this…it gives me a false hope about us having a relationship. You're really such a tease sometimes.*

"Be my guest." Draco said out loud.

"Thanks." Harry mumbled before glaring at Damian again obviously wanting the younger boy to move.

However, Damian merely glared back and continued to eat his lunch.

"Are you going to sit down or not?" Draco asked impatiently.

"I would if he'd move." Harry replied.

"I was sat here first." Damian pointed out. "And I'm actually a Slytherin. I have more right to be sat here than you."

The kid's got a point Draco thought.

"Just sit opposite me." Draco told the Gryffindor indicating the empty space.

"But I want to sit next to you." Harry complained.

"Harry, just sit down and stop being so childish." Hermione told him. "You can't get your own way all the time."

Somewhat grumpily, Harry took the seat opposite Draco and Damian smiled smugly and scooted even closer to the blonde teen just to irritate Harry further.

Merlin I am just so irresistible Draco smirked at the jealousy swimming in Harry's eyes. *But seriously Harry, if other people being near me bother you so much then you should just claim me for yourself, let the whole school know that I'm yours and no-one else can touch.*

"Hey Draco?" Damian asked. "When you're finished do you want to take a walk or something?"

"Sure, why not." Draco replied giving the second year a dazzling smile. *Anything to piss Harry off and make him even more jealous.*

Lifting his eyes up, Draco met Harry's resentful gaze and the blonde smirked wickedly and winked at the Gryffindor.

"Boys." Hermione and Pansy muttered under their breaths.

Theo let out a loud girlish giggle that captured the attention of most of the people in the hall. He blushed slightly and buried his face in the crook of Ron's neck in an attempt to stifle his laughter.

What's so funny? Draco wondered. *Has Theo just realised how tiny Weasley's dick is?*

Raising his goblet of strawberry squash to his lips Draco casually surveyed his surroundings. From the looks of things, Ron was feeling Theo up under the table. He also saw Hermione share the smallest of smiles with Snape. The interaction was so subtle that most would miss it if they didn't know to look for such things between the two. Looking to the right of Snape, Draco's eyes landed on the headmaster. As usual, Dumbledore's eyes were twinkling and Draco was fairly certain that the bearded man had noticed the exchange between Snape and Hermione as well.

As Draco was downing his drink, Dumbledore looked directly in his eye and a voice that was not his own sounded in Draco's head saying, *'One should never be afraid to ask for help Draco no matter what the problem. And do try the gravy coloured fruit cake, it's surprisingly delicious.'*

Completely shocked by having Dumbledore speak to him telepathically, Draco spat out his strawberry squash right into Harry's face. Whilst Harry looked far from impressed at having the pinkish-red liquid dripping from his hair, glasses and down his nose and chin, Damian seemed to find the situation hilarious.

Oops Draco thought to himself. *It wasn't really my fault though.*

"Right Damian, how about that walk?" Draco asked as he stood up from the bench.

"Sure." Damian replied eagerly. "See you later Harry, you've got something on your face by the way."

"Really? I hadn't noticed." Harry gritted out between his teeth.

Just about managing to contain a laugh, Draco led the way out of the hall with Damian following behind him.

The Easter holiday had made itself known and the castle was half empty as so many of the students went home. Draco of course stayed at Hogwarts as did Theo, the golden trio and Damian.

As Draco, Theo and Damian stayed up late one night in the common room Draco found himself wondering who the younger boy lived with now that his mother was dead and his father imprisoned. However, he thought it best not to ask such a question and simply pushed the curiosity out of his mind.

Experiencing a rare Hufflepuff moment, Draco had took it upon himself to buy Damian a few Easter eggs as he wasn't sure if the younger boy would receive any from whoever his guardian was now. When Theo had accompanied the blonde to Hogsmeade and found out what Draco was doing he had quirked an eyebrow in askance but Draco had merely shrugged and said he was just being nice.

"Did you get Harry an Easter egg?" Theo asked on the morning before Easter.

"No." Draco answered simply. *Why would I get him in an egg? He probably hasn't bothered getting me one.*

"So you've got Damian an Easter egg but not Harry." Theo clarified. "That's just a little bit weird."

"Why?" Draco asked. "Harry will get loads of Easter eggs from his friends and the Weasley's, Damian will probably only get some from me. Besides, I like the kid. Anyway, it's not that big a deal, it's only chocolate. And I got you one so there's no need for you to complain."

That afternoon, Draco had decided to take a trip down to the quidditch pitch and have a fly on his broomstick. Damian had come along to watch him and was seated in the stands cheering the blonde on as he raced through the sky.

Having grown bored of watching Ron and Theo exchange saliva with one another and being unable to find Ginny or Hermione, Harry had also made the decision to take his broom down to the quidditch pitch.

At first, Harry had smiled when he spotted Draco soaring through the sky but his smile quickly morphed into a scowl when his eyes clapped on Damian.

Oh I see a sexy assed Gryffindor Draco thought as he noticed Harry down below him. *He's no way near as sexy as me of course. And he's glaring at Damian again. Tut, tut Harry, shame on you. He really needs to get over this whole jealousy thing.*

Once Harry felt that he'd glared at Damian enough, he straddled his broomstick and kicked off from the ground then launched in the air and came to hover beside Draco.

"Hi." He greeted.

That's all he has to say Draco thought feeling disappointed. *Hasn't he noticed my hair? I've styled it differently today…oh the wind's probably messed it up.*

"Um…your hair looks good." Harry told him.

About time you noticed Draco thought feeling much more pleased.

"And yours looks a complete mess as usual." Draco replied. "Race?"

"Alright, you're on." Harry grinned. "Three times around the pitch, first one back wins."

"What do I get when I win?" Draco asked with an arrogant smirk.

"Whatever you like." Harry answered. "Not that it matters because I'm going to win."

Yeah you probably will Draco admitted to himself grudgingly. *In fact, I think I ought to have a head start.*

"Ok…go!" Draco yelled before zooming off.

"Hey, that's cheating!" Harry complained before speeding after him.

"Wahoo! Come on Draco!" Damian called encouragingly from down below. "Kick his Gryffindor ass! You can do it Draco! Show him what a Slytherins really made of! Yeah, go Draco!"

Three laps later, Draco was first back to the starting position. He smirked triumphantly at a disbelieving Harry before gently landing back down on the ground where Damian was rushing over to congratulate him.

"That's not fair. I wasn't ready." Harry whined as he flew down to join them sending a glare at the mousy haired boy as he hugged the blonde.

"You lost Potter, live with it." Damian laughed.

"Hmm, now what shall I take as my prize?" Draco wondered aloud.

"Fine, you win. What do you want?" Harry huffed.

After thinking for a few moments Draco's eyes sparkled with mischief and he leaned forwards to whisper something in the golden boy's ear that made him turn a vibrant shade of crimson.

"Wh-what?" Harry blanched. "You want that now?"

"No, not now." Draco replied. "Later, after dinner. Meet me outside the great hall."

Harry nodded still blushing furiously.

"Until then Harry." Draco said pressing a kiss to the Gryffindors cheek.

"Until then." Harry replied smiling smugly at Damian from the kiss Draco had given him.

The second year Slytherin just rolled his eyes at the older boy before walking away with Draco trying to imitate his strut.

As requested, Harry met Draco outside the great hall after dinner. To his delight, Damian was not joined at the blonde's hip for once. Draco approached him and placed a hand on his lower back

before leading him towards the Slytherin common room.

Draco uttered the password then led Harry inside and up to the dorm room. He shut the door behind him before taking out his wand to set up a silencing and locking charm.

Taking Harry's hand, Draco led the green-eyed boy over to his bed and they sat down together. After placing his wand on the nightstand, Draco turned to Harry before covering his mouth with his own. Both moaned softly as their tongues caressed one another and Harry's hand moved up to run through Draco's silky locks.

Breaking the kiss, Draco fiddled with his belt buckle before unzipping his trousers and tugging them down his legs along with his boxers. He shuffled them down to his ankles and spread his legs apart as far as they'd go, his one-eyed snake standing up proudly.

"On your knees Harry." Draco said huskily and the Gryffindor moved to his knees between the blonde's legs.

Almost shyly, Harry flicked his tongue out to taste the tip of Draco's penis. The Slytherin shivered at the contact and let out a shaky breath.

Fuck that felt good, Harry's definitely got a talented tongue.

"Please Harry…suck me." Draco pleaded. *Suck me?* He thought afterwards feeling appalled with himself. *Honestly, of all the things to say I come out with 'suck me'. That is so beyond pathetic and…oh bloody hell that feels good.* "Yes…like that baby. Get all of my cock in that filthy mouth of yours." *And shut me up so I stop saying such embarrassing things…shit, that's amazing.*

As Harry relaxed his throat muscles and took Draco's length into the warm cavern of his mouth, the blonde let out a series of moans and whimpers. Once Harry had taken him all the way in and his nose was buried in Draco's golden pubic hair, he let out a soft hum that sent a delightful vibration up the length of Draco's cock making his balls tighten as he panted in pleasure.

"Oh fuck Harry…so…amaz…amazing…" Draco stuttered between gasps.

Bringing his hand up to massage Draco's balls, Harry continued to bob his head up and down sucking Draco as best as he could.

Without realizing, Draco gripped hold of Harry's hair as his hips jerked upwards instinctively. Harry gagged a little but continued to work his mouth over Draco's dick. As Harry looked up, Draco looked down and their eyes locked on to one another's.

When he felt his orgasm approaching, Draco unknotted his fingers from Harry's hair and gripped the bed sheets instead. He chanted the Gryffindors name repeatedly as his thighs began to tremble with pleasure and he was soon exploding into Harry's throat.

Choking slightly, Harry swallowed most of what Draco had to offer and the rest he spat onto the floor then vanished away with his wand.

Wow! Was all the voice in Draco's head could say as he waited for his breathing to return to normal. *Wow!*

He was mildly aware of Harry pulling faces at the taste of his cum but Draco was too contented to care.

"Thank you." Draco breathed once he'd tucked himself away and pulled his trousers back up.

Harry just nodded before slowly standing up, it was then that Draco noticed the hardness between Harry's legs.

I suppose I'd better help him with his problem Draco sighed. *It's only fair.*

Leaning forwards, Draco unfastened Harry's too large trousers and led them pool around Harry's ankles. He then pushed his boxers down his hips before wrapping his hand around Harry's thick member and gently pulling the boy closer to him.

He positioned Harry on his back in his bed and made himself comfortable beside him as he pumped his hard phallic up and down until he had the boy-who-lived writhing beneath him in ecstasy.

Gosh he looks so fuckable right now Draco thought lustfully. *I just want to pound that hot little ass of his…or have that impressive cock buried inside of me…I'm not really fussed either way.* Draco licked his lower lip as he tugged on Harry harder and harder making the boy whimper at the friction.

"Gah…Draco." Harry moaned.

Mmm, I love how he says my name like that Draco smirked. *He looks and sounds like such a slut but still looks innocent at the same time.*

After another few pulls on Harry's shaft, the boy was spilling his seed everywhere.

Using his wand, Draco cleaned the mess away before helping Harry cover his privates back up. He then leaned down and melded his lips with Harry's again.

Their lips parted and Harry gently pushed Draco away before moving off the bed and crossing to the door.

"Harry, wait." Draco begged and the bespectacled boy paused with his hand on the door knob. "Are we…can we…what did that mean?"

"It was your prize for winning the race." Harry answered. "Nothing more. We can't be together…it's too dangerous. I'm sorry."

"Fuck you Potter." Draco snapped. "Just get out."

With a nod, Harry left the dormitory not once looking back.

So here I am Draco thought. *All alone…again.*

A short while later Theo stepped into the room sporting a heavy love bite on his neck.

"Hello gorgeous." Theo greeted with a beaming smile.

Draco smiled back halfheartedly before letting out a hiss of pain and clutching his arm.

"Draco?" Theo asked in concern.

"I'm fine." Draco gritted out through clenched teeth. "The dark lord was calling. I expect Snape and the other death eaters will be on their way to grovel at his feet right about now."

"What about you? You're not going right?" Theo asked frantically.

"Of course not." Draco assured him as the burn became a mild throbbing pain. "Dumbledore's not supposed to know I'm marked…though he probably already does…and I'm sure he knows what I'm planning to do."

"Babe, you aren't seriously thinking of following this through?" Theo questioned. "This is ridiculous Draco. You're not evil, I know you're not. You aren't a killer. This is just…it's just…"

"It's fucked up, that's what it is." Draco interjected. "But that's the reality that is my life. There's no escaping it."

"Yes there is." Theo said adamantly. "Just go to Dumbledore, explain your situation to him, and ask for his help…please. Do it for me."

Draco shook his head sadly.

"I can't." He told him. "I have to do this. For my mother. Think Theo, if you were in my position and it was Ronald's life that was being threatened, what would you do?"

Casting his eyes to the floor Theo let out a shaky sigh before nodding.

"I'd do it." Theo admitted. "If that's the price I had to pay for saving someone I love I'd do it. I understand honey."

"I'm scared." Draco confessed.

"Well of course, I'm scared for you." Theo replied. "You-know-who must be so frightening."

"Not of him." Draco said quietly.

"Then what?" Theo asked. "Are you afraid of Dumbledore…of Harry?"

"Me." Draco answered. "I'm scared of me…what if…what if I turn out like Lucius?"

The bronze skinned boy opened his mouth to say that wasn't possible but the words never made it out of his throat. Instead he simply pulled his best friend into a tight embrace offering what comfort he could. Quietly, Damian crept into the room and joined them rubbing Draco's back soothingly.

To Be Continued

Please Review

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xxx</b

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Chapter: 15

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Thanks for reviewing everyone, hope you like

Chapter 15-The Hospital Patient

After being comforted by Theo and Damian, Draco opted to take a relaxing bath in the prefect's bathrooms. Damian had offered to join him but Theo had told the younger boy no before Draco could open his mouth.

I'd have said no of course Draco said to himself as he moved through the corridors. *I mean I like the kid but I don't want him checking me out when I'm naked and wet. He'd probably get a boner if he saw me in the bath. It is understandable of course, I mean I'm totally fucking sexy…so sexy,*

yet Harry doesn't want me.

Whispering the password, Draco entered the large bathroom and padded across the marble floor and set his things down beside the swimming pool sized tub.

He moved around turning some of the taps on and waited for the bath to fill. The mermaid in the portrait kept flipping her hair and giggling obviously wanting his attention but he completely ignored her.

Just as he was turning the taps off the door opened and he turned around to see Hermione stepping inside wearing what he recognized as Snape's bathrobe and carrying a fluffy towel.

"Hermione." He greeted.

"Hello Draco." She replied politely and the blonde could hear the worry creeping into her voice. "Um, do you mind if I join you?"

"Be my guest." Draco said gently as he slowly peeled his clothes off.

The Gryffindor girl followed his lead and the two nude teenagers were soon bathing in the water and multi-coloured scented bubbles.

Fuck, I can see the tops of her tits Draco realised. *Don't look Draco, don't look. If Snape caught you looking he'd hex you and if Hermione catches you looking she'll fucking castrate you. Oh damn I'm looking at them.*

Draco slammed his eyes shut and Hermione shot him a puzzled look that he was unable to see.

"Are you alright?" She asked.

"Fine." Draco answered. "I just got one of the bubbles in my eye."

Slowly, Draco opened his eyes and once again his gaze focused on the girls breasts. He mentally slapped himself before turning his head away and forcing himself to focus on the mermaid portrait.

"You're determinedly trying not to stare at my boobs aren't you?" Hermione asked knowingly.

"I'm a guy ok, I can't help it." Draco said defensively. *And the fact that you happen to have such a lovely pair doesn't make things easier. Oh why couldn't I be completely gay? If I was I wouldn't have this problem, but no, I have to be all bisexual don't I?*

"For Merlin's sake Draco, they're only breasts." Hermione sighed as she rolled her eyes. "They aren't that fascinating."

Maybe not to you but they are to a guy Draco thought.

"Boys." Hermione muttered under her breath before climbing out of the tub and reaching for her towel.

As she dried off, Draco kept his back to her. Once she was dressed with Snape's bathrobe around her she told him she was leaving. He looked over his shoulder and muttered a goodbye to her as he watched her leave.

Shaking his head, Draco ducked under the water holding his breath before coming back up. He swam a few lengths of the bath before taking his time with washing his hair.

Once he was done he hopped out of the water and the mermaid let out a soft giggle and made a comment about his bum. Draco just smirked to himself as he dried off and redressed. After letting the water go he left the bathroom and made his way towards Slytherin.

As he was walking down the corridor that would lead to his common room he spotted a lone figure curled up outside the door to Snape's office. When Draco moved closer he realised that it was Hermione sat on the floor against the wall with Crookshanks in her lap.

She must know that he's at a meeting Draco guessed. *I suppose she's upset and worrying. I ought to comfort her.*

"He'll be alright." Draco spoke softly as he crouched down so he was at eyelevel with her. "He knows how to handle himself. He'll come back to you."

Hermione let out a small sob and Crookshanks purred and rubbed his squashed head against his owner in a gesture of comfort.

"Why don't we go inside and wait for him?" Draco suggested. "You can't sit out here in the corridor all night."

"The door's locked." Hermione replied glumly.

Oh yeah, duh Draco thought.

"Well then, do you want me to walk you back to your common room or do you want to hang out with me and Theo?" Draco asked her.

"Let's go to your common room." Hermione decided.

Standing up, Draco held out his hand and helped the girl to her feet and together they made their way to the Slytherin common room with Crookshanks following behind them.

They sat down in the leather arm chairs by the fire where Theo was laughing to himself as he

read a book.

"What's funny?" Draco asked as he peered at the title of the obviously muggle book. *Twilight? What's that?*

"The vampires." Theo explained. "They sparkle."

The golden skinned boy laughed again and continued reading leaving Draco very confused. *What the fuck? Vampires don't sparkle.*

When Theo grew tired he marked the page in his book then headed up to the dorm leaving Draco with Hermione and Crookshanks.

"So, where's your stalker?" Hermione asked as Crookshanks jumped down from her lap to settle upon Draco's.

"Damian doesn't stalk me." Draco defended. *Much* he added to himself as an afterthought. "He must be in bed."

"I still can't believe how badly he injured Harry." Hermione said disapprovingly. "I'm surprised you still permit him to hang around with you."

"Hey, when everyone turned their backs on me because of the poisoning fiasco with Ronald, Damian was the only friend I had. Well, him and Luna…and I suppose Moaning Myrtle." Draco told her. "Besides, he only attacked Harry on my behalf and I know that doesn't excuse his actions but…well, it's kind of sweet even if it is in a slightly creepy way. He's a good kid Hermione, and he's lonely. All he wants is a friend and why shouldn't it be me?"

"Well I think you should be cautious around him." Hermione replied. "Child or not who knows what he's capable of. And it was very dirty for him to attack Harry when he was unharmed."

"Of course it was dirty." Draco smirked. "He's a Slytherin."

Hermione frowned at him before positioning herself more comfortably on the couch and watching Draco stroke Crookshanks.

"I know." Hermione said drowsily as she struggled to keep her eyes open.

Shit, what does she know? Draco panicked.

"About your mission." Hermione continued. "To kill Dumbledore."

Fuck, how did she know? Oh of course, Snape would have told her.

"That's none of your business." Draco told her sternly. *Please Merlin, don't let her tell Harry the*

truth, I don't want him to know.

"You won't do it." Hermione said matter of factly as her eyes fluttered. "I know you won't."

She released a loud yawn before drifting into a peaceful slumber.

"I will." Draco told himself determinedly. "I have to."

Crookshanks purred in response before curling up to sleep. Draco rested his head on the back of the seat and stared blankly at the ceiling, one hand still stroking the cats matted ginger fur.

Just as Draco was beginning to drift off to sleep himself, somebody was shaking him awake.

"Huh?" Draco asked dumbly as he opened his eyes and looked around.

A hand slapped him round the face and Draco complained about the pain as he glared up at his head of house.

"For heavens sake Draco, wake up." Snape snapped at him.

"Severus?" Hermione asked hopefully as her lover's voice roused her from her dreams. "Severus, you're safe." She cried happily.

"Of course I'm safe you silly girl." He told her as she lunged at him locking her arms around his person. "I promised you I'd return."

He kissed her quickly on the mouth before pulling away from her and yanking Draco up to his feet.

Hey, he's bleeding Draco noticed as he saw the trail of scarlet peeking out from his curtain of inky black hair. *And he's limping; he must have hurt his ankle or something. Where's he taking me?*

Snape kept a tight grip on Draco's arm and dragged his student through the school with Hermione jogging along behind them firing questions at the professor and receiving no answers.

At some point Draco realised they seemed to be heading in the direction of the hospital wing and his insides filled with dread.

What's happened? He wondered getting a sick sense of foreboding as they neared the double doors.

They stepped through and Snape finally released his hold on Draco's arm then sat down on a bed so he could rest his injured foot. Though Hermione wanted to comfort the man somehow she managed to restrain herself.

With a look of sympathy, Dumbledore approached the Slytherin student and Draco instantly noticed there was no sparkle in his eyes tonight.

"Draco my boy." Dumbledore greeted kindly as he rested a wrinkled hand on his shoulder. "She's been asking for you."

Who's been asking for me? Draco asked in his head before looking over to the hospital bed. Madame Pomfrey, McGonagall, Remus Lupin and a balding man who seemed to be a healer were all bustling around the patient in the bed. *Madame Pomfrey wouldn't want me and neither would McGonagall, especially not at this hour. And fucking hell that's a lot of blood, who is…no, no…*

"NO!" Draco screamed as he made to dart towards the bed but Lupin held him back. "Mum! Mum! What's wrong with her? What did that bastard do to her? Mum! She's bleeding…she's bleeding."

"Ssh, calm down Draco." Lupin said soothingly. "She's in a bad way but we're doing our best to help her. You need to calm down."

I don't want to calm down Draco thought angrily. *My mum could be dying for all I know. It's my fault, it must be my fault. Oh just let me go so I can hold her…damn you and your werewolf strength.*

"Draco, Draco, don't cry." Lupin said gently. "Don't cry."

Oh fuck off I'm not crying Draco retorted mentally as he continued to struggle in the werewolf's arms. *I just have something in my eye. No let me go, I want my mum. I want my mum.*

Eventually, a sobbing Draco stopped struggling and he went limp in Lupin's arms. With apparent ease, Lupin lifted Draco up and placed him on a bed. Seconds later Dumbledore was standing above him and encouraging him to open his mouth to take a potion. As the liquid met with his tongue Draco identified it as a sleeping draught.

To Be Continued

Please Review

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Chapter: 16

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Thanks for the reviews people

Chapter 16-Light of the Sun

The sound of footsteps flitted through Draco's ears. It sounded as though someone was pacing up and down. There was also a tapping noise; someone must have been drumming their fingers on the windowsill. A cough, the blowing of a nose. Soft twittering bird song.

Light attacked his closed eyes and with a groan Draco opened them. Turning his head he spotted Hermione tapping her fingers and Snape was pacing the length of the ward. Twisting his head the other way Draco saw the pale form of his mother in the bed beside his.

Someone please tell me she's just sleeping Draco thought desperately.

"She's well Draco." A gentle voice said and Draco looked towards the voice and met the kind honey-coloured eyes of Lupin. "But she needs rest."

Draco just nodded as relief began to flow joyously through his veins. *She's ok; everything's going to be ok. Mum's safe, my mission doesn't matter anymore; I don't have to kill anyone. We'll be protected now…won't we?*

Looking back to his mother Draco let out a small sigh as he took in the sight of the heavy bruising that coloured her porcelain skin. She looked so weak and frail in that hospital bed, he didn't like it.

"Happy Easter Draco." Hermione murmured in order to break the silence.

"Happy Easter." He replied as he got up from the bed and seated himself in the chair beside his mother's bed. "What happened?" He asked as he gently stroked his mother's hand with the back of his thumb.

"I've been wondering that myself." Dumbledore said in a strangely cheerful voice. "But I thought it would be rude to ask whilst you were sleeping. However, now that you're awake it's a story I'd very much like to hear. Severus?"

"What?" Snape snapped and Hermione opened her mouth, probably to reprimand her lover for being rude before closing it again and sitting next to Draco.

"Do tell us what happened at the death eater meeting." Dumbledore replied.

"Oh get the damned wolf to tell you." Snape sneered before storming out of the hospital wing.

He isn't limping anymore Draco noted. *Madame Pomfrey must have fixed him up.*

"Miss Granger." Dumbledore said politely. "Why don't you follow after professor Snape and see if you can persuade him to come back."

Silently and with her pinks turning a mild shade of pink Hermione sped out of the room in pursuit of the raven haired man.

"Well Remus, what can you tell us about last night's events?" Dumbledore asked pleasantly.

"Very little I'm afraid." Lupin replied with a sigh.

He looks so tired Draco thought. *I think Dumbledore should have given him the sleeping draught. And when did McGonagall and that bald man leave? And where's Madame Pomfrey?*

"I was at headquarters with Vincent." Lupin said. "Then I heard someone knocking frantically at the door. I answered it and Severus hurried in carrying Narcissa. She was unconscious and he could barely walk. He wouldn't answer any of my questions. He just told me to get the floo powder and then he carried Narcissa through to your office and Vincent and I followed behind him."

Who's Vincent? Draco wondered.

"Vincent did a splendid job healing Narcissa." Dumbledore commented. "I must remember to thank him."

Oh, so Vincent's the healer with no hair Draco realised. *But I still don't know what happened. Come on Hermione; bring Snape back so he has to tell us. I want to know what happened to my mum.*

As if on cue, Hermione stepped back through the hospital doors with Snape stalking in behind her with a grumpy look on his face.

"Ah Severus, thank you for rejoining us." Dumbledore beamed. "Well done Miss Granger."

"Thank you sir." Hermione replied smiling at the praise.

"Severus my boy, please tell us what happened." Dumbledore said in a tone that was soft yet commanding.

"The dark lord has discovered that my loyalties do not truly lie with him." Snape answered.

"How did Tom acquire this information?" Dumbledore asked gently.

Tom Draco thought scathingly. *The dark lord's name is Tom? No wonder he changed his name to Voldemort. I mean Tom is just so…so…un-frightening. I mean honestly, just imagine old snake face breaking into your home, raising his wand and yelling 'I am Lord Tom, fear me!' gosh people would wet themselves laughing. Hmm…so, what's Snape saying?*

"He tortured the information out of Narcissa and Lucius." Snape told him.

That sick fucking bastard Draco thought angrily. *No-one hurts my mother and gets away with it. I'll hunt that psycho down, chop off his dick and turn it into a wind chime.*

"When I arrived at his lair, Lucius was already dead." Snape said looking briefly at Draco.

Dead? Draco furrowed his brow not fully able to accept the information. *Lucius is dead? Gone…Lucius…father.*

"Oh, Draco, I'm so sorry." Hermione told him sympathetically as she swept him into a bone-crushing hug.

She likes to hug Draco realised. *Why is that? It doesn't really help anything…he's still dead.*

"What else happened?" Dumbledore asked the recently discovered spy though he still kept his eyes on the young blonde who was simply sitting still as Hermione hugged him.

"I was hit with the cruciatus curse several times." Snape admitted. "Bellatrix seemed to enjoy herself as she tortured me."

Draco felt Hermione let him go and she soon crushed Snape into a hug.

"Miss Granger." Snape hissed in annoyance pushing her away from him.

"I'm sorry." Hermione muttered feebly.

"There's no need to apologize Miss Granger." Dumbledore told her as his eyes twinkled. "Love is a magical thing."

Looking towards Lupin, Draco saw the older man's eyes flicker between Snape and Hermione before a look of realization passed over his pre-maturely aged features. He let out a fake cough before bringing the conversation back to what had happened with Voldemort.

"When dear Bellatrix had her fun playing I was thrown into a cell with Narcissa." Snape explained. "That's how I cut my head open."

Hermione had now wrapped her arms around his waist and had buried her face in his chest. In response he worked one hand through her chestnut curls and kept the other firmly by his side with his hand balled into a fist.

"What about your ankle?" Lupin asked as he looked away from the teacher and student.

"That damned snake." Snape sneered. "It bit me."

"How did you escape?" Lupin questioned.

"Wormtail let us out." He said.

"Peter Pettigrew?" Hermione asked in shock pulling her face away from Snape's chest so she could look into his eyes. "He helped you escape?"

"Indeed." Snape told her with a smug look in his eyes. "He was a guest at my house this summer. I've had him held under the imperious curse for months without the dark lord being any the wiser."

Now that's the work of a Slytherin Draco thought. *And Snape saved my mum. Thank you sir, you really are wonderful. You've got yourself a great man there Hermione. I won't tell either of you that of course, that kind of talk is for Hufflepuffs.*

"But Severus?" Hermione asked. "How did Voldemort figure out you weren't really on his side?"

Good question, how did he figure it out? Draco wondered.

"I do not know." Snape answered stiffly looking to the headmaster. "Albus, what are your thoughts?"

"I think Miss Granger and Mr. Malfoy ought to go to the great hall." Dumbledore replied. "It's almost time for breakfast. Go on children, have something to eat and exchange chocolate eggs with your peers."

"I don't want to leave her." Draco said quietly as he looked down at his mum's bruised form.

"Draco you need to eat." Hermione said reasonably as she took his hand in her own. "Come on, you can return later."

"I'll watch over her Draco." Lupin told him as he moved to take the seat Draco had been sat in before Hermione began leading him away.

Is that supposed to make me feel better Draco asked himself. *I'm not even hungry.*

They reached the great hall and Hermione led the blonde over to the Gryffindor table. She him down between Harry and herself and loaded bacon, eggs, sausages and toast onto the Slytherins plate.

"Draco, what's wrong sweetheart?" Theo asked from where he sat beside Ron on the opposite side of the table.

My mum's unconscious Draco answered in his mind. *Lucius is dead.* The thought of his father's death still didn't seem real to the young blonde.

"Draco?" Harry asked gently from his side.

"Walk with me?" Draco returned and Harry nodded before standing up and leaving the hall with the pale boy.

They passed Damian on the way out and he made to say something to the older blonde but upon seeing the expression on Draco's face he realised it wasn't a good time.

Draco led Harry around the perimeter of the castle three times before sitting on the stairs that led up to the entrance doors. Harry sat down beside him and waited patiently for the other to speak.

"My father is dead." Draco told him bluntly and as soon as he said the words aloud the situation felt real. "He's dead."

"I…I'm sorry." Harry apologized completely taken aback by the news. "What…what happened?"

"He was tortured to death by the dark lord." Draco answered. *Whose real name is Tom. My pure-blood father, Lucius Malfoy was killed by a muggle-born named Tom.*

As the thought crossed his mind Draco fell into a fit of laughter and Harry gaped at him in concern as the blonde simply laughed hysterically, clutching his stomach from the pain of laughing so much.

To Harry's relief, the giggle fit stopped and Draco sat up straight. He looked across the grounds then up at the sky. A white dove flew through the air, its feathers looking uncanny to the trademark Malfoy hair as it was bathed in the gold light of the sun.

"He's dead." Draco said quietly to himself fully accepting it.

A lone tear leaked from his eye and dripped down his pale cheek.

"I'm so sorry." Harry told him again as he wiped the tear away from the blonde's face with the back of his thumb. "Are you…um…is there anything I can do?"

Kiss me Draco pleaded in his head.

"No." He said aloud. "I have to go."

Draco stood up and jogged up the stairs and re-entered the castle with Harry following behind him.

"Draco wait." He called.

The Slytherin paused and turned round waiting for Harry to approach him. Placing his hands either side of Draco's face Harry simply looked at him for a few moments before pressing their lips together in a slow meaningful kiss.

To Be Continued

Please Review

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Chapter: 17

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Disclaimer-I do not own Harry Potter or any other characters that appear in the books, but Damian's mine

Thanks for all the reviews people, keep them coming

Chapter 17-The Smell of Sherry

Two days passed before Narcissa Malfoy finally woke up. Her son was in the chair by her bed with his hand clutching his as he slept in the most awkward position imaginable. She smiled fondly at him and gently squeezed his palm. The grasp woke him up from his slumber and he sat up straight and laughed with joy when he saw her bright blue eyes looking back at him.

"Mum." He breathed happily as he leaned in to press a gentle kiss to her cheek. "Are you ok? Should I get Madame Pomfrey?" *Why am I whispering? Oh who cares, my mum's awake.*

"Darling, I'm fine." Narcissa assured him. "Though I could really use a glass of water."

Nodding, Draco released her hand and quickly poured his mother a glass of water. He helped her sit up comfortably before offering her the glass. She smiled at him thankfully and gulped the liquid down.

"I've missed you so much." Draco told her.

"And I've missed you too my little dragon." She replied. "But we're together again. All will be well."

A few hours later, when Madame Pomfrey had deemed Narcissa well enough, the two Malfoy's took a stroll about the grounds. The gentle breeze made Narcissa's hair dance behind her and the bright sun made both mother and son's blonde locks shimmer with gold.

They walked slowly with their arms linked together neither of them talking. They simply walked in silence and enjoyed the sunshine, the birdsong, the fragrant air and most of all their reunion, their freedom.

"His last thoughts were of you." Narcissa finally said as they sat down by the lake and took off their shoes and socks to dip their bare toes in the water.

Who are you talking about? Draco questioned in his mind.

"Your father's." Narcissa clarified upon seeing the confused look on her son's face.

Lucius' last thought were of me? Draco thought in bewilderment. *He must have been tortured so badly that he'd been driven insane. There's no other explanation as to why he would think of me as he died…he didn't love me…he didn't even like me. I was nothing but a disappointment to him. Mother must be mistaken. Unless his last thoughts were 'this is all Draco's fault because he's a useless son and he shames our family and I hope he rots in hell', yeah that sounds like something Lucius would say.*

"He said he was sorry." Narcissa continued.

He did? Draco blanched. *Lucius never apologized to anyone…I don't think he even knew how.*

"He wished he had been a better father to you." Narcissa told him. "He wished he could take things back and be a proper dad, one you could look up to and be proud of. He wished that the two of you had happier memories together and that he had told you how much you meant to him."

Are we talking about the same Lucius? Draco wondered. *Or maybe mum's gone crazy from being tortured.*

"He did love you Draco, you know that don't you?" Narcissa asked.

No mum, I don't know that Draco thought in response as he hung his head and stared down at his lap. *He never once showed an ounce of affection. He never hugged me or patted me on the back or the shoulder or anything. He rarely even spoke to me and on the occasions he did it was to yell at me and point out my faults. I wasn't doing well enough academically, I wasn't good enough at quidditch and I wasn't evil enough. Nothing was good enough for him…I wasn't good enough for him. He hated me and I hated him right back…we hated each other.*

"Draco." Narcissa said softly interrupting the musings of Draco's mind. "Your father loved you."

"He had a funny way of showing it." Draco remarked bitterly.

"Lucius was a brilliant and talented man in many ways." Narcissa told him as she took her son's hand in her own. "But one talent he did not posses was the ability to show emotion and affection. But he did love you Draco, he may not have known how to show it but he did love you. He loved us both."

Lucius is dead Draco remembered as he squeezed his mother's hand.

"I know." Draco lied. "I loved him too." *I hated him, I still hate him. I hate him for putting so much pressure on me, for shouting at me all the time, for never letting me play in the mud, for never letting me play at all, for making me kiss Grandmother Gertrude on the mouth even though she had a moustache. I hate him for making me feel like a worthless piece of shit, I hate him for never being there on my birthday, I hate him for dragging me and mum into his mess with Lord Tom. I hate him for treating me like an employee rather than as a son. I hate him for not acting like a proper dad. I hate him for all the hurtful words he ever said to me and for all the loving words he should have said but never did. And I fucking hate him for dying. I hate him. I hate him. I hate him. I HATE HIM!*

"Perhaps we should return to the castle." Narcissa suggested. "And maybe you could tell me about you and Harry Potter."

"What?" Draco asked in shock. *How does she know about me and Harry?*

"Don't look so shocked my dragon." Narcissa laughed. "A mother always knows. Plus, he's been staring at you from the entrance doors with big goo-goo eyes for quite some time now."

Looking round, Draco saw that Harry was indeed stood by the entrance doors looking over at him. He waved to the blonde and Draco shyly waved back before pulling his feet out of the water and fixing his shoes and socks back on. He then helped his mother with her shoes before helping her to her feet and leading her back up to the school.

"It's a long story." Draco sighed. "So I'll just give you the short version. I love him. He loves me. But for ages he's been saying we can't be together because it's too dangerous because of the dark lord and blah, blah, blah followed by some more heroic Gryffindor nonsense."

"So my baby boy's in love?" Narcissa asked. "That is so adorable."

"Please mum, I love you, but don't embarrass me in front of him." Draco begged.

"I wouldn't dream of it." She replied.

They neared the steps and Harry stepped down meet them. He smiled a little awkwardly not really sure how to act around the two purebloods.

"Hi." Harry said as he shoved his hands in his pockets.

"Hi." Draco replied looking down at his shoes.

"Come on Draco; introduce me to your friend." Narcissa encouraged.

"Mother, this is Harry." Draco said formally. "Harry this is my mother, Narcissa."

"Such a pleasure to meet you Harry." Narcissa smiled offering her hand for the Gryffindor to shake.

"You too." Harry replied politely as he pulled his hand out to shake that of the woman's. "I'm glad you've recovered from your…er…injuries. And I'm sorry for the loss of your husband."

"Thank you Harry. That's very kind of you to say." Narcissa said. "Now tell me young man, why is it you refuse to date my son?"

"Mother." Draco hissed feeling his skin heat up.

"It's just a question." Narcissa laughed innocently. "Well Harry, what's your answer?"

"Oh well um…I er…the thing is…" Harry stammered as he shifted on his feet and fidgeted with his shirt sleeves. "With the war and…with Voldemort…it's just not a good time right now. It's dangerous. I wouldn't Draco to be hurt on my account."

"Yet by not being with him you are hurting him." Narcissa pointed out as she arched a perfectly plucked eyebrow at the 6th year boy. "So that contradicts your pitiful excuse."

"Mum, please, stop talking." Draco begged. *I knew she was going to embarrass me somehow.*

"I'm sorry dragon am I embarrassing you?" Narcissa asked in a voice full of amusement.

"Yes, horribly." Draco answered as he buried his face in his hands.

"Well in that case I'll head inside and leave you two to talk." She said.

"No mum, you're still not strong enough to wander around alone." Draco told her.

"I'll keep her company." A voice said and Damian stepped round the corner and smiled at them.

"Thanks." Draco said graciously. "Mum, this is my friend Damian Sykes. Damian this is mum."

"It's lovely to meet you Mrs. Malfoy." Damian told her politely as he placed a kiss to the back of a hand.

"Oh please, call me Narcissa." She replied as she ruffled his mousy hair. "My, my, you are just the cutest little thing."

Great, I think my mother wants to adopt the kid who has a crush on me Draco thought as he watched his mum walk away with the second year.

"I still don't like that kid." Harry mumbled once Damian was out of earshot.

So jealous, honestly Harry it's quite pathetic of you really. Surely you realise you're the only one for me.

"Leave him alone Harry, he's alright." Draco defended. "Anyway, my mother is safe now. I don't have to work for the dark lord anymore and I don't have to go through with my mission. We're both under Dumbledore's protection as is professor Snape. So just spare me all this 'it's too dangerous' crap and let's be together."

Please say yes Draco silently begged. *Please say you want me too, please.*

"What was your mission?" Harry asked.

That's not the answer I wanted you idiotic Gryffindor.

"It doesn't matter." Draco replied. "I'm not doing it now so you don't need to know. So just tell me, do you want to be with me or not?"

"What was your mission?" Harry repeated.

Stupid, stubborn Gryffindor Draco thought in annoyance. *Fuck, if I don't tell him he's just going to keep asking me, and if I do tell him…it might ruin everything.*

"Draco, tell me." Harry ordered beginning to get impatient.

"To kill Dumbledore." Draco confessed. "My mission was to kill Dumbledore."

Harry opened and closed his mouths several times as his mind tried to digest what he had been

told.

"Kill Dumbledore." Harry said. "And you were actually going to do that?" He asked sounding disgusted.

"I had no choice." Draco replied defensively. "If I didn't do it then the dark lord would have killed my mum. I had no other option but it doesn't matter now. My mum's safe and so am I."

"Of course you had other options." Harry argued. "You could have told me, told Dumbledore, we could have helped."

"Oh like you'd have listened." Draco retorted. "I really don't understand you sometimes. One minute you're all over me telling me how much you care, the next you're throwing hexes at me and putting me in hospital I mean make up your fucking mind Potter."

"Fine, I'll make up my mind." Harry replied as he began walking away from the blonde. "Watch this Malfoy, this is me making up my mind and walking away from you and all of your ballshit."

"My ballshit?" Draco spluttered in disbelief. "You're the one who's full of bullshit."

Harry ignored him and continued walking down the corridor.

"That's it, walk away!" Draco called after him. "See if I care."

"Oh just piss off and go serve your snake faced master!" Harry yelled back over his shoulder.

Fuck you Harry Draco thought as he headed up the stairs two at a time running as fast as he could. *Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you! Stupid Gryffindor bastard. You say you love me but you still refuse to be with me. It's not really me you love is it Harry? You just love the drama. Things have to be complicated with you otherwise you're not happy. You keep saying it's too dangerous for us to be together but really that's part of the attraction for you. Deep down you want the danger don't you Harry? You thrive on it. Well if you want danger I'll fucking give you danger.*

With a furious expression upon his face, Draco paced up and down the 7th floor corridor three times until a door appeared in the wall. He twisted the door knob and stepped through to the room of requirement. Taking out his wand, he marched up to the vanishing cabinet and set to work. After a few muttered incantations he was fairly certain the vanishing cabinet would work properly.

What am I doing? Draco paused to ask himself. *This is insanity. I don't want the death eaters to come through this thing. What if they came through and killed my mum, or Theo, Hermione, Damian…Harry…or fuck if they killed anyone it would be my fault for letting them through. Ok think Draco, think. What do I do? Destroy it. I need to destroy it before Mr. Borgin realizes that it works. So what do I do? Come on Draco, if I fixed the cabinet surely I can destroy it again right?*

There was a shuffling sound at the door and panicking slightly Draco raced towards it. In stumbled professor Trelawney with a half empty bottle in her hand and smelling strongly of sherry. Grabbing hold of the woman's arm Draco shoved back out of the door and bolted it shut locking her out.

Gosh, that was close Draco breathed. He began walking back towards the cabinet trying to think of the best way to destroy it when the cabinet started to shake. *Oh no* Draco thought fearfully as he froze to the spot. *Please no, for the love of Merlin please don't let the death eaters come through. Oh fuck, what have I done? Shit, do something Draco before it's too…late.*

"Hello Dwaco." Bellatrix greeted in a baby voice as she emerged from the cabinet and smiled at her nephew.

To Be Continued

(I think that's my cruelest cliffhanger ever lol)

Please Review

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Chapter: 18

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Disclaimer-I do not own Harry Potter

Thanks for reviewing everyone, sorry I didn't update sooner, my internet was down. Anyway here's the next chapter, hope you like it even though I'm not so good at writing the fight scenes.

Chapter 18-Precious as China

It's a bad dream Draco thought as his crazy aunt moved towards him and her husband followed her out of the cabinet with more death eaters following behind him. *It has to be a dream. This isn't real, it can't be. I'm just having a nightmare…a really bad and realistic nightmare. Just relax Draco, stay calm. I'll wake up any second now. Any second and Theo will be standing above me telling me to get ready for breakfast.*

"Well done Dwaco." Bellatrix cooed as she hugged her nephew and pressed a kiss to his temple. "Just look at my baby nephew, all grown up. The dark lord shall reward you greatly for this my sweet. I knew you'd make me proud. You're not a traitor like Lucius or Cissy. You're one of us aren't you Dwaco."

No I most certainly am not Draco replied mentally. *I won't tell you that of course but only because I value my life, not because I'm scared of you or anything.*

"What of the old muggle loving fool?" Rodolphus asked as he came to stand beside his wife.

"Have you succeeded in your task?" Bellatrix asked as she looked down at Draco. "Is Dumbledore dead?"

"No." Draco answered honestly.

"No matter." Bellatrix replied as she stroked Draco's blonde tresses. "Aunt Bella's here now, she'll make everything better. We'll help you Dwaco."

"Kill anyone you meet." Rodolphus ordered. "But spare Potter, the dark lord wants him alive."

Fuck what have I done Draco asked himself as his aunt took his hand and led him out of the room of requirement along with the other death eaters. *What do I do? What do I do? I have to stop them, but I can't do it alone I'm outnumbered. Oh Merlin I'm going to die. We're all going to die and it's all my fault.*

They paced down the deserted corridor and half their party ventured downstairs whilst Bella led Draco and a few others up to the Astronomy tower.

Will I go to heaven? Draco wondered as they climbed higher up the spiral staircase. *No, that's ridiculous; of course I won't make it to heaven…I'm the bad guy. Heaven wouldn't want someone like me. Heaven is for the good people, the heroes…like Harry. But me, I'll go to hell. What's it like to die? Will it hurt?*

They reached the top of the stairs and Bella gently pushed Draco in front of her. Stepping out onto the tower Draco found four people stood by the balcony looking down at the grounds below. Dumbledore, Harry, his mother and Damian.

"Draco, what's wrong darling?" Narcissa asked gently. "You look as though you've been petrified."

I'm sorry mum Draco tried to express his feelings through eye contact. *I am so sorry. I didn't mean for this to happen. I was angry and upset and…stupid…so, so stupid. Don't hate me. Please don't hate me, I'm sorry.*

A second later Bella stepped out of her hiding space and revealed herself. Narcissa gasped in shock and tried to push Damian behind her so he was protected. Harry glared daggers at the woman responsible for his godfather's death and he instantly withdrew his wand and aimed at her. Dumbledore alone looked calm.

"Good afternoon Bellatrix." Dumbledore greeted politely. "Now let's not be rude, why don't you ask the rest of your friends to step out and join us?"

Rodolphus emerged from behind his wife with two other death eaters stepping out from behind him all holding their wands ready for attack.

"Oh look, it's iddy biddy baby Harry." Bella cooed. "How's your godfather?"

Harry made a furious move to get closer to Bellatrix but Damian grabbed a fistful of his shirt and held him back.

Thank you Damian Draco thought.

"Get on with it Bella." One of the unknown death eaters huffed impatiently.

"No." Bella replied. "Draco must do it. Go on love."

She stroked her hand through her nephew's hair almost lovingly before running her fingers down the length of his spine and letting them rest just above his buttocks.

"Kill him." She whispered into his ear.

I don't know what to do Draco realised as he stood motionless by his aunt with his wand pointing uselessly at the floor. *Someone tell me what to do…someone who isn't an insane death eater I mean. What do I do?*

"I…I can't." Draco managed to stammer out.

"Bella." Rodolphus hissed. "The order and the ministry are making their way through the gates as we speak. We must hurry."

"Forget the boy." One of the other death eaters snapped. "He doesn't have the stomach, just like his father. I'll do it."

"No." Bella snarled at him. "Draco *will* do it. He's just a little nervous. Most people are when it comes to their first kill. He just needs a little persuading."

Persuading? Draco asked himself wondering what she meant. *For some reason I don't think that's a good thing. Why isn't Dumbledore doing anything? For Merlin's sake he could get rid of these death eaters with a snap of his fingers so he is he just standing there twiddling his thumbs?*

Stupid old man, do something!

"Do it Draco." Bella ordered.

When Draco just shook his head Bella turned to her husband and gave him a meaningful look. With one word, Rodolphus had Narcissa on the floor screaming in agony.

"Mum! No, stop it! Stop it!" Draco cried desperately as he made a move to get to his mother but Bellatrix held him back.

"Kill Dumbledore." Bella encouraged. "Kill him and it will all be over."

"Don't do it Draco." Damian spoke up from where he crouched by Narcissa's side trying to stop her body from contorting in pain. "This isn't what you want."

"Crucio!" Bella shouted pointing her wand at Damian.

The second year boy fell to the floor screaming even louder than Narcissa.

I have no choice Draco thought helplessly. *I have to kill him to stop them from hurting mum and Damian…but they won't stop…they're death eaters, they're evil. Shit, what do I do? Why isn't Dumbledore doing anything for fuck sake? He's looking at me…Dumbledore's looking at me…why is he looking at me like that? What does he want? What the fuck does he want? He's waiting for me to do something…whatever happens up here he's leaving down to me…I guess the prophet's right when they say he's lost his marbles.*

"Enough!" Draco yelled and he launched himself at his aunt and uncle sending them both crashing to the floor. As a result, the curse was lifted off of both his mother and Damian.

Scrambling to his feet, Draco aimed his wand at the four death eaters and every spell he had ever learnt chose that moment to leave his mind.

For the love of Merlin somebody help me Draco begged. *I'm a Slytherin for fuck sake; I'm not cut out for all this hero stuff. Footsteps…I hear footsteps…someone's coming. Crap, not more death eaters. Please, not more death eaters.*

In a whirl of robes, Snape bounded up the stairs firing a string of hexes at the four death eaters. With a shriek of outrage, Bella fired a curse back first but Snape easily deflected it. However, the other three soon joined in and though Snape was holding his own he would undoubtedly need help.

And still Dumbledore is doing nothing Draco realised angrily. *He's just standing still, grrr he's making me actually want to kill him.*

Snape cast the sectumsempra spell at Rodolphus and he crumbled to the floor bleeding and

screaming just as Draco had all those months ago. Casting a quick look to Harry, Draco saw the Gryffindors eyes widen in shock as he finally discovered the identity of the half-blood prince. If the situation wasn't so serious Draco might have found it funny.

Finally, his knowledge of spells returned to him and Draco leapt in to the duel to aid Snape against the death eaters. A few seconds later Harry joined in firing hex after hex at Bellatrix.

"Come and get me Harry!" Bella challenged as she darted down the stairs.

In an instant Harry tore after her.

"Potter!" Snape called in annoyance before binding the other two death eaters to one another, kicking their wands out of their reach then chasing after Harry and Bellatrix.

Draco stood dumbly on the spot not knowing what to do. His mother was back on her feet and she snatched up one of the spare wands before following after the others.

Now what do I do? Draco asked himself. He looked over at Damian who was silently crying from the pain the cruciatus curse had caused him. Then there was Dumbledore still stood there looking up at the clouds as though there wasn't a care in the world. *Foolish old man.*

Although he had lost a crucial amount of blood and he was near death, Rodolphus still had enough strength left within him to raise his wand and point it at Dumbledore.

The spell hit the headmaster square in the chest and he overbalanced and fell backwards over the balcony. As quick as a flash, Damian was leaning over the balcony himself and had clasped Dumbledore's hand in his. The second year dug his feet into the ground beneath him and he was panting and sweating with the effort of keeping a hold of the old man.

"Draco." Damian wheezed. "Help me."

Snapping into action, Draco joined Damian and together they pulled Dumbledore safely back up. Draco held the headmaster steady and once Dumbledore had got his breath back he looked down at his two pupils with his eyes twinkling like stars.

"Thank you my boys." Dumbledore beamed.

Yeah, yeah whatever Draco thought. *Just tell me what I'm supposed to do old man.*

Reaching into his robes, Dumbledore finally pulled out his wand and led the way down the stairs.

Oh sure, now he gets out his wand Draco thought angrily. *How in the world did he get the reputation of being the greatest wizard of our time? He hardly ever does any magic. We could have all been killed up there if it wasn't for Snape.*

With the energy of a much younger man, Dumbledore ran through the corridors and down the stairs with his two students hurrying along behind him. On the fourth floor staircase, Damian got stuck in the trick step and Draco had to turn round and pull him out of it before carrying on.

Shouts and cries were coming from the great hall and Dumbledore led the way in there. Draco and Damian ran in just behind him and both quickly ducked as a number of plates zoomed by them and smashed against the wall.

Looking to his left, Draco spied the suit of armor in the corner that had a small alcove behind it. Grabbing Damian's arm, Draco led the second year over to it and forced him in to the little niche. He then charmed the suit of armor to protect Damian.

With Damian safe, Draco threw himself into the fight. At some point more death eaters had arrived but the order members and some ministry officials had arrived too so the death eaters didn't stand a chance.

Oh gosh, I think we might actually live Draco thought as he dodged a spell and aimed one back at the death eater who had attacked him.

Hearing a scream come from his left, Draco whipped his head around fearing that it was Hermione. However, it turned out that Hermione had kicked a 6ft tall death eater in the groin and it was he who had let out a high-pitched scream as he collapsed to the floor cradling his appendage.

I guess I got off lucky with that punch in third year Draco thought. *Ouch! A stinging hex…well that's what I get for not concentrating.*

Turning his attention back to the fight at hand, Draco fired the full body bind at the death eater who had hit him. As he ran through two of the tables a hand reached out from underneath and yanked him to the floor before pulling him under.

Flat on his back, Draco looked up at his attacker to find that it was in fact Harry.

What the hell are you doing you idiot? Draco asked in his head. When he made to verbalize his question Harry placed a finger to his lips. *What is he doing? Harry, you do realise there's a fight going on right?*

"I'm sorry Draco." Harry apologized in a whisper. "I love you."

Before Draco could even fully comprehend what the Gryffindor had said, Harry had covered his mouth with his own and they were kissing deeply under the cover of the table as the fight raged on around them.

To hell with fighting the death eaters Draco thought. *This is much more important.*

However, the sound of Theo letting out a yelp of pain brought Draco back to his senses and he pushed Harry off of him and both boys crawled out from under the table to rejoin the fight. Draco raced over to Theo who was on the other side of the hall with Fenrir Greyback looming threateningly over him.

Before Draco could get to his best friend, a red blur streaked past him and grappled with the vicious werewolf. At first, Draco thought it was Ron but a second look showed that it was not. The red haired man was older and had much longer hair.

He must be an older brother Draco thought as he continued running towards his friend. He grabbed Theo's hand and pulled him out of the way of Greyback and the redhead.

Draco and Theo watched in horror as the werewolf bit and scratched at the other man's face. Soon enough Lupin was wrenching the werewolf off of the redhead and wrestling with him himself.

Tearing his eyes away from the sight of the two werewolves attacking one another, Draco looked down to the Weasley and saw that his face was mangled and bleeding.

"Bill!" A hysterical voice cried and Mrs. Weasley ran towards her eldest son.

Looking around, Draco realised the fight was mostly over. It was only Lupin and Greyback still fighting. The other death eaters had either been captured and were being taken away by the ministry or some, like Bella, had escaped and run away.

A loud snap followed by a howl of pain echoed around the hall before Greyback ran speedily towards the door then across the grounds with aurors and order members chasing after him. Lupin was on his knees cradling his broken arm.

I'm alive Draco thought feeling absolutely relieved. *Thank Merlin I'm alive. Theo's alive, so is Harry, and Hermione she's over there with Ginny, Longbottom and Ronald. There's Dumbledore and Snape, Flitwick, McGonagall. Damian's still behind the statue of armor, I should probably let him out. Mum…where's mum…where's my mum?*

"Theo have you seen my mum?" Draco asked desperately.

The caramel skinned boy shook his head and looked around the hall for a sign of silver blonde hair.

"Mum!" Draco called frantically as he looked under tables as he moved through the hall. "Mum!" He called again.

"Draco?" A voice asked and the blonde turned around to face a woman with a heart shaped face and bubblegum pink hair.

"Where's my mum?" Draco asked fearfully.

The young pink haired woman cast him a look of sympathy before placing a hand on his shoulder and gently leading him out of the hall and into the school grounds where his mother lay. The sun smiled down upon her slender form making her blonde hair glow gold and her pale skin look as precious as china. Even in death Narcissa Malfoy still retained an air of grace and elegance as she lay lifeless on the grass.

To Be Continued

Please Review

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xxx</B

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Chapter: 19

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Disclaimer-I still don't own Harry Potter

Thanks for reviewing and sorry for the wait

Chapter 19-Dear Dragon

After all of those who had been injured were sent to the hospital wing to be treated by Madame Pomfrey, Dumbledore headed straight for the room of requirement with McGonagall in toe. There the two professor's saw to it that the vanishing cabinet was destroyed.

Down by the greenhouses sat Neville and Ginny. He was explaining all the different uses of the various plants in order to fill the silence. However, he eventually named all of the plants and ran out of things to say.

"This isn't over is it?" Ginny asked as she watched her boyfriend twirl a honking daffodil between his fingers. "The worst is still to come."

Neville nodded before turning to face her. She was paler than normal and her hair was still a mess from the fight but she made no attempt to tidy it.

"Voldemort's still out there." Ginny said. "And even though we've taken out a number of his death eaters today he still has plenty more. This wasn't even a real fight…this was just…just a warm-up game for him."

"You need to relax." Neville told her gently as he took her hand in his own. "We can't live our lives in fear Gin. We just have to be brave and try to be happy with the good things we still have. Harry will defeat you-know-who in the end, I know he will. He's the bravest person I've ever met."

The younger girl let out a heavy sigh before leaning her head on her boyfriends shoulder.

"Maybe you should go and see Bill." Neville suggested.

"Not yet." Ginny replied. "I'm sure he's still sleeping. Just…tell me what all these plants are again."

Clearing his throat, Neville repeated the information about the variety of plants that grew in the greenhouse. As he did, Ginny took the honking daffodil from his grasp and crushed it in her own before dropping it to the ground. The crumpled flower honked pitifully as it died before sprouting into bloom once more.

If only all deaths and injuries could heal like that Ginny thought sadly.

Up in the stuffy Divination classroom was Luna, Damian and the passed out drunken form of professor Trelawney.

Sat on a fluffy purple bean bag, Damian rested his arms on the table before him and peered into the crystal ball that rested on the centre of the desk. He saw nothing in the crystal ball save for the white cloudy smoke and his own reflection looking back at him, his green and blue eye magnified to three times their normal size.

Luna was sat cross legged on the table beside him looking into a cup that contained dried tea leaves.

"See anything?" Damian asked as Trelawney released a heavy snore.

"I see many things." Luna replied in that dreamy voice of hers. "But I don't know how to make sense of it just yet. It would help if I knew what I was looking for."

"Why do people have to die?" Damian asked as he thought of Narcissa Malfoy and his own mother.

"That's just the way it has to be." Luna replied sadly as she thought of her mum. "My dad believes that our lives are all predestined long before we are born. He says we cannot escape our fate. At some point we all have to die and though it might be sad to lose the people we love we

should remember that they are serving a greater purpose in heaven."

"I don't believe in heaven." Damian mumbled to himself. "I don't believe in anything anymore."

"I felt that way when I first lost my mum." Luna told him.

"And now?" Damian asked turning to face her.

"Now I believe in many things." She replied. "But most importantly, I believe in myself…and the crumple-horned snorcack."

Damian cast her a bewildered look as he asked what manner of creature the crumple-horned snorcack was. Eager to teach the Slytherin boy all she knew about the elusive animal, Luna took up a quill and a spare piece of parchment and began sketching a picture of what the creature looked like whilst explaining about the trip she and her father took last summer in an attempt to track it down.

In the kitchens being waited on by the house-elves were Ron and Theo. The Gryffindor tucked in to a variety of cakes and biscuits whilst Theo nibbled on a cheese and pickle baguette.

"Hey Dobby, could you get us some butterbeer?" Ron asked through a mouthful of chocolate sponge cake.

"Of course." Dobby replied bobbing his head eagerly. "Anything for Mister Potter's Wheezey."

"Is your brother going to be alright?" Theo asked softly after Dobby had brought them their drinks.

"We're not sure what's going to happen to him." Ron admitted as he finally stopped eating. "Lupin doesn't think he'll be a true werewolf but there may be some side affects. And of course he'll always have the scars. Mum's devastated."

"Well at least Bill is still alive." Theo said. "Poor Draco, not long ago he found out his father was dead and now he's lost his mum. He cared about her more than anyone. I don't know how he's going to make it through this."

"He'll be fine." Ron replied confidently. "He's got you and Harry and Mione. I'll even be nicer to the ferret from now on."

Smiling softly Theo took another swig of his butterbeer. He looked around the kitchens watching how the house-elves continued to busy themselves with work. Setting his bottle down, Theo moved from the seat he was perched in onto Ron's lap.

Putting down his own bottle, Ron wrapped his arms around the Slytherins waist and pressed a kiss to his neck.

"I never thought I'd be involved in this war you know." Theo said quietly as he gazed into the redhead's eyes. "I always assumed I'd stay neutral. Obviously I never even considered becoming a death eater but…I never saw myself fighting on the light side either. I suppose I never really had something worth fighting for but now there's you sweetheart. Being with you has made me braver. Does that make sense darling?"

"Sure." Ron answered with a lopsided grin.

"I love you." Theo whispered.

"Love you more." Ron returned as he kissed his bronze skinned Slytherin. "Do you think your dorm will be empty?"

Theo nodded and a smirk crawled onto his lips s he stood up and took hold of Ron's hand and led him out of the kitchens. Part way down the corridor Theo felt a little sense of guilt at the fact he was planning to fool around with his boyfriend when his best friend had just lost his mother but he pushed those thoughts away. Now wasn't the time for him to comfort Draco.

"I'm going to make you scream baby." Ron whispered huskily as they clambered up the staircase to Theo's dorm.

Hermione was with Snape in his private living quarters. The couple was sat on the leather couch and Hermione's pet cat Crookshanks was settled on Snape's lap purring contentedly as the professor stroked his fur.

"You must talk to Draco at some point." Hermione ordered as she tucked her feet underneath her. "Some time soon."

"What good will that do?" Snape asked. "It may have escaped your attention Hermione but I'm not the most sensitive of men."

"He needs you." Hermione told him. "The poor boy has lost both his parents, you're all he has. Surely you must know how he looks up to you. You're the closest thing to a parent he has left. You're his Lupin."

"His Lupin?" Snape asked in disgust. "Are you seriously comparing me to a werewolf?"

"Sev, stop being so childish." Hermione scolded. "Harry never knew his parents. But he viewed Sirius as a parental figure until he was killed and now he thinks of Remus as a father figure. That's what you are to Draco."

"Well at least you compared me to the werewolf rather than the mangy mutt I suppose." Snape drawled.

"Severus, don't speak so ill of the dead." Hermione told him as she scowled slightly at her older lover. "Anyway, I was very fond of Sirius. I also happen to think he was rather handsome."

"You're trying to make me jealous." Snape snarled as he glared at her.

"Is it working?" Hermione asked amusedly as Crookshanks jumped off of Snape's lap and curled up in front of the fire.

"Don't be ridiculous." Snape retorted. "As if I'd be jealous of Black."

"Liar." Hermione replied.

Snape gnashed his teeth together in anger before storming off into the bedroom slamming the door shut behind him.

Hermione just rolled her eyes and stood up placing her hand on her hips and tapping her foot on the floor.

"One…two…three…four…five." She counted and as she finished counting the bedroom door reopened and Snape moved over to her before pulling her into a passionate kiss roaming his hands possessively over her youthful body.

"You're mine Miss Granger." He growled at her as he led her towards the bedroom.

"Yes sir." Hermione replied breathlessly.

Up in the owlery sat Draco and Harry. Most of the owls were asleep on their perches but occasionally one or two would fly in or out.

"I killed my mother." Draco choked out from where he sat between Harry's legs with his back resting against the Gryffindors chest.

"That's not true." Harry told him sternly. "This wasn't your fault Draco."

"Yes it was." The blonde replied. "It was my punishment. This is the price I have to pay for fixing that stupid cabinet and giving the death eaters access to the castle. I let them in Harry. I'm too blame…for everything."

"Draco." Harry sighed. "They'd have found another way in eventually. You can't blame yourself for this."

"Are you even listening to me?" Draco asked. "I let them in. All because of that stupid argument we had. I should have ignored what you said but…instead I repaired the cabinet and I couldn't destroy it in time. When I realised what I'd done I wanted to take it back but they were coming through before I had a chance."

"Well then this is my fault." Harry said. "If I hadn't have been an asshole and upset you in the first place this wouldn't have happened."

Oh shut up Harry, I'm sick of playing the blame game Draco thought.

"Remember in first year?" Draco asked. "I used to make fun of you for being an orphan. Now I'm an orphan too. I bet Grandmother Gertrude finds this hilarious. The old bag's probably laughing so much that her false teeth are falling out as she sits and drinks fire whiskey with Satan."

"Um…ok." Harry replied having no idea what the Slytherin was raving on about.

"I wish it was me." Draco sighed.

"What?" Harry questioned as he wrapped his arms lightly around the blonde's waist.

"I wish I'd died instead of my mum." Draco told him.

"Hey, don't you ever say that." Harry said fiercely. "Don't even think that ok. You deserve to live Draco. You're a good person, I know you are."

You really are an idiot Draco thought. *You've been right to keep pushing me away this year. You're the boy-who-lived; I can never be good enough for you. I'm just a fuck up.*

"I think I'd like to be alone now." Draco said as he made to pull away but the Gryffindor tightened his arms around his waist preventing him from moving.

"I'm not leaving you alone whilst you're upset like this." Harry told him. "Especially when you're up this high."

I'm not going to jump you fool Draco replied mentally as he struggled to get out of Harry's arms. *I'm too much of a coward to ever kill myself.*

"Harry, please get off." Draco begged.

"I'm not letting you go Draco." Harry replied. "I'm never letting you go. I've been a complete and utter idiot."

Well at least we finally agree on something Draco mused.

"All this time I've been pushing you away with the hope that it will keep you out of danger." Harry said. "But I was wrong to do that. It didn't help…anything. By keeping you away from me I thought I'd be protecting you but now…now I realise that I want to be around you, I can protect you so much better that way. I love you Draco. Ron has his Slytherin, Hermione has hers and

now I want mine."

I've always been your Slytherin Harry Draco thought.

"So…you don't hate me, for what I've done?" Draco asked.

"You didn't mean for this to happen." Harry answered gently. "You just made a mistake."

"A mistake?" Draco asked dryly. "My mistake resulted in my mother losing her life. That's not a simple mishap that can be fixed with a simple spell. That's a major fuck up."

"You didn't kill her Draco." Harry said firmly.

"But I'm the reason she's dead." Draco replied. "All year I've been trying to protect her and just when she was finally safe again I brought the death eaters into the castle. Everything I did to keep her alive was for nothing. I failed her."

Not knowing how to reply, Harry simply held the blonde in his arms. They sat silently in the owlery and Draco shed a few tears and discreetly wiped them away hoping that Harry wouldn't see.

As the light of day blended into the dusk of night, a large eagle owl streaked in through the tower and dropped a letter into Draco's lap before flying off again.

The blonde stared at the envelope but made no move to open it.

"Draco?" Harry asked.

I don't want to open that Draco thought to himself. *It's from her. I know that handwriting as well as I know my own. She must have written it a few days ago…before Snape rescued her…before she died.*

"Draco, aren't you going to open that?" Harry asked gently.

"I can't." Draco croaked. "It's from my mum."

"What?" Harry asked in confusion. "But she's…it can't be from her."

"I know her handwriting." Draco retorted.

"Open it Draco." Harry urged. "You have to open it."

Shaking his head, Draco stood up and threw the letter out of the tower where it fluttered down to the ground. Harry frowned at him before turning out of the owlery and jogging down the spiral staircase. Draco remained in the tower with the owls and looked down at the school grounds

unable to make anything out in the darkness.

He stayed there a long while before heading back to the main part of the school. At first he intended to return to his dorm but he couldn't face it just yet. Instead he took a detour to Moaning Myrtle's bathroom. The ghost of the dead girl was crying to herself in the U-bend of one of the toilets. She came out to face Draco and sobbed to him about all the teasing she had endured during her school days.

Draco listened to her whine and moan about so many insignificant things before leaving her alone to her superficial misery. *What has she got to be so upset about?* He wondered angrily. *So she's dead, yes that must be frustrating for her but come on, she's been dead for over fifty years you'd think she'd be over it by now. And some idiots she went to school with used to tease her about her glasses and other stupid things. So fucking what? If she had real problems she'd die…well perhaps not since she's already dead but she'd…die a little bit more.*

The blonde finally made his way back to the Slytherin common room and Harry was sat on a leather armchair with the letter in his hand.

"Read it." Harry told him. "You'll regret it if you don't."

Giving in, Draco took the letter from Harry and sat down on the sofa to open it. He placed the envelope on the arm of the sofa then carefully unfolded the parchment. He stared down at the writing for a long time unable to take any of it in. He rubbed his eyes with his thumb and forefinger before looking down at the letter again this time being able to read the words that were there.

My dear Dragon,

I have missed you so my child. It pains me greatly not being able to write to you or hold you in my arms. A terrible weight rests on your young shoulders and I so wish it was in my power to take that burden away from you.

You are not a killer my boy. You're much too good a person for that. The mission you have been handed is not one you can carry out. For this I am proud to call you my son. I understand that by not succeeding in your task the dark lord will take your father's life as well as my own. But I do not fear death Draco and I certainly don't blame you.

By the time this letter reaches you I expect the dark lord will have already killed me and your father. Do not feel guilt at our passing. You are a brave boy with a pure heart. Your father and I both loved you dearly.

When we are gone, you must remember that you are not alone. You have your friends. They care about you Draco so please don't push them away. Let them in, let them help you. And trust Severus. He is on your side, he'll look after you.

I so wish that I could see you one last time but it is not to be. Though I have left this world I will never really be gone. I'll always be with you Draco, watching over you and loving you.

Be strong, be brave and be happy. I love you forever my dragon.

All my love, mum xxx

Releasing a heavy sigh Draco folded the letter back up. He could feel Harry's concerned eyes on him but he ignored him for the moment.

Lord Tom must have found the letter Draco thought. *Mum told me to trust Snape. The dark lord must have read that. That's how he knew Snape wasn't truly on his side and then he must have tortured the whole truth out of my parents.*

Wordlessly, Draco handed the letter to Harry so he could read it. The Gryffindor read through it quickly before handing it back. Draco took the letter and placed it back neatly inside the envelope before taking it upstairs and placing it safely inside his bedside drawer.

"Draco, are you alright honey?" Theo asked drowsily from his bed as Harry stood in the doorway.

Of course I'm not alright Theo Draco thought. *What kind of question is that?*

"I'll be fine." Draco replied.

Theo looked to Harry and both boys shared a look of concern for the blonde orphan.

"I'm going to bed." Draco said and he moved to the bathroom to clean his teeth and change into his night clothes.

He returned to his bed and clambered in pulling the covers over his head. He felt someone sit on the edge of his bed and he instinctively knew that it was Harry.

"Get some rest dragon." Harry told him soothingly. "I'll see you in the morning. I love you."

"I love you too." Draco replied in a muffled voice just before Harry left the room.

To Be Continued

Please Review

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xxx</B

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Chapter: 20

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Disclaimer-I am not J.K Rowling and I don't own Harry Potter *sobs*

Thank you to everyone who read, reviewed and favorited. I hope you all enjoyed reading this fic…and if you didn't enjoy it then tough shit, you shouldn't have carried on reading. But anyway, to those who did enjoy this and took the time to tell me so thank you very much indeed.

Chapter 20-Being Draco Malfoy

Well this is awkward Draco thought as he across from Snape in the professor's private rooms. *Why is he insisting that we have a 'talk' anyway? I bet it was Hermione's idea; she probably bullied him into it.*

"I understand Draco that this must be a difficult time for you." Snape said as he sipped on his glass of wine. "Grief affects different people in different ways. What you need to know is that you are not alone. There are always people, myself included, that you can talk to whenever you feel the need to. You mustn't bottle up your emotions at a time like this."

Has he rehearsed this speech? Draco wondered as he looked around the room noticing little things that indicated Hermione was practically living with him. *That's her book…that looks like one of the practice essays she does…the sofa and carpet are covered in cat hairs so Crookshanks must come here a lot too…those robes are too small and too feminine to belong to Snape…then there's a sparkly silver hairbrush with brown curls knotted around the bristles and there's a tube of lip-gloss and I'm pretty certain Snape doesn't wear make-up…at least not in public.*

"Draco, you haven't been listening to a word I've said have you?" Snape asked in irritation.

"Not really sir." Draco admitted. "Forgive me but I don't see how talking about how miserable I am can help. Talking won't bring my mother back."

"No, it won't." Snape agreed. "But you need to stop moping about what you've lost and cherish what you still have."

Why? What's wrong with me being miserable? I've been miserable for most of my life so why should I stop now? Draco asked in his head. *Besides, you've been miserable and surly most of your life too. It's only since being with Hermione that you've relaxed a bit and begun to enjoy*

life. Anyway, Harry will probably like me better when I'm depressed in emotionally broken. He's a heroic Gryffindor you see, he likes to save people. As long as I'm hurting he'll be here for me but if I became truly happy and recovered he'd probably lose interest. Ok, that's not funny. Harry does love me, I know he does. And he doesn't deserve to be dragged down by a male version of Moaning Myrtle. I should try to be happy for him.

"Can I go now sir?" Draco asked looking up at his professor.

"Not just yet." Snape replied. "There's something I wish to discuss with you."

"Yes sir." Draco sighed as he slumped back in his seat.

"Draco, I've known you since you were a child." Snape told him. "When we're not in a classroom setting you are welcome to call me Severus."

"Can I call you Sev?" Draco asked with a hint of a smirk on his face.

"Not if you want to live." Snape retorted with a glare.

"You let Hermione call you Sev." Draco pointed out.

"That's different." Snape replied.

Different…yeah because she grants you sexual favors Draco thought.

"Ok, Severus then." Draco said. "What do you want to talk about?"

"Since…since you are now an orphan." Snape said gently. "I wondered if you'd like to live with me this summer. Technically speaking Malfoy Manor belongs to you but I wouldn't imagine that you'd like to live there alone."

"I don't want to live there at all." Draco interrupted. "Without mum…it just won't be the same. I'll…rent it out or sell it or…I don't even care."

"Well then, would you like to live with me?" Snape asked him. "My home in Spinner's End is a lot smaller than what you are accustomed to but at least you'd not be alone."

Live with a teacher? Draco thought. *Well, that's not as shameful as shagging one I suppose. And I don't suppose it will be that bad. Snape's not into the whole let's talk about our feelings thing. He's only talking to me now because Hermione made him. I expect he'll pretty much leave me alone. Life with him will probably be easy.*

"Thank you." Draco answered with a smile. "I…I'd like that."

Snape returned his smile and inclined his head before allowing his student to leave the room.

So I'm moving in with Snape Draco realised. *Hmm, weird. Maybe he'll let Harry come and visit us over the summer…actually probably not, they don't really see eye to eye. I wonder if Hermione will be around often…oh eww, if she does come round I'll be making myself scarce. Hearing the two of them have sex is not something I'd like to listen to thank you very much.*

For the remainder of the Easter holidays, Draco spent his time with Harry and his friends. Though Draco would never admit it out loud, he enjoyed spending time with Ron best. Ron was the only person who didn't treat him any differently or gently ask him if he was ok or give him a look full of pity.

Hermione was the worst for it. She'd continually cast Draco worried looks as though expecting him to have some sort of emotional break down. Theo worrying a lot too and little Damian always seemed to say the wrong thing.

Then there was Harry who tried to encourage Draco to open up a bit more and explain how he was feeling. He knew that Harry meant well but he found it a bit annoying. He wasn't a Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw or a Gryffindor. He was a Slytherin and he was a Malfoy. He liked to hide his emotions away from the world not parade them for all to see.

His mother's funeral had already taken place. It was a small service but it fit her well. Harry had held his hand throughout the whole thing and family relatives that Draco had never met before offered their condolences.

He still kept his letter from her. He'd read it so many time already that he knew it off by heart but he still liked to re-read the words she had written, it comforted him somehow.

When the Easter holidays were over and the students returned Draco felt a bit better. As he worked hard in his studies he didn't think about his mother so much or the guilt he felt at her death. He could occupy his mind and that eased his grief but it didn't put an end to it. He was sure the pain of her death would always be with him like it was for Harry, for Luna, for Damian and any other who had lost a mother.

At some point, Harry and Draco had just become a couple. They hadn't discussed it or planned it, it just suddenly became official. To begin with, stress and whispers from the other students had followed them as they walked through the castle hand in hand but Draco didn't care what other people thought. He couldn't even be bothered to glare at them.

A week before their end of year exams were due to start there was to be a Hogsmeade visit. Harry had invited his boyfriend to meet him there on a date. Draco agreed and threatened Harry that if he didn't show up this time he would chop his body into tiny little pieces and hide them in the floorboards of the library.

When the day of their date came, Draco was undeniably nervous as Theo, Pansy and Blaise helped him select an outfit.

"Relax sweetie." Theo told him as he handed him a silk green shirt. "He will show up. Things are different now."

"I don't even know how I'm supposed to act on a date." Draco admitted as he buttoned up his shirt.

"Just be yourself." Pansy said as she forced him into a seat so she could comb his hair. "It's not different than you going into Hogsmeade with us. You're already a couple and you already love each other so this date really isn't that big a deal."

What in the name of Merlin are you doing to my hair? Draco thought in horror as he looked at his reflection in the mirror. *Is she seriously trying to give me a perm? Curls do not suit me Pans; just stop it now because I don't like it.*

"Pansy, you're ruining my hair!" Draco snapped at her shoving her hands away.

"I think you'll look sweet." Pansy said defensively.

"Theo, fix it please." Draco begged.

"I'm on it babe." Theo assured him as he set to work on straightening his friend's blonde locks.

With his hair returned to normal, Draco deemed himself presentable and left the dorm preparing to meet Harry at the castle steps. On his way through the corridors he came across Damian who was following Ron and gazing up at him adoringly.

Looks like Damian has a new crush Draco thought in amusement. *Oh Theo is not going to like that.*

To Draco's relief, Harry was already there waiting for him when he arrived.

"Hi gorgeous." Harry greeted as he pulled the blonde into a soft kiss.

"So where about in Hogsmeade are you taking me?" Draco asked.

"I don't really know." Harry answered as he rubbed the back of his neck. "Where do you want me to take you?"

I don't want you to take me anywhere Draco thought. *I just want you to take me.*

"What's that smirk for?" Harry asked snapping the Slytherin out of his thoughts.

"Oh nothing." Draco replied. "I was just thinking dirty thoughts."

Harry grinned before taking Draco's hand and leading him through the grounds, out of the school gates and into Hogsmeade. They entered the Three Broomsticks and Harry ordered them each a drink and a slice of cake.

When Draco got his bottle of butterbeer he brought it to his mouth and made some very obscene gestures and noises. Harry shifted in his seat as he felt himself grow hard at Draco's display.

Some of the other customers were giving Draco disapproving looks but that only encouraged the blonde further. Harry meanwhile muttered awkward apologies as his cheeks turned red. He scoffed down his cake and urged Draco to quickly finish off his.

As soon as Draco was done Harry snatched his hand and dragged him back to Hogwarts heading straight for his dormitory. When he entered he was pleased to find the dorm empty and he quickly cast a locking and silencing spell on the door.

They faced each other both feeling suddenly shy.

What do I do? Draco wondered. *Should I just strip off and lay on the bed with my sexy ass in the air or what? Maybe I should just kiss him and then say something seductive. Yes, that's a good plan.*

Moving forward, Draco met Harry in a kiss, their hands roaming over one another's clothes bodies.

"I want your cock in me." Draco blurted out. *Oh well done Draco, very seductive that, you should have kept your mouth shut.*

"Too many clothes." Harry pointed out as he tugged on Draco's shirt.

I completely agree Draco thought as they helped one another undress. *Fuck he looks so good naked…but I'm still the better looking one though.*

"Bed." Harry grunted as he guided Draco in the direction of his four-poster.

This isn't as romantic as I thought it would be Draco mused as he lay stomach down on the bed.

"Your ass is mine Draco." Harry told him.

Well at least I'm not the only one who says stupid things Draco thought before letting out a groan as Harry's tongue licked his butt crack. *That is so filthy and the thought of someone licking the place I shit out of really should be disgusting but my gosh it feels so fucking good. That's right Potter, you lick my shithole like your life depends on it. Hmm, I'm glad I didn't say that out loud.*

"More Harry." Draco gasped as he rested his head in his hands. "I need more."

A second later Harry dug a finger into him and wiggled it around. Draco let out a small laugh at the odd feeling before stretching his legs out wider. When Harry inserted a second finger he moaned softly but let out a small hiss of pain when a third finger was added.

Holy shit, I'm about to lose my virginity Draco suddenly realised as he felt Harry align his cock with his hole. *I can't wait to tell Theo, Pansy and Blaise and gross them out with all the details. I'll edit the truth a bit and tell them that I was on top of course.*

As Harry introduced his penis to the tight warmth of Draco's asshole, all coherent thought left the blonde's mind and all he could concentrate on was the pleasurable burning pain of Harry stretching him and filling him with his shaft.

"Fuck." Draco whimpered as he clenched the bed sheets between his fingers.

"Draco, you're so hot…so tight." Harry told him. "It feels so good."

"Yeah." Draco agreed. "Though it'll feel even better if you move."

"Right." Harry replied before pulling out then slowly pushing back in.

"Faster." Draco ordered. "Fuck me hard and rough."

Grabbing hold of Draco's hips for leverage, Harry slammed himself in and out of his boyfriends body as hard and as fast as he could. They both screamed and panted as Harry drove into Draco and Draco pushed back onto the Gryffindors cock eager to have him even deeper inside.

"Oh Harry…Harry, Harry, Harry!" Draco chanted as pleasure tingled through every part of his body.

"Yeah baby." Harry moaned as he took Draco's dick in his hand and pumped it in time to his frantic thrusts. "I'm so close…love you…feels so good…wanted you so long…need you so much."

"Oh, oh fuck." Draco whimpered. "I can't…I can't last much longer."

"Draco, cum for me." Harry growled.

In a matter of seconds Draco was spilling himself onto the sheets and his anal walls were clamping tightly around Harry's cock triggering his own orgasm. They moaned and shuddered together as they collapsed onto the mattress in a sticky sweaty mess.

I've just had sex with my boyfriend Harry Potter Draco thought in amazement as he felt the Gryffindor pull out of him. *Oh, I liked his dick being inside me why did he have to take it out so soon? Never mind, we'll definitely be doing that again. I bet Lord Tom's a virgin…ok Draco, what does that have to do with anything? Just focus on you and Harry right now. Tell him you*

love him.

"Damn I love your cock." Draco choked out. *I said tell him you love HIM not his cock! Although, I have to agree his cock IS very lovable.*

"And I love that tight ass of yours." Harry replied as he fingered Draco's sore hole wiping away some of the cum.

"I love you." Draco whispered.

"I love you too." Harry returned as he pressed a kiss to the blonde's jaw.

"Come on Harry." Draco said as he moved off the bed and moved onto Ron's.

"Draco, what are you doing?" Harry asked him.

"One shag isn't enough." Draco told him. "You have to fuck me in every bed in this room. Then on the floor, then against the wall and then against the window where any passersby will see my gorgeous ass pressed against the glass."

And I'm not even joking Draco smirked. *I fully intend for you to fuck me all night long.*

"Draco, I can't." Harry replied. "I'm too tired."

Aww, I wore him out Draco thought. *Well in that case I'll have to settle for snuggling.*

Draco located his wand on the floor and cast a spell to clean the sheets of Harry's bed before crawling back in beside him and cuddling up to his side.

Ok if anyone asks, he forced me to hug him I did not do it willingly.

"I love you dragon." Harry murmured as he held the blonde protectively in his arms.

You know, being Draco Malfoy isn't really that bad Draco thought with a smile. *In fact it's pretty fucking good right now. Last year I'd have given anything to swap lives with somebody else but not anymore. This is my body, my life, my boyfriend and no-one else can have it. I like being me.*

The End The End

Please Review

Love and Hugs, IceQueenRia xxx</B