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Name: It All Started With A Valentine...
Author: Eclectify
Chapter 1 to 10

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Chapter: 1

My Cheesy Greeting Card Valentine

A Harry Potter Slash Fic.

Rating: PG-13 (at the moment)

Summary: Draco Malfoy begins receiving very, very cheesy valentines.

Warning: Slash peoples! That means boy/boy action (albeit very tame action) so if you don't like it get acquainted with your back button!

Disclaimer: Delusional fantasies aside, I don't own Harry Potter, Draco Malfoy or any other of the fine cast of these wonderful books. That honour goes to JK. Also, the Valentine sent to Draco is from a selection of very Chessy greeting cards picked for this very fic.

A/N: Okay, this is my first Harry Potter fic as well as my first slash fic. Please be kind and let me know how good (or bad as the case may be) this is so I know whether or not to continue writing. There's no point posting if no one wants to read it. Oh, and I just want to say thanks to Crystal Star Guardian, who absolutely has no idea who I am, but whose wonderful Harry/Draco fics have inspired me to try my hand at some myself. Love your Work! ^_^

Chapter One

"What the…?"

Love was in the air.

At least it would seem to certain fools who let a little late February snow awaken every romantic notion in their Valentine addled brains. Possessed suddenly with the full force of Valentine's Day

fever, the students of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry had taken the late snow as indication of some pathetic omen of love's dream come true.

All except Draco Malfoy.

Valentine's Day?

Ha! Any day that caused one's brain to fill with fluffy bunny rabbit style crap was certainly not worth his time, nor, it could be reasoned, the time of any sane individual with half a brain in their heads. However, Draco remained completely alone in this notion At least, if the scene now playing around him at breakfast was any indication.

Every table in the Great Hall seemed to be breeding couples the way the Weasleys did children. The sheer amount of people sitting in each other's laps was enough to reacquaint Draco's plate with the small amount of food he'd managed to stomach since the food had appeared that morning.

The Slytherin glanced over to the Griffindor table, curious to see the mating habits of the average self-righteous moron. Draco didn't bother to stifle a groan, ignoring Pansy's inquiry to his heath, at the sight that presented itself. That Irish slut, Finnigan, was perched in Thomas' lap, feeding him some unidentifiable food as though his boyfriend was incapable to summon the brainpower required to feed himself.

Although, Draco mused*, it wouldn't be that big a surprise if he didn't.*

That damn female Weasley was pulling the most pathetic pair of goo goo eyes in Potter's direction Draco had a sudden urge to reach across three tables to slap her. And one look at the Weasel and the Mudblood cooing at each like doves on heat definitely erased the only surviving portion of his appetite. Only Potter seemed relatively immune to the general idiocy that surrounded him, content to munch on his apple danish, casting emerald eyes around in vague amusement.

God, how Draco hated Valentine's Day.

The truth be told, ten days still remained until Valentine's Day reared its ugly head but, much to Draco's chagrin, the Valentine Spirit had arrived early this year.

"To my dearest sweetest Marcia! Your eyes are like…"

Draco stifled a groan. He'd kill whatever stupid git had come up with the brilliant plan to convert a simple parchment into an enchanted (but irritating) message. With a simple spell, a poor lovesick fool could charm said valentine to read aloud whatever message was written in a myriad of pathetic voices and sing an equal amount of pathetic songs. Much to Draco's horror, the craze had taken hold with a vengeance. It would seem people couldn't contain their sap just to one day. Messages of this kind had been spontaneously spouting off since the first of the month. All it

achieved, in Draco's mind, was a dull throb in the back of his head that refused to go away.

Disgusted and pointedly ignoring the sap gushing from the latest valentine, Draco made to escape the insanity when a scroll promptly fell into his bacon. Glancing up, he spied a nondescript school disappearing, having delivered its mail. Pausing to wonder why his own owl had not delivered the scroll, he retrieved it from his plate before it acquired a greasy stain and a breakfast smell. He barely had a chance to glance at his name (scrawled in quite an intricate script) before Pansy squealed.

"Draco! You got a valentine!"

Wonderful, Parkinson. Tell the entire school.

"So it would seem." Came his only reply.

"Aren't you going to open it?"

"No."

"Awwww, Draco! You haaaaaave toooooooo! It's tradition!"

"Since when? These insufferable things only started four days ago."

"But Draco, you have to. Doesn't he, Millicent?"

"Of course he does," the girl had followed the conversation since the arrived of the scroll and now stared curiously at Draco's hand, still clutching the unopened valentine.

"What does Draco have to do?" Goyle's voice grunted into the conversation.

Excellent. Now everybody is interested in this bloody thing, Draco sighed. There was no way he'd be leaving the table until the damn thing had been opened now that Pansy had opened her trap. Letting out another longsuffering sigh, Draco opened the scroll, cutting Pansy off mid-sentence. The voice that sprang out of that Valentine could only be compared to bull horn cutting through a foggy night. So loud and clear it commanded the entire table's attention as it began to read:

"Valentine.

You sexy little devil (at this Draco felt hundreds of eyes bore into his head)

Here's my Valentine's desire.

To have you beside me all night long

And light each other's fire."

Draco stared in horror at the parchment as a few scattered snickers sounded off around the hall. If all attention hadn't been on him before, it certainly was now. Unfortunately for him, the valentine was far from over.

"The evening would be magical

Such passion we'd provoke

Most fellas couldn't manage

Other guys are just a joke"

Draco sunk into his seat, dismal expression written all over his fine features. Why oh, why hadn't this pre-pubescent girl sent this damn valentine to Potter instead of him. He could only imagine the mileage that damned Griffindor would get out off this.

"Gorgeous as you are (now there Draco had to agree with them)

You always back it up with action

Bum and other sexy bits

Are part of the attraction"

By now the entire hall was howling with laughter, especially the occupants of the Griffindor table, who found the remarkable shade of pink, Malfoy's ears were turning quite amusing. Draco, himself, was seeing red. Whether from embarrassment or rage he'd yet to determine.

"On the whole you're perfect

And you know just what to do

Planet Earth has many men

But none compare to you!"

Finally, the damned thing shut up, leaving only the hysterical laughter of his fellow students echoing throughout the hall. Draco had finally decided which emotion suited this particular occasion. Fury flashing in his silver eyes, Draco rounded on his first victim.

"Parkinson!"

Pansy snorted back her giggles as she turned to Draco, "Yes, Draco"

"Did you send this…this piece of…"

Pansy snorted again, "Of course not! Why would I send you such a pathetic valentine?"

Though what her mouth said and her face said was an entirely different story and Draco plainly saw "But I wish I had" written all over pug-like face.

"Oi! Malfoy! Seems you've a rabid fangirl after your bones!"

Draco whirled to face the voice, belonging to a very smug Ron Weasley, who at that very moment was trying very hard not to collapse on the floor. Incensed, Draco stormed over to the table where most of the seventh years were having a time keeping themselves upright.

"Shut up, Weasel," Draco snapped.

"A little slow on the cutting sarcasm today are we Malfoy?" Seamus added from his place in Dean's lap.

"A little slow on the brain activity today Finnigan?" came Draco's response, "Wouldn't want you to try too hard and strain something important."

"Now there's that wit we know and hate. I was 'fraid you'd lost it in a haze of romantic urges."

If looks could kill, the entire Griffindor table would be incinerated before they had the chance to cry "Mummy!" Draco's eyes shot ice at everyone in his line of sight but it achieved little, save inciting another gale of laughter to erupt over the entire table. Draco sniffed, casting one final glare in Finnigan and Weasley's direction and stalked back to his own table, not bothering to wonder why Potter had been remarkable silent during his friends ribbing. Had he not been so preoccupied in staring Seamus and Ron into their graves, Draco may have of noticed the tiny smirk, threatening to turn up the lips on a certain raven-haired rival named Harry Potter.

And he might of, just might of noticed a similar rolled up piece of parchment to the one he now held in his fist, peeking out of Harry's robe.

Well, there's the first chapter. I'll post the other one if you people show enough enthusiasm. Oh yeah, this whole fic came from sorting out the Valentine Day card order at work with my good pal Kerrie. I work in a gift and card store and got inspired while laughing at the many funny cards we read that day.

Until the next chapter

The Princess Bard.

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Chapter: 2

My Cheesy Greeting Card Valentine

Rating: Hmm. Strong PG-13 cause Draco uses a bit of strong language.

Summary: Draco's valentine makes for a very interesting potions class.

Disclaimer: Don't own them, wish I did, but I don't. Once again the poem belongs to whoever wrote the greeting card I found it from.

A/N: Wow! So many nice reviews! Thanks to harrysgirl, Pinky, Ballyharnon (I love your fics!), pawn of fate, tenshi-chan (I don't think Harry's niave either), Morien Alexander, Kryta (glad to be of assistance :), Pythia, loverwren, Klee (Yes, Draco is too damn sexy!), Lily Potter, Danielle, Celestina (I didn't want Draco to be too much of a sap. Not yet anyway!), Angelica, unicorn* angel, pixie, TA (erm, yeah quite enough thanks), sev's gurl, Sera, lothlorien, Ginny Ha Ha, FW Viper, and finally Usako. Phew, you guys! You all rock ^_^

Chapter Two

"Once Upon a Cauldron"

Draco Malfoy sulked.

Slumped in his regular seat in the Potions dungeon, which at present was deserted, Draco glared at the empty seats with brooding fury. How his relatively peaceful life had taken a turn for the miserable between breakfast and Potions the Slytherin would gladly sacrifice his broom to understand. Well…perhaps not his broom. But certainly the new, very expensive velvet cloak his mother had given him for Christmas. Draco focused his gaze in all its icy glory on one empty seat in particular, despite the absence of the student in question.

It was all Potter's fault, of this Draco was undeniably certain. Anytime his life filled with any form of misery, a smug Harry Potter could not be far behind, laughing at his expense.

Righteous Griffindor, my arse, Draco thought, *That bastard enjoys my discomfort as much as I enjoy his.*

That damn Valentine had certainly caused its share of…discomfort. He hadn't been able to walk into a room without people snickering. Comments about his arse (and other body parts), though usually appreciated and completely justified, had become nothing more than irritating jibes. Finally, when Weasley had swooned into Granger's arms, saying he could hardly bear to stand in the presence of such a 'sexy little devil', Draco had stormed off to the Potions classroom half and

hour early simply to rid himself of the constant ridicule that had decided to attached itself to his person.

"Hiding, Mr. Malfoy?"

The smooth voice cut into his sulking and Draco snapped his head up, silver glare fixing on a somewhat amused Professor Snape. Having just emerged from his office, to find his favourite student glaring at Potter's empty seat, the potions professor allowed a small smirk to turn up the corners of his mouth. Draco's glare, now fixed on him, did nothing to erase his amusement.

"I am not hiding." Draco snapped.

Snape merely raised an eyebrow and swept over to his desk as the first of the students for the Slytherin/Griffindor session of double Potions filed into the dungeon. Draco's glare now fixed itself on the group that had caused him nothing but grief since breakfast. And it didn't seem they were going to stop anytime soon. Snickering, Finnigan performed a mocking wave in the irate Slytherin's direction and proceeded in making loud smooching noises.

Jesus, you'd think no one had received a stupid valentine before, the way these pathetic imbeciles are behaving. Draco sighed, flipping the irritating Griffindor off, which succeeded only to increase the snickering, quickly spreading to Dean Thomas, Neville Longbottom (*how pathetic can it be when even Longbottom is snickering at me!)* and Lavender Brown. Even his fellow Slytherins had smirks on their faces.

Wonderful! The whole fucking school thinks this is one big joke at my expense. Brilliant, absolutely brilliant.

With the arrival of Potter, Granger, and Weasley (the latter pausing to smirk in Malfoy's direction before sitting down), Snape began the afternoon's lesson.

"We will be making an Anti-toxin potion that will require you to work for the entire session in pairs…of my choosing." Snape began, ignoring the groans that predictably echoed in the dungeons from Griffindors and Slytherins alike. Draco merely frowned miserably, knowing without a doubt who the sadistic bastard would pair him with.

As if the day couldn't get worse.

He didn't even bother to listen as the pairs were called out and the instructions for the potion discussed, instead staring irately at the ingredients Snape had written across the board for the afternoon's lesson. He wasn't surprised when Potter plopped, gracelessly, into the empty seat beside him.

"Potter." He snapped his greeting.

"Malfoy."

Harry's voice, devoid of any malice, sounded to Draco's immense surprise …pleasant? He glanced at the young man sitting beside him, slightly shocked to see he him calmly organizing the ingredients that had mysteriously appeared on the bench in front of them. Potter, oblivious to Malfoy's intense gaze, opened his Potions text and began flipping through the pages. Shaking his head slightly at the eeriness of it all, Draco studied the ingredients scrawled across the board then reached for the closest jar.

Shit, he realized suddenly he had no idea what they were supposed to be doing. Sighing, he turned reluctantly towards his 'partner'.

"What are we supposed to be doing again, Potter?"

Harry glanced up, slight surprise shining in his eyes. "You mean you weren't listening?"

"Contrary to popular belief I do not hang on Snape's every word."

A slight smile crept its way onto Harry's lips as he pointed to Draco's book, sitting to the left of Harry's pile of ingredients. "We're to look up the potion ourselves and then follow the instructions. It's page…"

"I'll find it." Draco snapped, snatching up his book and turning the pages. Muttering the names of the potions as he flipped through, he finally found the potion matching the one Potter now had open, and to his surprise found a carefully folded piece of parchment between its pages. Curious, he carefully unfolded it.

"Valentine!" it called out cheerfully and before Draco had the chance to protest it began to recite:

"I'm all weak with wanting

I'm dizzy with desire,

I'm passing out with passion

Cause…babe you light my fire.

You're sexy and you're cool

And you've got real class

But most of all Valentine…

You've got a real nice arse!"

The dungeon erupted with laughter as Draco stared horrified at the offending piece of parchment

he held in his hand.

"Mr Malfoy," Snape's voice cut through the laughter. "Please refrain from opening valentines in my class."

"But I…I mean…I don't…"

It seemed the class found Draco's stuttering highly amusing as the gales of laughter increased until tears began to pour down many faces and a few students fell from their seats. Draco turned to glare at the Griffindor beside him, who sat, amused smile on his lips, gazing curiously at the valentine.

"I know you had something to do with this, Potter." He spat.

Harry didn't get the chance to answer because Snape's voice echoed through the dungeons.

"Enough!"

Reluctantly, the laughter died, a few students (Ron Weasely in particular) had to swipe the tears from their eyes. Finally, when peace had settled over the dungeon again, Snape spoke.

"Another outburst of that kind and I will send this entire class to detention! Now, if you have all finished acting like imbeciles, begin your potions."

With a few tossing snickers in Draco's direction, everyone returned to their work. Shoving the valentine into his robe, Draco turned to glare at Harry, who, still smiling, passed a jar filled with some strange purple substance across the bench. "Pour this into the cauldron and start stirring. Counter clockwise for twelve then clockwise for twelve and so on. Got it?"

"Yes." He spat, adding "I'll make you suffer for this, Potter."

"Stir the potion, Malfoy." came the simple reply.

Muttering murderously under his breath, Draco did as instructed watching as Harry ground the required fairy wings into a fine dust and distributed half evenly in the strange purple goop Draco stirred. "Don't forget to stir Counter clockwise again after…"

"I heard you the first time, Potter." Draco snapped.

"Okay!" Harry raised his hands up, defeated, and returned to preparing the ingredients. "You're narkier then usual today, Malfoy. What's eating you?"

Peering into green eyes, infuriated, Draco snarled. "Are you living in your own little reality, Potter? If you hadn't noticed I'm the brunt of the entire school's jokes because *someone* is hell bent on sending me a ridiculous valentines."

Either the sarcasm was lost on Potter or he chose to ignore it.

"Oh that. I figured you'd be used to adoring fans throwing themselves at your feet."

Draco snorted, "I think not, Potter. After all, I'm not you."

"No, you're not."

And with that, Harry returned to preparing ingredients, leaving a very annoyed Draco Malfoy staring incredulously at him.

What the hell is going on! Potter's being…nice? After all the ammunition just placed right into his lap?

The Slytherin stared into the cauldron, a million possibilities as to why Potter had suddenly decided to be civil to his bitter enemy, screaming around in his head.

"Here, you can stop stirring now and cut this. I'm not doing all the work here, Malfoy."

Draco snatched the wormwood root from Harry's grasp and preceded to slice it into nice, even pieces.

"Smaller"

Glaring up at the Griffindor, Draco growled, "Who died and made you the god of cutting wormwood, Potter?"

"Just cut it smaller, Malfoy. This is complicated enough without your bitching to listen to."

Draco started. The words were right. Cutting, appropriate insults in their usual places. But Potter's words lacked the sting, the malice and anger Draco had become so accustom to hearing whenever Potter's voice had been directed towards him. Instead, he heard vague amusement, something unidentifiable glinting in his eyes.

"You cut the wormwood," he found himself snapping, "I'll…" he snatched his potions book from it's place at Harry's side and quickly scanned the page contents, "I'll peel the membrane off the newt's eyes."

"Fine." And Harry snatched the wormwood from Draco and silently continued slicing the root into pieces. Smaller pieces. Draco pulled the newt's eyes from the glass jar in front of him and began the complicated process of peeling the membrane all the while stealing glances in Potter's direction pondering his bizarre behaviour.

He's messing with your head, Draco finally decided, *He knows you're vulnerable to attack since*

the embarrassing, miserable day you've been having is wearing you concentration. Damn Potter. Probably part of his ultimate plan of humiliation.

Finally succeeding in removing the required membrane, he shoved it in Potter's direction, "Here."

"Well, put it in the cauldron while I add this. No! Wait until I've put half in first!" Harry cried when Draco made to drop the filmy substance into the smoldering purple goo. Draco merely glared in his direction and waited, hand poised over the cauldron, for Harry to add his own ingredients. The wormwood made a slight hiss as it began to dissolve and with the addition of the membrane of the newts eye the purple mess, exploded in a ball of flame, only to quickly settle back into simmering goo the consistency of peanut butter, now coloured chocolate brown.

"Quick start stirring. Clockwise." Harry ordered.

Eyebrow raised, Draco gazed pointedly at the cauldron, not moving to stir it at all. Harry sighed, and ignoring Draco's smirk, began stirring the potion himself.

Draco sat in silence, studying the text while Harry stirred the potion until it thinned out, becoming slightly transparent.

"We have to add the rest of the fairy wings and the wormwood together, equal quantities, when it's completely transparent." Draco spoke up, adding, "Keep stirring, Potter."

The comment earned a glare from annoyed emerald eyes and Draco smirked in relief. This Potter he knew how to handle. Watching as the potion slowly turned completely transparent, Draco shoved the vial of crushed fairy wings in Harry's direction and after he grabbed it, picked up the remaining half of the wormwood root.

"Okay, Potter. Start pouring."

The pair distributed the remaining ingredients, careful to keep them entering the potion at the exact same time and quantity. Finally, all wormwood and fairy wings in the potion, Harry started to stir once again.

"Call Snape." He asked. "He has the last ingredient."

"You call him." Malfoy began inspecting his nails, pointedly ignoring Harry's glare.

"Just call him, will you? He won't listen to me and the entire potion will be ruined. Do you want detention? No? I didn't think so. Now just call Snape."

"Fine."

Draco caught Snape's eye and motioned for him to come over.

"We've finished. We just need the…"

"Mooncalf dung." Harry quickly supplied, knowing Draco didn't have a clue what the final ingredient to complete the potion as Snape had mentioned it was not written in the text. The gesture didn't go unnoticed by the Slytherin and as Snape proceeded to add the highly perishable liquid, erm*, manure* to the pair's cauldron, Draco gazed incredulously at Harry, who was busy watching the cauldron. With a short puff of amethyst smoke, the potion retuned to its original purple colour.

"Well done, Draco. Potter." Snape spat out the word 'Potter' as though it pained him. "Bottle and label it and place the vials in the store room" and he swept away, descending on Neville and Pansy. The two rivals quickly bottled the potion and once labeled, carried the armful of vials into the potions store room.

"I didn't need your help back there, Potter." Malfoy snapped, depositing his vials on their appropriate shelf.

"Of course not." He placed his vials next to Draco's and then with what could only be describe as a wicked grin, added "I just figured with all the passion your last valentine must have awoken, your concentration must have slipped. I couldn't let poor Malfoy get even more embarrassed now could I?"

And with sweet smile, he turned and swept out of the room, robes billowing dramatically behind.

Draco clenched his fists, nails digging mercilessly into his palms as he glowered after Harry's retreating back.

Oh, you are going down, Potter. You are going down.

Princess Bard: Oooo, Draco's pissed and Harry's up to something!

Next chapter should be up in a couple of days. Please keep all the wonderful reviews coming! My ego has to have doubled since I posted the first chapter! *grins crazily*

Draco: *muttering* It was big enough to begin with.

Princess Bard: He who lives in glass houses…*pokes out tounge*

See you all next chapter!

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Chapter: 3

My Cheesy Greeting Card Valentine

Chapter Three

Rating: PG-13

Warning: SLASH ahead. Don't like it? Then go away.

Summary: Draco decides to get revenge for the valentines.

Disclaimer: Sigh, if only Draco and Harry and Seamus and all the lovely other people were mine. But they're not and I'll have years of therapy to help me get over that. Until that day arrives I'll make do with holding them captive. Valentine not mine either. Basically all I own is the plot…if a real one ever emerges.

A/N: I really was not happy with that last chapter so it might be reworked later. I can't write Snape! Thanks again to my reviewers! Here we go…Purple Leprechans, bwaybaby79, bunny B, Morien, Unicorn* angel, libertine, Dak, loverwren, Avalon-16, Rose-of-Jupiter, lise, Sera Luanma, sundance kid, eiknlng, Ravens, Lauren, Derianna, Prophetess of Hearts, Avarda Kedevra, Klee, Clarke Raven, and Evil Windstar! Phew, my poor fingers hurt from typing you all. Thanks!

Chapter Three

"The Sweet Smell of Revenge."

"Revenge! Revenge! Hence forth dearer than light or food!"

He'd found the quote in a Muggle book he'd once read just to spite his father. *Frankenstein* or something, Draco didn't really remember much since he'd never made it past the fourth chapter. But last night, while feeling suitably miserable and plotting Potter's very horrible and very painful death, the book had fallen (or been hurled in a fit of anger but whose to quibble) from its hiding spot on his bedside shelf. And those words had reached out and grabbed him by the throat. Intrigued, he spent the rest of the night reading by wandlight, finding more and more reasons to like this fictional monster. How could he not like a creature that drove its enemy so mad with guilt and vengeance that said enemy had finally offed himself. Of course the monster had to go and do the same thing…but well he was a monster and Draco didn't have too much faith in the brain capacity of monsters. Even semi-intelligent fictional ones.

Ah, but revenge. Now there was an admirable characteristic in a fellow.

After the debarkle that was potions, Draco had nothing but revenge on his mind. There could be

no question of Potter's involvement with the valentines. His strange behaviour only confirmed Draco's suspicions. Potter was out to mess with his head, cause him no end of embarrassment, and well…make his life miserable. While Draco admired one's ability to inflict misery on another, he'd be damned if he'd let Potter make him his unwilling victim.

No it was time to exact his revenge, bring Golden Boy down to the level he was supposed to be…under Draco Malfoy's boots.

But where to begin?

Malfoy could see no point in sending Potter some embarrassing valentines of his own. Sure, he'd probably get to see some very amusing blushing and probably cause a little embarrassment but the joke was on Malfoy in that regard. Simply repeating Potter's little stunt would not cause the total humiliation Draco intended.

"Aren't you going to eat, Draco? Too nervous about the owl post?"

Blaise Zambini's voice jerked Draco from his scheming, forcing him back into the reality of Hogwart's breakfast. He'd quite forgotten he was sitting at the Slytherin table, a plate of honey smothered toast before him.

"Huh?" he replied.

"Draco? You're starting to act like Crabbe and Goyle. Has the owl post terrified you into stupidity already?"

Draco raised an eyebrow, "I'd hardly call using 'huh' once in a conversation as descending into stupidity, Blaise. And I'm not afraid of the owl post."

"You have had that glazed expression on your face since last night. I'm beginning to think those two valentines are chipping at your sanity."

"Why would two pathetic valentines…"

"…which made you blush…"

"…affect my sanity?"

"You were muttering about revenge at four this morning. I just assumed you had started losing it. Besides, you keep glancing around the ceiling like your watching for mail."

"I do believe you're imagining things again, Zambini." Draco replied, coolly. "I am merely deep in thought and am glancing in no particular direction. I am not afraid of the morning post."

The sound of many wings and bird cries interrupted the two Slytherin's conversation and Blaise

delighted in seeing Draco tense, glancing nervously up at the owls swooping down to deliver the morning mail.

"No you are most certainly not afraid of the owl post." Blaise quipped.

Draco ignored the comment as he'd spied another nondescript school owl entering the hall, flying purposefully towards the Slytherin table.

That valentine is going straight into the fire in the common room, Draco thought, watching the owl's lazy flight towards him, *No more humiliation for Draco Malfoy if he has anything to say about it.*

Blaise had other ideas.

He too had seen the school owl flying lazily towards Draco and could hazard a guess at the contents of the scroll clutched in its talons.

You're not getting out of this one, Malfoy. I'm quite enjoying this little prank.

And with a speed and deftness that would put Potter to shame, Blaise snatched the scroll out of the air right in front of Draco's horrified face.

"Zambini, I demand you…"

"Draco has another a valentine!" he called rather loudly, ignoring Draco's menacing tone and waving the scroll triumphantly.

As Draco dropped his head into his hands, muttering something along the lines of "Revenge. Revenge on this whole bloody school," the entire Slytherin table peered at the parchment in Blaise's hands.

"Open it!" Pansy squealed.

A chorus of approval at Pansy's suggestion echoed into the hall, attracting the attention of the Ravenclaws beside them (A/N: Is the Ravenclaw table next to the Slytherin table? I can't remember.) who paused in opening their own mail to focus on a dejected Slytherin slumped in his seat, head in his hands, and another holding a scroll as if it were the House Cup.

"Open it, Zambini," Draco muttered, "And I'll flay you alive and feed you to Mrs. Norris in pieces."

Smiling sweetly, the boy simply opened the scroll, much to the delight of the Slytherins and Ravenclaws whom he now held in rapt attention.

"I'm your secret valentine!

And you're my heart's desire

Every time I think of you

You really light my fire."

The Slytherins and Ravenclaws were snickering loudly and by now the Hufflepuffs and Griffindors had turned their attention to the commotion on the other side of the room.

"You'll wonder am I gorgeous

Am I short or tall

And are my favourite "assets"

Quite phenomenal-or small"

The hall once again howled with laughter at Malfoy expense and the mortified Slytherin glared up at Zambini, the small shred of dignity he still believed he possessed preventing him from snatching the parchment from Blaise's hands. Still, on the valentine spoke.

"Could I be, potentially

The best you've ever had?

Well, all that I can tell you is

I fancy you like mad!"

Appreciative applause rang out into the hall and Blaise bowed his head in recognition, dropping back in his seat beside Draco, who had yet to raise his head. Blaise dropped the now silent parchment under Draco's nose, the latter snatching it and shoving it into his robe. Pausing to glare at Zambini, Draco turned to the Griffindor table, fixing a glare on Potter's dishevelled raven hair. Beside him, Weasley and Granger smirked in his direction and from the opposite side of the table Thomas and Finnigan were acting out some pathetic love scene that involved much mocking and swooning. The Weasel nudged Potter, and slowly he turned and met Draco's silver glare. Amusement shined in his emerald eyes but the smile on his face could only be described as genuine. Draco's glare remained icy but an eyebrow quirked in questioning. Potter simply turned away smile still shinning in his eyes.

Glaring once more at the Griffindorks performing in front of him, Draco turned back to face his own housemates, all whom had resumed eating, smirks still on their faces.

Potter isn't exploiting this enough. He's acting amused and…genuine?

Slowly a devious smile crept its way onto Draco's lips. He could use Potter's little joke against him!

I'll prove to the whole school that Potter is behind those valentines and then…oh this is just too delicious! Then I'll convince the whole school that poor, pathetic Potter is hopelessly in love with me!

Draco allowed himself a small chuckle, as he glanced back at the Griffindor who happily shared his breakfast with Granger, oblivious to the scheming Slytherin smirking at his back. Potter would be mortified, when Draco calmly (and loudly) announced to the entire school that Harry Potter, the-Boy-Who-Lived, Hogwart's Golden Boy, was completely head-over-heels in love with Draco Malfoy, his bitter enemy of just over six years.

It would mean studying Potter's every move. Draco needed tangible proof that Potter was behind those valentines if he was to exploit his little prank. No one was going to believe him unless he could provide the evidence to back his claims up. Even if he had to create a little of his own.

Draco Malfoy was going to turn stalker.

Catching a movement in the corner of his eye, Draco glanced over at the Griffindor table. Potter and his little entourage made their way out of the hall and pausing only to glower at Zambini, Draco followed, smirking to himself.

Oh, I am going to enjoy this.

Princess Bard: Hee hee. Draco's out for revenge and poor Harry hasn't got a clue!

Harry: Well, actually…

Princess Bard: Sssh! Do you *want* to give the story away?

Harry: If I do can I go home?

Princess Bard: What part of you and Draco are my captives till I say so do you not understand? Come on, you know you love me.

Draco: Well actually, he loves…"

Princess Bard: SSSHHHH!

Draco: *whispers to Harry* She's a nutcase.

Harry: *nods*

Princess Bard: Anyway…next chapter should be up tomorrow. I hope. Read and Review as always!

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Chapter: 4

My Cheesy Greeting Card Valentine

Chapter Four

Rating: PG-13

Warning: Slash. It's still here and it 'aint going away.

Summary: Draco turns stalker in attempt to get the dirty on Harry.

Disclaimer: No, I don't own them I've only kidnapped them for this fic. Once again, the valentines not mine. Actually throughout this whole fic the only valentine that will be is the one in the final chapter.

A/N: Chapter Four is here and be prepared the chapters from now on are going to be long. I hope to have Chapter Five out soon but my uncle has just died so right now my brain is quite focused on writing. Thanks to my reviewers…loverwren, svannah, sev's gurl, dani, Wednesday, Myr, Klee, ravena, leia 3000, 'lissya, ClarKe RaVen, Leila, Unicorn*Angel, and Rose of Jupiter. Love you guys!

Chapter Four

"In the Eye of the Beholder"

"Draco's got another Valentine!"

The phrase had taken the place of "and Harry Potter has caught the snitch" as the phrase Draco most dreaded to hear aloud and right at that moment Pansy's enthusiastic waving of the damned parchment made the uttering of the phrase even worse. Draco had lost all control over his mail ever since Blaise had so deftly plucked his last valentine out of the air. This morning, just as he'd placed a fork full of egg into his mouth, an owl had descended on the Slytherin table and deposited another scroll of parchment right into Pansy's outstretched hand. Nothing surprising in that except her hand happened to be reaching right over Draco's plate to catch it and he loathed to think how his housemates had suddenly developed such amazing catching skills.

Potter probably gave a seminar on seeker's skills just so they could steal my mail and make sure the damn things are read every bloody morning. Draco sulked, as Pansy tore open the seal.

Nothing happened.

Hope soared through Draco that this piece of parchment was only a letter from his mother or something but no, on closer inspection he saw the telltale crimson scrawl of his name on the offending scroll.

"It's blank!" Pansy whined, passing it to Millicent, who after glancing at the parchment herself, passed it on to Blaise. Blaise studied the empty page before he pulled out his wand and uttered something under his breath. When nothing happened Pansy tried her own spell and when that failed Millicent waved her wand furiously at the parchment shouting out "reveal thyself" and other ridiculous phrases. Still, the parchment remained blank much to Draco's relief.

"Wait! Something is happening!" Millicent cried.

The trio, along with Crabbe, Goyle and a reluctant Malfoy leaned in to watch the words appear in the crimson scrawl the Slytherin table had become so accustomed to.

"Draco's valentine wishes to tell Pansy Parkinson to keep her pug-face out other peoples business."

Blasie snorted and Millicent giggled at the disgusted look on Pansy's face as she read the words. Draco held back a laugh.

"Said valentine also believes that Blaise Zambini is a self righteous prat and Millicent Bullstrode is a horrid excuse for a female."

Only Crabbe and Goyle managed snickers as the three Slytherins mentioned stared in fury at the parchment. Malfoy was still smirking.

"The valentine would also like to register their astonishment that Crabbe and Goyle have managed to make it to seventh year."

The pair snickered until they realised what it was they were laughing at, Ox-like faces screwing up with anger. Draco snorted and rolled his eyes.

"Draco's valentine would finally like to point out that all Slytherins are irritating gits and will never win the Quidditch or House Cups this year."

The scrawl finally ceased and the insults glowed an offending crimson as they taunted the furious Slytherins glaring down at the parchment. Millicent tossed the scroll at Draco scowling and he tucked it quickly into his robes with a smirk.

"That's the price you pay for stealing other people's mail."

"Shut it, Malfoy." Blaise snapped.

Smirk still on his lips, Draco turned to the Griffindor table and quickly found Potter's messier-than-usual hair amongst the sea of heads. He sat with his back to the Slytherin table as per usual, head turned slightly to talk to the Weasel who sat on his right.

I have to hand it to you Potter. That was quite amusing.

Pulling the valentine from his robe, Draco stared curiously at the now blank piece of parchment, wondering why it had only insulted his fellow Slytherins instead spouting of the usual embrassingly cheesy valentine.

Part of Potter's master plan no doubt, he thought, returning the valentine back to his robes. *Now, onto *my* master plan.*

Another glance over at the Griffindor table told Draco that Potter was planning to make his way to his next class, which coincidently was Transfiguration, a class the Griffindors and Slytherins now shared. In fact, the seventh year Slytherins and Griffindors shared a great deal of their classes, as did Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff. It had been much to Draco's chagrin when the announcement had been made on their first day but it was now proving to come in handy, at least in terms of plotting revenge. He had most of the day to study Potter and try to catch him out…doing whatever he did to get those valentines to Draco.

Downing his pumpkin juice in one elegant gulp, Draco rose from his seat and sauntered past the Griffindor, jolting Potter out of his pleasant conversation with the Weasel with a well placed elbow, knocking his glasses askew.

"Shove off, Malfoy!" Weasley snapped, glaring daggers at the blonde.

"I was merely greeting Potter on this fine morning, Weasel. No need to get all uppity." Draco smirked. "Really Potter, shouldn't your glasses be on your face?"

"Was there anything you particularly needed, Malfoy? Or did you just make a little side trip to enemy territory just to bump into me?"

Draco snarled, "And why would I want to touch you, Potter. I can't help it if your big head takes up so much room. Now if you would excuse me, I have a class to attend and I don't want to be late. Not that being on time is anything you're familiar with, I'd expect."

And Draco swept away, robes billowing for dramatic effect, Potter's "Methinks the Slytherin protest too much" calling after him.

Damn Potter. Always has to have the last laugh. Well. We'll see who laughs last, Potter, when the

whole school believes you're madly in love with your worst enemy.

"He's staring again, Harry!"

"He's plotting, something I just know it!"

"God! I hate that smirk. Why can't…"

Ron and Hermione carried on the banter throughout the entire Transfiguration class not really paying any attention to the fact Harry wasn't paying any attention. His mind had been previously occupied with the unnerving feeling of Draco's silver gaze boring holes in the side of his head and he'd yet to catch the Slytherin staring in his direction. Every time he'd turned in Draco's direction, the blonde was staring with rapt attention to MacGonnagal, face impassive and innocent.

Harry didn't buy it for a second.

Across the room, Draco watched the raven-haired boy turn his attention back to his notes, annoyance written clearly across his handsome features. Draco smirked, knowing Potter's inability to catch him staring was frustrating him.
Handsome?
It pleased Draco no end to know his persistent gaze on Potter was unnerving him. Though he'd yet to discover anything to pin the valentines on Potter, he'd certainly caused the Griffindor a great deal of discomfort for the duration of the class. His emerald eyes continually flickered in Draco's direction and every time Draco made sure his own eyes were focused elsewhere, the little game providing him with a source of amusement during the dull lesson. Right now, however, Draco was very interested in the ink Potter was writing his notes in and he studied Potter with interest as he listened to McGonnagal's lecture, quill darting across the page, teeth biting his lower lip in an adorably juvenile fashion.
Adorable?
What colour did Potter write in? He'd been partnered with the Griffindor enough in potions to have opportunity to see his notes and Crabbe and Goyle had stolen them enough on his request, to get Potter into trouble with the bitter potion's master. Yet, the colour escaped him. He knew Potter always placed his text on his left side before removing his parchment and ink bottle…but no, he didn't use a ink bottle now he had that expensive self inking quill he'd received for Christmas from Granger.

Sudden movement and emerald eyes locked onto silver. Draco silently cursed himself for letting his concentration slip, the game now in Potter's favour. Triumph shone clearly in his eyes, the flash similar to the one Malfoy had seen so many times on the Quidditch field which usually involved Potter waving a certain golden snitch in his face. Potter grinned idiotically at having trumped his Slytherin nemesis, even at such a silly game.

Hmm, Potter's eyes shine jade when he smiles like that.

Draco scowled and turned back to his own work, but not before glancing a scrawled script at the top of a piece of parchment carelessly dangling from Potter's desk. Draco's scowl quickly turned into a smirk at the colour that glowed like a beacon across the room.

Crimson.

"Damn it, Malfoy! Are you stalking us?"

Ron scowled at the smirking Slytherin, bending down to help Harry, who was sprawled ungracefully across the floor, parchment, quill, and various other items strewn around him. Harry had run into Draco outside of Charms. It had been the third occurrence that day and each time Draco seemed to appear at just the wrong time. Or right time if you happened to be Malfoy, who had managed to knock Harry down each time. This time, however, he bent down picking up Harry's self inking quill and twirled it in his fingers. Drops of red ink flickered onto Ron's face sending the already angered Griffindor into waves of fury. With a growl, he lunged at Malfoy, Harry completely forgotten. Taken by surprise, Draco fell back, an irate Ron landing a sharp right hook on his jaw. Snarling he lunged back at the Griffindor and a brawl soon broke out right there on the corridor floor.

"Stop it! Malfoy! Ron!" Hermione snapped to no avail, the pair still scrabbling on the floor.

"Draco! Ron! Stop acting like gits and break it up!" Harry snapped, having picked himself off the floor. He reached down and hauled Ron off Draco, glaring at both of the boys before shoving the rest of his belongings back into his bag. "We've got Divination to go to Ron. See you at dinner, 'Mione."

And with Granger and Weasley casting a final glare in Malfoy's direction, the trio stalked off, each going to their classes. Draco's eyes followed Potter's retreating form as far as his eyes could before turning to follow Granger to Arithmacy. A single piece of parchment still fluttering on the ground caught his eye and silently, he scooped to pick it up.

Draco face split into a grin of pure delight.

There, written in Potter's messy scrawl, in Potter's crimson ink was the beginning of another valentine. Though only three words had been scrawled on the page, Draco had neither doubt of the origins nor the destination of this piece of parchment.

"Oh, this is just too perfect." He drawled aloud, smirking down at the hastily scribbled words.

Now all he needed was to catch Potter in the act and all was set. He'd have his revenge and enjoy every little shred of embarrassment that would appear on Potter's face. Fighting the urge to whistle, Draco slipped his new prized possession into his robes and headed to his next class, ignoring the persistent voice whispering in the depths of his mind. A voice he'd been ignoring all day.
Did Potter just call me Draco?

Princess bard: Well, Draco may have the beginnings of his revenge against Harry but Harry may yet surprise him.

Harry: Is it just me or did that valentine act like the Marauder's Map when the Slytherin slimeballs tried to read it?

Draco: Marauder's Map? SLIMEBALLS?

Princess Bard: Yes, it did and everyone will find out why very soon.

Harry: So you're not just ripping off plots from…

Princess Bard: *glares* Do I have to lock you in the cupboard again?

Harry: *whimpers* No…

Draco: Can *we* get locked in the cupboard? *leers at Harry*

Princess Bard: God! Male hormones. Um, read and review as always! And yes, you will find out what happened to that blank valentine Draco received at the start of the chapter.

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Chapter: 5

My Cheesy Greeting Card Valentine

Chapter Five

Rating: Strong PG-13. Draco and Blaise swear…again.

Warning: Still Slash.

Disclaimer: Draco and Harry are still kidnapped…but I don't own anymore than I did when I started this fic. Damn it!

A/N: This fic has suddenly got a mind of it's own. I originally intended it to about seven chapters long and now its looking closer to ten. Needless to say, it won't be finished by Valentine's Day. Chapter Six should be up tomorrow.

Chapter Five

"Draco Discovers his Inner Draco"

Draco sighed in delight.

The bath's hot water soothed his aching muscles, aches thanks to the Quidditch practice he'd only just returned from. Smelling faintly of jasmine and pine, the water worked wonders and he'd be hard pressed not to fall asleep right there in the tub. Body at ease, mind at peace, Draco closed his eyes, a small content smile curving his lips. Being a prefect definitely had its perks. True he'd lost out on the Head Boy position, to a Weasley at that, but at that moment, soaking in the bath in the prefect's bathroom, little things such as that didn't matter.

This day could not get any more perfect if it tried.

And what a perfect day it had been. No dreadful, embarrassing valentine spouting off over breakfast, the mysterious empty parchment simply insulting his extremely nosy and irritating housemates. Hmm, yes that had been very amusing indeed. Tailing Potter all day had its drawbacks but the results were worth all the pains. Gazing into those alarmingly green eyes whenever Potter stared him down after Draco had sent him sprawling across the floor. Watching the Weasel's face flush as red as his hair with fury.

Hearing Potter call you Draco.

Yes, despite the tender jaw he now sported due to Weasley's volatile temper, Draco's day had been as close to perfect as he could imagine. And of course he now had, tucked carefully between his mattress and his bed, the first piece of evidence he'd need to bring Potter's little world crashing down around him.

You want to cause him embarrassment, not pain, Moron. Even you couldn't go so far as to *hurt* Potter.

Embarrassment. Pain. Same thing. Draco argued against the pesky little voice that had been buzzing inside his head all day. Much to his disappointment, he'd discovered he *did* have an inner voice. He found it all terribly cliché, yet he'd given up ignoring it some time during Quidditch practice.

You know you'd rather suffer through a thousand cheesy valentines rather than watch Potter's face do that gut-wrenching thing with his eyes.

Tired of this annoying inner dialogue with an obviously more deluded part of his psyche, Draco concentrated on the task at hand…revenge.

He allowed himself a small chuckle…after all, the villain always chuckled evilly when the hero was about to meet his downfall. Oh, and Harry was going down all right. He'd be begging Draco for mercy by the time he was finished with *his* little plan for humiliation.

Lathering up his loofah, Draco smirked happily, a very un-Malfoy like whistle slipping past his lips. Soaping up his stomach, he imagined the look on Harry's face when he announced to the whole school that he had discovered who his secret valentine was and knowing Golden Boy he'd never be able to lie in front of the entire school. He'd do that adorable blush, hide his head in his hands, and then he'd fix that emerald glare, the one that pierced straight through the soul, right at Draco and he'd feel the animosity rolling over him.

Adorable blush? Since when was anything Potter did adorable?

Everything Potter does is adorable. That's what makes him so bloody irritating. Everybody finds him so endearing it makes me sick.

Everybody? You find him endearing?

I do NOT find Potter endearing. Cute, maybe. Handsome…

Handsome?

I hate him, but I'm not blind! Jesus, the whole of Hogwart's knows Harry's gorgeous.

Gorgeous? And since when did Potter become Harry?

Argh! Just shut the fuck up!

Draco sighed and slipped beneath the water. You knew you had problems when you lost an argument with yourself.

"Are you sure Draco hid them in here?"

"Saw him do it. In the morning. Before breakfast."

"God, Crabbe. Will you stop talking in sentence fragments? It makes you sound even less intelligent than usual. Now, where did he hide them?"

"Under his mattress. That's where Draco hides all his important things."

The four Slytherins turned to gaze incredulously at Crabbe. "Draco actually told you where he keeps his private things?" Pansy squeaked.

"Um, no. I saw him do it this morning."

Blaise rolled his eyes and Pansy looked relieved. If Draco was going to reveal anything it was going to be to her. Millicent simply looked bored and Goyle just looked stupid.

"Can we just find then already?" Millicent sighed, a little uncomfortable being in the boys dorm

room.

"All right. Crabbe get the valentines."

Crabbe shuffled over to Draco's bed and began pawing under the mattress while his fellow conspirators waited impatiently.

The five Slytherins, incensed at what they believed was a charm Draco had placed on his mail, wanted some revenge of their own. After Draco had disappeared for his bath, Blaise had collected Crabbe, Goyle, Millicent and Pansy and proceeded to raid Draco's belongings. After encountering a strong locking charm on his trunk and some confuddling charm on his beside table that resulted in Pansy thinking she was a cow for a moment (much to the amusement of everyone) Crabbe revealed he'd seen Draco hide his valentines.

"Found them." His hand reappeared from under the mattress, clutching a small bundle of parchment.

"About fucking time." Blaise snapped. "Hand them over. I've looked up some more charms that might reveal the writing on the last one."

"How touching." A low drawl came from the doorway. "All this trouble for little me."

The valentine thieves whirled around to find Draco leaning against the doorframe, trademark smirk on his lips. "Hand them over, Zambini."

"You think you can get away with that little charm you performed this morning, Malfoy? We're going to see what's written on this valentine and makes sure the whole school does too."

Draco's wand was in his hand before the others could blink. "Accio valentines!" and the valentines followed suit. With the swiftness that rivalled even Potter's seeker skills, Draco caught them deftly in his left hand, pocketing his wand with the other. The valentine, however, reacted quite interestingly when Draco's wand brushed its page.

With a slight glow, the crimson scrawl began appearing on the page the same moment the all too familiar voice echoed into the now silent room.

"I'm sending love and kisses

To my darling valentine

As long as we're together

The sun will always shine"

Draco let out an exasperated sigh and reproduced his wand "Silencio!"

"And even if it's raining

With the promise of a storm

My love will guaranteed

That we'll be snuggled up and warm"

Pansy giggled and Blaise smirked. "Looks like we'll find out what's written on the valentine anyway."

Despite Draco's attempts, the valentine continued, its cheery voice becoming increasingly irritating. At least to Draco, while his housemates found it increasingly amusing.

"I want you here beside me

Coz my temperature is hot

So Valentine, I think it's time

For a little 'You know what'!"

Millicent and Pansy applauded while Crabbe and Goyle snickered. Blaise simply smirked and dropped onto his bed.

"Thank you, Malfoy. That was highly entertaining. Really it was."

Draco cast his silver glare in everyone's general direction before shoving the valentines into his robes. "Potter is going down." He muttered under his breath before sweeping out if the room.

The remaining Slytherins exchanged a bewildered look.

Potter?

"Harry?" Ron looked up from his transfiguration homework (which he wasn't really paying much attention to) as Harry pulled free his invisibility cloak from his tangle of things in his trunk. "Where are you going?"

"Visiting."

"Oh, right." Ron nodded and turned back to his work. "Say hello, to Sirius and Professor Lupin for me."

"And me." A muffled voice came from Neville's bed. He was laying face down, exhausted from

the make up potions test he'd just taken.

"Us too!" Seamus chirped, from his position sprawled across his boyfriend's stomach. Dean mumbled in agreement.

"Sure. See you tomorrow boys."

Harry threw the cloak over his shoulders and promptly disappeared from sight. A cough stopped him before he left his room. He pulled the hood free, allowing his room mates to see his head.

"You'll need this. What with Malfoy turning stalker and all." Seamus said, waving the Marauders' Map in his hand.

Harry favoured the boy with a brilliant smile and swiped the Map from his hands. "I won't ask why you have it."

"Good. I wasn't going to tell you anyway."

Laughing, Harry recovered his head and disappeared downstairs and through the common room. Pausing to glance at the time (*hmm, after curfew already?)*, Harry slipped through the portrait hole.

It had been like this nearly every night since his fifth year. Since that fateful summer when Professor Lupin…Moony or Remus as he now referred to him… had inadvertently stumbled upon a bleeding, bruised Harry cowering in front of his uncle. Not surprisingly, especially since it was three days until full moon, Lupin had gone postal sending the hideous man flying across the room with one well placed punch and had taken off with Harry without a second thought. After much arguing and threatening, Lupin had point blank refused to let Harry go back and Harry had refused to leave the werewolf's house. Once Sirius had been notified the two had vehemently argued against Harry living with anyone but them. Of course with Sirius being an escaped convict and Remus a werewolf the struggle had been long and hard. But with all the 'old crowd' staying at Hogwart's anyway, Dumbledore had finally relented, only if the trio lived in the Shrieking Shack. A lot of hard work and magic later, Harry, Sirius, and Remus now called the place home.

He'd been sneaking out under the cover of darkness and his invisibility cloak every night since Februray began, going home to visit his godfather (Remus was away on 'business') most often not returning until morning. The professors seemed to turn a blind eye when it came to this form of law breaking.

Once you see a badly beaten boy crying not to be taken from an ex-professor's arms you tend to get a bit soft when it comes to him sneaking out to see his family. Harry smiled at the thought, *Family*. It was nice to finally have one.

Reaching into his robe for his wand, Harry tapped the Marauders Map. "I solemnly swear I'm up

to no good!"

The map came to life and Harry paused to see if his path to the Whomping Willow was clear. Filch was in his office and Mrs. Norris was occupied with McGonnagal, probably in cat form. Then the dot marked Draco Malfoy swung close into view, coming straight in his direction.

I wonder...

And with a small smile, Harry shrugged the cloak from his shoulders and dashed off down the hall.

Was that Potter?

Draco had been wandering the halls, carefully now since curfew had come and gone, and a flash of wild raven hair and moonlight glinting off glasses had caught his attention. Without a second thought, he took off after the shadowy flash, racing down the halls caution abandoned.

He stopped suddenly, realising whatever he'd seen, Potter or otherwise, had disappeared. No use chasing after spectres straight from his imagination.

Wait. Another flash of raven hair and Draco was off again, racing down the hall after something briefly glimpsed. There! Turning the corner, Draco clearly saw Potter's messy hair and athletic form creeping down the hall to his right.

He has to be sneaking off to write the next valentine. Draco thought triumphantly. *Hmm, this could be interesting.*

Draco tailed Harry closely, far enough away to keep the Griffindor from noticing his presence and not far enough to lose sight of him again.

I've got to be a bloody fool, Draco mused absently, watching Harry glance around something shifting in his grasp, *I'm chasing after Potter like some poor pathetic love sick fool.*

Revenge. It's all about revenge.

Sure it is.

Caught up in his little internal debate once again, Draco didn't notice the shimmer of light until it was too late and suddenly Potter disappeared. Draco groaned. Of course, Potter had an invisibility cloak and while he was busy arguing *with himself* he'd lost his chance at catching him in the act.

Where could the damn Griffindor be disappearing?

Harry smirked, shrugging the cloak from his shoulders, pausing to prod the knothole in the

willow's trunk, its failing arms falling still. Leading Draco on that little chase had been fun, watching the silver hair Slytherin creep around behind him, tracking his every move.

I guess the question of whether or not the valentines are working has been finally been answered, Harry laughed, slipping into the secret passageway towards his home.

Princess Bard: 83 reviews! 83 reviews! Lala la la la! *dances around madly*

Draco: *rolls eyes* She's been like this all day.

Harry: Isn't she supposed to be doing her thank yous right now instead of…

Draco: …acting like a completely mental case?

Harry: Exactly. *both stare at the Princess Bard who is still dancing and whooping*

Draco: Right, we take over. Now. Where's her notes…*rummaging* …here they are. First of all thanks to Ginny, whitebearwrites, Celestina, Unicorn*Angel, Kimmy, loverwren, Ryuuko, Revena, tealish, Usako, valacirka, Lily, Greeneyes, baby angel, Sailor Chibi, Brittanie, Shinigami and Myr. Jesus, all these people actually read this?

Harry: Wait, there's more here. Hmm, ClarKe RaVen asked if she quoted "The Mighty?" Was that what she was going on about when she was muttering about 'subconscious plagiarism?"

Draco: I think so. Erm, RaVen…the bard didn't intentionally quote so she has no idea where the quote is. She seemed kind of stressed about this.

Harry: *studying papers* Oh, I remember this one. Seamus Finnigan…hee hee, Seamus has fans…"

Draco: That's surprising. Anyway, the bard goes to Curtin Uni and she definitely thinks there should be a degree and I agree. Who wouldn't want to study me all day?

Harry: No one dear. Oh and Klee, we'd be glad to share a cupboard with you anytime. *grin*

Princess Bard: 83 reviews! 83 reviews! *dance dance dance*

Harry: Riiiiiight

Draco *rolls eyes*

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Chapter: 6

My Cheesy Greeting Card Valentine

Chapter Six

Rating: PG-13

Summary: A visit home sees Harry and Sirius telling Remus all about the valentines while having a little fun with the Marauder's Map, a crazy valentine, and a very confused Draco Malfoy.

Disclaimer: I don't own Harry, Draco, Sirius, or Remus. However if JK would gladly donate them to me I wouldn't complain.

Warning: Okay people's, we've got a bit of Sirius/Remus in this chapter as well as Harry/Draco.

A/N: HAPPY VALENTINES DAY! Three chapters to go! I am having an absolute blast writing this and all your wonderful reviews are making it even more fun! Chapter Seven definitely up tomorrow. Oh yeah, this chapter is kinda long…

Chapter Six

"The Family That Plays Together…"

Remus Lupin dropped his battered case on the floor, shrugging the heavy winter cloak from his shoulders and sent snow flittering to land at his feet. The shack was shrouded in darkness save the flickering of candles from the kitchen. The werewolf wandered into the kitchen, case abandoned by the door, eager to see his lover. After almost a month apart he was looking forward to a nice night full of…

"Remus!"

He suddenly found himself with an armful of Harry who, despite his age, was still shorter than Remus by a few inches and still prone to throwing himself at his godfathers when he'd missed them.

"Hello Harry." Remus smiled, messing Harry's hair with his hand as he grinned over his shoulder at Sirius who sat at the table. "Hello Padfoot."

"Shove over, Harry." Sirius ordered, jumping up from his seat and wrapping his arms around Remus. "Missed you, Moony. Are you home for good?"

"I missed you too and yes, business has been taken care of so I'll be home until Dumbledore

needs me again."

"Good." He placed a quick kiss on the shorter man's lips before turning back towards the kitchen table where Harry once again sat. "Have you chosen your next card, Harry?"

"I'm thinking this one…but I like this one too."

Remus raised a curious eyebrow at the jumble of parchment and Muggle paper that covered the entire length of the table. Harry's self inking quill sat beside a rather large stack of brightly coloured Muggle papers that Remus soon recognized as Valentine's Day Cards. "What are you doing with all those Muggle cards, Harry?" he asked, taking his place on the right side of his godson, Sirius on his left.

Sirius grinned. "Our Harry, following in the footsteps of his father and very wonderful godfathers, has been pulling the most brilliant prank since the beginning of this month."

"And what has this to do with the Muggle cards…or should I be afraid to ask?"

Harry laughed, placing a particularly hideous looking card, all pink and red hearts, into Remus' hands. "I've been sending anonymous valentines that have a tendency to read out loud in a very cheesy voice during breakfast time."

Remus read the card a wry smile turning the corners of his mouth. "You've been sending these to someone and they've been read aloud during breakfast?"

Harry nodded. "Once in Potions too."

Remus returned the card to its place in the pile, glancing over the pieces of empty parchment. "I'm assuming that I've interrupted another session of Valentine's Day pranking?"

"Not at all, love." Sirius smiled. "In fact you are just in time. We were just getting started. Harry? Would you like to explain to Mr Moony what we have been working on this past month?"

"Certainly Mr Padfoot."

"Uh uh," Remus interrupted before Harry could begin. "Mr Moony requires tea before he will listen to Mr Padfoot and his godson's little tale of intrigue."

Grinning, Sirius went about preparing three steaming cups of tea the Muggle way. Remus much preferred his tea that way and Sirius never denied his love what he wanted. As he boiled the kettle, Harry launched into his story.

"It started after you left on your mission for Dumbledore. I was visiting with Sirius when I decided I wanted to play a prank for Valentine's Day. A big, complex prank that would make my Marauder family very proud."

"And this Marauder is." Sirius piped up from his place by the stove. "The boy's got talent, Moony. This prank is pure genius."

"I like to think so." Harry agreed.

"And what exactly does this prank of pure genius entail?"

"Embarrassment, clever thinking, annoying Slytherins. All the usual things."

"And where are your usual partners in crime?" Remus asked, noticing the absence of Harry's best friends.

"Ah, this prank requires a very high level of secrecy. Only one person suspects and that is the person who's been receiving the Valentines."

"And that would be?"

Harry smirked. "Draco Malfoy."

"Malfoy?"

Harry nodded. "I started sending them three days ago. He's received four since then. Three at breakfast and one in potions."

"You gave him a self reading valentine in Potions?"

Harry nodded.

"Told you he had talent." Sirius said proudly, pouring the now boiled water into the teapot.

"I'm impressed." Remus agreed, his smile turning serious. "But does Draco have any idea the real reason you're sending these valentines?"

Harry started, suddenly very interested in his quill "Um, what do you mean?"

"Moony, you're over analysing again." Sirius placed the teapot and the teacups on the table, pouring the steaming liquid into the cups. "It's a prank. Harry's embarrassing Malfoy into chasing him all over school trying to get revenge. It's brilliant!"

"So, Draco knows it's you?" Remus pressed, sipping his tea. Harry nodded.

"That was the whole idea. To get him so furious that he'd start to notice…"

Harry trailed off very aware of the curious look his two godfathers were giving him.

"You'd had another reason for this prank, Harry, and you didn't tell me?" Sirius asked, eyebrow raised.

"I did want to embarrass Malfoy! He's an irritating prat who's so full of his own self importance. Stupid git!"

Harry fell silent, face still burning and hands still toying with his quill. When his eyes refuse to meet Remus and Sirius' they shared a covert glance, understanding passing in an instant between them.

It was Remus who spoke, his gentle smile creeping onto his face. "How long have you been in love with him, Harry?"

"Who says I'm in love with Malfoy." Harry was immediately defensive and Sirius groaned at Harry's blushing cheeks.

"How could I miss it." He muttered, mostly to himself. "God, Harry! It's practically written on your face!"

"I'm just the more perceptive one, Padfoot." Remus added, smiling kindly at Harry, "This whole prank was to get Draco's attention wasn't it?"

Harry nodded. "It was extremely fun to embarrass him, though. I knew he'd work out it was me straight away. I made sure he did. I left little pieces of evidence just for him to find. Draco loves a mystery, loves plotting and chasing after revenge. I…I hoped all that extra attention he focused on me would make him feel… "

Harry trailed off, emerald gaze solemn. Remus placed a comforting hand on his shoulder and Sirius offered him one of his cheering smiles. It was times like these that Harry thanked whatever god existed that he had finally found the family he had been missing for so long.

"God! I don't know why he can't feel it?" He suddenly exploded. "Every time we're in the same room its like…I don't know. Electricity or something. I just can't explain it. And it hurts…when he glares at me and taunts me. I just want him to smile at me…his real smile not that bloody smirk…just once!"

Harry fell into silence, gazing dejectedly at the table, blush still colouring his cheeks. Remus smiled and Sirius chuckled.

"Smitten."

"Absolutely."

"Although his choice could be a little better. I mean after all it is Malfoy."

"There's nothing wrong with Draco!" Harry instantly defended his crush receiving two amused grins for his trouble. "God, I'm pathetic." He groaned. "I'm even jumping to his defence now. Quick, let's pull the next part of this plan before I become a mushy puddle on the floor."

Sirius rubbed his hands together gleefully. "I thought you'd never ask."

Draco wandered aimlessly, still searching for any sign of his rival, still coming up with absolutely nothing. He'd travelled past irritation, into frustration, and now he inhabited the realm of complete exasperation. Where did Potter get off roaming the halls at night, after curfew, with an invisibility cloak?

I wonder where he got it, Draco thought, absently, still gazing around the classroom he'd wandered into. *Even father refused to spend the excruciating amount of money on one of my own.*

Father. The day Lucius Malfoy could ever truly be deemed a father was the day Draco sprouted pixie wings and pronounced himself the good wizard of the north.

Not that he'll ever have the chance now, Draco thought. The man had been dead nearly a year, losing a duel with Remus Lupin of all people. The werewolf had been after Pettigrew and well, Lucius just happened to be there defending the Dark Lord to the death. Both of Voldemort's right hand men had died that night at the hands of Lupin and Black, Voldemort's death eaters disbanding and Voldemort disappearing. The wizarding world had been quiet ever since.

Draco had never had more than a take-take relationship with his father, *If I had a relationship at all,* yet he found himself missing him…every now and then.

Enough about him. This is not helping me find Potter. Where would that no good for anything Griffindor disappear to?

Draco made to exit the classroom when a rustle and the unmistakable creak of arthritic joints alerted him to the presence of Filch in the hallway. Darting into the shadows, the Slytherin scanned for another exit. None. Pressing himself closer into the wall he stifled a groan when he heard the yowl of Mrs Norris and caught sight of the mangy fleabags' tail.

Damn it! This is all Potter's bloody fault.

Draco watched that cat's tail intently, hoping the furball would just walk straight past. He was completely surprised when she did just that. Flich followed not a moment later, pausing only briefly to scan the empty classroom, before following his precious cat down the hall. Draco let out the breath he didn't realise he'd been holding and counted slowly to ten. Sure the hallway was now clear of Filch and Mrs. Norris, he crept silently out into the hall. Pausing to decide on whether to continue his search for Potter or hightail it back to the Slytherin common room, a sudden chirp of "Valentine!" erupted from inside his robe. Letting out a rather undignified "Eep!"

he dug into his robe to pull out a slightly glowing piece of parchment and ran in the opposite direction he'd seen Filch disappear.

"Where's the map?" Sirius began rummaging through the mess on the table ignoring Remus' inquisitive stare. "What are you up to now, you two?"

"I charmed the last valentine to respond to a charm Sirius and I created and it broadcasts the Valentine whenever I cast the charm." Harry rummaged amongst his things again, quickly producing the Marauder's Map and handing it over to Sirius who took out his wand.

"I solemnly swear I'm up to no good." Watching the map come to life, he turned to Harry. "Do you think he'll still be lurking around looking for you."

"I disappear right in front of him? Of course he is."

Remus glanced over Sirius' shoulder catching sight of the dot marked Draco Malfoy, lurking in an extra study classroom. "There he is."

Sirius chuckled. "And there's Filch." He pointed to another dot not far from the previous one. "Quick, before Filch disappears, Harry."

"I don't want to get him detention, Sirius! Just give him a bit of a fright and keep him wandering the halls until I've finished working on tomorrow's valentine. He's got to discover where I've been disappearing to for the last part of the plan to work."

Remus handed Harry one of the Valentine's Day cards, a small smirk on his lips. "Use this one."

Both Sirius and Harry read the valentine and giggled girlishly. "That's the spirit, Moony. Quick, do the charm, Harry."

Harry produced his wand and muttered "Amor Revealis" with a quick flick of his wand over the Marauder's Map. "The map and the valentine are linked." He quickly explained to Remus, eyes intent on the map and Draco's dot.

"Clever."

"It insults Slytherins like the map too," Sirius grinned.

"Naturally."

Harry suddenly snickered, jabbing his finger at the map, the dot now frantically moving across its surface. Sirius and Remus exchanged a small smile, nostalgia coursing through their veins. With Harry there that night, they could almost believe they were seventeen again themselves, playing a prank on Snape, James beside them.

Of course no one had been in love with Snape like Harry was with Draco.

The trio watched the map, smiles wide on their faces, as Draco dashed madly down the halls.

The valentine had no intention in shutting up.

"Valentine!" it chirped again, as Draco dashed down the corridor.

"Mere words cannot express my feelings for you."

"Shut up, shut up!" Draco hissed, shoving the offending piece of parchment back into his robes, hoping to muffle the irritatingly cheery voice.

"However," it continued, still clear through his school robes.

"I'm willing to give you a *practical* demonstration!"

Just as soon as it had started, the valentine quietened and Draco breathed a sigh of relief, glancing around for any sign of Filch or Mrs. Norris. Nothing. The hall remained blissfully silent.

CREAK.

Draco jumped, disappearing quickly into the shadows as Filch appeared around the corner, shadows hiding half his face morphing him into some hideous monster *Well, more than he already is* Draco smirked in spite himself. Filch hobbled past, shrew like eyes scanning the shadows for students, like Draco Malfoy, out roaming the halls way past curfew. Once again, thanks to what Draco believed as some strange twist of fate, Filch's eyes swept past him and he sneaked quickly past and in the other direction.

Damn it, Potter. This isn't funny!

Sirius was finding it extremely funny.

"Look at him go!" he laughed, "I almost wish Filch would catch him."

"Sirius!" his two companions cried.

"What? I'm not the one who's smitten with the boy. He *is* a Slytherin after all."

Remus rolled his eyes and Harry blushed. Reaching for the map, Remus watched as Draco dot slowed and stopped. "He's not anywhere near here."

Sirius smirked. "May I?" he held up another valentine.

Harry smiled and exchanged a glance with Remus, who nodded, a smile on his own lips.

"Go for it."

"Damn it, damn it, damn it."

Draco was muttering under his breath as he meandered along the empty corridors. Two close calls with Filch in one night was enough to rattle one's nerves and lucky for Draco he was made of a stronger mould than most of the other students. No Draco was more angry than rattled and his thirst for revenge was only increasing with every close call.

Peering around a corner making sure it was clear, Draco pulled the valentine from his robe and gazed down at its now blank page. This piece of parchment had caused him more trouble than the others combined but at least his dignity was still intact. The same could not be said for the others.

"Valentine!"

"Damn it! Why won't this thing shut up!"

"Do you want to know some juicy gossip?"

"No, I want you to shut the hell up!" Draco muttered, waving his wand over the parchment and muttered "Silencio" but as suspected, nothing happened.

"Rumour has it that someone wants to rip your clothes off and make mad passionate love to you all night long."

"Who doesn't." Draco muttered, trying another silencing charm on the damn piece of parchment still to no avail as it chirped out a happy "ME!" and fell silent on its own.

"If I didn't need this bloody thing for evidence I'd tear into tiny little pieces and sprinkle it over Potter's grave." Draco snarled at the shadows, slipping the valentine back into his robe and continuing down the hall.

"Now where is that bloody prat so I can rip *him* into tiny little pieces?"

"I think you are enjoying this more than Harry is, Padfoot." Remus commented, seeing the delighted look that shone in his chocolate eyes.

"You know how I love a good prank, Moony. Especially at the expense of a Slytherin."

"Well, the prank is officially over." Harry swiped the Marauder's Map from Sirius' hands. "I have to get back to my dorm and leave you two to do whatever it is you do when I'm not here."

"Make mad passionate love of course." Sirius replied, grinning at Remus' slight blush. "Come on Moony, the bed's waiting."

"Since when have you used the bed?"

"Harry!" Remus cried, smirking nether the less at the innocence shinning in emerald eyes. "You," Remus turned on Sirius, "are corrupting your godson."

"Naturally. Though I don't have to try too hard."

The werewolf shook his head, laughing softly. "Why I put up with you…"

"It's because you love me and because I'm so damn sexy."

Remus suddenly growled softly and leaned predatorily towards his lover. Harry cleared his throat.

"Erm, I'll be going now."

"You have the shack to yourself tomorrow night." Remus said, still closing in on Sirius. "It's the full moon."

That explains a lot.

Harry smirked. "Okay, see you soon. Bye Sirius."

Sirius waved in his direction, eyes still intent on Remus' and Harry made a quick retreat, disappearing down the secret passage before his godfathers jumped each other.

Horny bastards.

Completely exhausted, with no intention of roaming the corridors of Hogwarts until dawn, Draco reluctantly gave up his search for his Gryffindor nemesis and began the trek back to the Slytherin dungeons.

Whether fate decided to smile down on him or a certain Gryffindor had executed his plan to perfection, or perhaps it was both. But when Draco chose to glance out a window, one that just happened to face the Whomping Willow, he noticed a figure creeping amongst the shadows.

Of course! Draco mentally smacked himself upside the head. *He's been going to the shack to write the valentines!"*

Draco watched as Harry crept across the grounds, pausing to glance around him, then disappeared underneath his invisibility cloak. Turning from the window, Draco once again made his way to his much-desired bed, a new fervour in his step. He now had everything he needed to

turn Harry's little prank into his ultimate revenge. Tomorrow, Harry Potter was going down and Draco Malfoy was going to enjoy every single minute of it.

Princess Bard: Happy Valentine's Day everybody! And what a present I got. 120 Reviews! I can't believe it! So many reviews. Yay! Coming up next is the BIG confrontation scene. What's gonna happen?

Draco: You are far too obsessed with reviews.

Princess bard: Every fanfic writer is. It's not like we get paid for our pains now is it? Now once again thanks to Klee, She-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, Copper bandit, Millicent Bullstrode(thanks for the spelling tips! I always mix them up!), little lizard, Rose of Jupiter, aurani, loverwren, Prophetess of Hearts, tealish, fangrlwlotsofideas, sev's gurl, Lily Potter, Klee, Draco's One and Only, Zany, DarkNess, pawn of fate, Morien, eiknlng, Terra Lockheart, Amethyst Soul and Unicorn*Angel. God, I hope I remembered you all!

Harry: *shudders reading Klee's review* these girls are a little kinky.

Draco: *smirks* I thought you liked kinky?

Remus: Hmm, something I preferred not to know about Harry.

Princess Bard: Eep! Remus! *glomp*

Remus: *gazes down at the girl attached to his waist* Erm, hello?

Sirius: *growls* Hey!

Princess Bard: EEP! Sirius! *glomps him too*

Sirius: *looks bewildered* What's going on?

Draco: *snorts* We gave up trying to work that out three chapters ago.

Princess Bard: *contented sigh*

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Chapter: 7

My Cheesy Greeting Card Valentine

Chapter Seven

Rating: R for language. Ther's wuite a bit of it this chapter.

Summary: Draco confronts Harry eager for the chance to embarrass him but when Harry springs a surprise of his own, nothing is going to be the same again.

Warning: Okay people, this here is the romance part of the fic and the humour takes a back seat until the last chapter. With romance comes angst and this chapter has some. The next chapter is full of it. So, bear with me because it really is part of the story. Oh yeah, still Slash.

Disclaimer: I don't own them, simple as that.

A/N: Heh, Um, yeah sorry it's taken so long to get this chapter out but I was getting a little sick of the fic. Hopefully my writing hasn't suffered too much due to my fading enthusiasm. Hopefully I'll have it finished by the end of the week but I'm not promising. Thanks to all who have reviewed so far! Oh yeah, this chapter is LOOONNG!

P.S. This chapter is dedicated to my faithful reviewer Myr who I so horribly left out in my previous thank yous! Sorry Myr! ^_~

Chapter Seven

"Love Is Just A Game"

The day just simply could not go faster enough as far as Draco was concerned.

His entire being itched for the evening when he could tail Potter out into the Shrieking Shack and catch the infuriating Gryffindor in the act of penning yet another pathetic valentine. Imagining the look on Potter's face when he revealed his own little plan for embarrassment did not quench his appetite for revenge at all but what use would there be in roaming the halls for hours waiting for his opportunity? Absolutely none.

But as with all things, the more eager one is for time to disappear faster, the slower time ticks along.

His housemates had kept themselves amused during the day with the possessed valentine, using its unpredictable spouting off as a cheap laugh and an opportunity to pry into Draco's personal life more than usual. Of course his not so clever slip last time they were in possession of the valentine about his suspicions that Potter was responsible for the flood of cheesy poetry had given them plenty to discuss amongst themselves.

Why did he think Potter was doing it? (Goyle)

Were the Weasel and the Mudblood in on the prank? (Crabbe)

What charms were responsible for the rather remarkable valentine he now had? (Blaise)

Was Potter secretly in love with Malfoy and using these valentines to get his attention? (Pansy and Millicent)

While pointedly ignoring the first three, the last suggestion had produced a smirk on the blonde's lips. If his housemates were already curious as to Potter's supposed crush on his nemesis, Draco's work had partially been completed before he'd even started. Especially once Pansy Big-Mouth Parkinson started the gossip mill churning. It would be all over the school by breakfast the next day when Draco made his announcement.

Still, as useful as the notion was to Draco's plans for revenge, the very idea of the self-righteous Gryffindor falling for his 'evil' Slytherin rival was as pathetic a reality as he could possibly imagine. The Boy-Who-Lived falling for a Death Eater's son? The boundaries of hate broken for true love bla bla bla…it was enough to make any sane person vomit.

Since when have you been sane, Draco Malfoy?

Wretched inner voice. You don't know when to shut the fuck up, do you?

The idea of Harry being in love with you doesn't sicken you as much as you would like to believe. You call him handsome, adorable…

Irritating, annoying…I can come up with as many adjectives as you.

I am you, stupid prat. It's time you started listening.

Draco shook his head violently, attracting a few bemused glances from Blaise who sat on his bed in the dorm, across from Draco, drawing lazy patterns of light in the air with his wand.

"Problems, Draco? Hearing voices in your head again?"

"Shut it, Zabini." Draco snapped, glancing for the hundredth time at his clock floating around his head. *That's it! I am out of here!*

Eager aren't we?

Fuck off!

Swiping up his winter cloak, Draco stalked out of the dormitory, Blaise's amused chuckle trailing after him.

Potter wasn't lurking anywhere when Draco began roaming the halls, though of course the possibility he was standing right in front of him, laughing beneath his invisibility cloak, was

always there. Draco decided that lying in wait for Potter wasn't producing very good results so it was time to go to the Shrieking Shack…though Draco wasn't sure how exactly he was supposed to get there. He'd only been in the thing once in sixth year and he'd been unconscious at the time.

Bloody hell! Draco, usually a patient person, was practically dancing in anticipation, the fact his plans were being thwarted by circumstance beginning to irritate the already edgy Slytherin no end. *If I was Potter, where would I be?*

Draco didn't have to look hard, for at that moment he was jolted from his musing by a rather heavy lump on his now prone form.

"Jesus, Potter. Get off me you bloody great lump!"

"Sorry, Malfoy, but I'm in a hurry so save you insults for later."

And with that Potter pulled himself off Draco and, pausing to retrieve a piece of parchment and his invisibility cloak, trotted off down the hall. Draco didn't pause to assess his damaged person, following quickly behind Potter, eyes trained on the parchment in his left hand.

I hope that's another valentine.

Oh really?

For evidence, arsehole.

Once Potter had walked far enough ahead, Draco fell in behind him as they walked out into the grounds, directly for the Whomping Willow. Aware of how vulnerable he suddenly was out in the open, with Potter consistently sweeping his gaze behind him as though he was aware of being followed, Draco slipped away into the shadows of another tree. From his new hiding spot, Draco watched as Potter jabbed a long stick at a knothole on the tree trunk. The failing arms of the tree at once stilled and Potter disappeared into a secret passage way.

Waiting a few moments to make certain Potter wasn't watching Draco follow him to his secret little hidey-hole, the Slytherin finally slinked over to the tree. Transfiguring his wand into a long stick, Draco began prodding various knotholes succeeding in making the Willow thrash harder and knock his wand to the ground with an arm-jolting slap.

Where is the damn knothole! Draco snatched up his wand and glared at the thrashing tree, jabbing it spitefully.

Suddenly, limbs stilled and Draco, shrugging at his good fortune, disappeared down the secret passage way after Potter.

The shack was dark, despite the soft flickering of candles, when Draco finally entered through a rickety door. He'd expected a run-down old shack, torn to pieces by the werewolf few knew to

have inhabited the shack a few years ago. Instead, Draco found a cosy living room with an open fire, flames crackling pleasantly. On the mantle, photographs stared down at him, some pulling faces other fixing cold glares. Curious, Draco stepped up closer and found himself eye to eye with a woman with the red locks that tumbled over her shoulders. She stared at him with eyes that Draco saw every time Potter glared at him across the Potions classroom. The man beside her glared down at Draco with chocolate eyes hidden behind glasses much similar to the one's perched on Potter's nose. The same messy raven hair, same athletic build…if not for the eyes and the woman next to him, Draco would swear the man *was* Potter.

Must be his parents.

Draco moved to the next photograph, finding the amber eyes of Remus Lupin staring placidly back. The werewolf's arm wrapped possessively around the shoulders of a taller, dark haired man that Draco instantly recognised a Sirius Black. Black glared and poked his tongue out, his efforts rewarded by a slap upside the head by picture Lupin.

Lupin and Black? What in Merlin's name is this place?

Draco glanced around the living room, noticing other little homely touches such as the book left open on a coffee table and a throw rug lying haphazardly over a chair. A staircase led away from the room to what Draco assumed was the second story of the house.

This isn't a shack, this is a home and it seems Potter's living here.

Draco's thoughts were interrupted by a cough from the doorway into what Draco assumed was the kitchen. Leaning against the doorframe, bathed in the soft glow of the candles behind him, Harry watched amused as Draco's eyes swept over his living room in astonishment.

"Welcome to my humble abode, Draco. I see you've met my family." Harry gestured to the photographs on the mantle.

"What exactly are you doing in here, Potter?"

"I could ask you the very same thing. This is after all, my home, and not yours. But won't you have a seat. No? Some tea perhaps?" And he disappeared back into the room from which he'd come.

Harry's pleasantries irritated Draco in a way he couldn't explain and trudging reluctantly after Potter, he found himself in the shack's kitchen. Potter made himself busy at the stove, humming softly to himself as he made tea the Muggle way, as though Draco was an expected guess. While, Draco found this little show of domesticity highly amusing, something on the kitchen table caught his interest.

Stacks upon stacks of brightly coloured Muggle paper almost spilled over the sides of the table. Half buried under this, sat Potter's self-inking quill and another pile of parchment. The telltale

crimson scrawl beckoned to Draco and with a smirk, he scooped it up spilling a few Muggle cards onto the floor. If Harry, noticed the theft, he certainly didn't let on, still busy playing happy housewife.

In a perfect imitation of the voice that had been plaguing him for the past few days, Draco began to read aloud, patterned smirk on his lips.

"Hey lover, you're so sexy

Be my gorgeous valentine.

There'd be such exciting chemistry

When you and I combine."

Tea-making forgotten, Harry turned his attention to Draco's little rendition of cheesy valentine a la Malfoy, smirk and blush fighting for supremacy on his face.

"Coz if we got romantic

And our elements of lust

Ignite those loving potions

There's a chance that we'll combust.

So baby, let's get chemical

There's pleasure to be had

We really should get busy

And experiment like mad!"

The smirk won out when a slight blush crept on Draco's face as he lowered the valentine to lock eyes with Harry. Draco cocked his eyebrow at the smirking Gryffindor and waved the valentine in his face.

"Have we been penning poetry again, Potter?"

Harry snorted. "You think I actually write these things. God, no! That's what the Muggle cards are for."

"Writing pathetic valentine's and reading cheesy Muggle poetry? Oh, this is too delicious! Potter, you make it too easy. Too, too easy."

"Easy?"

Draco deposited the valentine on the table and pulled free a wad of parchment from his robes and added them to the clutter on the table. "You think I wouldn't figure out you were behind these?"

"Oh, I was counting on it."

"Tsk, tsk, Potter. Really, by now you should know never to give your enemy an opportunity to wipe the floor with you. Do you really think this little plan would embarrass me?"

"Well, I do remember you turning various amusing shades of pink over the last couple of days. Does that count as embarrassment because I certainly think it does."

Draco glared at Harry's amused grin. "Your arse is mine, Potter. You think I'm going to let you get away for the misery you've caused?"

"No."

"I'm glad we understand each other." Draco's smirk reappeared. "Would you like to hear my own little plan, Potter?" At Harry's silence Draco chuckled, "No? Well, I'll tell you anyway just so you understand how we Slytherins make someone's life a misery because let's face it. You Gryffindor's are amateurs when compared to us."

Still Harry remained silent, staring at Draco with passive emerald eyes that were more than a little unnerving. A slight chill crept up Draco's spine and he averted his gaze, turning his attention to the stack of valentines. "You see, Potter, all you've succeeded in doing is digging yourself a remarkably large hole that I am more then welcome to push you in. These valentines, while serving your twisted little purpose, have provided me with the perfect evidence to create a little embarrassment of my own."

Draco plucked up a valentine, tossing it at Potter who caught it deftly in one hand.

"I plan to make the whole school believe that these were more than a stupid prank. That somewhere in that small mind of yours, you're really are in love with me."

"Draco…"

Harry was cut off by a quick wave of Draco's hand and even as his mind cried *He called you Draco, again!* His mouth was saying, "Uh, uh, Potter. No begging for mercy. Of course I know the idea itself is completely idiotic but as my housemates already are of the opinion that it could be a possibility, plus the overwhelming evidence in my favour, I do believe this little plan will work quite nicely don't you? Being such a noble Gryffindor, you wouldn't lie in front of the whole school, in front of *Dumbledore,* now would you?"

"Erm, Draco?"

The blonde finally looked up to meet Harry's eyes. "Malfoy, Potter. Malfoy. We don't use first names remember? We're enemies. I hate you, you hate me? Got it?"

Harry ignored Draco's comment, emerald eyes shinning with something Draco couldn't place. Something that caused a strange hiccup in his heartbeat.

"Doesn't your plan require it all to be a lie?" Harry finally spoke.

"You think I have a problem with telling a lie? I think you're forgetting, Potter, that I'm a Slytherin and not a self-righteous, goody-two-shoes Gryffindor such as yourself."

"I didn't mean that you'd have to *tell* a lie, Draco. What I meant is, for this plan to work, it would have to *be* a lie."

Draco was certain he was missing something, the emotion shinning in emerald depths told him so. Somewhere deep in his mind screamed for him to pay attention but he found himself baffled by Potter's strange statement and even stranger behaviour, all he could manage in reply was an undignified, "Huh?"

Harry slapped his forehead and sighed. "God, Draco! For someone as intelligent as you are you can be incredibly dense sometimes. And you call me a half wit."

A low growl "Potter…"

"I love you."

Draco's mouth shut with a snap and Harry continued, never breaking his gaze from Draco.

"You see, you're little plan for embarrassment won't achieve jack shit because you'd only be telling the school something they'd soon figure out soon enough anyway."

Suddenly it was all too absurd and Draco burst out in very uncharacteristic, easy laughter averting his silver gaze from Harry's.

"Oh, Potter. This is really quite brilliant. Quite a brilliant little scheme indeed! But you're trying to trump the master of humiliation. 100 points for Gryffindor for presentation, Potter, but I'm afraid you lose points for conception."

"Draco…"

"It's almost pathetic enough to be true." Draco continued, smile still curling his lips. "Of course, if anyone was to fall in love with their enemy it would be you. Yes, you've achieved new heights with this plan, Potter. For a moment there, I almost believed you. I mean…"

"Draco will you just shut up!"

Something in Harry's tone silenced Draco at once and he found himself gazing once again into emerald depths so filled with sincerity he almost fell backwards from the sheer power of it.

Harry, like always, was telling the truth.

Shit!

And doing what every Slytherin who's suffering a serious case of denial does in such a situation, Draco proceeded to act like a complete arsehole.

"Oh dear me, Potter," he smirked at the flicker of dismay that passed through Harry's eyes. "It seems you've gone and done a very stupid thing, haven't you? Now let me explain a little thing we adults like to call sexual attraction. When one person finds himself wanting to jump another's bones…"

"Draco, will you quit acting like the insufferable prat everyone believes you to be and stop drivelling shit?" Emerald eyes flashed jade with fury. "This 'little situation' as you not so delicately put it, can not just be lumped into the 'sexual attraction' category. I don't want to jump your bones…"

"Why not? Everyone else does."

"It's not about that! Jesus, Draco. Can't you feel it? This…" Harry gestured frantically between the pair. "This…feeling?"

Draco rolled his eyes. "Of course I can. It's called hate. *Liar!* I would have thought you'd be familiar with concept by now, Potter."

"I think I know what I feel, thank you very much. I think I know the difference between love and hate." And just loud enough for Draco to almost miss, he continued. "Hate doesn't hurt this much."

"You think?" Draco's laugh was derisive. "I believe it's time you returned to *not* thinking, Potter. You're quite not so delusional when you don't think."

Silence.

Draco watched as Harry's eyes filled with pain, dejection, anger, the emotions warred in his eyes and Draco found it impossible not to look away, though every fibre in his body screamed in protest.

I don't care, he cried, silently.

You're *hurting* him. This is way past embarrassment now. You are actually *hurting* Harry. Are you happy now?

I'm never more happy then when Potter's miserable.

Keep telling yourself that and one day you might actually believe it.

Fuck off.

Denial's a bitch, hey Draco?

FUCK OFF!

While Draco's inner dialogue raged, Harry watched through silver windows, holding the Slytherins gaze unwavering. It was he who finally broke the silence.

"Why can't you for once, just once, look at me without years of prejudice blinding you? Look at me and see and see *me* and not Harry- fucking-Potter. I am so god-damn sick and tired of you seeing me only for this," Harry jerked his hand violently up towards his forehead, "For once, Draco, feel rather than think."

The passion filled words broke over Draco weakening the control he'd fought so hard to contain but he'd be damned if he'd let this emotional outburst affect him. Smirking as only he knew how, Draco clapped mockingly, fighting to keep his silver gaze from Harry's emerald one.

"Pretty words, Potter. Very touching, really. However if you think I look at you with anything more than contempt and disgust then you are clearly mistaken."

Liar!

"Now, if you are quite finished with this little performance, I shall be going. I have better ways of occupying my time."

Liar!

And with a final smirk in Harry's direction, Draco turned to make his dramatic exit. A soft, infinitely sad voice halted him in his tracks.

"Aren't you forgetting your evidence?"

Draco whirled to see a scroll of parchment thrust in his direction."

Oh god, the valentine!

Snatching the proffered parchment, Draco shot what he hoped looked like pure disgust in his direction and stalked out the door. A soft sob caught his ear and mentally cursing his weakness, Draco turned to watch as Pot…no he could never think of Harry as just Potter now…slumped against a cupboard, head in his hands, shoulders shaking with every silent sob.

Something in that instant, deep inside Draco broke and he fled, leaving behind a heartbroken Harry Potter, one word echoing in his mind.

Shit!

Princess Bard: Phew! At last! Thanks once again to all my reviewers. I'll be safe this time and just say a general thank you. Don't want to miss anyone again hey Myr ^_~

Silence

Harry: *cheesy soap music plays in the background* Will Draco realise his feelings before it's too late? Will Harry discover that Snape is really his father and Dumbledore's long lost sister?

Draco: Will Draco realise his father isn't really dead but merely being held captive in Sirius' secret world of the underground in Paris so that Remus will never be able to profess his undying love!

Princess Bard: Argh! Enough! Stop with the crap already!

Harry and Draco: Jerry! Jerry! Jerry!

Princess: That's it! No more daytime TV for you two!"

Draco: *to Harry* I think she needs Dr Phil's advice.

Princess Bard: *whimpers* Remus? Sirius? Come back and save me. Please? *wanders off* I promise I won't glomp you again. Please?

Harry: *sighing dramatically* So are the Days of our Lives.

Draco: *snickers*

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Chapter: 8

My Cheesy Greeting Card Valentine

Chapter Eight-part one

Rating: Somewhere between PG-13 and R? God I don't know!

Warning: Swearing again as Harry is depressed and Ron chucks a spac. Still slash but if you're here after all these chapters you'd know that already ^_^

Summary: Harry's depressed and getting conflicting advice.

Disclaimer: Don't own them. *points to JK* she does and we all love her for it.

A/N: And now, I present…The first of the FINAL THREE CHAPTERS! I know, I know. They're taking forever but my Uni lecturer is a sadistic bitch and decided to lump us all with a HUGE workload. This is the quickest I could get this out. Sorry!

Oh! The little part with Remus and the Willow is my little tribute to one of my favourite stories by Meiko Belle: "the Whomping Willow's story" Go and read it if you haven't already!

Chapter Eight-part one

"What Becomes of A Broken Heart?"

"Come on, Moony, almost there. Pick your feet up or I'll carry you the rest of the way!"

Remus spared the man a half-hearted glare as Sirius half dragged him towards their shack. God, he was exhausted and all thoughts led towards the soft bed he knew was waiting for him as soon as he managed to tackle the short walk that led to the shack and the stairs to his bedroom.

Oh god, Stairs! Remus groaned.

Maybe getting Sirius to carry him wasn't a bad idea.

"Padfoot…"

Sirius chuckled at the pleading look in Remus' tired, amber eyes and swept him into his arms. "I always told you I swept you off your feet."

The werewolf wasn't too exhausted to slap the man upside the head with one of his hands wrapped around Sirius' neck. Sometimes he wondered if Sirius would ever truly grow up. Probably not
The pair reached the Whomping Willow and its flailing branches instantly stilled. Too many years had passed with the pair visiting the shack as children and now as adults for the tree to consider them a threat. After all, it was this very werewolf the tree had been planted to protect…and protect the world from. Remus brushed a still branch with his hand in greeting and

then the pair disappeared down the tunnel.

"Bed," murmured Remus as they entered the dimly lit shack.

Sirius nodded and proceeded towards the stairs when something stopped him. Placing a protesting Remus on the couch, he peered for a closer look into the kitchen,

"What's the matter?" Remus asked, stifling a yawn.

Sirius turned concerned eyes on his lover, silently pointing into the kitchen. Sighing, Remus eased himself into a standing position…ignoring as his body screamed in protest… and joined Sirius in the kitchen doorway. The sight that met his eyes almost broke his heart.

Surrounded by long burned candles and piles of Muggle Valentine's cards, slumped to the floor, sat Harry. Salty tears still lingered on cheeks even though the steady rise and fall of his chest told the two men at the doorway that their godson was fast asleep. Exchanging a worried glance, the pair raced to Harry's side, dropping to the floor beside him. Sirius placed comforting hands on the youth's shoulder and softly shook him awake.

Eyelids slowly crept open allowing red-rimmed emerald eyes to gaze dejectedly up into chocolate.

"You're back." Came the soft reply and emerald shifted to amber. "Are you okay?"

"Harry," Remus' voice was gentle, ignoring the boy's question and adding one of his own "What happened?"

Tears welled again and Harry ducked his head in absolute misery. A few saline drops trickled down his cheek and he swiped at them angrily. He didn't want to cry anymore.

Pressing his lips tightly, refusing to answer Remus' gentle inquiry, Harry kept his gaze firmly fixed on the ground in silent defiance.

Remus glanced helplessly at Sirius, too exhausted to pry the information from stubborn lips. His body was screaming for soft linen sheets and down pillows but a loyalty to the boy he loved as his own son kept his eyes firmly open and the screaming of protesting aches at bay. Sirius, hands still clasped around shoulders, turned Harry towards him and placing one hand under his chin, lifted his face up.

"Talk to us, Harry. You can't keep whatever's troubling you inside. You know where that leads."

A brief flash of bleeding wrists and a quick glance down at faded white scars, and Harry shuddered at the memory. The world had a lot to answer to Harry Potter for.

"He hates me."

The words were barely audible even with the close proximity between the trio. But Remus' sensitive ears caught every word.

Draco.

This misery was for Draco Malfoy.

Something must of happened last night while Moony and Padfoot had romped under the full moon.

"Who hates you, Harry?" Sirius pressed, still not blessed with Remus' insightful instincts.

"Draco." Came the mumbled reply, eyes still drifting to the floor.

"Bastard!" Sirius snapped under his breath, turning away from Harry just as Remus placed a comforting arm around his godson.

"What happened?"

Only then did Harry dare to look up, emerald finding amber in a desperate search for understanding. Darting quickly to find Sirius' eyes, receiving only encouragement in return, Harry launched into his tale, spewing out all his pain and anguish, every word a catharsis of emotion that had been stewing since Draco had left him. Remus and Sirius listened silently, fury creeping undisguised on the latter's face. Remus shot his lover a warning look as Harry's words stopped short and were replace by soft sobs. A look pointedly ignored.

"Bastard!" this time the word was clear and it echoed into the room, startling Harry from his sobs. Sirius sprang from the ground, pacing the small kitchen like a rabid dog. "Insufferable little prick! How dare he treat you like that? How dare he!"

Sirius was dangerously close to throwing something and Remus, with what little energy he had left, jumped up and laid a calming hand on the man's arm. His amber gaze bore into Sirius' silently commanding. *Now is not the time for temper tantrums, Padfoot.*

Sirius' anger died under that intense gaze as it always did and he returned to Harry's side as Remus collapsed into a chair, energy completely spent. His body screamed for sleep and still he willed his eyes not to snap shut.

Harry's sobs had subsided and Sirius helped his godson into the chair opposite Remus, sitting beside him as he did.

"Harry…"

The youth shook his head, willing the inevitable words not to spill from Sirius' lips. "Don't say it.

Please just don't say it." Harry whispered, his head drooping, shoulders slumping.

Sirius' gaze was insistent, never leaving Harry's face as he once again tilted his godson's face up to meet his eyes. "Say what, Harry?"

"That I don't need him. That I don't deserve him. That I should forget all about him and move on with my life. I don't want to hear 'You are probably better off' or 'This was probably meant to happen.' I don't want to hear it!"

"Harry…" words failed the older man and he gazed helplessly at his exhausted lover, eyes pleading. Remus would know what to say…he always did. Sirius knew how to handle advice on anything but matters of the heart. Remus returned the look with one of assurance and turned Harry to face him .

"Harry, we would never, ever belittle your feelings for Draco. I…we can see how much you care for him and we'd never tell you to give up on that. You obviously need him very much and who are we to tell you to forget him?"

Harry stared in silent surprise at the sincerity in Remus' eyes.

"You…don't think I should forget all about him?"

"Would you even if we wanted you to?"

Harry shook his head.

Remus smiled, "I didn't think so. Harry, you obviously love him very much but I think maybe you went about telling Draco the wrong way. You don't spring something that important of someone after spending the past few days tormenting him with embarrassing valentines."

"I guess not."

Remus fell silent, weariness finally overcoming him. His amber eyes fell closed and he stifled a yawn. "Sorry, Harry." He apologised, "I'm exhausted."

"S'all right, Moony." Harry stood up and helped his godfather stand up. "I didn't mean to burden you with this right after a full moon."

"You're never a burden, Harry." Sirius took Remus' other arm and the pair half carried the werewolf towards his bedroom. Laying the weary man onto the bed, Harry pulled off his boots and Sirius helped him removed his outer robe.

"What would I do without you two?" Remus mused, his voice heavy with sleep.

"Be passed out in the woods somewhere no doubt," Sirius smiled and pulled the blanket over his

lover's abused body. "Now nighty, nighty Moony."

"No complaints there."

And Remus promptly fell deep into sleep.

Sirius placed a kiss on top of his head and turned his attention back to Harry, finding his godson almost asleep on his feet. He steered the boy towards his own bedroom, despite Harry's protesting.

"Sirius, I really should be getting back to the dorm."

"Harry," his voice was stern. "You look about ready to fall asleep right on your feet. I'll let McGonnagal know where you are. Now get some sleep okay?"

"Mmm hmm."

Sirius ruffled his unruly raven locks and turned towards the door.

"Sirius?"

"Yes?" Sirius turned back towards his godson, now sprawled across his bed.

Harry managed a small smile. "Thanks."

"Your welcome. And Harry?"

"Mmmm?"

"Don't give up on Mal…Draco. He'll realise what he's missing soon enough."

"I hope so, Sirius."

Sirius smiled and quickly disappeared out into the hall and Harry buried his head into his pillow. "I really hope so."

"Were the hell is Harry! It's nearly four o'clock and he still hasn't come back!"

Hermione glanced up at Ron's ouburst from her spot in front of the fire, eyes filled with concern. "This isn't like him. He's usually home by now."

"I'm going to give him a piece of my mind when he walks through that hole." Ron jerked his hand at the portrait hole, "He gave me a fucking heart attack when I realised his bed was still empty this morning!"

"And you gave me heart attack when you came screaming into the girl's dorm room." Hermione glanced at her watch. "This is getting stupid! Nearly twenty four hours without a single word!" The head girl joined Ron in his pacing. "If you don't strangle him I will."

At that moment, the portrait hole swung open and in stumbled a weary Remus followed by an equally weary looking Harry and an ever cheerful Padfoot. The trio had barely entered the common room when the fury of Ron Weasley and Hermione Granger descended upon them.

"Harold James Potter! Where on Earth have you been!" Hermione waggled an accusing finger in her friend's face. "You are very lucky that you have no classes today, young man!"

Harry winced at what the boys had deemed Hermione's "mother tone," ducking his head in the appropriate show of shame. Remus' lips curved into an amused smile and Padfoot's tail thumped happily on the floor.

"You scared the shit out of me, you git!" Ron joined Hermione in front Harry, eyes flashing. "I nearly fainted when I found you're bed empty this morning!"

"It's nearly four o'clock!" Hermione added. "You've been gone for nearly twenty four hours!"

"She sounds just like Lily." Remus whispered to Padfoot and Harry had to fight the grin that threatened to creep onto his face.

"Of all the irresponsible things you've done…"

It was clear Hermione was taking her head girl role to extremes and wouldn't finish lecturing Harry for a while. While his godfathers kept exchanging amused looks, quite aware their presence had yet to be noticed, Hermione lectured and Ron ranted. Despite his heavy heart, Harry found it increasingly hard not to laugh at his best friends' antics.

"Oi, 'Mione, Ronnie!" a cheerful voice with a very distinctive Irish drawled called their attention. "Leave the poor boy alone. It's Saturday! Harry can do as he bloody well pleases."

Seamus appeared on the stairs, followed closely behind by Dean and Neville. Catching sight of an amused Remus and Padfoot, Seamus waved cheerfully. "'Lo Remus, 'Lo Padfoot."

"Hello Seamus. Dean. Neville." Remus replied whiles Padfoot barked his greeting.

Hermione and Ron turned sheepish eyes on the pair, noticing them for the first time.

"Um hello," Ron gulped. "I didn't see you there."

"We noticed." Remus favoured the red-head with a wry grin. "You were busy playing the worried parents. Sorry to steal your thunder but that's our job."

"Aw, everybody knows Hermione thinks she's the mother of us all." Dean quipped. "Your badge says 'Head Girl,' 'Mione, not 'Mummy Granger'."

Hermione flushed scarlet as her friends laughed and turned mock angry eyes on the trio now flopping into armchairs. "You lot need a mother in this place. Who else is going to control you?"

At the various snorts and scoffs she received, Hermione sniffed and turned her attention back to Harry and his godfathers. "I'm assuming he was with you two?"

"I was at home, 'Mione." Harry replied. "Relax, I'm fine. Tired, but fine. I fell asleep and lost track of time. I didn't wake up till this afternoon."

"And now we've done our duty and returned Harry to his overprotective friends, we shall be off." Remus waved goodbye to the trio by the fire and turned back to Harry. "You come and visit when you need to talk, okay? No stewing around for days."

"I'm fine, really." Harry insisted, well aware of his overprotective friends concerned (and curious) stares.

Padfoot rolled his eyes as if to say "Of course you are," and pressed his muzzle into Harry's palm. Harry scratched behind his ears before giving the large dog a hug, followed by one for Remus. Saying their farewells to Ron and Hermione, the pair disappeared out the portrait hole.

Harry turned to find five pairs of very curious eyes fixed intently on him and he gulped.

"Erm, I'm still really tired so I might just go back to bed."

And Harry made a mad dash towards to the dorm his five friends hot on his tail.

The five Gryffindors reached the door to the boys dorm just as it slammed shut. Seamus lunged for the door handle just as the knob glowed briefly, the sandy haired boy tugging on it violently before turning to his comrades.

"Locking spell."

At his announcement, Hermione pushed her way past and waved her wand.

"Alohamora!"

Nothing happened.

"You think a wizard like Harry is going to make it that easy?" Ron scoffed. "I'm sure he has a very good memory of how you throw 'Alohamoras' at everything."

The four boys began casting every unlocking charm they knew, while Hermione stood back to

think. Finally giving up on spells, they resorted to pure physical force and started bashing on the door. If the noise didn't annoy Harry enough to open the door, nothing would.

"We should leave him alone." Hermione finally decided, calling out her suggesting over the bashing and crashing.

The four ceased their knocking briefly to allow a small questioning glance to pass between them before resuming their assault on the door. Hermione sighed and flicking her wand, muttered an unrecognisable charm. The door swung open, depositing four Gryffindors in a tangled heap.

Harry, sitting on his bed with his knees pulled to his chest, spared a half-hearted glare at Hermione and sighed at the mess of limbs and bodies on the floor by the door.

"Why did I get blessed with nosy roommates?" he muttered to himself, then directed a "Can I help you?" to his friends on the floor.

At his enquiring gaze, his friends began to untie themselves. Seamus, having fallen, on top, quickly removed his elbow from Neville's ribs and bounded over to Harry's bed.

"Harry, ol chum, it is clear you have some juicy gossip and I feel it is out duty to get you to spill it."

"Plus you look miserable." Neville added, joining Seamus on the end of Harry's bed, propping himself up on one of the posts.

"And tired." Dean flopped over his boyfriend.

"And you were out *all* last night and most of today." Ron sat beside Harry. "Come on, Hermione. Sit here."

Hermione sat in Ron's lap as offered and gazed worriedly at her best friend. "But most of all, Harry, we're concerned about you. You've been so happy lately and now you look so…"

"Depressed." Neville supplied.

"Yes, utterly depressed and *defeated*. You haven't looked like that since…" she trailed off, carefully avoiding Harry's gaze.

Ron grabbed Harry's arm, exposing the pale, white scars. "Since this."

Harry jerked his arm away from Ron angrily, glaring at the red-head with cold, emerald eyes. "I have no intention of killing myself. I'm depressed not suicidal. Jesus, can't a guy be down without everyone getting on his case!"

"Not when he refuses to let out his feelings and ends up slicing open his wrists."

"Ron, for god's sake that was two years ago! If it makes you happy to know, I spent most of last night crying like a little girl and spent this morning talking to Remus and Sirius. I am *fine* and though I appreciate your concern. All of your concern," Harry's eyes scanned the group gathered on his bed, "I just want to sleep and forget I even care about the stupid git."

Seamus eyes lit up like a Christmas tree and Harry slapped his forehead in frustration at the knowing glance Seamus shared with Dean.

"It's about a fella!" Seamus clapped delightedly. "Harry's gone and fallen in looooove!"

"Oooh, someone has finally captured Harry Potter's heart!" Dean added, "Who is it, Harry?"

"You know you can tell us. We can help." Neville continued, a slight blush appearing as he added. "After all, you've been helping with Ginny."

"And you helped Ron pull his head out of his arse and confess his feelings to me." Hermione added.

"Come one!" Seamus bounced around like a hyperactive puppy, jostling Dean around. "We're your mates! You have to tell us."

Harry sighed. "Matchmakers. You're all bloody cupids on heat, you realise?"

"It *is* Valentine's season." Neville smiled.

"And Seamus is always on heat." Ron quipped, earning a slap from Hermione and two charming smiles from Dean and the boy in question.

"Don't I know it!" Seamus turned back to Harry. "Puuuhleease!"

Harry knew what would happen the moment the words left his mouth but he did owe Hermione and Ron an explanation and Seamus, Dean and Neville were his friends. Everyone would have known the truth by today if Draco…no, Harry really didn't want to think about that.

Plus, he never could resist Seamus' puppy eyes.

Shit is about to hit the fan.

"Draco Malfoy."

The words came out more as a garbled mess rather than a coherent name. The five Gryffindors leaned closer.

"Say what, Harry?"

Harry sighed. "It's Draco Malfoy."

The silence that followed only proved to be the calm before the storm. Jaws gapping, eyes wide, all the company on the bed managed were decent impressions of goldfish.

"Malfoy!"

They all exploded at the same time, Harry nodding at their exclamation. Predictably, it was Ron who lost it first.

"Have you lost your fucking mind! Harry, what in hell have you been smoking! This is Malfoy you're talking about. God damn, Draco Malfoy, Lucius Malfoy, the Death Eater's son! I…I can't…I mean…" Ron stumbled into incoherency, muttering words like 'cracked' and 'bloody idiot' while his face grew progressively redder.

And it seemed Ron wasn't the only one ready to explode.

Dean and Neville kept shrieking "Malfoy!" at intervals in Ron's ranting and Hermione looked like she was losing a desperate battle to stay calm.

"How long?" she managed to choke out.

"Since the end of sixth year."

Hermione ignored Harry's sheepish look. "You've been in love with *Malfoy* since the end of sixth year and you never told us?"

Harry nodded meekly.

"Harry, what are you thinking!" Hermione lost the war with her anger. "As Ron said, this is *Malfoy* we're talking about. He's been making your life…our lives… miserable for seven years!"

"I'm aware of that 'Mione."

"You sent him those valentines!"

"I did."

"He's lost his mind!" Ron cried. "He's lost his bloody mind!"

Hermione continued her lecture while Ron ranted and Dean and Neville continued their muttering, occasionally substituting 'Malfoy' with 'Slytherin bastard' and other suitable insults. Seamus was grinning and quite unexpectedly to Harry (though knowing Seamus as well as he did he should of imagined he'd do nothing less) began expounding the virtues of Malfoy's tight

arse and gorgeous body.

Harry began to get a headache.

"Enough!" he bellowed, the room falling instantly silent. "I don't want to hear anymore! It doesn't really matter anyway because Draco told me he detests me and thinks I'm delusional so you don't have to worry about a single thing."

The dejected look in Harry's eyes caused stirrings of sympathy in his friends and Hermione took his hand in a friendly squeeze. "It's for the best, Harry."

Harry scowled.

"Seriously, mate." Ron added. "He doesn't deserve someone like you."

"It never would have worked out." Dean added.

Harry shrugged off Hermione's hand and jumped off the bed. "I don't want to hear it you guys. I just want to forget about it, okay?" when no one spoke he continued. "I'll be back later. I'm going for a fly."

Just before Harry stalked out of the room, Seamus' voice called out to him, halting him in his tracks.

"Don't give up on him, Harry. He'll realise what he's missing."

Harry turned surprised eyes onto the Irish boy who merely smiled in return. Harry nodded, grateful for the words he needed so much to hear and disappeared out the door.

Seamus turned around to find four very annoyed pairs of eyes boring holes into him. Ron reached forward and slapped the sandy-haired Gryffindor in the back of the head.

"Ow! What was that for!"

Draco: All hail the Princess of Procrastination!

Harry: The Lady of the Lazy-arses!

Sirius: Queen of the Quit-while-you-are-aheads!

Remus: She-Who-Must-Not-Finish-A-Fic!

Princess bard: *glares* Are you all quite finished?

All nod

Princess Bard: Good. Now go do whatever it is you muses do while I grovel to the nice readers.

Draco: Not likely! I wouldn't miss this for all the world!

Harry: Grovel away, Princess!

Princess Bard: *growls* Go away!

Sirius: Let's see? Hmm…no.

Princess Bard: *muttering* I hate my life.

Draco: Good. All writers need that whole angst thing going on. Now get grovelling!"

Princess Bard: And when the muses take control you know you have problems.

Remus: When have you ever had control?

Princess Bard: I seem to recall a little issue of hiding a certain TV remote…

Draco and Harry glare

Princess Bard: Alright! Alright! *gets down on her knees* Don't even think about it Draco Malfoy!

Draco: *innocent face* What?

Princess Bard: I know how your mind works!

Harry: Stop stalling and grovel.

Princess bard: Alright! *Sighs* Sorry, sorry, sorry, sorry, SORRY! I know I should have finished this fic ages ago and I promise I will finish it eventually. I even split this chapter in half so you'll have some of it earlier than I was going to post it. I'm REALLY, REALLY SORRY!

Sirius: Add some tears and I would almost believe she meant it.

Princess Bard: Argh! *storms off*

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Chapter: 9

My Cheesy Greeting Card Valentine

Chapter Nine

Rating: R for swearing (as usual) and dark themes such as suicide (though it's only really discussed not acted out).

Warnings: God, if you haven't worked it out by now then go give yourself a brain massage. SLASH! That's right, peoples! It's still here! Also this chapter is angsty, dark and generally not at all fluffy. But all is better next chapter 'cause that's pure fluff, fluff, fluff!

Summary: Draco does some flying, some thinking, and argues with himself again and then takes it all out on Harry.

A/N:

Princess Bard: It's finished, it's finished, it's finished, it's finished, IT'S FINISHED! *dances around madly while her muses look on*

Draco: *rubbing his temples* Will you just shut up!

Princess Bard: IT'S FINSIHED! Finished, finished, finished…

Oh yeah. There's a chapter after this so just keep on reading!

And is it just me or are my muses slowing taking over my fics…?

Chapter Nine

"Too Many Damn Consequences"

Nothing compares to flying.

The insane rush of adrenaline that courses through your veins as you plunge headfirst at break-neck speed from sixty feet straight towards the ground, only to pull up at the very last possible second before you'd be nothing but a smear on the grass.

The incredible euphoria of hurtling through the sky, the wind whipping through robes and hair, snapping at rose tinted cheeks, until you feel like the broom beneath you has disappeared.

The amazing sense of peace that comes from floating gently, body prone against broomstick, mind completely at ease and not a care in the world.

Flying left you feeling nothing short of invincible.

Draco didn't feel the slightest bit invincible.

Confused? Yes.

Angry? Most certainly.

Invincible?

Never.

The whirlpool of emotion that Harry had kicked into life the previous night stormed within him and he felt sick to the stomach.

Not to mention the heart.

Damn it, Harry! God damn you for doing this to me!

He hadn't been able to think straight the moment he'd turned from Harry's heart-broken face in his shack and fled back to his bed. The night had been filled with too many emotions he just couldn't deal with and memories he'd just wished he'd never have to relive again.

And those eyes.

Those broken emerald orbs haunted him, never once leaving his mind. Even now, as he floated high above the Quidditch field, Harry's eyes remained firmly reflected in his mind.

Draco had come flying to think…perhaps to forget…but instead he'd never felt more confused and, though he loathed to admit it, scared. The love he'd seen reflected in Harry's eyes terrified him, the way it had made his resolve crumble even more so. After all, he was Draco Malfoy! What did love from the Boy-Who-Lived mean to him? Nothing! Absolutely nothing!

Liar!

Draco sighed. Whoever had coined the phrase 'denial's a bitch' didn't know how right they had been.

As much as he tried to fight it, Draco couldn't deny that he'd started feeling something more than hate for his archrival over the past couple of months…if he was being completely honest with himself he'd admit it had started two years ago in what had been their fifth year at Hogwart's.

Suddenly, images assaulted the silver-haired Slytherin…images that almost knocked him clear from his broom as he reeled from the shock of what played in his mind.

A knife glinted cold sliver in the moonlight as it was turned over in pale hands. Hands not as pale as his own porcelain…no these were sickly pale from lack of sleep, malnutrition. Emerald reflected in the blade, salty drops falling on its deadly edge. With a silence that echoed throughout the inky black night, the blade was drawn over skin, tracing the vein that curled it's way up the arm that didn't clutch the knife. Blood, crimson like the robes he wore on the Quidditch field, spilled over his skin before the knife was wrenched violently from his hand, a pale hand closing in an iron grip over his wrist…

Draco had been the one who had found Harry after he'd slit his wrist back in fifth year. What most people didn't know was he'd witnessed the knife being drawn across Harry's vein by his own hand and he'd snatched the knife free from the hand before the other wrist shared the same fate. Something had snapped inside Draco at that moment and he remembered thinking how close he'd come to losing the raven haired Gryffindor…and how that idea alone was too unbearable to even begin to comprehend.

After he'd delivered Harry to Pomfrey, he'd pushed the traitorous thoughts from his mind never to be remembered. Not until this moment anyway.

Still lying prone on his broom, Draco, for the first time, allowed himself to feel the same helplessness he'd felt when he'd watched Harry trying to end his life…when he thought he'd lost the boy forever.

He needed Harry.

That was the plan and simple truth. He needed Harry.

No, not in the way most people would think. It wasn't about sexual attraction (though Draco wouldn't deny that it was there) and it certainly wasn't about love. Draco knew without a doubt that he wasn't in love with the raven-haired beauty that had haunted him for six or so years. He cared about him…maybe, possibly…well, yes he definitely cared about him…cared *for* him…the capacity to love him bubbled just beneath the surface. Draco could feel it. But he wasn't in love with him.

Yet.

But he needed him.

Harry was the only constant thing in his life. The only thing he could rely on, even if it was the predictability of his anger, the constancy of his hatred, the consistency of the rivalry…it was always there. Something that Draco could return to time and time again despite the chaos of his life. No matter what happened, Harry was always right there, good for a fight, a verbal sparring match…just always there.

And then the prat had to go and bollocks it all up by confessing his undying love!

Yes, if Draco wanted to be completely honest with himself he would have admitted it had all begun to break down from the moment he'd stopped Harry from committing suicide but denial is a very hard emotion to let go of.

Draco wasn't ready to let go.

Yet.

Letting out another sigh, Draco sat up on his broom and pushed it into a smooth descent. Once he reached the grass below, Draco leaped gracefully from the broom and tucked under his arm, heading for a much-needed hot shower.

Harry hadn't made it out of the Quidditch changing rooms.

His Firebolt Mark Two still sat forgotten on the bench beside him as he stared at the door that would lead him into the Slytherin changing rooms.

So much for clearing his head.

He hadn't been able to muster the energy to mount the Firebolt and cruise around the Qudditch field and so he sat, staring dejectedly at the door, half wishing the feelings that stormed around inside would disappear, half wishing that Draco would walk through that door right at that moment and slam him up against the lockers.

If he couldn't love him, at least let Draco still hate him.

Draco wasn't the only one who needed constancy in his life.

If fate decided now was the time to fuck with the heads of the two most screwed up members of the human race, it certainly had a warped sense of humour. Because just as Harry had stood to finally make his way out onto the Quidditch field, Draco had stormed through into the very room where he stood.

The pair froze and the tension in the room was palpable. Icy silver cut through into cool emerald as the two rivals stared each other down across the small distance that now separated them.

Harry broke first, eyes filling with the love he found so very hard to hide warring with the anger and hurt from the cruel words that Draco had stung his heart with the night before.

"Draco…" was all he managed to whisper before Draco closed the distance between them.

The Slytherin wrenched Harry forward by his robe-front and slammed the Gryffindor against the closest wall. When Harry ducked his head, trying to escape the emotions he saw in Draco's eyes the youth tangled a hand in raven hair and jerked his head to face his own.

"Do you think after the humiliation you put me through over the past couple of days that you can get away with calling me by my first name?" His voice was as icy as his eyes and Harry winced as though the cold words had physically stung. But Draco wasn't finished.

"Do you think that after those embarrassingly pathetic valentine's that you can with confess you undying love and I'll collapse into your waiting arms with all those warm fluffy bunny feelings that all the delusional fools around us have been displaying lately?"

Harry simply stared into Draco's eyes, his own betraying the hurt every single word that spilled from Draco's mouth caused, yet still saying nothing.

"You fucked up, Potter. Fucked up royally. What in the name in Merlin made you think you could get away with humiliating me and then think I'd fall in love with you at the same time?"

Anger flashed through Harry's eyes and Draco almost took a step back. Finally Harry broke his silence, his voice slow and sibilant.

"Do you think I'm above a little humiliation, Draco? A little revenge? After the years of torment you've caused me and my friends you think I wouldn't want a little pay back?" And as quickly as it came, Harry's anger was replaced by an apologetic glint and his voice returned to the soft whisper it had begun with. "It's true, I fucked up. I should have just told you. But I'm not the perfect Gryffindor everyone seems to think I am."

Draco started, remembering Harry had uttered that very same sentence when Draco had confronted him with the knife he'd just tried to slit his wrists with. And echoed in Harry's eyes was the same defeated look that he'd held that time.

You're going to lose him. You're going to lose him from your life and this time you won't bring him back.

Something inside Draco snapped, and he turned all his confusion and anger onto the Gryffindor he held pinned against the wall.

"God damn you, Harry! What do you think…" Even as he ranted, Draco could feel the familiar well of memories overflow into his consciousness. He'd held Harry just like this when he'd found him that moment two years ago, hand clasped in his midnight hair, his bleeding wrist in an iron grip in the other as the scarlet substance spilled over his porcelain skin. He'd stared into those defeated emeralds and ranted much like he did now, ignoring the life that had been slipping from his body. He'd screamed…begged…the same word spilling from his mouth.

Why!

"Why?"

Draco's eyes refocused as he realised the word wasn't an echoed memory but had come from the

one he now held pinned against the wall by his robe front, hand still tangled in hair. Silver pierced through green and Draco's intense gaze was met only with questioning.

And love.

The emotion still shone strong within those emerald pools and it rippled across their surface, even as Draco's shot ice, the question still left unanswered.

"Why, Draco? Why can't we just put this all behind us? Why won't you let me love you?"

And Draco broke.

The icy façade slipped as easily as it had been placed on his face. The hand clutching robe front dropped back down to his side and the hand tangled in raven hair released its hold, fingertips trailing softly down Harry's check. Lost in the first non-violent contact he'd ever had with Draco, Harry's eyes slipped closed as he lent into the caress. But as quickly as it began, it ended and Draco turned from the Gryffindor still backed against the wall.

"Too many consequences, Harry. There's just too many damn consequences."

And Draco Malfoy fled.

Harry slumped against the wall, hand pressed against the cheek where Draco's touch still burned. Though his posture screamed defeat, his eyes shined with the pure determination that Harry Potter had made famous. That gaze followed Draco's retreating form as far it would go and he'd rose to walk to the door, eyes still watching as he raced back towards the castle.

"Consequences be damned, Draco. Consequences be damned."

Remus: *glances around* Where's the Bard? She's supposed to be doing closing notes.

Sirius: *shrugs*

Draco: *typing on the Bard's laptop* She's at the library. She left about halfway through Days of our Lives spouting off about sadistic bastard lecturers or some crap. You know I never listen to her.

Harry: Probably why you fail horribly as a muse.

Draco: And who was it who inspired this fic in the first place, huh?"

Harry: A fic which she has only now finished a *month* after Valentine's. And who inspired her when she got writer's block?

Draco: *smirks* Sirius.

Remus: Only to write another damned university essay. The Bard finished this fic in protest against university work. But this conversation is not getting closing notes done.

Sirius: There are no closing notes! Princess finished the fic. It's over. One more chapter to read and it's goodbye valentine's fic!

Draco: *still typing* And that chapter's posted…oh, I finally cracked the password on the Bard's writing folder!

Harry: Brilliant! Let's see what she's working on!

Sirius: *jumps excitedly* Bet it's my story!

Remus: *rolls eyes* Well, I'm sure if the Bard was here she'd want to thank all the loyal readers that have stuck with this fic over the past couple of months.

Sirius: And be jumping around like an idiot shouting, "I'm finished!" till Draco told her to shut up.

Harry: They did that earlier…*glances at computer screen* Holy crap! What is that?

Silence

Draco: DIGIMON! When did the Bard start writing this crap. She's an author about *us* damn it!

Harry: Who the hell inspired this?

Draco: I bloody well didn't!

Sirius: Me neither.

Harry: I certainly didn't so who the hell did?

Remus: *coughs nervously* Well I just love Daisuke and Ken together and Taichi just belongs with Yamato…

Draco: *lunges at Remus* Traitor!

Sirius: Hey! Get off my Remus! *lunges at Draco*

Harry: Hey! Get off my Draco! *lunges at Sirius*

Princess Bard: *enters to see her muses brawling on the floor* Erm…did I miss something?

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Chapter: 10

My Cheesy Greeting Card Valentine

Chapter Ten.

Rating: PG-13

Warnings: Still slash, still a little angsty, but most of all FLUFF!

Summary: Valentine's Day is here and Draco is miserable. Once again it takes a rather surprising valentine to shack up his world.

Disclaimer. Not mine, not mine!

A/N: Well, here it is. The final chapter to this not so little Valentine's fic! Thank you so much to all who have read this and especially to my faithful reviewers. I love you all! ^_^

Oh, and as much as I'm a little afraid to admit it, I actually wrote the valentine that Draco receives in this chapter. So please excuses my terrible attempt at poetry!

Chapter Ten

"Consequences be Damned"

Valentine's Day had arrived.

The occupants of the Great Hall that February 14th had embraced the Valentine spirit to the fullest and if the past weeks were any indication, the day promised to be filled with love struck couples, happy singles caught up in dreams of romance, and smiles all around. That morning, the students had arrived for breakfast to a room full of sparkling pink hearts and red streamers. Soft lights danced over the tables and the ceiling displayed the soft falling of snow that had started drifting to the Earth earlier that morning. To everyone, the morning promised to be simply…well…magical.

All except Draco Malfoy.

The day seemed reminiscent of *that* breakfast which had started this whole fiasco he now found himself in. Yes, once again the Hall sported the many couples spawned over the last few weeks and the already established couples snogging shamelessly, sprawled in each other's laps. There

was the Weasel and Granger feeding each other strawberries. Thomas and Finnigan were snuggling, holding a conversation exclusive for their ears only. Even Longbottom was holding hands with that female Weasley, smiling shyly.

The display had a rather different effect on the Slytherin that morning. No, his breakfast stayed calmly in his stomach…at least that small mouthful he'd half heartedly shoved in his mouth. His appetite remained unaffected by the shameless affection everyone exuded. After all, you couldn't affect what was never there.

His heart hurt.

A pang every time another boy whispered sweet nothings into his beloved's ear, a sharp stab at every tender kiss. Everything only added to a dull ache that had settled ever since that conversation in the Quidditch changing rooms.

Draco Malfoy was utterly miserable.

A week had come and gone and still his mind plagued him with visions of wild raven hair and expressive emerald eyes…eyes filled with unshed tears. That soft, kind smile replaced so quickly with a dismal frown. He missed that smile…a smile he'd only been blessed to witness too fewer time thrown in his direction. Harry had stop smiling that day in the changing rooms so he'd been told, but Draco wouldn't know.

He couldn't even bare to look at the Gryffindor anymore.

Too many consequences.

Those words still echoed in his head as clearly as the moment he'd spoken them aloud. Still kept him firmly in his seat when he wished only to stride over to his side and…hit him? Kiss him? Anger, pain, misery…love…a lethal cocktail of emotions all warred within him.

Draco wasn't sure what he wanted anymore.
Too many damn consequences.
He prodded a strawberry with the tip of his finger, watching dolefully as it rolled end over end across his near empty plate. The sound of excited squeals filled the air as the sight of many owls entered the hall. Presents, flowers and valentines rained down upon the wizards and witches of Hogwarts and the enthusiastic noise reached fervor pitch. Draco's gaze turned icy and he viciously stabbed the strawberry with his fork, watching the soft flesh tear to ribbons. What right did they have to be happy while he sat there alone and miserable?

With a soft rustle, a scroll fell directly into the remains of his strawberry. Draco barely had a chance to glimpse snowy wings before the owl responsible disappeared, its message delivered. Aware of his heart thudding manically in his chest, the Slytherin glanced down at the scroll and his breath caught in his throat.

Staring back at him, scrawled in crimson with Potter's script, screamed his name.
He wouldn't of! Surely not after everything…Draco's mind tried to process the information but remained blissfully numb as he stared down at the familiar scrawl. What was Harry thinking?Bastard! Insensitive, insufferable prick!
Draco glared ice at the Gryffindor table, but Harry's back remained turned, oblivious to the frigid stare boring into the space between his shoulder blades.
Look at me, damn it!
Nothing.

Draco transferred his glare to offending parchment. Before his mind had a change to scream in protest, Draco had broken the seal and unfurled the scroll, waiting for the irritating voice and cheesy poetry to follow.

It never came.

An emotion filled, yet somewhat ambiguous voice, echoed clear into the Hall, and the hall fell silent as the valentine began to read.

"History deemed us enemies

One born to know only pride and hatred,

Shouldering a burden born of legacy.

One born to know only pain and vengeance,

Trapped in a world of cruel responsibility.

Mere words on parchment cannot erase years of hatred

Of rejection.

Of fear.

I know this as sure as I know my love defies fate's cruel hand.

I do not expect you to love me

I do not expect hate to wither and die simply because of pretty words

only now spoken.

I only ask for you to listen, for you to understand

that an eternity of hate died the day I first saw your smile

Saw it light your eyes

like a sliver of silver sunshine

in an eternally thunderous sky.

The day I first heard your laugh

A sweet, whispered symphony

after hearing only painful, cruel silence

The day I understood pain's quicksilver scars

in every torturous word of malice

hurled in my direction.

Only then could I truly understand what it meant

To fall deeply in love with your bitter enemy

To watch hate shatter in a shower of splintered glass

Just to cut deep when love is destined never to be requited.

"My only love, sprung from my only hate"

No truer words ever spoken

For I love you Draco Malfoy,

Enemy.

Rival.

Consequences be damned."

Silence.

Not a single person dared to speak, all eyes focused on the emotion filled face of Draco Malfoy, his shaking hands still clutched around the valentine. The pure force of meaning those final words had impacted on Draco like nothing he'd ever known.

He…he meant every word. Even after I might as well have tore his heart from his chest and stomped all over it, he still loves me. I broke his heart and he still loves me. I acted like a complete prat and he still loves me. Harry still loves me.

"Potter!"

That emerald gaze so filled with anticipation, fear and hope, locked onto Draco. Silver eyes set into steely determination as Draco Malfoy stood and all eyes followed him as he stalked over to the Gryffindor table, thrusting the now silent valentine under the Gryffindor's nose.

"Are you responsible for this?"

Eyes betraying nothing, Harry spoke in a cool, careful voice, "Yes, I most certainly am."

Draco let the valentine drop and wrapped his hands around Harry's robe, a collective gasp escaping from the spectators as the Gryffindor was hauled up by his robe front. Ron moved to defend his best friend but Harry held up a calming hand, emerald eyes gazing expectantly into the silver gaze of the one grasping his robe menacingly. He knew he deserved the beating Draco was about to unleash…but he dared to hope when he gazed into Draco's unguarded eyes, silver depths dancing with a myriad of emotions. Confusion, anger, fear…Harry only cared about the one that shone the clearest. The one he cherished with all his heart.

Love.

No one, Slytherin, Gryffindor, Ravenclaw, and Hufflepuff alike, dared to breathe. All watched to see who would land the first blow, which wizard would be the first to go down, bloodied. Not a single person present in that hall, especially the Gryffindor held by his robe front, in their wildest imaginations would have expected what followed.

Draco, hands still curled around Harry's robe front, yanked hard, pulling the young man in as he placed a searing kiss on expectant lips. A second gasp echoed throughout the hall as Harry slid possessive arms around Draco's waist, pulling the blonde closer to return the kiss with equal passion.

I've gone to heaven, Harry thought as Draco snaked thin arms around his neck, fingers caught in raven hair, tongue dancing with his own. *I've bloody died and gone to heaven.*

I can't believe I waited so long to do this, Draco sighed into Harry's mouth. *God damn this boy can kiss!*

No one could say who cheered first (though many believed a certain Irish Gryffindor to be responsible) but soon the entire hall erupted in cheers and catcalls at what could easily be described as the most passionate display of affection in Hogwart's history.

Oblivious to the excitement around them, Draco and Harry separated, albeit regrettably, both

breathless. Resting his forehead against Harry's, Draco allowed a small smirk to curl his lips. Pulling away to arms length, he gazed at Harry with mocking eyes.

"Harry Potter. That was easily the most ridiculous, most sappiest…most endearingly wonderful piece of crap I have ever heard."

Harry's grin was pure sunshine.

"I know."

"Did you really mean it?"

"Every single word. I, Harry Potter, am deeply, irrepressibly in love with you, Draco Malfoy. Consequences be damned."

All that escaped Draco's lips was a low growl as he once again claim Harry's lips as his own, not caring for the hundred or so pair of eyes still focused on the pair.

"Oooh, go for it, boys!" a voice that sounded suspiciously like Seamus Finnigan called out, producing a very attractive blush in Harry's cheeks. Draco groaned, considering ravishing him right there on the Griffindor table. Mustering every ounce of control he had, Draco allowed his infamous smirk to crawl onto his face and pulling Harry in for another quick kiss, whispering "Your little plan is all forgiven for now" quickly in his ear as he pulled away. Turning with a dramatic sweep of his robes, the Slytherin stalked back towards his own table.

"Malfoy!"

The shout stopped him in his tracks and he whirled to find a still standing Harry staring in his direction.

"I've got one more valentine for you."

Draco rolled his eyes. "Please tell me you will get over this obsession with Muggle greeting cards."

Harry chuckled, and strode over towards the blonde, reciting with every deliberate step. "I looked in the dictionary, Valentine, to find a word that best describes you and I eventually found the perfect one…"

"Oh yeah?"

Harry now stood mere inches away from him, emerald gaze never leaving silver, oblivious to the audience the pair still had enthralled.

"Mmm Hmm."

And Harry leaned close, mouth brushing Draco's ear, eliciting a small groan from the youth's lips. His love's breath sent shivers down Draco's spine as Harry half whispered, half growled his answer.

"Mine."

Princess Bard: Tee Hee! I'll let you all guess what they did after that! *grins slyly*

Draco: Well, Harry dragged me from the hall into a spare classroom, ripped my clothes off…

Harry: *blush*

Princess Bard: Hey! I said I'd let them guess, arsehole! *glares* That was the whole idea for that ending!

Draco: *shrugs* I'm a muse. It's my job to fill in the gaps.

Harry: Actually, we're supposed to just inspire her…*catches sight of the TV* Oooh, is that Passions?

Princess Bard: Thanks once again to all my wonderful readers and reviewers! This could never have been completed without you! Love you all! *glances at the four watching TV* Well, my darling little muses, the fic is finally finished. So go do whatever muses do until I finish my University stuff.

Harry: *waves hand dismissively* After Passions.

Draco: We leave when we leave, Princess. We're your muses. We come and go as we please. *eyes on the TV* Oooh, look! Kaye's going after Charity. Burn in hell, Charity!

Harry: Wimpy little bitch. What the hell kind of name is Charity anyway? Go Kaye!

Princess Bard: *muttering* God damn soap addicted muses. Why did I decide to become a writer anyway?

Remus: Actually, we decided you'd become a writer. That's why we're here. *glances at Draco and Harry* Erm, at least why some of us are.

Princess Bard: True. But can you lay off of all the story plots until after I finish all this uni crap?

Remus: Well, heh…actually…*sheepish grin*

Sirius: We have another idea! *happily waves the bard's Alanis CD in the air*

Princess Bard: *waves purple quill to ward off her muses* Oh no! Get away from me! No more fics. Please! *runs off yammering*

Sirius: *follows* Wait! It's brilliant! See it's a series of song fics…

Remus: *shrugs and follows the pair*

Silence.

Draco: *waves his fist at the TV* Miguel, you prat! Pick Kaye, not Charity! Kaye, I tell you!