

Ten Days

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After a steamy night in the prefects bathroom, Harry might find himself to be in love with a certain Slytherin.

Rated: Fiction T - English - Romance - Harry P., Draco M. - Chapters: 12 - Words: 49,388 -

Updated: Dec 1, 2013 - Published: May 26, 2003 - Status: Complete

Chapter One: Wishing Star

*"All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me."*

"Harry!"

"What? Huh? Oh." Hermione just brought Harry back from a daydream; he's been having these often lately. Ever since that night in the prefect's bathroom with. .

"What has gotten into you lately?" Hermione asked seriously, then it dawned on her. "So who is now, Harry?" She gave Harry a knowing grin.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Harry grabbed an apple from a plate on the table and went to take a bite. Before he was able to, Seamus Finnigan gave him a violent (but friendly) nudged and knocked the apple clear out of his hand. "Hey, now what was that for?"

Seamus just laughed. "Come on, Harry!" His voice got slightly more serious. "So, who's the lucky girl?"

Girl? Oh, if only Seamus knew. It was true that Harry was daydreaming about somebody. But a girl? Hardly. "No one, Seamus, really."

Harry's best friend, Ron chimed in, "Oh, come on, it's so obvious you have a crush on someone. What's the harm in telling? It isn't like you couldn't get her, anyway." Ron was backed up by the rest of the group, they were either nodding or saying something that ran along the lines of "really".

"Ron, Seamus, guys, I'm telling you, I don't like anyone. I've just been really caught up in work is all." Seamus scoffed, along with Dean Thomas; they weren't buying his story. They had a good reason not to. Although Harry wasn't any sort of whore, he sure as hell was no saint. Any girl he wanted, he could have, easily. He was, after all, The Boy Who Lived.

But this was different, he wasn't dreaming about any girl. Harry wasn't even sure if he liked girls. Ever since that night a couple of weeks ago, he wasn't able to think straight, he was acting different. It wasn't anything serious, of course. They both were drunk, and Harry was quite sure the other boy didn't remember it at all.

The looks on Harry's friend's faces showed they definitely weren't buying his story. "I'm not lying, you guys," Harry protested. "I've just been really caught up in work is all." Seamus rolled his eyes. "You're repeating yourself! See! You're not even thinking straight! Tell us who the girl is and we will leave you alone to take action." Harry shot Seamus a dirty look, almost as if he was trying to get Seamus to shut up. He didn't shut up, but he did tone it down a bit. "Or do absolutely nothing about it, whatever you'd like."

"I'm telling you, it's nothing."

"Just leave Harry alone about it," Hermione stepped in. "If he doesn't want to share his crush, it's own business."

"Thank you, Hermione." He went and picked up a new apple, and managed to take a bite this time.

"So there is a crush!"

"Seamus," Hermione snapped and glared at Seamus, "cut it."

"Okay, okay." Seamus and Dean stood up with their books. "We have to take care of something before classes anyway." They walked off, mischievously laughing silently.

"Good job, Hermione," Ron said as he turned to Harry. "So, who is this lucky girl?"

"Ron!" Hermione scolded.

"What? I thought that was just a show to get them away. It's not like I'll tell anyone." Hermione let out a frustrated sigh. "So tell us, Harry."

"Ron, it isn't anyone. So leave me alone about it, will you?" This whole thing was putting a damper on Harry's already crummy mood. He put down his half-eaten apple, sighed and placed his face in his hands. "Just leave me alone."

"Sorry," Ron truly stopped this time. Stopped with the *girl* questions, that is. "So what is bothering you then?"

Harry inwardly sighed. "It's nothing, Ron. Just leave me alone about it, would you?" He folded his arms and rested his head. There was about fifteen minutes until Potions; he might as well get some rest while he can.

This didn't help at all. Every time Harry would close his eyes, he would think of *him*. What killed Harry the most is that the one he was so infatuated with, was certainly in no way feeling this way towards him. They were drunk; Harry knew that much, and he knew the other boy just thought that. If he even remembered that night, that is.

But he couldn't help but think of being in that bath, alone with the other boy, so close to him. It killed him that he possibly would never feel that way ever again. If he ever did, it wouldn't be with that boy, and that's all Harry knew for sure. It's all he needed to know that it wouldn't be the same. Things would *never* be the same. Not for him, at least.

Harry bit down on his lip, trying to hold back the memories. This didn't help all that much, he still saw the other boy, felt the other boy. The only way to stop this was to never close his eyes again, ever. And no matter how hard Harry would try, he could never stop thinking about the boy for more than ten minutes at a time, tops. His grades were slipping, he started losing sleep, and he wasn't eating much. All for one boy.

Just one, single, solitary boy. Harry shouldn't even be thinking about this boy; he shouldn't even be thinking about boys this way! Harry didn't know what was going on with him. He was sleeping again.

"Harry!" Hermione whispered harshly, trying to not startle Harry, just wake him up. "Classes are in eight minutes, we should be on our way so we're not late." Harry rubbed his eyes and got up. "Let's go then."

They didn't arrive outside Snape's room any more than two minutes later. Under normal circumstances, Harry would have been irritated by this. She woke him up from a brief nap, to arrive to his least favourite class six minutes early. But these weren't under normal circumstances.

Once in the room and Harry spotted the boy he was thinking about so much the past three weeks. This wasn't fair. Now he had to spend five minutes virtually alone in a classroom with this boy. So what if Harry was with his two best friends, and the boy was with his? Harry hardly noticed anyone else when the two were in the room together anyway.

This wasn't the first time they were, either. They had plenty of classes together, so Harry didn't know what made this morning so different. His thoughts were interrupted by the boy speaking to him.

"What are you doing here so early, Potter?" The blonde spoke, to him. He was speaking to him.

Harry froze in place, he couldn't explain it. He just froze. The blonde picked this up immediately.

"Well?"

"It's none of your business, Malfoy." Harry threw Draco Malfoy the best glare he could muster at the time and then he took his seat. Ron sat next to him, and Hermione next to Ron. There was nothing Harry could do but wait, wait until the class was over and hope he survived it. He was grateful that this was the only class he had with Draco all day. Other days he wasn't so fortunate.

Ron and Hermione got involved in a conversation, while Harry rested his head on his right hand and tried to relax. He would have just put his head down, rest that way for five minutes, but that would risk closing his eyes. Even though Harry kept himself wide-awake and his eyes open, he was still rushed with memories of that night.

Harry was clumsily drunk, and Draco was in control. It would have been expected for Harry to forget that night and Draco the one who would remember it. It was quite the opposite; Harry wished he were able to forget that night and everything that happened between them. But he couldn't.

Time passed slowly during the whole period, Draco being in the same room gave Harry an indescribable pain. No matter how hard he tried to ignore it and Draco, he couldn't succeed. The feeling only intensified. All Harry could do was try.

The majority of the period went by fine, without Draco speaking a word. Which was weird, considering this was Draco's favourite class. Harry might have thought something was wrong with Draco. Ten minutes to the end of the period, Harry was proved wrong, and Draco asked Professor Snape a question.

"Professor," Draco asked. His voice was like a thousand knives to Harry, all aimed at his heart. Harry sucked it up.

"Yes Mister Malfoy?" Snape turned around to face the blond.

"I was wondering," Draco started, "I was wondering if there is such thing as a 'Wishing Potion'" Professor Snape raised his eyebrow out of amusement. "Well, Mr. Malfoy, I would expect a more intelligent question from you." He shook his head. "Out of all people. . Well, there is such a thing, but I have never looked into it myself. I suggest that no one here does so."

"Care to tell us a bit about it, Professor?"

"A little too interested are we, Mr. Malfoy?" Snape sighed and regretfully explained, "The Wishing Potion is a not so simple potion, and rarely produces any results. The conjurer drinks the potion, and makes a wish. They are to hold their breath with some of the potion still in their mouth and after thirty-three seconds exactly— it's all rubbish, actually. I don't even know why I'm explaining this to you. Back to the lesson."

But Draco wouldn't relent. "But sir, there has got to be some truth behind it, I'm sure someone has *actually* gotten there wish."

"Don't test me, Malfoy." Snape was losing his patience. "I'm certain that if any one did, in fact, get their wish it was purely coincidental. Nothing more. Now if you don't—"

"Have you tried it yourself?" Draco cut in, really getting on Professor Snape's nerves. This was unlike Draco, annoying his favourite teacher.

"Mr. Malfoy, one more word out of you and I will take points from Slytherin. Don't act like I wouldn't." Even though Draco was pretty sure that no matter what, Snape wouldn't take points for that, he kept quiet anyway for the rest of the period. Harry was thankful; the last thing he wanted to hear was Draco's voice. It was too painful.

Everything about Draco, everything, Harry both loved and hated all at the same time. He hated seeing Draco, he hated hearing him, and he never got the chance to smell or feel him since that night. Thank God.

And all at the same time, there was no one that he wanted to smell or touch more than Draco. But he couldn't, the other boy did *not* like him back, he knew that the boy didn't even remember that night. Which made things a lot worse for Harry.

Harry couldn't think of anything that he remembered more than that night. He wished he could prove himself wrong, or even forget the whole thing, but he couldn't. The memory of Draco and the prefect's bathroom was still there, and could possibly always be. And all Harry could do about it was nothing, absolutely nothing about it.

If he was able to, he would.

When class was dismissed, Harry gathered all of his books together quickly, waited for his two friends and went off to his next class.

Well he did it, he asked Professor Snape about the Wishing Potion. It proved useless.. So now what? There just had to be another way to settle things. He wished that night never happened. It was just too revolting. He was *not* gay, and he certainly had *no* interest in Potter.

The mere memory made Draco shudder.

He didn't remember too much of that night, but whatever he *did* remember he wanted to forget straight away. He was too ashamed, too embarrassed, and didn't care to know if Harry remembered anything. Well, he hoped Harry didn't.

Another boy's flesh against his—Potters, nonetheless. The thought just grossed him out beyond belief, yet Draco could hardly stop thinking about it. But he wanted it to stop.

He didn't *like* Harry Potter, he didn't *like* boys, he was *not* gay, and he was *drunk* that night. Nothing more than that. He didn't enjoy any bit of it, or the memory of it. He just wanted to forget about it. And that is exactly why he asked Professor Snape about the Wishing Potion; he wanted to wish the memory away.

It was a long shot, but Draco wanted to try it out. There was nothing else he could think of. Memory charms were too risky; he would prefer to keep all of his other memories. He just wished that the night in the prefect's bathroom never happened. The potion was his only hope.

Draco's thoughts were interrupted by a sharp kick in the shins. "Draco!" Pansy Parkinson whispered, "You're going to get yourself in trouble, pay attention!"

He didn't know where his mind had been, *he* was in Transfiguration class, his mind was elsewhere. As much as he was against Gryffindor and all the students in it, he couldn't help but like Transfiguration. It was interesting, not as interesting as Potions, but interesting.

Draco focused and tried to pay attention to Professor McGonagall.

Harry made his way to the Gryffindor table for dinner. He went through all day, even lunch, without running into, or even so much as seeing Draco. As long as this kept up, Harry would stay in a not-so-bad mood. Harry picked a few things to eat, and sat down.

The truth was Harry wasn't all that hungry. He stared at his food until his friends came to join him. "Hey, Harry," Hermione said as she took the seat in front of him. "Feeling any better than this morning?"

"Nothing was terribly wrong this morning, Hermione," Harry said, "But I am feeling way better." She smiled at him and then Ron came and took a seat next to her.

"I see you're feeling better, Harry."

"Yeah," Harry said as he forced himself to eat a roll. He was feeling better, better than before, but not good. He didn't see Draco all day, that made him feel better, but at the same instance, made him feel even worse. Half of him, maybe less, *wanted* to see Draco. Half of him, maybe more, did not. He just wanted to forget that night, or never see Draco again. Whichever came first.

Draco walked into the hall, and Harry noticed him immediately. He tried his hardest not to look over, not to make eye contact. He succeeded, he was able to seem much more interested in his dinner role than Draco.

"Harry?" Hermione said, "Is something wrong?"

"No, nothing, Hermione," Harry replied. He took another bite of his dinner roll, it wasn't bad actually, but that didn't change the fact that Harry wasn't hungry and he didn't *want* to be eating it.

Hermione sighed. "If you insist, Harry. I'm starting to worry about you."

"You don't need to."

Draco looked up from his dinner plate, only to see a pair of green eyes fixed on him. He avoided eye contact and looked back down to his plate, he shovelled a spoonful of creamed corn into his mouth and swallowed.

Potter was *not* looking at him. He was imagining things, besides, even if he was looking at him, he was probably just plotting revenge anyway. Or something. Draco looked back up.

See? He's looking down at his plate. . . Just like Draco was two seconds ago when he noticed Potter.

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Stop this! Draco told himself. He was making such a fuss over such a little thing. A thing that should never have happened, a thing that meant absolutely *nothing* to him. Nothing. *So stop thinking about it.*

Did he just catch Draco looking at him? Of course he didn't. *See? He was just looking at his dinner plate.* Which is exactly what Harry was doing two minutes ago when he saw Draco looking at him. Whatever the case was, Draco wasn't looking at him in *that* way. He had a certain look of disgust when he saw Harry, and Harry noticed this. He wasn't offended, or even surprised. He would expect that kind of behaviour from a Malfoy.

He took the napkin off his lap, put it on the table, and got up. "If you'll excuse me," he said to his two friends, and they replied in a nod. He left the Great Hall to his dorm room.

Harry threw himself on his bed, face first, into his pillow. He wanted to die, really. Well, not die, just disappear off the face of the Earth for a very long time. *Very* long time. Okay, Harry wanted to die. He made himself as comfortable as he possibly could, laying down his stomach. He wanted to forget about that night, just because it hurt so much to think of it. He didn't want it to hurt like this, he never thought it would. Sure, he never expected to not be heartbroken over somebody, but he never thought, not in a million years, that he would be on the verge of tears thanks to Draco Malfoy. His enemy, not his lover, Harry just needed time to get over it. But how much time would that be, anyway? It must have been more than two weeks later, and things were only getting worse for him. He wasn't even sure why he was like this, for the thousandth time, it was Draco Malfoy. He was a boy; boys don't go with boys too well. At least, Harry didn't think so. Until he spent that night with Draco.

Sure, they were drunk, but they sure as hell knew what they were doing. To an extent, at least.

Harry let out a frustrated sigh into his pillow.

It was when dinner was over that Draco decided to go through with it. He scribbled the note on a piece of parchment and hurried down to the owlry.

He looked around for the bird he was searching for. He spotted a white owl and assumed this was the it. He inched his way closer, and when the thing snapped at him, he knew he was at the right owl. He reached out his hand to the bird's foot, to tie the note to it. The bird ruffled its feathers in protest.

"Yeah, you're his bird all right." Draco smirked and grabbed the bird's foot. After some struggle, Draco finally got the note fastened to the owl's foot. "Now," he said, "go deliver this note to Harry like a good owl." The owl hooted as if to protest some more, then flew off anyway.

There was nothing left for Draco to do but go back to his dorm and wait.

Harry slid into bed. He just finished putting his pajamas on. It was early, but he didn't care, it would take him long enough to go to sleep anyway. He looked up at the canopy and sighed.

Everyone was in the common room, laughing, and here Harry pitied himself. He couldn't help it; he was in the worst depression he ever went through. It didn't seem fair to him. He fidgeted a bit and then decided to join everyone else.

He walked clumsily down to the common room. He wasn't in bed for too long, but it sure felt like it. Everyone was still in his or her school uniform, except Harry. He was just about to turn back and around, until Seamus spotted him first.

"Harry! There you are!"

Harry forged a smile. "Hi guys."

"Just in time! Me and Dean were just about to show off our new invention!"

Harry didn't seem too excited about this. He was ready to turn back now. "And what is your invention exactly?"

Dean and Seamus exchanged excited looks and then Dean said, "Well, it isn't really an invention. More of a discovery."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, we found out how you could make somebody. . ." Seamus giggled. "We found out that you can make someone fart," he giggled at the term, "with a single charm."

"Well, that's all nice and stuff, Seamus," Harry said, quite bemusedly, "But I would much rather be catching up on my beauty sleep, if you don't mind." Harry turned and made his way to the boy's dorms.

Seamus, already on the move, pointed his wand at Harry and said, "Liberare cariosus!" Much to everyone's (but Harry's) amusement, Harry let go of a big one. Seamus and Dean practically doubled over with laughter.

Harry left the room.

Harry arrived back at his room and sat down on his bed. If this were any other day, maybe Harry would have found that whole fart thing amusing. Today, he did not, at all. He noticed his owl was perched on his chair and looked over at her. "Hello Hedwig."

She hooted in return, Harry didn't notice the note attached to her foot, he laid down and looked up at the canopy. "Things sure can change over just a matter of weeks, can't they?" He sighed. *Things sure can*, he thought to himself, *a month ago I hated Malfoy and now he's all I can think about*. He closed his eyes and next thing he knew it, Hedwig was at the foot of his bed affectionately nipping at his toes. Harry just smiled with his eyes closed.

Hedwig hooted softly a few times and Harry opened his eyes and looked at her. "What is it?" He then noticed the letter she was kicking around. "Oh, I'm sorry, Hedwig, I didn't notice that." Harry untied the letter attached to Hedwig, put the string on his end table and unfolded the note.

As soon as Harry read the note his jaw dropped and his heart sank. "I don't believe it," he whispered. But there it was, as clear as day, in Draco's handwriting:

Meet me in the prefect's bathroom at 11PM sharp.

-Malfoy

Chapter Two: Heaven's Race

*"Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor
But was a race of heaven."*

Harry didn't feel he had a choice of whether or not to go to the prefect's bathroom that night, so at ten forty-five he left his common room. He wasn't even sure why he was going; he had this feeling that Draco actually *wanted* to see him, maybe. Feelings could always be proved to be wrong. He arrived to an empty bathroom, but that wasn't that bad; he was ten minutes early. Harry didn't feel like sitting so he leaned against the wall by a sink.

Well, here he was, late at night, waiting to see Draco Malfoy. Why did he want to see him anyway, exactly? Was it to tell him off, or did he want to relive the night them two had shared? Harry hoped it was somewhere in between. Okay, he wanted the second one a lot more.

He was never alone with the boy, ever. The only time Harry could actually remember being alone with Draco was that night. Everyone other time Harry thought of that night, Harry would usually try to shut it out. Right now he let himself relive the moment in his mind.

It was the night of the Yule Ball, although it was usually held only during the Tri-Wizard tournament, Dumbledore figured they'd hold it anyway. It didn't have the same special feeling as it did two years ago, but it wasn't as bad as Harry thought it was going to be.

Harry heard rumours that Dumbledore was thinking about giving it some kind of a theme, he didn't however, and Harry was relieved. He wasn't looking forward to the ball at all. Harry didn't even bother trying to find a date. Ron went with Hermione and Harry just sort of tagged along with the couple.

Harry spent a very large portion of the night by the punch bowl. That was the problem; somebody had spiked it before anyone had gotten there.

The night went on and Harry started to act even more and more stupid by the minute. He couldn't help but notice how *great* Draco looked that night, even though he was his enemy. Their eyes met. Draco seemed to have gone alone as well; he was standing by a punch bowl at the opposite side of the room and was acting quite drunk himself. The smile in Harry's direction gave it away.

Harry didn't know if the smile was directed at him, he looked around and then worded a "me?" to Draco. The other boy laughed and nodded as if to say, "Yes you." Feeling rather drunk, Harry decided he was going to go say hi. It was worth a shot.

Harry's memories were interrupted by a loud bang, coming from outside the room. He checked his watch; it was two to eleven. He made his way to the door, opened it, and checked the hallway. No one was in sight.

So it wasn't Draco. *That's Hogwarts for you*, Harry thought to himself as he decided he would take a seat at bench. It wasn't the most comfortable thing in the world, but Harry shouldn't be waiting much longer. He let himself go back to his memory.

"Hello, Malfoy," Harry said to the blond. Harry could easily tell that Draco was drunk now that he was closer. He wasn't only able to tell by the look on Draco's face, he was able to smell it off him. "Potter," Draco acknowledged.

Why was Harry feeling this way? He suddenly felt this. . Lust for the other boy. The closer he was, the worse it got. Harry took a step back. "What was that for, Potter? I don't bite." Draco grinned and then added, "Hard."

"What's that supposed to mean, Malfoy?" Was that a pick-up line? Harry didn't know. He hoped not. Well, actually, he did. What was he thinking? Draco Malfoy is his enemy! No, he was a boy *and* his enemy. *Snap out of it*, Harry told himself.

"I'm just having fun with you," Draco admitted.

Harry was relieved, in a way, he was half hoping Draco was hitting on him or something. Then maybe he'd get some action. *What the hell is wrong with me?* "Oh...Okay." That was all Harry managed to get out.

Draco smirked. "Why? Hoping I was hitting on you or something?" Harry looked at Draco with a blank expression and didn't say anything at all. The blond laughed and said, "Please I have pick-up lines that are a lot better than.. Wait, what the hell am I saying? God I am so drunk. What is in this punch?"

"Heh, yeah, I didn't... I don't know. Somebody spiked it, I think."

"Well, obviously, Potter," Draco said, "I mean what *kind* of alcohol is it? I'm not exactly a lightweight, you know. Honestly, I am so drunk that I think I'm going to shag the next person I see." He was looking straight at Harry.

"What? Me?" Harry was completely shocked.

Again, Draco laughed. "I'm only joking, Potter! You're too easy."

Every joke has its truth. "Yeah... Well every truth has its joke."

Draco laughed loudly, "You mean 'Every joke has its truth'? Yeah, what about it?" He grinned.

This made Harry *extremely* uncomfortable, but at the same time, he was intrigued. "I was just saying." He began to sway uncomfortably.

"Hmmm, if you say so, Potter." He stopped almost as if to consider something, and then said, "But really, I'm really horny."

Luckily, Harry put his drink down before he even walked over to Draco in the first place. If he hadn't, he would have dropped it right then and there. The truth was, Harry was feeling the same way, more towards Draco than anyone else in that room. He took another step back.

"So, you wanna?"

This is the part where Harry would've screamed and ran, if he was sober. He just sort of sat there for a moment, with a blank shocked expression on his face, until Draco spoke again. "I'm kidding, Potter," he said, "You're too easy."

"Oh, oh yeah, of course." Harry kicked himself mentally. He actually thought Draco was coming onto him? How silly of Harry! Must have been the alcohol.

"But really, what do you say?" There was something in his voice this time that made Harry think that Draco really *wasn't* playing around this time.

"Come on, Malfoy! Quit playing around!" Harry shouted. He might have thought that Draco wasn't kidding, but he wasn't going to give in too easily and make himself look like a fool. Draco's lustful expression didn't change.

"I'm not kidding this time, Potter," he said coolly. There was definitely something about Draco tonight that seemed different, he was drunk, but maybe there was something else. Something about Draco that drew Harry to him. Then Harry remembered he was drunk too.

"Maybe next time, Malfoy," Harry said. He wasn't going to go have sex with Draco. End of story. He turned around and began to walk off.

A hand that was firmly placed on his shoulder when he turned stopped him from going any further. The blond grabbed Harry by his other shoulder and pulled him closer to whisper in his ear. "Meet me in the prefect's bathroom in ten minutes. Don't ask questions," Draco whispered.

With that urgent whisper, Draco was out of the Great Hall like a bat out of hell.

"Where the hell is he?" Harry asked himself. How late was Draco? Harry checked his watch again. It was now a quarter after eleven. *If he said "eleven pm sharp" then why the hell is he not here?* It reminded Harry of his first year, when he didn't like Draco the slightest bit, and he was challenged to a wizarding duel by Draco. It dawned on Harry that maybe this was a set-up; maybe Draco just tricked him out of his room again. But then again, maybe Draco was just caught up with something. Harry decided to give Draco fifteen more minutes.

So, Harry was going to meet Draco in the prefect's bathroom. He had no choice, he wanted to in a way, but he still had no choice. Truth was, he was nervous. He was also drunk, so he wasn't all that nervous. A couple of minutes after Draco left, to make things look not so obvious, Harry made his own way to the prefect's bathroom.

Draco was already waiting there, with his shirt off and thrown over back of the chair his was sitting on. *So Draco wasn't kidding when he said he wanted to shag*, Harry thought. Well what did he expect was to happen?

"Harry," Draco said calmly. *Did Draco just say my first name?* Harry was shocked, he never heard Draco say his name before, well, not like that. Usually it went hand in hand with a slide remark or insult. But not this time, this time it sounded far different. It didn't sound like Malfoy.

"Draco." Harry managed to say it, Draco's full name. It felt weird, but at the same time, it gave Harry a weird, but good feeling in saying it. He took his robes off and dropped them on a nearby chair. And then, once again, Harry was frozen there not knowing what to do with himself.

"You're nervous," Draco said quietly, as he made his way slowly over to Harry. He cautiously went to wrap his arms around Harry's waste and Harry didn't give any resistance. He pulled Harry closer to him and whispered in his ear, "Don't be."

There seemed to be a complete transformation from the Draco that was at the ball and the Draco Harry was so willingly in the arms of now. This Draco didn't seem so...drunk. This Draco was also not wearing a shirt.

Harry looked up at Draco. It wasn't meant to be, but Draco took this as an open invitation and kissed Harry. It wasn't a rough kiss, but it wasn't a gentle one either. It was just a kiss, and a very good one at that. Harry didn't refuse; he just gave in to the moment.

Draco brought his hands up from Harry's waist and lightly placed them along Harry's collar. "Let's get this *uncomfortable* shirt off, shall we?" Draco grinned and brought his hands along Harry's tie and loosened it. He looked at Harry and smiled, while Harry stood there dumbfounded, but he wasn't protesting any of this.

Draco brushed his lips up against Harry's; surprisingly Harry kissed back straight away. Draco blindly guided his hands down to unbutton Harry's shirt. When the shirt was unbuttoned completely, all Draco had to do was pull it down over Harry's shoulders slightly and then the boy shook it off himself, lips still locked with Draco's.

The kissing intensified as Draco started with Harry's belt buckle. It seemed that within seconds Harry's pants were down and off. Draco made a move to get his own off, but Harry stopped him. "Allow me," he said as he went to undo Draco's buckle.

Two seconds later, they were just two boys kissing each other in their underwear. Which was soon about to change. Draco broke the kiss and walked over the water faucet by the bathtub. "Might as well get use of this bathroom while we're here, eh?"

When the tub was close to full and bubbles were nearly poring over, Draco dropped his boxers. *Draco Malfoy is standing in front of you naked*, Harry reminded himself. Once again, he was dumbfounded and lost for words, and was only able to manage to say one thing: "Wow."

"I can't believe he isn't here yet!" Harry said to himself. Harry got up to leave; he couldn't believe he actually thought Draco would meet him there again. He had just enough memories for the night. Without much more thought on leaving, Harry opened the door to the prefect's bathroom and shut it behind him. Head hung low, feeling like he was tricked; he walked back up to his dorm. Did he *actually* think that Draco was going to meet him there? Or was he just hoping that Draco would? Even though Harry felt that Draco would meet him there, he should have known better than that. When did Draco ever keep his promise? He never did and Harry knew this. So why did he let Draco trick him like this?

It was back to trying to forget about that night with Draco again.

Harry arrived to a cold and quiet dorm room, he took off the shoes he wore to the ever-so-pointless bathroom trip and jumped into bed. He couldn't believe he let Draco get the best of him. He pulled the sheets up and over his head.

Hedwig awaked him in the middle of the night. She had another note for him... and something else. It was dark, but Harry was able to tell by the feel that it was some sort of cloth. He rubbed his eyes, opened a light and unfolded the note.

Better yet, just take them. Sorry if it's too late...No, actually I'm not sorry. Just take these things.

-Malfoy.

Harry took a closer look at the "cloth" Hedwig brought with her. They were Harry's boxers. Harry didn't even remember leaving them behind. So this why Malfoy wanted to meet up with him? To return a pair of boxers? Harry didn't buy it. Second thought, here was a better question:

Draco kept my boxers?

Draco knew he made a mistake by returning Harry's boxers. But what was he supposed to do? Maybe he should have included in the letter that he didn't *remember* that he had them until they came up in the laundry just a few days ago. Now that he thought of it, Draco started to think that Harry might have thought that Draco might have stolen the boxers, or something.

Draco didn't want Harry to remember that night, but there was something that made Draco think that Harry might have. This did not please him, at all. He barely remembered the night, but what he *could* remember he wished that he didn't.

He walked into Defence Against the Dark Arts class, late for the fourth time that week. "Malfoy, this is the fourth time this week," Professor Lupin said, "What am I going to do to you? Give you detention?" Draco shrugged. "Real good attitude you have there. Sit down, we were just getting started."

For a split second Draco's eyes met Harry's, for just a split second Draco thought he saw something different in Potter. He couldn't put his finger on it, and he didn't really care.

"Mr. Malfoy," Professor Lupin said, "since you have been paying such *good* attention to the lesson, why don't you come up here and demonstrate?" Yeah, now Draco's really done it, he had no *clue* what was going on, obviously. Maybe he was paying more attention to Potter than he thought. "Well?"

"Yes... Yes sir," slowly testing the water, Draco started to get up.

"Sit down," the professor said, "That will teach you to pay attention, and there was *no* demonstration. Now, if we can go on with our lesson, with everybody paying attention..."

But Draco didn't pay attention; he just wanted the period to be over with. This was definitely not his favourite school subject and he let it show. Why did he even need this subject? A roaring of laughter then interrupted his thoughts.

"Hey what happened?" he whispered to his friend, Goyle who was sitting next to him. Goyle was too busy laughing to answer. Lupin turned around to face the class; he wasn't a very happy camper.

"Who was that?" he asked. He looked around the classroom for a guilty face. He stopped at Draco, and mistook Draco's confused face for a guilty one. "Was it you?"

"Yes, sir," Seamus Finnigan intruded, "I saw him slip his wand by his book and whisper!" Well, obviously he was lying, Draco wasn't even paying attention. But Draco couldn't actually *admit that*. Draco jumped up from his seat. "I did not do any such thing!" He didn't know what made him do it, but there he was, shouting at a professor. He could tell by the look on Lupin's face that he was in deep trouble. He kept his mouth shut.

"What was that, Malfoy? You want detention? Okay, one day's detention coming right up."

"I didn't even do anything!" Draco shouted.

"Two days."

"Profess —"

"Make that three?" Lupin seemed to be having a really bad day, he wasn't a mean teacher, and he usually wasn't like this at all.

"Would —"

Draco wasn't even given a chance. "Okay, five."

He wasn't going to argue anymore, Draco took his seat quietly and looked down as a bunch of Gryffindors laughed at him. Five days detention, for something that he didn't have a clue about. Today didn't seem to have such a bright outlook.

Harry had a feeling who was responsible to getting Draco into trouble. He turned around to face Seamus and whispered, "Was that you Seamus?"

Before Seamus even answered, Harry knew it was him, he had that patented up-to-no-good smirk on his face. "That was a good one, wasn't it, Harry?" Seamus seemed to be quite proud of himself, getting Malfoy in trouble like that.

Harry then remembered that he wasn't supposed to *like* Draco, so he decided to play along. "Yeah it was, good —"

"Harry! Pay attention." Professor Lupin's eyes were now fixed on the back of Harry's head. "Unless of course you would like to join Malfoy."

Harry turned around as soon as the professor began to speak. "No, no sir."

"Good, now back to our lesson." As soon as Lupin turned around again, he ripped a big one. The class laughed in response. "Now who was *that*? Was that you again, Malfoy?"

Draco, this time, was laughing. "No, sir, it wasn't. I think it came from over there." He pointed in Harry's direction.

Well, it wasn't like Lupin to yell at Harry like he just did to Malfoy, so Harry was in the clear. He wouldn't believe Draco and would probably give Draco another few days of detention and that would be the end of it. But Harry was wrong, Lupin actually *turned* to Harry to question him.

"Is this true, Harry? Would you like to join Mr. Malfoy in detention for the next five days?"

What? This wasn't fair. Harry didn't do anything and he was now going to get five days detention? With Malfoy? "No, sir, it wasn't me."

"Well, in that case, I will just sit here all day until someone comes up to me and confesses about this whole situation." Lupin went and took a seat at his desk. The class began to get up as if he dismissed them. He put up his hand, stopping them. "No, you are all staying until I find out who is behind all of this."

Harry turned around and looked at Seamus. Seamus was *pretending* to be whistling innocently.

"Seamus, just confess so we can all get out of here eventually," he whispered.

"But it wasn't me, Harry, honest."

Harry rolled his eyes and turned around, he wasn't going to take the blame for this one. Or could he? He could spend five days of detention with Draco. Five whole days, with Draco. Would he

actually be spending them *with* Draco? Considering they would usually separate friends, and Draco and Harry were definitely not friends, he thought they might make them spend the time together. Almost as a punishment.

Suddenly taking the blame didn't sound like such a bad idea.

Five days of detention. That's what Draco got, for something he didn't do. He wasn't even sure *what* happened. He was pretty sure that Lupin wasn't coincidentally staring him down, either, he knew that Lupin thought he just cast that spell. Well, Draco didn't and he wasn't taking the blame for it.

"Professor," Harry Potter raised his hand.

"Yes, Harry?"

"It was me, just then, the one who made you... You know."

"Is this true?" Lupin looked at Harry with a certain disbelieving expression. Harry nodded in return. So it *was* Harry. Harry was the reason why Draco was in so much trouble. He must have done the same thing twice, and the second time, he had gotten himself caught. Maybe Lupin will let Draco off the hook now and give Harry the five days detention. "Yes sir," Harry replied.

There was a long pause, as if the professor was trying to think of what to do. "Well, I guess you'll have to join Malfoy in detention, it's only fair," Lupin said.

"Yes sir," Harry replied. He didn't even look disappointed. *Wait a minute*, Draco thought, *I still had to go to detention?* It was *clear* that Harry was the one who got Draco in trouble. Didn't Lupin see it? Draco raised his hand. "Yes, Malfoy?" asked Lupin.

"Well, since it's obvious that Potter was the one who... did whatever to you first, why do I still have detention?"

"He only confessed to the second time." Lupin turned to Harry. "Didn't you?" Harry nodded. "See? Now, not another word out of neither of you for the rest of the class, which is only a couple of minutes. Understood?" The boys nodded simultaneously.

Great, now Draco had to spend time with the boy he wanted to see the least. Well, they usually didn't make students serve detention with others. Well, at least Draco thought so.

But he obviously was going to have to spend the time with Potter, since Professor Lupin said that Harry was going to "join him" in detention.

He didn't want to spend time with Potter; he didn't even get any enjoyment out of being in the same bloody room with the boy. Now he had to spend five days with him. Today was not his lucky day.

Draco was royally screwed.

Harry looked down at the cover of his books. Did he actually confess to something he certainly did not do just to spend time with his worst enemy? What the hell was he thinking? If he felt like explaining things, Harry might have went back up to Professor Lupin and told him why he confessed, but he would rather not.

He just decided to suck it up and go with the detention. He really didn't want to, for multiple reasons, but at this point, he had no choice. Being in the same classroom was enough for him, now he had to spend five detentions with Draco. He knew the other boy despised him, so what did he think he was getting himself into?

There was nothing he could do but to wait till the class was over. Besides...

How bad could detention with Draco be?

Chapter Three: Blind

*"Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore, is winged Cupid painted blind"*

"Harry, why'd you take the blame for?" Seamus followed Harry to lunch.

"Don't worry about it, Seamus, I did what any friend would have done."

Seamus laughed at the idea. "I'm so sure, I know that I wouldn't have taken the blame for it. What? Was it to impress some girl?" Harry ignored him. "Well then," Seamus said, "What is it?"

"Nothing, Seamus, it's nothing. Don't worry about it, okay? What's done is done." Harry sped off ahead of his friend, leaving him left behind.

When Harry arrived in the Great Hall, he didn't get anything to eat and instead, just went and sat down. He wondered when he would be serving detention with Draco, and if he really was serving detention *with* him. Ron came and sat next to him.

"What did you do that for Harry?" the redhead asked. He grabbed the ketchup off the table and poured some onto his plate.

Even though Harry wasn't all that hungry, he grabbed a chip off of Ron's plate, dipped it in ketchup, and said, "Do what?" He shoved the chip in his mouth.

"What do you mean 'Do what'? We all know that you weren't the one who made Lupin do that. By 'we all' I mean me and Hermione, by the way." He went straight for his cheeseburger, taking a healthy bite.

"What I mean is, I did the right thing."

"Really, Harry. What has gotten into you lately? Now you're willingly jumping into detention with Malfoy! Honestly. Do you know if you're going to have to serve detention *with* him yet?"

"No," Harry replied, "I don't know. I suppose I'll find out soon enough, though." Just when he said this, he looked up at Professor McGonagall coming his way. "Hello, Professor."

Per usual, she didn't smile as she delivered the news. "Good afternoon, Mr. Potter. Professor Lupin has requested that you and Draco Malfoy serve five days detention *together*. As much as I disagree with friends sharing detentions, Professor Lupin appeared to very serious about this. I have discussed this with Professor Snape as well, he thinks that it would be a good idea. So I am here to inform you that your first detention will be midnight in the trophy room."

"Yes, Professor." Harry nodded as she walked away. He grabbed another chip off of Ron's plate.

"See, Harry, now you're going to have to spend time with that slimy git."

Harry shrugged, which was misleading, the truth was he wanted to die just then and there. Just what exactly did he get himself into? He got detention faster than he thought he would, now he had to spend *that* night with Draco. "Well, I'll live."

"If you say so Harry. But I'm sorry to worry about you. That prat does anything, you tell me and I'll get Fred and George on him, okay?"

"Agreed." Harry forced a smile.

Today was going to be a very long day.

Tonight was Harry's first night of detention, *with* Malfoy. Professor Lupin didn't waste any time, did he? Harry had to meet up with Filch and Malfoy at Midnight in the School's Trophy room. It was nine o'clock at night right now.

He couldn't get over that he confessed to doing something he didn't even do. Why was he obsessing over someone who obviously didn't like him in return? Harry was sure that Draco was going to make Harry's detentions a living hell. But there was nothing Harry could do about it but wait.

One hour until Draco had detention with Potter. There was nothing he wanted to come slower. He didn't know which was worse, the manual labour, or the fact he had to spend a few hours with his worse enemy. Either way, Draco did not want Midnight to come. Ever.

Especially that he was going to be practically alone again with Potter. The last time they were alone, granted, they were drunk...Well, Draco didn't want to even think about that night. And all he could do was hope that Potter had forgotten about it completely. Or if he did remember, not to try to start a conversation with Draco about it.

Or start a conversation with Draco whether he remembered the night or no. Draco, as said before, didn't *like* Potter. He didn't *like* boys. He certainly did not know what had gotten into him that night. But it was never going to happen again.

Draco closed his potions notebook, finishing his homework for the night. He had about forty-five minutes until detention. They were going to clean trophies, he guessed. Draco considered owling his father about it and perhaps buying himself out of the ordeal, but something had told him not to. Draco was going to put up with the detention. For no good reason, actually. In fact, he had every reason to *not* go through with detention. His father could easily get him out of it, but Draco somehow didn't want him to this time.

The night in the prefect's bathroom, did bother Draco even now. He pulled out a book that he had taken to school with him from his father's own personal library. If there were such this as a Wishing Potion, it would be in here. Well, at least he hoped that it would be.

Ten minutes.

Harry had to leave for detention in ten minutes. He really did not want to go, and to be quite honest, Harry didn't think he's ever dreaded anything more in his life. He just wanted the next five days to go by quick as possible.

To make things worse, tomorrow morning he had Quidditch practice for the game Saturday.

Something told him over the next week he was going to get the least amount of sleep possible.

Five minutes.

Should Harry leave now and be early for detention? He was going to, but decided he could wait to see Draco. All the same time, he wanted to leave to see Draco. Why did Draco do this to him? It just wasn't fair.

Harry left his dorm to go to the Trophy Room.

Draco shoved the book back under his bed and left his dorm. If he waited any longer, he was going to be late for detention. Not that he actually wanted to go to detention, but he didn't exactly want to be late. Filch would have went nuts if he was late.

So Draco arrived early. The hallway was deserted and the cold winter's air gave it this eerie feeling. It didn't bother him much, he liked that sort of thing. He leaned against the wall, waiting for either Filch or Potter to show up, whoever decided to come first.

He heard footsteps at the end of the hall. He couldn't figure out who it was, obviously, so he turned in the direction he thought the footsteps were coming from. As the other person neared, Draco saw moonlight reflect against the other boys glasses.

"Malfoy," Potter said.

Draco turned his head and looked at the wall on the other end of the hall. "I'm not here to socialize, Potter."

Draco's voice had gone back to the cold, cruel tone that he used to use. The tone Harry hated more than ever now. He didn't disgust it, it just hurt him for some odd reason. Harry didn't know why. Draco wouldn't even look at him. He ignored the comment along with Draco and leaned against the

same wall to wait until Filch came to tell them that they'll be scrubbing the floor with toothbrushes or something.

At exactly midnight, Filch arrived. He didn't waste any time. "Well what are you two waiting around for? Get in there and start cleaning the floor. You'll be polishing the trophies later. I've got better things to do than sitting around here all night waiting for you two to get started."

"Yes sir," the boys said in unison.

As Filch stayed behind, watching them from the doorway, Draco and Harry made their way to the centre of the room, where a bucket of dirty, but soapy water was and two dirty sponges. "This water is dirty," Draco said.

"Well too bad, make it work. When I get back in a half an hour I expect the floor to be done," Filch replied. He looked around the room and fixed his gaze on them. "Or else," he added with an icy tone just before he left.

The blond and brunette just stood there, staring at the bucket of disgusting water. "I'm not going to touch it," Draco stated. By the boy's lack of movement, it was clear he really wasn't. "You first." "It's just a little water, Malfoy." Harry just looked in the murky water, not making a move as well. He looked at it for just a few minutes and then slowly bent down to take up a sponge. "Now this," he said, "this is disgusting." He winced at the dirty built up in the sponge that must've been used dozens of times before them.

"Honestly, don't they have house-elves for this?" Draco picked up the other sponge, with two fingers, managing to barely touch it.

"They do, but we're in *detention* remember?" Harry dunked the sponge into the water and started to scrub the floor. If anything, the stuff they were using to clean the floor, was definitely dirtier than the floor itself.

Draco ignored Harry and got his own sponge wet and threw it to the floor. The water splashed all over him. "Bloody hell!" He began to pat himself down frantically.

"It's just a little bit of water, Malfoy," Harry said with a smirk. "Besides, you're going to have to get your hands dirty if you want to get the job done."

"I don't know about you, Potter," Malfoy spat, "but at my house we have house-elves to do this sort of... work. I don't even belong here."

"Well, now you're going to have to do it whether you'd like to or not, so get dirty."

Draco let out a discontented sigh, gave in, and began to scrub the floor.

They didn't speak to each other the entire time and when Filch came to check up on them, expecting a clean floor, he was disappointed. He stopped by the doorway, and took a look at the floor. "Well," he said, "my original plan was to come here and stomp more dirt on the floor, but it looks like you two are having problems with this. I'm not going to be here all night for you two, get working. When you're done with the floor (which better be soon), get started with the trophies."

"Yes sir," Harry said. Filch took another look at the floor in disgust, and lifted a foot, almost as if considering putting more dirt on the floor. He didn't and turned around, leaving the boys alone again. "Y'know Draco, if you would broaden your horizons than to just scrubbing those three square feet maybe we would be done by now."

There was no response from Draco, he just rolled his eyes and continued to scrub the floor, listening to Harry. It amused Harry that Draco was this bad at housework, it was actually sort of cute how Draco got frustrated over the smallest chore like scrubbing the floor. *Cute? Malfoy isn't cute.* Harry caught himself staring at the boy, thank God he didn't notice.

Nearly twenty minutes later, they thought the floor was sufficient enough to begin to polish the trophies. The stuff for the trophies was far cleaner than the floor stuff, but that didn't mean that Draco didn't have a problem with it.

"So," he said, "what are we doing with this?" The funny part is, the boy really didn't have a clue. He was staring at the polish and cloth with a look of frustration and anger on his face. Harry couldn't help but laugh.

"You're not kidding are you?" Harry asked rhetorically. He *knew* Draco didn't know. But it was worth a shot to ask.

"Of course I don't have a bloody clue what I'm doing!" Draco snapped, "Does it look like it?" He threw the cloth on the table out of frustration.

Harry laughed. "Here, I'll show you," he said.

As much as Draco would prefer to not be helped by Potter, he had no choice. He let him show him how to polish the trophies, he let him laugh at him, and he let him stare at him when Harry thought he didn't notice. At first, it didn't bother him, it was far better than Harry trying to start a conversation about that night him, or making a move. But now, it was becoming more constant and, well, awkward for Draco to be in the same room at a boy that was staring at him so much. Draco didn't say anything about it, Potter didn't know Draco saw him. He seemingly didn't notice they were surrounded by glass and Draco could easily spot him out of the corner of his eye, even if he wasn't facing him. As time progressed, Draco realised that it was most likely that Harry remembered *that night*.

That night that never happened, the night that Draco *wished* had never happened, at least. Draco didn't know which was worse now, the fact that Potter remembered their meaningless fling, or that Draco did. He had no luck with the Wishing Potion thus far, but he wasn't going to quit. He wanted that night to never had happened.

After a while of Harry staring at him, he just about had enough. Without even looking up he said, "That night never happened, Potter."

Harry seemed to be taken aback by this; he nearly dropped the trophy he was handling. "What?"

"You heard me, Potter," Draco said, "and you know exactly what I'm talking about. I see the way you're looking at me." *Really, it's disgusting, cut it out*, he mentally added.

But Harry was pretending that he didn't know what Draco was talking about. Without looking at Draco he shrugged and said, "I don't know what you're talking about, Malfoy."

"Oh please, Potter."

Who did he think he was kidding? Draco knew that Harry knew *exactly* what he was talking about, so why did he bother? Draco didn't talk, and neither did Harry. Draco *wasn't* going to talk to Harry. Why should he? He had nothing to say to him.

"No!" Harry shouted, "What were you talking about? Looking at you?"

"Never mind."

"No, tell me."

"It's nothing, Potter. I was just poking fun." Harry was too easy to make frustrated. Just one simple thing will get him all worked up. It was sort of cute.

Wait. What was Draco thinking? Harry wasn't cute, Potter was a *boy* and his worst enemy. "I don't believe you, Malfoy," Harry said in response.

"Well, you're going to have to trust me on this one, Potter. We're going to be spending four more detentions together."

"And what does that have to do with anything? I don't have to *trust* you to clean things with you and stuff." This, Draco knew was right, and quite honestly, Draco didn't trust Harry. He knew that Harry had remembered that night and had this feeling that the twisted freak with the ugly scar got off on it. See? That was easy. *Harry Potter is a twisted freak*, Draco told himself. "I don't know what you're up to, Malfoy..."

"I'm up to nothing, Potter!" Draco said as he finished up his second to last trophy of the night. "Trust me."

The other boy ignored him. Harry's work was done just when Draco started his last trophy. "When's Filch going to get here, anyway?"

Draco shrugged. "Beats me, whenever he pleases, I guess. Too bad we can't just leave when we feel we're done."

"Yeah, too bad. If so I'd be out of here faster than you could say..." Harry tried to think of a word.

"What? I don't bite or anything, y'know."

"You could never be too sure."

Harry arrived at his dorm at three thirty in the morning. The trophy room took longer than he expected it would. Well, he also expected that Draco had worked a day in his life. He should have known better than to think someone like Draco worked.

He also thought that Draco had forgotten about the night in the prefect's bathroom, and was wrong. Unless Draco meant something totally different and Harry jumped to conclusions, though he was pretty sure he didn't.

So Draco remembered, Harry didn't know how much he did, but he knew it was just enough to disgust him. He was able to tell it by the tone of Draco's voice, he disgusted it. Chances were, he wanted to forget about it. Harry didn't blame him, after all, Harry was... well... Harry. He was Draco's enemy, and for some reason, Harry kept on forgetting that.

At least tonight was over, it meant that he had just four more detentions to go. He won't have to put up with being alone with Malfoy much longer. Four more days and he'll be done. These four detentions were easier said than done.

It was painful for Harry to be in the same room, alone with Draco tonight. The two didn't say much, but Draco was there, five feet or less in front of him. Harry was able to smell him, see him, taste and touch him if he tried. Harry didn't.

He wondered how much of that night Draco remembered as he changed into his pajamas and jumped into bed. Did he remember it like Harry did? Probably not.

Four more days and Draco was free. Tonight wasn't so bad, but considering they had four days ahead of them, Draco could only imagine what Potter was going to do next. He saw the way the boy looked at him, he clearly remembered a lot more than Draco. All Draco knew is that he just did things with Potter in the prefect's bathroom the night of the Yule Ball. He didn't want to know any much more.

Things would come back to him sometimes, and he would quickly shake them off. He didn't want to remember that night whatsoever. It was disgusting, what if his friends found out? What if his mother found out? Why is he thinking about that? It doesn't matter. He was drunk that night.

Just because Draco was drunk doesn't mean he didn't get any pleasure out of it, and that's probably what drove him mad. He wasn't allowed to get off on those kind of things. Well, he didn't. It was the alcohol talking.

If it was the alcohol talking, what did Draco want to grab Harry tonight and do him right there? *Because I didn't*, Draco reassured himself. He knew that this was a half-lie. He didn't like Potter and he did not enjoy his company. Not one bit.

Draco slid into bed once in his pajamas. In four days this hell would be over. He couldn't wait, he did not like being in the same room with Potter. It was far too uncomfortable for him, to have another boy practically drooling over him like that. It was far too embarrassing. Not that he didn't like the attention, of course.

He secretly enjoyed the attention, even if it was from another boy, even if it was from Potter. Now that he thought of it, Potter wasn't so bad. He has nice eyes, a cute face, could do without the hair though.

Snap out of it, Draco told himself, you don't like boys, you especially do not like Potter. So cut it out. Quit thinking about him so much.

But Draco didn't.

"Harry! Come on, you're going to be late for Quidditch practice!"

Harry opened his eyes wearily to only see his best friend, Ron hunched over him in his Gryffindor Quidditch robes. Harry reached at the table next to him, grabbed his glasses, slid them on and looked up at Ron. "What time it is?"

"Late enough that you should be dressed already, you're the captain! You can't be late."

"Yeah, Ron, I'll meet you down there in ten minutes, okay?" Harry lifted his glasses to rub his eyes. Ron nodded and smiled. "You better, if we want to beat Slytherin again this year, we need to practice."

Harry hauled himself out of bed and got changed into his Quidditch robes. Ron just reminded him, he'd be playing Slytherin Saturday. The team that Draco's seeker for, just like him. Well, just his luck. He'll be going against Draco this Saturday. It was Thursday today. He'll live.

Harry ran down, late to the Quidditch Pitch. He arrived to find his team waiting for him. "Sorry I'm late," he said. They all shrugged and Ron gave him a look that almost said "I told you so."

They practised for about a half an hour. They had an hour and a half left until the team had to be at breakfast. Harry didn't want to go, he wanted to stay on this pitch, outside, in the air, for the rest of his life, and never see Draco or the outside world again.

There was nothing Harry loved more than flying, the sensation of the air rushing through your hair and your robes flowing behind you. It was amazing. The entire experience was great, Harry loved it. Then there were times like this when nature would call. Harry hadn't gone since before detention yesterday, he was too busy thinking about Draco all the time. But now he really had to go and he wasn't going to hold it until breakfast. He landed his broom.

"Guys I'll be right back!" is what he shouted to his team as he walked in the direction to the school.

So Draco had made him forget about something called going to the bathroom, what was next?

Harry wished he would just forget that night so he could stop thinking about Draco. His life was much better when he hated the boy. No, he had to still hate him, right? Wrong. Harry was developing a serious crush on the other boy.

He neared the school, and picked up speed, with his broom thrown over his back. When he reached the entrance, he ran into somebody he didn't expect.

There he was, in his school robes, waiting for Harry to come along.

"Potter," the blond said, "we need to talk."

Chapter Four: Realization

*"And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand."*

Harry stopped dead in his tracks. Was Malfoy *actually* in front of him? Or was this the lack of sleep talking? The only thing he managed to say was, "What?"

"You, me, we need to talk, Potter," Draco's look wasn't welcoming. He looked like he was up all night, and just wanted to get whatever he was about to say over with.

"We have detention together, we'll have plenty of time then," Harry said as he tried to make his way past Draco. Draco just stepped in front of Harry, not letting him pass. "Honestly. Let me go."

"No, we need to talk *now*." Draco wasn't kidding.

Harry hesitated for a moment. "Well, then can we do it somewhere... less public?" He gestured to an open, abandoned classroom.

"For Merlin's sake, Potter, I need to speak with you. Not rape you or something..."

"Thanks for putting a thought in my head that wasn't there. See you later." Harry tried to edge his way past Draco, but Draco wouldn't let Harry go. Harry was seconds away from shoving Draco out of the way, but he *really* didn't want to touch Draco. For obvious reasons.

"You're not going anywhere."

Harry was beginning to feel *extremely* uncomfortable. Draco was dangerously close to Harry, too close. Harry took a step back. "Spill it." Harry was hoping Draco would change his mind... He didn't.

"Look, Potter, I remember that night." With every word, Draco seemed to become less and less confident about why he wanted to talk with Harry in the first place. He took a second's pause and continued, "It meant nothing, Potter. Understand? I don't know what kind of fantasy you've got going on in that demented head of yours, but it meant nothing to me."

"Demented... What?" Harry was... something. He couldn't explain it. Confused? Upset? Relieved? He didn't know. And here he was, listening to Draco Malfoy telling him he was demented. Harry wasn't demented. At least, he never thought of himself that way.

Draco didn't stop there. "I see the way you look at me, it meant something to you, I see it," he said, this time without that uncertainty he started with. He really meant this, well, he looked like he did.

"And I'm telling you how it meant nothing, absolutely *nothing* to me. I can't even stand detention with you. So you can go drool over someone else."

"I don't *drool* over you, Malfoy."

"Oh really?" Cautiously, Draco backed Harry into a wall and moved closer. Their faces were barely an inch apart.

Get out of here, that was Harry's instinct. But, he couldn't, he was trapped. What was Draco up to? Pushing him against a wall like this. Just after he said how Harry was demented and meant nothing to him. But did Draco mean what he just said? *Everything* he said? Something told Harry that he didn't, and maybe Draco was a little less sincere than he let on. Harry couldn't get a single word out of his mouth. He just looked at Draco in silence as Draco looked back down on him.

"See!" Draco exclaimed, "that there, is drool." He took two steps back. His expression didn't change, he just stood there looking at Harry. Harry looked back at him. The two had nothing to say to each other.

Harry found himself, more than ever, ridiculously attracted to Draco right now. Draco was two feet away, staring at him, without that cold look or cruel grin on his face. *Go for it*, Harry instructed himself. He almost did.

Draco beat him to it. He inched his way back to Harry, slowly, and placed his hands on either side of the wall next to Harry. He began to lean in, bringing his face closer and closer to Harry's. And stopped. "What the bloody hell am I doing?" With that, Draco was speeding down the hall.

What the hell did he just do? No, really, what the hell did he just do?

Draco Malfoy did *not* like boys. He didn't *like* Potter. So why did he just almost kiss the boy? What made him do that? He wasn't drunk the last time he checked. He wasn't intoxicated in any way, shape, or form. So why?

The most logical place to go to was the library, it would be quiet, no one will be there at this time of morning, it was perfect. Draco would have plenty of time to think. He rushed his way to the library. He arrived to an, as expected, empty library. The school librarian, Madame Pince, was no where to be found. She usually was, and Draco took this as weird, but took a seat anyway.

Draco buried his face in his hands and let out a deep sigh. Did he *really* just almost kiss Harry Potter? He couldn't have. He just wanted this bad memory to go away. He wanted to find that Wishing Potion. Anyone else would have given up after a few weeks of searching, but Draco was determined to find this potion.

Professor Snape said it was real, so if he tried real hard, eventually Draco was bound to find it. He searched the library about a dozen times, up and down, left and right, with no luck. He checked every single part of the library.

Except for the restricted section. Draco took a glance at the section.

It was open. "Well, that's weird," Draco said to himself quietly. There was no one in sight, this was his chance. On the other hand, that would be too easy. There is no way that Madame Pince would leave the library unattended. Draco decided that there was no doubt that she was in the section herself.

But what if she wasn't? Draco didn't hear anything. He slowly got himself up and walked cautiously to that section of the library. The gate that was *always* closed, was now open. Wide open. Just begging for Draco to come in. If there was a Wishing Potion recipe in the school, besides in Snape's office, this is where it would be.

He pushed against the gate gently, opening it just a smidgen more and tiptoed in. He knew he didn't have long, maybe a minute or so. Draco took a good look around him, at the massive amounts of books. He suddenly lost hope in the potion at the sight of them all.

So, he curiously scanned a few row of books, until a forest green book with golden writing caught his eye. Not sure of what he was about to get into, Draco ran his finger down and up the spine of the book and pulled it out. Without even reading the cover, he flipped through the pages.

He finally hit the page he was looking for. He couldn't believe his luck, and he couldn't believe he found it like that. Draco didn't know what made him go to the book so confidently, without checking to see what the book was titled or anything. But here it was right in front of him.

"Votum Venenum... The Wishing Potion," he read out loud. Draco scanned the list of ingredients. It would be difficult gathering some of these ingredients, but it wouldn't be too hard. What would be *difficult* was getting this book out of the library...

Without warning, he heard a noise from inside the library. Draco panicked and immediately shoved the book back into a random spot hastily on the shelf. Then he quietly and swiftly ran out of the restricted section.

What the hell just happened?

Harry was pretty sure, that only two minutes ago, Draco Malfoy's face was two inches away from his... And the next minute Draco was out of sight. It didn't make sense. Harry could have sworn the

two were about to kiss. He *knew* it. So what happened? One minute Draco was leaning in and then he was practically running down the hall.

Harry pulled himself together, shook everything off (or at least tried to) and began to walk back to his original destination.

That was close.

Draco sat himself down at one of the main tables in the library. The noise he heard earlier, wasn't more than the wind, but Madame Pince walked back into the library within minutes.

So the wishing potion was in Hogwarts, right under his nose this entire time. Well, he never checked the restricted section. He should have thought of that in the first place. Well, he did, but he never really checked it out. Now all he had to do was to get that book.

Which brought him to his next problem. "Shit," Draco muttered to himself, just realizing that he didn't even bother *checking* for the title. He just sort of glanced at the cover, and checked it out inside. *Smooth move*, he thought to himself. Now he was back to finding out what book it could have been. But really, he had no clue.

"What took you so long, Harry?" Ron said to Harry as he returned to the Quidditch Pitch, "You were gone for nearly a half an hour to go to the bathroom."

"Sorry, Ron," Harry replied, "Something popped up." Harry took notice that the team had stopped playing and were on the ground. "Why did everyone stop?"

"We were all waiting for you," Fred responded, "We were going to come for you if you didn't return soon. We thought you might have died on the toilet bowl or something." He and George laughed.

"Well, I'm not dead on a toilet so let us get back to practice, shall we?" Harry mounted his broom and flew off before they could even answer. Obediently, the team followed, and flew after Harry.

Harry took a seat at the Gryffindor table for lunch, next period he would be having Defence Against the Dark Arts with Professor Lupin. And *then* Potions. Lucky him, two classes with Draco in a row. After what just happened, there was nothing Harry couldn't have dreaded more.

So Draco had almost kissed him, why? Right after he just finished telling Harry how much he couldn't stand Harry "drooling" over him, and how that night they shared meant absolutely nothing to him. It made no sense, not to Harry at least. It seemed that the more this went on, the worse it got for Harry. Especially after what just happened. *Did* Draco like him? After that stunt, Harry didn't know for sure. What Draco said to him was cruel, but his actions were quite different.

Actions speaker louder than words.

Harry decided it would be best not to think about it. He grabbed an apple and waited till Ron came along with his food, which wasn't long. "Hey," he greeted his friend.

"Yeah, Harry, I almost forgot," Ron said as he took the seat right next to Harry, "How was detention last night? Draco didn't start anything, did he?"

Harry sighed, he should have known that *somebody* was going to mention Draco soon enough. "No, Ron, he didn't." He wanted to change the subject as soon as possible. "So, how was Quidditch Practice when I wasn't there?"

"We didn't do much, ten minutes after you left we started to wonder where you were."

"Ten minutes? That's not long at all. I thought you guys wanted to *beat* Slytherin, not slack off because the captain had to take a piss." Harry smiled and then took a bite out of his apple.

"What ever you say, Harry." Just then, Hermione came and took a seat next to Ron.

"Good morning, you two," she said. "How was detention last night, Harry?"

"I don't want to talk about it, Hermione," Harry said grimly.

"I thought you said that slimy git didn't start with you!" Ron said, "I swear if he *did* do anything and you don't want to talk about detention because of that I'll..."

"Ron!" Harry exclaimed, "Calm down! Draco didn't do anything!" Harry soon realised his mistake. Ron was confused. "Draco?"

"Draco, Malfoy, what's the difference?" Harry nervously laughed and shrugged.

"You've been acting really weird, Harry," Hermione stated, "Is there something wrong? What is it?" She furrowed her brow.

"Nothing's wrong, you guys, don't worry about it." He put down his apple and poured himself some pumpkin juice. His friends didn't believe him. "Just drop it, there isn't anything wrong."

"Sure there isn't, Harry," Ron said, "Just like you made Professor Lupin release gas in front of the class."

Harry didn't say anything more, he didn't feel like talking about it.

Draco entered the great hall, ten minutes to the end of lunch. He had spent the first fifty minutes in the library, alone. He realised that he's been spending a lot of his time alone lately. He was usually flanked by Crabbe and Goyle, parading Hogwarts like he owned the place. Not recently, he was too haunted by the thoughts of that night... And he couldn't stop thinking about Potter.

But he didn't like the boy. He couldn't have, he's a *boy* himself. Boys do not like boys, and Draco didn't like Potter. Not one bit. To prove this point to himself and Potter, Draco tried to shoot a glare in the direction of the Gryffindor table where Harry was sitting. Harry was already looking up at him. Straight at him. And Draco couldn't shoot the glare, so he turned away.

I wish he would stop looking at me like that, Draco thought to himself. He really hated the way Harry did that though, he looked hurt and confused. And made Draco feel... Well, he made Draco feel bad about it, that's what he did.

Well, that doesn't matter. Draco took a seat at the end of the Slytherin table. He wasn't hungry, he hadn't been all that hungry for a while though. He also didn't want to die of starvation, as tempting as that was right then, so he grabbed an apple.

"Draco!" Pansy Parkinson called from down the table, as she got up to rush over to join him. This annoyed Draco more than anything, well, actually, Pansy annoyed Draco more than anything. One or two flings with a girl and they think you're there's for ever. Go figure. She got at the end, shoved the Slytherin that was sitting in front of him aside and sat down. "So how was detention?"

Draco thought about ignoring her for a minute, and even considered telling her to shut up. He decided to take the nicer route. "I'd rather not talk about it," he replied as he took a bite of his apple, winced at the taste and put it down.

"You sure? He didn't start with you? Did you throw any good insults?"

"I said I don't want to talk about detention *or* Potter." *Or anything with you for that matter*, he thought to himself, he grinned at the thought.

"So what's the grin for, then? Tell me! You know you can tell me *anything*." She wouldn't give in.

"Grin? What grin? There's no grin. Nothing absolutely noteworthy came up yesterday, and nothing will. And the conversation ends here." Without any argument from Pansy, not giving her a chance to, Draco got up from his seat and walked onto his next class.

"Well, I think that's enough for today. You all are dismissed," Professor Lupin said. "Malfoy, Potter, before you two leave I need to talk to you." The two boys weren't going to question him. As the rest of the class left they stayed behind and approached Lupin at his desk. "Well, you two, how was your detention?"

The boys looked at each other. *Why does everyone have to ask me that?* Harry thought to himself. It was true, why? He thought it was pretty obvious that detention with Draco Malfoy would be no tiptoe through the tulips, so why did they even bother asking?

"It was torture," Draco said. *Well, that was very straightforward and to the point,* Harry thought.

"Ditto," Harry commented. He might as well had said something, ditto seemed appropriate.

"Good." Professor Lupin smiled. "Now about tonight..." He paused. Harry wondered what he had in store for them that night. Would they have to do the same thing or what? Harry didn't have to wait long. "You two have to meet me here at nine PM.. I want you two to wear clothes that you won't mind getting dirty."

"Dirty?" Draco winced. "What will we be doing, may I ask?"

"You will be painting my office." Lupin smiled brightly. Painting his office? That mad no sense. Why would they need students to that?

Draco clearly did not want to go through with it. "Painting your office, Professor?" Lupin nodded.

"But... Wizards don't need to paint things, we've got magic to that. Oh! We're going to do it with magic. Is that it?" Draco looked hopeful.

"No, you will be painting it just like a muggle would. All the furniture will be cleared before you get there, so I wouldn't worry about that, boys." Lupin smiled again. "You two can go, I'll see you later."

"Yes, professor," the boys said together, and walked out of the room.

"Can you believe that?!" Draco exclaimed to Harry once out of the room, "He's making us do muggle work! My father would never stand for it!" Why was Draco talking to him again? Harry just realized that he had the next class with Draco.

Harry shrugged.

"I reckon he's probably just going to get rid of the paint once we're done." So *now* Harry was walking with Draco to his next class. Wasn't this terrific. He wanted to say something about what happened that morning. Why shouldn't he?

"Draco..." Harry kept his gaze straight ahead of him, as they walked side by side.

"What?" Draco snapped, half knowing what was coming.

"About this morning..."

Harry didn't have to finish. "Never happened," Draco said coldly. Harry didn't bother to respond. They walked to their next class together, already late.

Professor Snape wasn't too happy with the boys being late. "How wonderful for you two to join us," he droned, "Mr. Potter that would be ten points from Gryffindor."

"But Professor," Harry said, "Draco was late too!" A bunch of Gryffindors nodded.

"Yes, and I am sure he had a good reason to be. You on the other hand need to spend less time in the hall and more time in the classroom." Draco smirked and sat down.

"We got here at the same time, what does that tell you?" Harry mumbled to himself as he took a seat. Snape shot a glare at him.

"Make that fifteen points!"

Harry didn't speak for the rest of the period... Or the rest of the day for that matter. He still had detention with Draco to look forward to.

Clothes that he could work in? Where the hell did Professor Lupin expect him to get those? It was fifteen minutes to his detention and Draco still didn't have anything to wear. He really had no clue what he was going to do about that, either. He didn't really have an inexpensive clothes to waste. He was pretty sure that Potter did, maybe someone from his *own* house did too. Luckily, Crabbe was just walking into the room.

"Hey Crabbe," Draco said, "got anything I could wear to detention?" Crabbe turned around and just sat there with the usual blank stare. "Any day now..."

"Oh... um... no, no I don't," Crabbe said finally. *He didn't even look*, Draco thought to himself. Either way, Draco just began to ignore his friend and pull out a random pair of pajamas.

When Draco arrived outside of Lupin's classroom, Potter was no where to be found. So here he was, in his dark green silk pajamas, getting ready to paint. *Paint*. Malfoys didn't paint. Draco certainly didn't paint. He rapped lightly on Lupin's door.

"Come in!" said the Professor from inside. Draco opened the door to find that Potter was already inside, waiting at one of the desks. "To my office, then?" The boys nodded and followed Lupin up the stairs to his office.

There it was, a stone-walled office with the furniture covered by sheets. Lupin wasn't kidding, they were going to be painting tonight. "I take it you two know how to paint, the cans are over there." He pointed. "If you need help, I'll be just down there marking tests." Lupin smiled and left.

So once again, the two boys were alone. Harry was wearing a rundown t-shirt and a pair of old jeans, and here was Draco in silk pajamas. It was a comical site to see. If you weren't Draco Malfoy, of course.

Draco decided to wear *silk* pajamas? This made Harry want to burst out laughing. He knew where this was going, Draco was definitely going to get paint on him and start flipping just like a girl would. Harry smirked and said, "Nice choice in 'work clothes!'"

"I don't have 'work clothes' unlike some other *unfortunate* people, Potter," Draco retorted. "So," his ton changed, "how do you paint, again?" So Malfoy didn't know how to paint, either. Harry had a strong feeling this is how every detention was going to be like, him showing Draco how to do things. "You take the brush," Harry said, as if he was speaking to a child, and took up the paintbrush. "You dip it in the paint." He dipped the brush into the already-open can. "And you put it against the wall like this." He demonstrated painting the wall.

"I know how to *paint*, Potter," said Draco, "I was only joking." He rolled his eyes, and so did Harry, for a different reason. Harry knew that Draco really wasn't joking at all. The way Draco mimicked Harry's painting was sort of cute. He couldn't at all, and Harry just looked at him in amusement.

"What are you staring at, Potter?"

"Nothing," Harry said with a small laugh. He shrugged and focused on the painting the wall with the ugly shade of green, other than Draco. "Ugly shade of green, isn't it?"

"Quit trying to change the subject, Potter. Stop looking at me like that, it bothers me."

Bothered him? "It didn't bother you much this morning when you practically leaned in to *kiss me!*" Harry said, sounding a little more angry than he intended.

"I didn't try to *kiss you*, Potter," Draco responded. He slapped the brush full of paint, quite hard against the wall, splattering the light green on his clothes. He let out an aggravated groan.

"So what would you call it?"

"Call what?"

"What happened this morning." Draco started to get on Harry's nerves.

"Nothing happened this morning," Draco spat.

Harry rolled his eyes. "You can say that again." The two boys found themselves silent again. They had nothing to say to each other, and they didn't need to have anything to say. Harry let Draco do the terrible paint job and Draco let Harry stare at him.

There was just something about Draco that drew Harry to him. Harry didn't know what and maybe if he did he would try to stop it. No one wanted to feel this way, no one in their right mind. He wanted to take Draco right then and there...

"Kiss me," Draco finally said, still looking at the wall he was painting.

Harry blinked. "What?"

"You heard me, Potter. Kiss me." The blond put his brush down on the floor.

"I'm not kissing you, Malfoy."

"Why not? You seemed so eager to kiss me before, and now you're not willing? Make up your mind." Harry was *not* going to kiss Draco. What did he think he was playing at anyway? Just randomly asking him that. The nerve in that boy. Draco responded to Harry's silence with a shrug. "Oh well," he said carelessly, "your loss. Just remember that I asked you." Draco picked his paintbrush back up and went back to clumsily painting the room.

Harry looked at Draco with wonderment, Draco looked amazing in those pajamas. Harry started to wonder if he wore those one purpose. Of course he haven't, what was he thinking? But he did look good... "Wait..." Harry started.

"What?"

"Never mind."

Draco grinned. "If you say so, Potter."

Detention was over. Draco survived. He was walking back to his dorm now, in one piece, and he was not thinking about Potter.

Okay, so maybe he was. Did he *really* just ask the boy to kiss him? He couldn't have. He doesn't like boys, remember? So... why did he ask him, again? Because he was curious, that's all. He didn't *like* the kid. What if he said "okay"? That would have been the end. Good thing he didn't. *Stop it Draco*, he thought to himself, *you don't like Potter so get over it*. But he couldn't, he couldn't stop thinking about Potter. No matter how hard he tried. He needed to find that Wishing Potion as soon as he could, *that* would change everything. All he had to do was find the book, make the potion and the make the wish.

Which was a lot harder than he thought it out to be at first. He didn't remember the book's name, which was problem number one. Gathering the ingredients would have been problem number two... it wasn't that big of a problem, but it was a problem. So there were only two problems, that wasn't that bad. Well, he was sure that the Wishing Potion was against school rules. No good school would allow the students to be making Wishing Potions left and right. Not saying that this was any sort of good school.

So Draco changed out of the paint-dirtied pajamas and jumped into his bed.

So Draco just asked Harry to kiss him. It didn't make sense, quite honestly, nothing lately has been making much sense to Harry. *Well two detentions down, three more to go*, Harry thought to himself. It was nearly one in the morning, on Friday, when Harry crawled into bed. He was playing Draco in Quidditch tomorrow. Lucky him.

At least he was lucky enough to only have one class with him today, Care of Magical Creatures. Although the teacher was stark raving mad when it came to the class, Harry did enjoy it. Too bad the person he wanted to see the least was in it. He would live, he would have to. Just for three more nights.

Harry closed his eyes and tried to go to sleep. Tried to.

It was three in the morning, Draco couldn't sleep. No matter how much he tossed and turned, regardless of the amount of Mooncalves he counted, he just couldn't sleep. And he knew why. Draco couldn't get his mind off of Harry Potter.

He just couldn't get his mind off of him. It made no sense, he *didn't* like boys, remember? But here he was, thinking about one... In a not-so-straight way. Maybe he *was* starting to like the boy. Yes, that *was* it.

Draco Malfoy *liked* Harry Potter.

Chapter Five: In a Boy's Dream

*"If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved."*

"Draco!" Harry screamed upon awakening. He looked around him, making sure of where he was. He wasn't sure himself. He was in his dorm room, and was the only one who actually was awake. Thank God, imagine if someone heard him screaming his arch nemesis' name. Harry must have had about an hour of sleep. He yawned and stretched, then reached for his glasses. It was seven in the morning. Every night he had gotten less and less sleep. Well, at least tonight in that hour he had a dream. What was it about? All Harry knew is he waked up screaming "Draco". He really had to think about it for a minute.

It started out with Harry sitting in a rocking chair. He was in an empty room and it was during the day. Harry didn't know *what* he was doing in that chair, but he was there, rocking back and forth. He looked through the window; it was broken. There wasn't any life form in sight. He wondered what he was doing there. Was he dreaming or what? And then... Suddenly Draco showed up, carrying a giant pumpkin.

"Help me carve this out, will you?" Draco said.

Now Harry was *really* confused; Draco was asking him to help him carve a pumpkin. It was nowhere *near* Halloween. "And why do you want this done, may I ask?"

"I want to make pumpkin pie," Draco replied, "you can't make that without a pumpkin."

"Or an oven," Harry added.

"There's one in the other room." Draco nudged his head to his left and there popped a doorway.

Okay, now Harry was *really* dreaming. There was no good explanation for a doorway popping up out of nowhere. None. But of course, Harry was going to help Draco carve the pumpkin out.

Next thing he knew it, Harry was *eating* the pumpkin pie they had just made. Harry now knew he definitely *was* dreaming. There was nothing left to do but... Well, Harry didn't know what to do. Nor did he have a chance to think about what to do. The next second in his dream, Harry was falling. It was as if Harry had fallen down the rabbit hole in Alice in Wonderland, a muggle film. Things were getting scary. Harry wanted to wake up. So that's when he screamed for help.

"Draco!"

So now Harry was dreaming about him. *Well*, Harry thought, *it's better than not getting any sleep at all*. He shrugged off this very, very weird dream and propped himself up on the bed.

First thing in the morning, Harry was *lucky* enough to have Care of Magical Creatures with Draco. Just one class, all day, Harry would be able to live. But then he had detention with Draco that night, which was a whole lot worse. *Just three more days*, Harry thought. *Three more days and this mess will be over. Hopefully.*

Three more days.

Draco Malfoy couldn't eat. Not since last night. So instead, he stared at his food for the first half an hour of breakfast. How could he, Draco Malfoy, out of all people, develop these feelings for a boy? Harry Potter, his supposed enemy, no less. It was incomprehensible and not even Draco quite understood it. But those feelings were there and that's all Draco needed to know. He poked and prodded at this food, but never would it go in his mouth. He just wasn't hungry.

He considered going back to the library a number of times. At least there he would be away from Potter and his feelings. Or, the fact that the other boy wouldn't be sitting a couple of yards in front of him will at *least* create the illusion that those feelings weren't there. *Don't look at me like that*, Draco thought. It really bothered him, to have Harry's eyes fixed on him like that every time they were in a room together. He wanted the wish potion now more than ever.

So what if he admitted to himself that he liked Harry? That didn't change anything. He wanted that memory of that night gone, maybe go back in time or something. He knew *that* wouldn't be quite possible, but he could at least think about it.

It sure as hell would beat thinking about Harry all the bloody time.

Malfoys did not *like* other members of the same sex. Not in the way Draco liked Harry at least. He couldn't bare to think what his mother would think or say if she ever found out. Or worse, his father. Draco shuddered at the thought.

Things could be worse, or at least, this is what Draco liked to tell himself. He's sure there are a lot of worse situations, but this, this here was pretty bad.

He didn't *like* the way Harry looked at him; he didn't *like* the fact *that* he liked the other boy. He didn't enjoy the fact that Harry definitely felt the same. And he certainly did not enjoy the memory of that night. That night, memories from then were resurfacing themselves the more time he spent with Harry. And Draco didn't like this at all.

...Publicly.

Harry and his two friends arrived at Hagrid's hut more than ten minutes early. Once again, this was all Hermione's fault. A class is a class. As much as Harry loved Hagrid, he wasn't too excited about showing up ten minutes early.

Hagrid walked out of his cabin, greeting the trio with a welcoming smile. "Good mornin' yeh three." "Morning Hagrid," the three responded.

"Yeh wanna come in? I got some treacle fudge if yeh want."

"No, that's okay," Harry said, "I just ate breakfast; I'm not hungry." Just a half-lie, Harry really didn't eat, he just wasn't hungry.

Hermione smiled. "Thanks for the offer, but no thanks. I just ate too."

"Maybe next time, Hagrid?" Ron asked.

"Sure," the giant said, "anytime yeh want. Class dun start for another ten minutes, so make yerself comfortable until the rest of the class arrives."

And so they did.

Okay, Draco wasn't a huge fan of being on time for classes. He hardly ever was. So why should Care of Magical Creatures be any different? It was a dangerous and *entirely* pointless class, and if it were up to Draco Malfoy, the class would have been gone years ago. Especially since that absurd oaf, Hagrid, had taken charge.

What a joke, really. So a giant is wrongly accused of being the heir of Slytherin, let's give him a job. They could have at least given him a *real* subject to teach. But of course, it's always the dumbest teachers that get the *dumbest* subjects.

Take Professor Snape for example, epitome of intelligent. And there he was, teaching the most fascinating and useful subject that Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry had to offer. Well, at least Draco thought so. And that's all that matters, right?

Draco sauntered outside to the hut where this class would be taking place. *Was* taking place. It was ten minutes into the period, and he knew he was risking detention, but the teacher most likely wasn't going to give him a detention. So Draco didn't fret.

"Sorry I'm late," he said coolly when he arrived, "there was traffic." He took a good look around and realised that class didn't even start yet. Not really, empty cages were out and the kids were looking at them with amusement. It wasn't until Draco took a better look at them when he realised that tiny, sapphire blue... things were flying at lightening speed, around the cages.

He knew what they were, they were Billywigs. To make a not-so-short story short, if you were to be stung by a Billywig, you would first get giddy... and then levitate. Draco had a bad feeling about this lesson.

"Next time yeh late, Malfoy, yer gettin' detention. I mean it this time." Hagrid didn't look too happy with a yet another, late Draco Malfoy arrival.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," Draco mumbled as he went to join his two friends, Crabbe and Goyle. He just nodded at them, not that they noticed; they were too busy laughing at the things inside the cage. Figures. Stupid people.

And since Draco, of course, was not one of these stupid people who happened to be amused by the Billywigs, he looked around. There he was, just as bored as Draco was, staring at him like nobody's business, was Harry Potter.

Draco snapped his head around to look at the insects, they didn't amuse him at all, but it beat making eye contact with Potter.

Draco didn't even want to look at him. Harry didn't do anything to Draco, but Draco still didn't want to look at him. He knew this shouldn't have upset him, especially after everything else Draco pulled; it was expected. But it bothered him anyway.

He stopped paying attention to the class, and started paying more attention to Draco.

Draco wished Harry would stop staring at him like that. It was irritating. How Potter stood there, ignoring the lesson, staring at Draco all googly-eyed like that. It annoyed Draco, really. Forgetting he liked Harry would be a world easier if only Harry didn't act *like that*.

If only... If only Harry didn't remember that night, because it never happened. That's what Draco wanted now more than anything. Things would have been a lot different these past days if that never happened. Draco needed the Wishing Potion.

And it was only a matter of time until he had it.

"Well, that's all fer t'day," Hagrid said, summing up the period. Draco just realised that he wasn't paying attention at all the entire time. All because he was thinking about Harry. *Damn him*. "Malfoy, Harry, before yeh two leave c'mere." Okay, Draco thought, *this is getting just a little bit too repetitive*. The two approached the giant, knowing that he was probably going to tell them their next detention. Sure enough he did, "I think yeh two know why I'm callin' yeh here." He paused. "Yeh two'll be servin' detention with me."

Draco responded to the news with a guttural noise in the back of his throat. This was unpleasant information, now he had to spend detention with the worst teacher known to Hogwarts... and Harry. Just his luck.

"I'll see yeh two at eleven." Hagrid said as he went off to prepare for his class that was just arriving. Harry and Draco were there, standing alone again.

Draco cleared his throat. "So, just you and me again, Potter."

Harry was less than sincere. "How lucky of me." Harry turned away and began to walk to the school. Draco decided to walk next to him. "So what do you want now, Malfoy?" Harry asked.

Draco shrugged. "I don't *want* anything, Potter. Is it a crime to walk next to you? If so, I'll just speed up and walk away."

"It's not," came the response, "but from past experiences the only thing you've done the past few days is fake me out in some manner. Or just say that night 'never happened'. Or pretend that moment in the hallway never --"

"Moment'? What moment? There wasn't any moment, I wasn't pretending. I don't know what you've got going on in your head, or what you plan on happening, but once these detentions are over and done with I won't be spending any more time with you. The only reason why I have been spending time with you, if you want to call it that, is because I'm forced to."

Harry didn't seem all that convinced. "You're not forced to be walking next to me now, are you, Malfoy?"

"So what?" Harry did have a point though... That was besides the fact.

"Well," Draco changed the subject, "I need you to do something for me."

"What is it?"

It was too late, they were entering the school; Draco had to go to his next class. That wasn't with Potter. "I'll tell you later." And he sped off in the other direction.

So what did Malfoy want?

That's what Harry wanted to know right now. He was in History of Magic, the most boring class invented. So, as usual, Harry was daydreaming about something else. Or, in this case, *someone* else. That came as no surprise.

Harry had tried his best to make it look like he wanted nothing to do with Draco this morning. He thought he did a pretty good job. Now Draco *wanted* Harry to do something for him. Harry wondered what it could possibly be. He also knew, that no matter what it was he would do it. There was just something that made Harry feel that way about Draco.

Draco has been acting different lately, a whole lot different. For one thing, he's been a lot nicer. Not a whole lot nicer, but nicer. That's all that mattered to Harry.

As long as Draco continued to act like this, Harry had hope.

It was dark.

Dark and cold. But what else would one expect out of a night in the middle of January? They were lucky it didn't snow in a while; there wasn't a trace on the floor.

So Draco had to go to detention outside, by Professor Hagrid's hut thing. He remembered the last time he did, he was a first year. Nearly five years ago, and they went into the forest. Draco shuddered at the memory.

Harry was nowhere to be found, and he guessed that Hagrid was inside his hut. When Draco reached it, he wasn't going to knock. He considered sitting on the floor but thought it would be too dirty, so he leaned himself against a wall.

Ten minutes later the door opened and out popped Harry. *He must've been in there the entire time*, Draco thought. "There you are, Malfoy," Harry said, "I thought you ditched detention or something."

"I wouldn't ditch detention, Potter," Draco snapped.

Harry walked out of the cabin more and then out came Hagrid. "Well, now that yer both here... Master Dumbledore told me to give yeh two somethin' to do. There ain't much to do but I think some of the Billywigs broke free into the forest so..."

"Wait," Draco cut in, "the dark forest? I'm not going in there... Not again."

"Just the edge, I wouldn't send yeh in there again." Hagrid seemed to not have a problem with sending the boys. "It's just right there, I'm sure yeh don't need me. But just in case, I'll be right here." He took a seat.

"Wait..." Draco's voice was shaky. "So you're not coming with us?"

"I don't see a reason to."

This didn't make sense; sure it was weird that all these teachers have been leaving him and Harry alone. But to let them go in the forest alone? Just to capture a few Billywigs? It made no sense. Especially because chances were, those Billywigs were long gone. Draco wasn't going into the forest without putting up a fight.

"But what are the chances we'll even catch those things?" was the best Draco had.

"Not that good," the giant admitted, "but yer gonna do it anyway." He sat down on a stool in front of his hut.

Then it hit Draco, the only reason why he and Harry were there doing this ridiculous chore was probably so Hagrid could keep an eye on them. Not that this worried Draco or anything; Hagrid would be the last person in the world to fear. Besides, if he was there to look after the boys, he would have done a hell of a job with his back turned to them. The two didn't say anything to Hagrid and walked to the edge of the forest.

"So..." Draco began, "how does he expect us to find these things?"

"By using our eyes, Malfoy." Something told Draco that he wouldn't be able to get away with making fun of the professor. Too bad, he would have had a good time too.

Wait, since when did he care who was in his company while making fun of people? He had to concentrate on not liking Harry. Even though, he knew it himself, it wouldn't happen. "So, Potter," he said with a touch of sarcasm in his voice, "how do you suppose we spot these things?"

"Magic," the brunette answered plainly.

"How?!"

Harry shrugged. "How would I know? Answer seemed appropriate."

He was beginning to get on Draco's nerves. "Well it wasn't."

Just pretend you don't like him. That's all Harry had to keep telling himself. But it was a lot harder than he thought it out to be. And what did Draco want from him? Harry didn't forget about earlier, but it sure seemed like Draco did. Maybe it was nothing. So that's what Harry did about it, nothing. It still bothered him.

They were "looking" for Billywigs for maybe twenty minutes now. Harry was sure Hagrid lost interest in turning around, as long as he didn't hear them fighting. He knew that Hagrid probably thought of this detention to make sure the two didn't fight, and to make life a little bit easier for Harry. Harry didn't mind at all.

After all, Harry's been in the forest a couple of times since he started his schooling here at Hogwarts. And even though they might not have been the most pleasant occasions, he was a lot more comfortable than Draco. The only time that Draco had been in the Forbidden Forest was in their first year, and he was pretty sure that was the last time. Draco's uneasiness proved that. As time progressed, of course, Draco appeared to become more and more relaxed. He stopped jumping at every noise and actually began to *look* for something. Whatever it was they were looking for. He never even looked up to even glance at Harry.

This depressed Harry a bit, Draco not looking at him. Draco was all that Harry *could* look at. He knew, that even if it were possible to see a Billywig, Harry wouldn't find one. And he still couldn't think of what Draco wanted from him. "Draco..."

The blond looked up to see Harry looking at him. "What?" It wasn't the usual, cruel and cold response that Harry would've expected. It was just... a response.

"What did you want to ask me for earlier?"

It took some courage, but Harry wasn't a Gryffindor for nothing. He said it. He asked Draco what he wanted; now Draco had to reply.

"Forget about it, Potter," he said. Draco then went back to pretending to look for the Billywigs.

"I'm not going to forget about it, Malfoy." Harry went to put his hands on his hips. Figuring it was too feminine, he crossed his arms instead.

"Well, you're going to have to forget about it."

"No, what was it?" Harry wasn't going to give up so easily.

Draco tried to change the subject. "So why wouldn't you kiss me last night, Potter?"

"Because I didn't want to."

"Okay, okay." There was a moment of silence, until Draco appeared to notice something behind a group of trees. "Hey, what's that?" He walked in the direction of where he was looking, and Harry followed.

What Harry thought to be something at first, turned out to be nothing. When Draco moved the low branches aside, they exposed nothing but a clearing. "It's a clearing," Harry dryly stated.

"I know," Draco replied, staring up at the sky.

The two stayed quiet for a while. Harry didn't know what to say, and neither did Draco, apparently. Harry looked at Draco, and Draco looked up at the stars. It was nice. And all the same time, it was painful. Whether or not Draco felt the same for Harry right now, he wasn't exactly showing it.

"It's beautiful," Draco said while still looking up at the sky. Harry could make out slight smile on Draco's face. He never really saw Draco like this, appreciating something. Harry saw Draco in a new light, figuratively and literally. The light of the moon made Draco look... different. It didn't make him look better, or worse, just different. Peaceful, even.

"You think so?" Harry didn't take his eyes off Draco. Once again, he found himself drawn to the other boy. It just dawned on Harry that he was standing only a few feet from Draco. He wanted to reach out and touch him, and he would have, if Draco didn't bring his gaze back down to meet Harry's.

"I think so," Draco replied softly. Draco's eyes met Harry's.

And there it was, that silent moment. Now the two were looking at each other. A little unsure of what was to come next. Harry opened his mouth as if to speak, but just closed it soon after, not sure of what he was going to say in the first place. He reached out his right hand, slowly and cautiously. It met with Draco's.

The blond pulled Harry by the hand close to him, against his chest to be precise. Harry looked up at him, and there wasn't a doubt in his mind this time; Draco was going kiss him. Harry closed his eyes and leaned in to kiss him back. Their lips finally met. And it was like everything Harry had remembered. He brought up his left hand to rest on Draco's face.

Harry could barely stand; he couldn't believe Draco was kissing him. It was like a dream.

But there the two were, standing there, in a forest clearing, holding each other with their lips locked. Harry absorbed every second of it; he let the moment take control and didn't hold back. He opened his mouth, inviting Draco in, and the other boy didn't refuse.

It was strange how this all came about, how Draco was so cruel to Harry earlier and now he wasn't. Not that Harry minded, he was kissing Draco now and that's all that matter. Then suddenly, the kissing stopped, Draco released Harry's hand, and took a step back.

Another moment of silence. "So..." Harry didn't know what to say.

"About what I wanted to ask of you earlier," Draco said, acting as if nothing happened between them two seconds ago. Typical. Harry didn't say anything in reply. "I need you to get a book for me, Potter."

"A book?" That's what he wanted? A book? He could get a book himself. "You can get that yourself."

"Well, not really, in theory," Draco reluctantly responded.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I can't think of how I would get it, being as I don't know the title of the book and I'm not ready to get myself in trouble and--"

"You don't know the title? How would you expect me to get it then? And you'd rather me get in trouble? How nice of you" Harry sighed. "I'm guessing it's in the restricted section."

"It is."

Harry was giving in and Draco could tell. "I still don't see how you expect me to find a book there."

"Well, I'm sure you can ask Granger, she's resourceful enough." Draco shrugged and stuffed his hands in his pockets.

Harry shook his head. "No, I'm not going to do this. Besides, I don't even know what it's for. God Malfoy, you're not being so helpful, y'know."

"Well, remember when I asked about the Wishing Potion in class?"

"Yes," Harry said, "Snape said it was rubbish."

"Well I found it."

Harry was taken aback. "You did?"

"It's in the restricted section, in a green book with gold writing. That's all I know." He took a pause, making sure he had gotten all of the fact out. Then he added, "Oh, and it's written in Latin."

The last bit wasn't any more helpful than the first two. But Harry had to admit, he was intrigued.

Even if his worse teacher said it wasn't anything to look into. Though, Draco could easily ask Snape himself. "Why don't you just go ask Snape about it again, then?"

"You know how Snape is."

"And what makes you think I would have better luck?"

"You're Dumbledore's favourite. I figured you might be able to pull a few strings if it came to it."

This whole ordeal was beginning to get on Harry's nerves. "Well, you're wrong," he said as he turned for Hagrid's cabin.

"Harry, please," Draco pleaded. And that did it; Draco Malfoy said "please" to Harry. Harry knew what this meant.

The world as he knew it was coming to an end.

Chapter Six: Someone Like You

"Every kiss is a kiss you can never get back"

Harry walked back to the school after detention alone. He had stayed back with Hagrid, once his "time was up", for tea. Perfect timing too, it was just when he was about actually give in, and tell Draco he would look for the book for him.

And since then, Harry thought about it. He really did. He didn't have a clue on how he was going to get the book from the library, but he was thinking about it. Draco had a point in asking Hermione; if anyone knew where it would be, it was Hermione. How would he come about asking her? Harry didn't want the potion for himself., he wasn't sure if he believed in it's capabilities.

He reached his dorm finally, and changed into his pyjamas. He had an important decision to make. Was he helping Malfoy or not?

It was going to be a long night.

He almost had Potter. Almost. Until that great oaf had to but-in and end detention. Draco left early and Harry stayed behind. This came as no surprise, but it sure as hell complicated things for Draco. He knew Harry was just about to cave, too.

With all this about the book, Draco nearly forgot about the Quidditch game they had at noon. Three and a half hours from now. Draco was sitting at the Slytherin table, between Crabbe and Goyle. In front of him, unfortunately sat Pansy Parkinson.

"So," said the troll look-alike next to him, Goyle, "how long do you think it'd take us to win this time?" "I bet Draky will catch the snitch within a half hour!" Pansy said quite confidently. It seemed that no matter what this girl did, she would get on Draco's last nerve.

"When have you known Slytherin to beat Gryffindor when Potter's their seeker?" Draco got no response; he must have crushed their spirits. "Exactly," he said, "Never. The only team where there's a guarantee I'll catch the snitch before, is Hufflepuff. No great accomplishment. And sometimes Ravenclaw, so don't get your hopes up." He was telling the truth, they never did beat Gryffindor. There was a pause. The three looked down at their plates. "Well," Pansy began. *Oh no, just stop there*, Draco thought. She continued, "There's always a first time for everything. Besides, Potter's been acting all... Sick and weird lately. You can use this to your advantage."

Sick? Sick wasn't the word for it. "Whatever you say, Pansy," Draco said calmly. He rose from the table. "Whatever you say." He turned away from the table and left the Great Hall.

His destination? The library.

Barely awake, Harry made his way to the Gryffindor table for breakfast. By the time he actually had gotten some sleep last night, he had to be in breakfast. Something he could always skip, but not on a Quidditch day.

He took the seat in front of Hermione and Ron. "Good morning," he said sleepily.

"How nice of you to join us, Harry," commented Ron.

Harry forced a smile. He decided he was going to ask Hermione about the Wishing Potion; it was worth a shot. Instead of acting on that immediately, Harry sat there smiling at the two until one of them said something.

"Earth to Harry." Ron waved his hand in front of Harry's face.

"Oh, sorry." Harry pulled himself together. *Now or never*, he told himself. He was beginning to get cold feet. Why was he going to do this anyway? Malfoy never really gave him a reason to get this book for him. After all, for all Harry knew, Draco could really want this potion to get rid of Harry... Or

something like that. Although it was nearly impossible to understand, Harry finally spit the words out, "Hermione do you know anything about the Wishing Potion?"

Hermione furrowed her brow. The question was sort of... random. "It's a fairy tale, really. All the books say so..." She trailed off. "Why?"

"I was just curious. Any idea of what book it might be in?"

She thought for a moment. "No... I don't think," she paused, "it might be in *Acutus Magia*."

"*Acutus Magia*? I don't like the sound of that one..."

"Yeah, I don't think it's in that one. *Acutus Magia* means 'Dangerous Magic', I know a Wishing Potion isn't the best thing around... But I wouldn't go that far." She rested her chin on her hand in thought.

"You could always try *Common Cauldron Confusion*." She stopped as if to reconsider it, then she shook her head. "No," she said, "it wouldn't be there either."

There was a long pause as Hermione kept thinking. The more and more he had to wait, the less and less Harry wanted to do this for Draco. Was it even worth it?

Hermione thought of something. "Oh!" She pretended to smack her own forehead. "How silly of me! I bet you *anything* a wishing potion could be found in the WWW!" Ron and Harry exchanged confused looks.

"WWW?" Ron said, "What's that?"

"You mean the world wide web?" Harry asked, "like the muggle internet?"

Hermione laughed lightly and shook her head. "No, I mean the WWW. You two should read more.

WWW is short for 'Wishes, Wants and Worries: The Collection Work of Questionable Potions.'

I *know* the library has one, it was next to the book I checked out for my extra credit paper in Charms last year."

"Really?" Harry didn't want to get his hopes up for nothing.

"Yes, really." Hermione seemed almost offended by Harry asking her. "Besides, why are you so interested?"

"I don't know."

"It's in the restricted section anyway, so I don't think you could get it if you tried."

But Harry had an idea already. "Thanks," he said to Hermione as he got up and made his way out of the Great Hall.

Draco had no luck in asking Madame Pince for a "look" in the restricted section.

No one ever trusts a Slytherin, Draco thought to himself as he took a seat near the window. He looked outside, it looked like it was going snow. But in the weather they've been having, it would probably rain cats and dogs. Draco hoped it did something before noon, that way he wouldn't have to face Potter that day in Quidditch. He didn't even want to even see the other boy again.

He wondered what he was going to do about the Wishing Potion. Harry was right last night, he *could* ask Professor Snape. But then Snape wouldn't give him permission for the book and would probably think of Draco as the stupid little kid who believed in fairy tales.

Draco didn't know what to do, his only hope lied with Harry. He didn't *really* trust him. Something told him that he should, something gave him the feeling Harry would pull through. But he didn't know what that *something* was, so Draco paid it little attention.

He didn't even know what book he had to get. And as time progressed, things looked less and less promising for Draco Malfoy.

Harry rushed up to Professor Lupin's office. He wasn't sure if the professor would be there yet, and if he wasn't, Harry was going to wait. Harry wasn't sure of exactly how he was going to *get* the permission, but he was sure he'd think of something.

He ran up the stairs and down the hall to Lupin's office. The door was locked. Sure enough, Lupin wasn't there. He didn't see the teacher at breakfast, either. Harry was pretty sure that it was no where near a full moon, so Lupin was just somewhere else in the school.

He leaned himself against the wall besides the door. Breakfast was just emptying out. He waited. And waited.

Harry waited for nearly ten minutes. He was losing patience. He was also still not sure about what he was going to do to get permission to get the book. Lupin's door opened. "Harry?"

Harry's head snapped in the direction of Lupin. How stupid of him, he didn't even *think* of knocking!

"Professor Lupin," Harry said, half-smiling, "I thought you weren't in your office."

Lupin smiled. "Funny," said the professor, "I didn't hear you knock."

"Heh, well, I just assumed..."

"Say no more," Lupin said as he waved his hand as if dismissing the subject. "So what did you want?"

"Well..." The realization that Harry didn't really have a plan hit him finally sunk in. He tried to hide the fact that he wasn't sure of what to say the best he could. "I was wondering..." He wasn't doing a very good job.

"Yes, Harry?" Lupin was all ears.

And then it hit him, an idea. It was a long shot, but it was worth a try. "Well, there's thing called a Wishing Potion.."

"M'hm..."

"And I thought it might be a good idea to do some sort of extra credit report in this class on it."

"That's potions, Harry. Why don't you ask Professor Snape?"

Harry bit his lip. "Because I doubt Professor Snape would grant me permission to get the book..."

"Ah," Lupin said, "you want me to give you permission to get the book out of the restricted section. I see now."

"You do?"

"And I still think that's Professor Snape's department."

"Please? I'll do a foot and a half..."

Lupin shook his head. "It's not my department, Harry. You know that."

"But I know you *could* do it." Harry remembered the time he, Ron and Hermione got Moste Potente Potions out of the restricted section in his second year. They got the permission from their Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher.

"You're right, I could. But I don't even see the reason in getting it. I *have* heard about the Wishing Potion, it's nothing but nonsense. Besides, I don't understand how it will have anything to do with my subject whatsoever."

Harry's heart sunk. He was right. One-hundred percent right. "Well.. I was thinking maybe I could make the connection myself.."

"Harry, how about this, why don't you try Professor Snape?"

"I doubt that would work, Professor." Things didn't look too good.

"No, Harry, you didn't let me finish," Lupin said with a smile, "if it doesn't work out with him, come back. I'll write you the permission slip then. It's in the WWW is it not?"

Harry grinned; it seemed like everyone in the wizarding world knew what the WWW was, except for him and Ron. "Yes, sir."

"Off you go." Lupin smiled at Harry and walked down the opposite end of the hall.

So now, all Harry had to do was to just *ask* Snape for the book. Harry really didn't know what the point was in asking, but he wasn't going to question Lupin. The book was good as his.

Harry arrived at Snape's office. Did he *really* have to ask Snape? After all, Harry could say tell Lupin that he did ask, and get the book. No, Lupin was probably ahead of him and was probably planning on asking Snape if he asked. Harry knocked on the door.

Snape opened the door. His expression grew bitter as his eyes laid on Harry. "What do you want, Potter? Shouldn't you be practicing for your game against Slytherin, today?"

"I was wondering if you could give me permission—"

"No."

"You didn't even hear me out." Harry didn't need anyone to tell him what was going to happen next.

"Well, I don't need to, do I? You're going to ask for a book from the library. I'm not going to approve on it, and you'll ask elsewhere." Snape raised his eyebrow at Harry, and when the boy didn't respond he went to close the door. "Exactly, good day, Potter."

Well, that was easy.

Draco must have been in the library for a half an hour now, and he still didn't think of anything. He was obviously going to have to talk to Potter again that night. That's if, of course, Potter wasn't going to do anything that day in the first place.

He got up and looked around. He might as well get out and practise a little Quidditch before the game. Not that it would do him any good, he knew he was about to lose again.

The door of the library opened and someone walked in. Draco looked at the door, only to see Harry looking right back at him. Empty-handed. So, obviously, Harry wasn't there for the book. Draco made his way to the exit and said, "I was just leaving, Potter."

And Harry said nothing in response.

Harry practically threw the green and gold book on his bed. This is it. This is what Draco wanted from him. Now it was only a matter of giving it to him. He wasn't about to give the book to him earlier when he saw him in the library, not in front of Madame Pince. He was pretty sure he was handing him the book that night.

Luckily, the Gryffindor dorms were quite deserted. He sat himself in front of the book and opened it to the Table of Contents. There were plenty of weird potions, Rabbit-Morphing Potion, Sex (Harry wasn't going to turn to *that* page), Nose hair lengthener... And as a matter of fact, Harry thought the Wishing Potion was the only normal sounding one on the list. He flipped to the page that had the Wishing Potion on it.

"Votum Venenum," Harry whispered as he looked over the potion. The ingredients weren't the kind that were very hard to find, Harry had some himself, most actually. There were a few difficult parts, odd, even. But it was an overall simple potion. And that means a lot, considering Potions wasn't Harry's best subject whatsoever.

But this, this here was doable...

Well, Draco should've known better than to think that Harry would get the book for him. After all, what was he thinking? That Harry would just go willingly to the nearest teacher and ask for permission?

Yes.

It was nearly a half an hour to the game. Harry was still in his dorm, in his regular day robes, and still hunched over that book. He now understood why it was frowned upon and seen as a fairy tale. It was too easy. And it made him wonder why Lupin actually gave in in the first place. Probably because he didn't believe it was true, probably because he wanted Harry to find out for himself, and most likely so Harry could write a report about it. And share with the class.

Another agreement Harry regretted making. All for Draco. He had to write a full eighteen-inch report on the potion, connection it to Defence Against the Dark Arts, and why it wasn't taken seriously amongst even the wizarding world. He had a week and a half to do so, so Harry had decided he would give Draco the book for a few days, take it back, and then do the report.

As if to remind himself, Harry took out a piece of parchment, and wrote "Draco" on it. He then, placed it on the page of the Wishing Potion, closed the book, and placed it underneath his pillow. Then, he went off to Quidditch.

What if Harry *was* at the library to get the book? Well, Draco would find out eventually, the next time he saw Potter in detention. But before that, he had Quidditch. Which was exactly where Draco was heading off to now. The game was in ten minutes, it had just started to drizzle. But students were filling in the seats anyway, and Draco, as the captain of the Slytherin team, had no choice but to give his pep talk.

He wasn't in the best of moods today. So he kept it short.

"Just don't get beat up too bad, eh?"

So, Draco wasn't all that good at pep talks. Not on a bad day, at least.

Ninety to ten. Slytherin's game.

Harry had to get that snitch as soon as possible, before Slytherin racked up anymore points. He wasn't having any luck yet, he seemed to be too distracted by Draco. And Draco, well, for once, Draco was completely engrossed with the game. Despite the rain picking up pace, and the temperate dropping drastically, Draco was still at it. So Harry watched and snuck peeks at Draco as often as he could, as Draco searched feverously for the snitch.

Why did Harry let Draco do this to him? He had seemed to be doing everything for Draco, and still getting absolutely nothing in return. And that kiss... Harry didn't forget about that kiss last night. And if Draco wasn't being a total bastard about it, it would have been a little romantic. But no, Draco kissed Harry and the very *second* they broke it off he went back to being... Draco.

It just wasn't fair, and now Harry was certainly reconsidering giving Draco the book. What did he do to deserve it anyway? Absolutely nothing, and until he showed signs of being grateful towards Harry, he wasn't seeing one bit of the book.

All of a sudden Harry felt dizzy. Very, very, dizzy. And then he giggled.

He slightly lost control of the broom, started to swerve around a bit, intentionally and just forgot about the game entirely. He zoomed around the pitch, giggling and spinning, and distracting everyone from the game. He flew higher and higher. "Whee!" he shouted on the top of his lungs. He flew in the direction of the teacher's box. It was empty today, Harry didn't know or even care why. He didn't care about anything right now, really. He turned around and considered plunging straight down to the ground. And so he did.

He was falling at a tremendous speed, and it was great. But he started to feel nauseous, so he stopped doing that and began to fly at a normal pace, while everyone except for the Slytherin team (who was taking advantage of this distraction) scored another ten points. He hovered only about five feet off the ground and looked around. Harry then realised why he was there in the first place when he was reminded, by the fluttering god ball with wings in front of him. *The snitch!* Harry giggled and flew clumsily after it.

What the hell does he think he's doing? Draco thought to himself as he watched Harry giggle and spin on his broomstick. And then suddenly, Draco saw Harry's sudden distraction and dove straight for it, following Harry.

Harry was laughing and smiling, and basically doing everything that you shouldn't when you're supposed to be winning a Quidditch game. Draco flew to the side of Harry. The snitch was only a few inches away, he focused on just that. He reached out, expecting Potter's hand to beat him to it. But that never happened. Instead, for the first time in a game against Gryffindor, Draco felt the gold in his hand. The crowd gasped, and Draco landed his broom. He turned around, only to see Harry on the ground behind him.

Harry rubbed his head.

He didn't know what just happened, but he was okay now. But just two minutes ago, he felt... giddy. He saw the snitch, went after it, and then... he... he *floated off* of his broom, and fell to the ground. Then Draco caught the snitch, and now all these people were running over to help Harry. But he was fine, really. "Harry, are you okay?" asked Ginny worriedly.

"I'm fine," he replied, "I'm just.. I'm not sure what happened."

"You jumped off your broom, Harry!" said Ron, "and you let that stupid git get the snitch and win!"

He nodded his head in the direction of Draco, who seemed to just finished talking with Madame Hooch. Then he joined up with the rest of the team to celebrate, who were all very unconcerned about whether Harry lived or died. Draco didn't care that Harry was on the floor right now. And quite honestly, this hurt Harry more than anything.

"Really, Ron," said Ginny, "you're best friend is *hurt* and you're worried about a stupid Quidditch game!" Ron had no response.

"I'm not—"

"Don't worry, Harry! We'll take you to Madame Pomfrey."

"No," Harry said while getting up and dusting himself off. "I'm fine, I just slid off my broom."

Ginny, Ron and the others didn't look like they believed him so much, but they weren't going to argue with him. "If you insist," Ginny said reluctantly, "Oh, here comes Madame Hooch."

"Are you hurt?" Madame Hooch asked.

"No," He replied.

"Good, because tonight you and Malfoy will be cleaning this place up. You will be here no later than seven o'clock. Understood?"

"Yes, Madame Hooch."

"And it won't be me you're serving detention with, either, you'll be meeting Filch. Good day, Potter."

"Good day." Hooch walked away. "Let's go," he said to Ginny, Ron and Hermione. They made their way to the Gryffindor common room without any other word.

He won! He actually won! So what if it was because Potter jumped or whatever off his broom? He won! It was the first time Slytherin had ever won against Gryffindor in six years (when Potter was their seeker), it called for some kind of celebration.

So there he was, in the Slytherin common room, still nearly two hours later, celebrating. Well, everyone else was having a great time and socializing. Draco was sitting by himself, sitting in the corner away from anyone, thinking about—you guessed it—Potter.

Why did Harry jump off his broom like that? Why was Harry acting so strange before it happened? And why the *hell* does all this bother Draco so much? Draco already knew the answer to one of these questions; he cared about Harry... a little. Something happened to Harry today; people just don't randomly fall off brooms.

He was determined to ask Harry when they had detention.

Harry walked out to the Quidditch pitch in the pouring, freezing, rain. He was wearing gloves and his cloak, but they didn't do too much when wet. Harry was absolutely soaked. He wondered if they were still going to have to clean the Quidditch pitch in this weather.

When he reached the pitch, Draco was already there. He, for some reason did not wear his cloak. He was ten times as sobbing wet as Harry, his blond hair plastered to the sides of his face, his arms folding and his body shivering. He was clearly regretting not bringing his cloak.

"Malfoy," Harry greeted, making his voice a little louder, so Draco could hear it over the rain. Draco nodded. Harry guessed this was because Draco was probably too cold to do or say anything. Now wasn't time to talk, anyway.

They stood there, waiting for Filch for ten minutes. When the rain slowed down, Filch finally came. He was certainly late, but Harry wouldn't *dare* to say anything about it. Filch mumbled something about what Dumbledore puts him through these days, and said to Draco and Harry, "Well, what are you waiting for?"

"We were waiting for you," was the first thing out of Draco's mouth all night.

"Well, all you need is over there.. I'll be checking this place in the morning, so it better get cleaned. And I'll be checking on *you two* every hour until midnight. So don't go thinking that you're going off anywhere."

"Yes sir," Harry said. And just like that, Filch was gone.

The rain had slowed down a great deal, but Draco was still cold. He didn't know what had possessed him to wear nothing but his regular school robes. Harry and Draco spent the first half an hour of their detention silent. Mostly, because it was too much work to speak over the rain. Now it wasn't.

"So, Potter," Malfoy said, "What happened to you today? Why'd you throw the game like that?"

Harry almost looked offended. "I didn't throw the game, Malfoy. I don't know what happened, really."

"If you insist..."

"About the book." This got Draco's attention immediately. "I got it."

"You did?" Draco asked, while trying to keep the excitement in his voice to a minimum. Though, honestly, Draco didn't know what he wanted the potion for now. Forgetting the night spent with Harry seemed to become less and less important to Draco as time went on. But if given the chance, he was going to get rid of the memory anyway.

"Yeah, I did," Harry replied calmly, "but I want to know why you want it in the first place." Draco considered telling Harry the full truth, then he figured that not saying anything at all might be the safer route. "Well?" Harry demanded.

"I have my reasons, Potter."

"Besides, I doubt it'll work. I've looked over the ingredients and directions. It's maybe one of the most easy Potions I've do—read." Even in this lighting, Draco could see Harry's cheeks redden just a little. "I mean, I had all the ingredients on the list. I don't think it's worth it, Malfoy."

"I want the book anyway, Potter." Draco picked up a crumbled, soaking-wet, piece of paper off the floor and shoved it in the garbage bag.

"Well, it's up in my dorm. Maybe I'll give you it tomorrow."

Draco glared. "Maybe?"

"Yes, maybe."

Draco had no choice but to go along with it. "Fine."

They worked their way through the seating boxes until they reached the stairway to the teacher's box. There was a sign hanging from a chain that was linked to each banister, blocking the stairwell that said, "Do Not Enter."

"Do not enter, eh?" Draco said, grinning, "Don't mind if I *do*." He unlinked the chain from one banister and cleared the way, inviting Harry with him.

"Oh... I don't know..."

Draco arched an eyebrow and smirked. "Scared, Potter?"

Harry laughed softly, walking on to the steps, and then said, "You wish."

"Good, good." Draco put the chain back the way it was and headed up to the platform. "So, why do you reckon they have this area closed down, anyway?" he asked when they reached the top step.

"I don't know," replied Harry. Harry looked around; he's never been here before. The rain made the floor very slippery to walk on. It wasn't raining as hard as it was a while ago; it was barely drizzling. Harry looked to the front of the box, where there was just tapestry, supported by nothing, covering a gap between the wood the box was originally built out of. "That could be a reason why it's closed." He pointed to it.

"But why? Can't they just fix that with a simple spell?" The two walked up to the edge get a closer look.

Harry shrugged. "I guess." He looked over the side. "Long way down." Draco didn't look. He looked at Harry instead and sighed. Harry turned around, his back to the tapestry and looked up at Draco.

"What is it?"

"Nothing, it's nothing."

"No, it's something. Tell me."

"It's nothing, Potter."

Harry gave Draco a disbelieving look. And there they were again, looking at each other. "It's just..." Draco started. He inched his way to Harry. "It's just," he repeated breathlessly. Then Draco did it, he kissed Harry. And Harry was kissing back. It was magic. Just... magic. Draco wondered why he didn't say anything before. He wanted to tell Harry how he really felt and tell him everything... He broke loss again, brushing his lips gently against Harry's. "It's just I..." He brought up his hand to rest on Harry's cheek and kissed him again.

Only this time, Harry must have gone to step back, because he slipped back from Draco's reach and Draco was no longer kissing hair, or touching his cheek. It was air.

Harry had fallen over the edge.

Draco had never ran so fast in his entire lifetime. He bolted down those stairs and through the student's seating... Down *those* stairs and ran across the pitch where Harry was. *Anything happened to him, it's all your fault, all your fault*, that's all Draco was able to tell himself.

It was like a nightmare-come-true when he saw Harry sprawled out on the floor, unconscious. He ran up to his side and kneeled over him. "Harry?" His voice cracked. "Harry? Oh God don't do this... Don't do this to *me!*" He was on the verge of losing it. He took Harry in his arms and shook him gently, trying to wake him up.

No response. He tried again. Nothing.

It began to snow now, a mixture of snow and rain. The flakes landed in Harry's hair, giving him and even... More-dead look. Then a tear, an actual, real, genuine tear, rolled down Draco's cheek.

"Come on Harry, speak to me, say *something*." Harry moved... No, he didn't just move... He was regaining consciousness. "Oh thank you God." A wave of relief rushed over Draco.

Harry opened his eyes and looked up at Draco, who was smiling down on him. Harry furrowed his brow, and looked at Draco intensely. "Who are you?"

And Draco's smile slowly faded away.

Chapter 7: Somebody Who Cares

*"I have found the paradox that if I love until it hurts,
Then there is no hurt, but only more love."*

He drew a sharp breath. Draco was kissing him.

And now he was falling.

It wasn't supposed to be like this! Harry thought, as the silver and grey tapestry flew by.

He tried to grab Draco, and he missed. He tried to grab the tapestry when he fell, and he managed to grab on to it for a second before sliding off. Now all attempts were useless. Any second now, Harry was going to hit the ground. And Merlin, was it a long way down.

Now he would never know for sure what Draco was going to tell him. He had worse things to worry about now. He didn't know what was going to happen, were these his final moments? Will he ever see Draco ever again? *Dear God, just make this quick.*

Harry blacked out.

The next thing he knew it, he was waking up in some blond boy's arms, his head was pounding, and to make matters even worse, the blond was crying over him. *What the...* He didn't know what was going on. He didn't know who he was or where he was. But most importantly...

"Who are you?"

Draco's eyes widened. *It couldn't be. It wouldn't be fair... And after all this time and now...* "What?" he managed to choke out, hoping Harry was just playing a joke on him. Some cruel, awful joke.

"Who are *you*?" Harry replied, this time more angrily as he freed himself from Draco's grasp, stood up, and turned around to face him.

Draco just sat there, on his knees, looking up at Harry, motionless. "You... You don't know who I am?"

Harry was getting aggravated. "Why would I be asking you?" he replied. After no response from Draco, he put his hands through his hair and shook his head out of frustration. "Look, if you're not going to tell me who *you* are, would you mind telling me who *I* am?"

The reality sunk in. Harry lost his memory. All this time Draco was looking for the Wishing Potion so he could lose *his* memories of them, and now Harry lost his. What Draco felt at that point was indescribable; it was a mix between hurt and anger, with a little trace of jealousy. Why did *Harry* have to lose his memory and not Draco? Why did this have to happen to him? "You're..." Harry crossed his arms and shivered. "Well?"

"Harry Potter." Saying that was a like realizing something painful, something that just wasn't real — something that *couldn't* be real. *Come on, Draco, this is the part where you wake up.* But Draco never did.

"Funny," Harry said, "you'd think that name would mean something to me — so who're you?"

"Draco Malfoy. I think I should take you to Madam Pomfrey... She'll know what to do," he said hopefully. Although, deep down he knew it was hopeless, it was worth a shot.

"Madam Pomfrey? Who is that? Better yet, where am I?" Harry was looking around him, things must have been stranger than anything to him. Imagine losing your memory and coming-to at a place like Hogwarts.

"It's a long story. I better not be the one to tell you. Come on." Draco walked in the direction of the school, with Harry not so far behind.

Why was he here? Where exactly was here, anyway? Why was he wearing some sort of cloak? Who was this kid he was so willingly trusting? Harry had not a clue. But he had a feeling he was going to find out.

They were entering this huge castle. He couldn't fathom why he would be at a castle, maybe it was a school trip gone horribly wrong? But that had to have been impossible; there was no one else in sight. What about that giant arena he was just in? This all made no sense whatsoever to him. He looked over to the blond who was now walking next to him. There was something that Harry liked about the boy, and all at the same time, something he disliked about him as well. He now had a stern look on his face that he didn't have moments before. Before he was holding Harry, on the verge of tears and worried, and now...

Now he meant business.

They took a few sharp turns and went up a few bizarre staircases, passed a number of *moving* and even *speaking* paintings — which all seemed perfectly normal to Draco — and finally Draco stopped at an open door. "Here we are," he announced as he walked in before Harry.

A middle-aged woman came rushing over to the two boys immediately. Harry, not-so-surprisingly, couldn't recognise her if he tried. (Not that he wasn't trying to spark any memory of this strange place already.) "Mr. Malfoy, Mr. Potter," she greeted, her voice more pleasant when she spoke Harry's name, "What is it tonight?" The question was directed at Harry.

"Potter... fell when we were in detention. I'm afraid he's lost his memory," Draco swiftly answered for Harry.

He was in detention? So Harry was in a *school* of some kind? Things for him just kept on getting stranger and stranger, "I was in *detention*?" Harry asked.

Madam Pomfrey ignored Harry's question and raised her eyebrow suspiciously at Draco.

"He *fell* and lost his memory? How exactly did that happen?" She turned to Harry, "And you don't remember who you are?" Harry shook his head. "Where you are? Who we are?" Again, Harry shook his head.

"He fell from a Quidditch stand, and his must have hit his head."

"Well of course he must've fallen from somewhere, and if he doesn't remember a thing, he certainly hit his head." She sighed, "I'm afraid there's nothing much I can do about the memory loss, but you're not going back to your dorms just yet. You're going to spend the night here, Potter. Just in case anything else is wrong with you." She guided him to an empty bed, Draco followed. "And you, Mr. Malfoy, had better go get Filch or someone to tell them what happened, *especially* if you were in detention. You don't want to get yourself in any more trouble than you already are."

"Yes, Madam Pomfrey." Draco left the room.

"Sit down, dear," she said, pointing to the bed. Harry obeyed and sat down, taking off his cloak and shoes. "Oh yes, I nearly forgot. I'll be back in flash with pyjamas for you. What are you? A medium. Don't worry." She hurried off.

Harry sat on the edge of the bed, with his hands folded on his lap looking around. So he was in a school — his school — and just had detention in that arena. His name was Harry Potter and he was just in detention with Draco Malfoy. He had no idea what his relationship was with Draco Malfoy; he didn't know whether Draco was his friend or what. Draco didn't help him out too much with that, either.

But already, Harry had some... idea. He didn't feel like he hated Draco. So he couldn't have been his worst enemy. However, he also had a feeling that he wasn't the boy's best friend. It was all too confusing and all he really wanted to do was sleep and deal with it in the morning.

Madam Pomfrey came right back in, with folded pyjamas in her arms. "Here you go, Potter." He smiled and took the pile of clothes. "I'll just close these curtains so you can change." She grabbed the end of the curtain and pulled it around the bed.

Just in the middle of when Harry was getting changed, he heard an older mans voice in the room. "Hey Poppy." His voice seemed to be warm and friendly, and all at the same time pained a little. "Think you have anything you could give me for my headache? I've been grading homework all night and there's only so many essays about blocking hexes you can take before you getting a splitting headache."

"You'll have to wait a few moments, Remus. I'm a little busy."

"It's all right, I'll wait."

When Harry finished getting dressed, he held his sobbing-wet clothes in his right hand, opened the curtain slightly with his left, and peeked his head out. "Um... I'm not sure what to do with these."

The man in a set of shabby looking robes, who, Harry assumed, was the one who asked Madam Pomfrey about his headache, turned at him immediately in surprise. "Harry? What are you doing here? Aren't you supposed to be in detention?" Harry didn't know what to say.

Madam Pomfrey did. "I don't see why that's any of your concern," she replied as she came over to Harry to take away his dampened clothes.

"I was the one who gave the boy detention, I deserve to know what happened because of me."

"Well, all I will tell you is that Mr. Potter here took quite a fall and has lost his memory." She walked into the other room, to put the clothes away, and returned. "That's all that matters right now."

"What? Are you sure *fell*? How did he fall? I suppose Draco Malfoy must have something to do with this."

"I don't know, Mr. Malfoy was the one who brought him here."

Remus looked mad at himself. "I know he did this. I should have known better than to give the two detention together... it was only a matter of time..." Remus went on. "That boy is just asking for more detention..."

So that was it, Draco Malfoy was obviously *not* a friend of Harry's if someone was led to believe he pushed him. What if he did push him? But that still wouldn't explain why he was leaning over Harry when he came-to. Maybe it was guilt. Harry didn't know what to think anymore.

"Let's not jump the gun here. You should at least hear what Mr. Malfoy has to say about this. He's out getting someone right now, you shouldn't need to wait any much longer."

They didn't. Draco was walking through the door that moment, next to a man in black robes with long, black, and greasy hair. "What seems to be the problem here?" the man drawled. This man, unlike everyone else in the room, appeared to be quite bored with the situation, and if anything he looked like he didn't want to even be bothered with this at all. Harry had a feeling he wasn't going to like this one.

"That," said the man Harry only knew as Remus, "is just what I was going to ask Mr. Malfoy here."

"Well, *Mr. Malfoy* here, told me that Mr. Potter here, had taken quite a tumble during detention this evening. And now he has lost his memory. What a pity!"

"I wouldn't be surprised if Mr. Malfoy here *pushed* Harry, Severus. As a matter of fact there isn't a doubt in my mind." Remus was getting angrier and angrier by the moment. "I don't see any reason why I shouldn't give him another five days of detention."

Madam Pomfrey seemed to be very annoyed suddenly. "Excuse me," she cut in, "but if you don't mind me asking, isn't there another place where you can all discuss this? Mr. Potter needs his rest, and this isn't helping his recovery at all."

Severus reared his head in Pomfrey's direction. "This concerns him, therefore we stay."

"I don't see what help he'll do, he hasn't even got a clue who he is."

Before another word escaped Severus' mouth, another person walked in. This one was, by far, older than any of them. He had a long, grey, sweeping beard, and was wearing half-mooned glasses.

"What is the meaning of all this?" he asked calmly.

"Mr. Malfoy pushed Harry in detention, and now Harry can't even remember who he is. I'm giving Draco Malfoy five more days of detention for this."

"What?!" Draco protested fruitlessly.

The oldest one just nodded calmly. "I see," he said, "Argus Filch had just told me about the two not being in the Quidditch pitch only a few moments ago."

Harry had enough with being overlooked just because he didn't know where he was. Not only was he confused of where he was, he had no idea of who these people were. "Er..." he began, they all turned to look at them. "Excuse me if I come across as rude... but, who are all of you?"

The man with the beard merely smiled. "I apologise, Harry. I suppose we're the rude ones not saying anything to you at all. You're in Hogwarts, a school for young witches and wizard. This is Professor Lupin," he gestured his right hand to the man Harry recognised as Remus, "this is Professor Snape," he pointed to the greasy-haired one, "Madam Pomfrey, and Draco Malfoy." He smiled. "And I'm Headmaster Dumbledore."

Harry's jaw dropped in shock. One would think someone would remember something about being in a school for wizards.

"You had to mention something about wizards, didn't you? I told you all, he needs his rest!" Madam Pomfrey looked like she was just about seconds of kicking everyone but Harry out.

"I thought Harry ought to know that much."

"Well, I don't think it's going to help him one bit. He needs all the rest he can get over the next day or two."

"Well that's very unfortunate," Snape said, "because Potter and Malfoy are serving their *last* detention with me tomorrow night."

"I don't think that's a very good idea," Madam Pomfrey said.

"Neither do I," Professor Lupin added, "Harry and Malfoy aren't spending any more detentions together!"

"You requested them having *five* detentions together, and so they now have to. Rules are rules," Snape grinned, "And besides, there is nothing to worry about. I will keep a good eye on both of them."

"And I don't think," Dumbledore cut in, "that Mr. Malfoy is foolish enough to get himself another five days detention. Five more after that is enough." Draco folded his arms irritably.

"That doesn't matter," said Madam Pomfrey, "I *forbid* Harry doing any kind of work tomorrow. I think you can reschedule his detention for Monday night."

"Very well," Snape said regretfully.

Lupin didn't look happy. "What are you going to do about his memory, Poppy?"

"There's nothing I *can* do. He'll remember something eventually, all memory loss patients usually do. He just needs to do what he would do every day and then things might come back to him."

Snape looked rather uninterested. "I'm releasing him tomorrow morning, all he needs is just some good old fashion rest. Now, if you don't mind me telling you to leave, I ask that you do now."

Snape left with pleasure, Draco followed right after. Dumbledore and Lupin stayed behind and lingered a few moments. "It'll be okay, Harry," Dumbledore said. Then they both left.

"Well, now that that's all over and done with... Well, you can't sleep just yet, so I'll find you a book to read. After an hour or two you can, but I'm not taking my chances just yet." She searched around for a book for a few moments and then finally handed him one. "Standard Book of Spells, grade six. I hope this might jog your memory a little." She then went off to another room, where he assumed another student was staying.

He got into the bed and stared long and hard at the book. He had no memory of this place, no memory of the people who were in his room two minutes earlier, no memory of the pitch he was just in, no memory of anything at all.

Harry must have sat there for thirty minutes trying to remember *something*. Any memory he could come up with, that might even spark another, would do just fine. He couldn't think of *anything*. With a frustrated sigh, Harry put the book on the table next to him and rolled over on his side. *Think, there must be something*, he thought to himself. *Draco. Draco Malfoy. The name almost sounds familiar. Why can't I think of anything?*

Harry gave up, and slowly drifted off to sleep.

Draco walked past everyone in the Slytherin common room to his dorm. He didn't want to talk to anyone, and he made it quite obvious. No one even tried speaking with him. He was furious. Gaining five days of detention wasn't his ideal ending for tonight, especially for something he didn't do. He didn't push Potter... right?

Yes, he was kissing Harry, but as far as he knew, he didn't *push* him or *shove* him forward. So what exactly was he being punished for? Nothing. He was going to go through five more days of detention for absolutely nothing. Just because Potter had to be stupid and clumsy.

It was Draco's fault they were up there, though. It had been his idea that got them up there in the first place. So Draco shouldered *some* of the blame.

Now Harry remembered nothing, nothing at all. It just wasn't fair.

Just thinking about it made Draco feel cold inside. Cold and Empty.

Draco knew perfectly well what it was like to *be* cold. He *acted* coldly all the time, to nearly everyone he knew, and never had a problem with it. But he never knew just how it was like to *feel* cold until this night.

Having someone you just started to care about forget about you like that must have been the worst thing in the world imaginable. It made you feel rejected, unimportant, and hurt. Draco didn't like feeling hurt. That's exactly why for the past sixteen years of his life he's been blocking out all emotions. You don't *get* hurt when you don't feel at all. Sure, you may stay cold, and people might be prone to hate you, but you never were hurt.

And he let his guard down. He let Harry do this to him. Then Harry had to go, fall off stands that were more than fifty-feet off the ground, and lose all memory of everything and anything that had to deal with Draco. He could have at least remembered Draco's name. Now Draco had to deal with it like *this*.

Draco never felt like this before.

Draco was sitting downstairs in the Great Hall for breakfast, poking and prodding, and just about doing anything to his food but eating it. Harry still hadn't shown up and it was nearly twenty minutes to the end of the period. Maybe it would be better if Draco forgot about it all together himself.

He was thankful that it was Sunday and all his friends, or the people who just liked to bother him, were sleeping in. As a matter of fact, most of the Slytherin table was empty.

Then *he* walked in, alone.

He surprisingly, took the regular seat... next to Weasley and Granger. He even greeted them. This struck Draco as a little weird, but he immediately shook it off, suspecting that they must've went up to Harry in the hospital wing earlier. He wasn't about to get his hopes up over something as small as this.

And then Harry looked at him; his heart skipped a beat. Then he looked back down at his food. *Just because he's looking at you doesn't mean he remembers a thing*, Draco told himself. *What you're doing is silly, so enough with it already.*

He doesn't remember you.

There was something in Harry's eyes — maybe he was just imagining it — but he would have sworn there was something in Harry's eyes that said something different. It would be better if Draco could

just forget it all. To avoid anymore eye contact, Draco left his plate, still full of food, and left the Great Hall.

He was halfway to the Slytherin common room when he heard a voice calling behind him. "Draco! Hey Draco!" Draco stopped in his tracks, but he didn't turn around. He heard the sound of running footsteps behind him. "Hey listen I—"

Draco swiftly spun around. "What, Potter?" he spat.

"I remember," Harry responded, out of breath.

Draco was taken aback by this. He didn't believe it. He couldn't... but... "What?"

"I remember." Harry boldly stepped forward and smiled, putting his arms around Draco.

"You... You do?"

"Yeah." Harry leaned in for a kiss.

And that was exactly when Draco woke up the Sunday morning after the accident. *It was just a dream*, he thought to himself. *Just a lousy...* "Stupid dream!" he shouted as he sat upright and threw a pillow across the room, knocking over a lamp.

He didn't bother picking it up, the lamp was right next to Goyle, and Goyle would pick it up when he woke up. He would think he might have knocked it over in his sleep. So Draco swung his legs over the edge of the bed and looked at the clock. It was ten minutes before breakfast.

He decided not to go to breakfast that morning.

He still didn't have a clue who he was.

It was nearly noon and he was already reintroduced to all these people he knew before. So far, nothing sparked his memory. It was a weekend, so luckily he didn't have to put up with any school work — whatever it *was* they learned here.

He was sitting in an armchair in what they called the "Gryffindor common room". He still wasn't clear why everyone called it that, but it sure was comfortable. Maybe he should visit *his* room.

Everyone around him seemed to be having a good time trying to spark his memory. What usually wound up happening is one would say something that happened once, and everyone else would chime in, discussing the things that Harry didn't remember. The next thing he knew it, they were in their own conversation.

Harry got up and looked at the redhead who said he was his best friend, Ron. "Hey Ron?"

"Yeah?"

"Where did you say our rooms were?"

"I'll take you if you want." Ron started to get up.

"No, it's okay just point me."

Ron sat back down and pointed to his left. "They're up those stairs."

"Thanks," Harry replied and walked in the direction Ron pointed to. Ron's "directions" didn't really help all that much, though Harry wasn't going to say anything. He didn't want Ron coming up with him for some reason; he couldn't point it out himself, but he just had a feeling he didn't want Ron coming with him.

Finding his bed wasn't easy. He had to search room after room, for some sign of something he couldn't remember. Luckily, almost all of the beds had trunks at the foot of them that had initials. After about fifteen minutes of searching, he finally found what he presumed to be his bed.

Now what?

Harry looked through his stuff with no luck, there was nothing in there that sparked a memory.

Nothing. He sighed and sat on the edge of his bed. There had to be *something* familiar. Did he ever keep a journal of some kind? Wouldn't it be in his trunk? He already looked there.

His pillow. Maybe it would be under his pillow.

Harry shrugged, it was worth a shot. He turned to face his pillow and lifted it, finding a green book with gold lettering on it. He smiled, this was it, his diary. It had to be. What else would be under his pillow?

He picked the book up and looked at the cover. "Wishes, Wants and Worries: The Collection Work of Questionable Potions," he read out loud disappointedly. This wasn't his diary, it was something else. He flipped through the pages, hoping to come across something that would give him a clue of why it was under his bed.

While he was flipping through the pages, a piece of parchment fluttered out and onto his lap. Without looking at the pages it was wedged between, he closed the book, put it next to him, and picked up the paper.

He looked down at the name and pondered for a minute. *Why is this in here? Is this his book?* He didn't know, but maybe Draco himself would know...

"Hey, Harry!" said Ron's voice from the entryway, "We're heading down for lunch, you coming?"

"Yeah," said Harry as he tucked the book under his arm. "I'm coming."

Draco wasn't hungry, but he came to lunch anyway.

So his plans were ruined. There was no doubt in his mind that Potter forgot about the book too. Potter lost *his* memories. Draco didn't. And now, Potter was over there sitting at the Gryffindor table, probably having a great time with his friends while Draco sat here and sulked.

It just wasn't fair.

Draco wasn't going to give Potter a second glance. He just wasn't doing that to himself. He grabbed a slice of bread and took a bite.

"What's wrong, Draco?" asked Pansy, who just came in and sat herself right next to Draco.

"Nothing."

"So, I heard Potter lost his memory, eh?"

"It's none of your business," Draco snarled.

"Oh please, since when do you care what's my business or not?" She giggled. "It's not like you've got anything *going on* with the boy."

"Of course not." Draco glared and put his bread down on the table. "So sod off." He rose from the table and left the Great Hall.

"What's his problem?" she asked Goyle as Draco left. Goyle replied with a shrug.

Draco stormed down the hallway, trying his best to not be thinking about Potter.

"Draco! Hey Draco!" came a familiar voice from behind him. Draco halted. It was Potter. "I think I—" Draco, just like he dreamed that night, spun around. "What, Potter?" It was then when Draco realised what Harry was holding. A book, *the* book. Draco's heart skipped a beat.

"I thought you might know something about this." He held the book out at Draco. Draco just stared.

"Well, do you? Is it yours?"

This was just too easy. "Why... Yes it is." Harry handed the book over to Draco. Draco tried his hardest to keep his cool. He also had a new idea. "Tonight... At six o'clock... You remember where the Quidditch Pitch is?"

"I think so," Harry replied reluctantly.

"Good. Be there at six."

"Okay?"

Without another word, and a swish of his robes, Draco spun around and the next moment he was out of sight.

Chapter Eight: How One Should Feel

"The heart has reasons that reason does not understand."

Why *should* he go?

That was a good question. It was the exact question Harry was asking himself as Draco's footsteps retreated down the hall. He still didn't have any opinion of this Draco Malfoy. From what he gathered from Ron and everyone else he met earlier, he shouldn't trust him. Never mind meeting with him that night in the Quidditch pitch.

But there was something inside him — Harry couldn't explain what — that made Harry trust Draco, a little. Maybe tonight he would learn why. Draco didn't even explain to Harry why exactly he was meeting him there. Yet, Harry still agreed to go.

He just wished he had his memory back soon. Not knowing who you were, or where you were was no fun at all.

Harry made his way back to the Gryffindor common room until six.

All the not-so-hard work paid off! The book, finally, was safe and sound, tucked underneath Draco's arm as he gleefully made his way to the Slytherin common room. He almost wanted to give himself a pat on the back.

After all this time, he finally got what he wanted. Now he could lose his memory, and forget everything that happened. And since *Potter's* memory is gone, it just made this ten times easier. Or ten times worse, it just depended on the way you looked at it. Draco stopped dead in his tracks. He could do two things with this potion. Forget *his* memories, or bring *Potter's* back. But would that even work? Did *the potion* even work? There wasn't any proof of this, Snape himself said it was rubbish. So why should it matter either way?

Draco could do the right thing.

Or he could do the selfish thing.

The choice was his. He shook this off; he already made up his mind days ago. He wasn't going to waste his time any longer. He was, after all, a Slytherin.

It was six o' clock. Harry managed to sneak off to the Quidditch pitch without much question. He told Ron that Madam Pomfrey wanted to check up on him. Hopefully, this wouldn't take long, otherwise Ron might come looking for him.

He waited, and waited, and waited. Finally, at six fifteen, Draco showed up.

"I was beginning to think you weren't going to come," Harry said uneasily.

"Well, you know, I had things to do." Draco shrugged and then he made a gesture, beckoning Harry to follow him towards the centre of the pitch. Harry trailed behind. "So I bet you're wondering why you're here," he said coolly.

"Basically."

"So I can tell you what happened the night you fell."

Harry should have known it was something like this, what *else* would it be? "Oh," he responded. "So what happened?"

"Well, it's sort of simple, really." Draco seemed to be taking his time. He was beginning to get on Harry's nerves. "Well, I'm sure you've got some idea." He stopped to look at Harry.

"Well... uh... everyone's been saying you pushed me..."

"Not exactly, Potter." Draco went on walking to the centre of the field.

Draco was really starting to agitate Harry. "So what *was* it?"

"Well, we *did* do something that would cause you to fall off... I guess. Of course, if you weren't so —"

"Out with it, Malfoy!"

"Okay, okay, no need to get fresh." A faint grin passed across Draco's face. "We fought," he said simply.

Harry's face was blank. "And you *didn't* push me?"

Draco shook his head once. "Nope."

"So, pray tell, how exactly *did* I fall and lose my memory."

Draco stopped when they reached the very centre of the playing field. "You jumped."

"I *what*?"

"You jumped."

Harry laughed. "Are you trying to tell me, that I jumped from one of *those* stands?" Harry pointed of one of the smaller stands, where the students usually sat.

"No, no," Draco said. He grabbed Harry's wrist lightly, and guided his hand to point to the highest of the bleachers, the teacher's. "You fell, from *that* one."

Harry pulled his hand out of Draco's hold and snapped it down. "I'm not buying it."

"Well, you're going to, because that's all that happened. We got into a little fight, you said you'd jump, because, obviously, once you jump, you can blame all the hurt on me." He looked up at the stand and gave a sort of bemused shrug. "Pretty stupid idea, if you ask me," he added.

"I'm *still* not buying that story, Malfoy!"

Draco laughed. "Okay, you got me. You want to know the *real* story?"

"That's why I'm *here* isn't it?" Harry glared. He was beginning to see why his friends hated Draco Malfoy in the first place.

"Okay the truth is —"

"The truth is *what*?!"

"Temper, temper. I was getting to that." Draco cleared his throat. "You see, the truth is that we were *madly* in love!" Draco made a sweeping motion with his right arm through the air. "And we were *actually* making out up there! And then you *tragically* fell." Theatrical gasp. "And lost your *precious* memory."

"For the love of —"

Draco shrugged. "I tried."

"Now, could you really tell me just *what* is going on here?"

"I told you." Draco turned away. "All you have to do now is chose which story you believe."

As Draco walked away, Harry stayed behind. The truth was, he really didn't know which one to believe.

That was that. Draco did what he wanted to do, he told Harry what happened last night. It wasn't *his* fault that Harry didn't believe him. He wasn't quite sure *why* he told Harry those two stories.

Maybe he wanted Harry to remember, spark a memory. He had nothing to lose anyway. What was the worse that could happen?

This. *This* was the worse that could happen.

So all Draco had to do was crack open a book and make a simple potion. And that was *exactly* what he was going to do.

It was just past seven o' clock at night, the sun was completely down and it was unbearably cold outside. There was a light trace of snow on the ground from the night before, the night which Harry hardly remembered at all.

Harry was sitting carelessly in the snow, right in the centre of the Quidditch Pitch, where Draco left him. He didn't care that his entire body started to feel numb a half hour ago, nor that he was going

to be forced to explain this to someone whenever he decided to go back. Harry needed to sort this out, alone, and this was the only place Harry could think of where he had no chance in being bothered.

So, according to Draco, Harry had jumped. *Also*, according to Draco, Harry had fell. Each story sounded like a blatant lie. But there was just something about it that made Harry believe that there was something more to what he had heard.

He wanted to hear the truth, and Draco told him two possibly made-up stories. No wonder why none of Harry's friends liked Draco Malfoy. The kid was a lying prat.

What bothered Harry the most, was that there was no proof that Draco was making up those stories. Except the second story, Harry couldn't have possibly been 'madly in love' with another boy. He might have lost his memory, but he doubted that he would have forgotten something like that. There was just no way that was true.

And why would he jump? That would be a very stupid thing to do, and Harry doubted that he would ever be thick enough to do something like that.

But that would settle things, wouldn't it? The logical answer would be that it did, Harry had no reason to believe Draco Malfoy, and in his own sort of way, he didn't. And in his own sort of way, he *did*. Which would explain why he was still sitting in the a strange place, in a pile of snow.

He wanted to sort things out. What was there to sort out? Why did Harry have a feeling Draco was telling the truth, meanwhile nothing he said made sense either way.

Because Harry was in a place which nothing made sense to begin with. He was in a *school* that taught children how to cast spells, make potions, fly on broomsticks. The paintings on the walls spoke, the ceiling in the so-called 'Great Hall' was *enchanted* to look like the sky outside, there were *ghosts* flying around, and the staircases *changed*. There was, indeed, nothing about this place that made sense.

So why would it be so hard for him to believe that he might have been in love with another boy or jump off a fifty-foot tall tower?

Well, how *could* he have been in love with *that* other boy. He didn't seem to be all that nice, and from what he heard about their past, Harry just about hated him. Now, he didn't hate him, but he could definitely see where this idea came from. On the other hand, one thing that Harry almost had forgot about, Harry's first memory of last night was waking up, in Draco's arms, with Draco looking down on him, panic-stricken.

Or it could have been because of Draco selfishly thinking that he was going to get in trouble if anything happened to Harry. After all, it did seem like something Draco would do. But that still wouldn't explain the whole in-his-arms part.

The more Harry thought about it, the more it brought him no where. He rose up from the ground and dusted the snow off of him. If this was just bringing him no where, he might as well go back to the castle. He stopped to take a look around him, the giant hoops that looked like bubble-blowers, the stands that students sat it, the higher stand that he fell from....

And suddenly, it hit him like a sack of bricks.

A flashback. A small, very vague, but enough to prove as a slither of a light at this possibly very long tunnel.

He saw Draco. And he was falling farther and farther back, down pass the green and silver tapestry that hung from the teacher's tower. He was reaching out his hands, for some help, it was fruitless, there was no one that could help him. No one calling after him. And then, his memory went blank again.

Well, Harry thought bitterly, *that was helpful*.

The Wishing Potion might have been one of the simplest potions Draco had ever saw. He had all of the ingredients on the list, and there wasn't an order in which the ingredients had to go into the cauldron.

Not that Draco Malfoy ever *had* a problem with potions before.

There was something else on the list that he would have to take care of tomorrow, but that wouldn't be too hard. He had to let the potion sit for twelve hours anyway. If he doubled the time, the potion would spoil. So he had exactly twenty-four hours from now to take the potion. He had until eleven-thirty tomorrow night.

He put the vial with the translucent light-blue liquid, that was safely wrapped up in his socks, into his trunk. Then he turned off his light, and put himself under the covers.

Tomorrow was going to be a big day.

"Harry, are you okay?"

Harry looked up from his breakfast plate. He was thinking about *him* again. He turned to the girl who introduced herself as Hermione, and said, "I'm fine, just tired, is all."

Hermione gave him a sceptical look. "Well, if you're sure." She poured herself a cup of coffee and looked back up at Harry. "Listen Harry, if you ever need help with anything, you know you can ask me or Ron, right? After all, we're your best friends." She smiled. "But I'm sure you'll remember everything soon enough."

Harry responded with a weak smile as he went to grab a piece of toast. What if he never *did* get his memory back? Everyone seemed to be so sure he would, but what if everyone was wrong? As time went on Harry thought this more and more. He was having little luck, the only thing he remembered was falling. And that just wasn't good enough.

Just then, Draco Malfoy ambled into the Great Hall. He came in alone, but he looked the happiest that Harry had ever seen him over the past few days. He was walking as if a ton of bricks were just lifted off of his shoulders. Ron seemed to notice this too.

"Slimy git," he said, "I bet he's so thrilled that you fell and forgot everything. And he's getting away with it too. Just makes me sick."

"He's got detention, Ron," Harry informed his friend, "for five days."

"Serves him right; pushing you like that."

But Harry didn't respond at all, his eyes were still on the platinum-haired, blue-grey-eyed Slytherin who just poured himself a glass of pumpkin juice. Harry was beginning to think that maybe Draco told him the truth after all.

Draco, for the first time all year, had arrived to Care of Magical Creatures on time. Right now he was standing at a table, along with three other Slytherins, staring at the seemingly-empty cage in the centre of the table.

"So..." said Crabbe, "what're we looking at?"

Draco just simply rolled his eyes and ignored Crabbe. He had more *important* things to think about. "We're looking at *nothing* obviously," replied Goyle. Draco just glanced at Goyle from the corner of his eye. "What?"

"Nothing," Draco said, rolling his eyes, "We are looking at *nothing*."

And Draco knew the truth all too well.

"So," said Harry, "what are we looking at again?" He adjusted his glasses and squinted at the empty cage.

Ron leaned on the table, across from Harry. "I don't understand what good this is, you know. Who's idea was it for you to come down here and do normal things, you don't remember a thing at all!"

"Well, don't you see, Ron? The more Harry does, the more likely he is to remember things. You're not going to remember anything at all by sitting around in a hospital bed all day," Hermione replied smartly as she turned to Harry. "And we're looking at Billywigs. The cages look empty because Billywigs move really fast." She pointed at the cage. "See, you can see a blue blur go by sometimes." "Thanks, Hermione."

She smiled. "It was nothing."

Harry looked at the cage, and even though he was just told what they were looking at, he still saw nothing. Eventually his gaze drifted away from the cage and over to another table, where a certain blond Slytherin was standing with his friends.

He looked just as interested in the lesson as Harry, only he was staring up at the afternoon sky.

Harry's gaze lowered and then he noticed something... Draco had his index finger in the cage, between the wire, as far as it would go. And he was growing more impatient by the minute. *What is he doing?*

In a split second, Draco's finger snapped back, followed by Draco gripping the end of his table tightly. To Harry's surprise, Draco's friends were paying absolutely no attention to this; they failed to notice Draco's behaviour growing stranger and stranger by the moment.

Ron stifled a laugh. "Harry," he whispered, "check Malfoy out." (Harry sniggered.) "Stupid git must have gotten stung by one." By now, nearly half of the class were watching Draco put on a little show, except for the three who were sitting with him and the rest of the Slytherins.

"What's goin' on here?" asked the teacher of the class, Hagrid. He walked to Draco, who now was a few inches off the ground. "Stung, were yeh?" Draco went to object, but Hagrid wouldn't let him.

"Well, there's nothin' you can do 'bout it now, I'm afraid. Just have to wait it out." And he walked away, just like that.

Eventually Draco stopped and Harry's attention was back with his own friends. The class was dismissed, Harry went to pick up his bag. "Not a very good teacher, is he, this Professor Hagrid?" Hermione looked like she about to say something, but instead said nothing. Ron shot her a dirty look. "No, Hagrid is a *wonderful* teacher," he replied, "He's just well... different." They walked away from the class, waving to Hagrid.

"So you don't remember anything at all?" Ron asked when they reached the entrance to the school. Harry shook his head. "Well, I guess it's just a matter of time then."

"Well," Hermione announced, "I have Arithmancy now. I'll see you two at dinner?" They nodded and she was off in the other direction.

"What do we have?" Harry asked Ron.

Ron groaned. "You're going to *hate* this class. All the teacher does is predict your death and I'm sure she'll be pleased to find out that you've lost your memory. It's at the top of the North Tower, c'mon."

Ron lead the way, and Harry followed not so far behind.

"But what class *is* it?"

"Divination. It's a whole bunch of rubbish. We once had a good teacher for a month or so last year, but I don't know what happened to him. Anyway, we should hurry up, we're going to be late."

They finally arrived at a ladder, leading to a trap door. "*This* is the classroom?" Harry pointed up. Truthfully, he didn't know why this surprised him, considering everything else that has been going on. Ron nodded and headed up, in front of Harry.

When they both entered the classroom, already late, the teacher, instead of scolding them, smiled. "It's okay you're late, dears, I knew you were going to be. Take a seat." She gestured to two empty chairs, at a table next to two other Gryffindor boys and they went to sit down.

"Now, today we will be starting something new, and don't become *too* attached to it, because we're only doing this today. Now, if you take a look at the books that I set out for you on the

table, *Predicting Your Future: The Complete Book of Divination* and turn to page one-hundred and seventy-six, you will see exactly what I'm talking about."

Harry grabbed the book in front of him and pulled it towards him on the table. He obediently flipped open the book to the said page. On the page was 'Pendulums' written at the top, and on the page to the right was a diagram of a swinging pendulum.

"Now, this will be simple enough! I'm *know* most of you will not have a problem with it at all." She smiled in the direction of two Gryffindor girls that, not-so-surprisingly, Harry didn't recognise.

"Some might, but that's why *I'm* here. Now, on the tables I have laid out a pendent for every student. So just follow the instructions and begin asking it questions!" She smiled and started to visit the students as they worked.

"Since when does a *pendulum* tell the future?" Ron stared at his dangling in front of him.

"Well, there's no harm in trying, is there?" With some hope he placed his silver diamond-shaped pendent on the table, and asked out loud, "Will I ever get my memory back?" He lifted the pendent carefully off the table, as it said to do in the book and stared at it as it swung toward him.

"What are we supposed to be looking at?" Ron questioned dully.

Harry kept on staring. "It's supposed to give us an answer, isn't it?"

"You have to find out which swing is 'yes' and which is 'no' first, dears," came the airy-like teacher's voice from behind them. "Here," she said, "let me show you." She pulled her own pendent out from her pocket, put her arm out forward, setting it on the table. "Now, show me 'yes.'"

She lifted the pendulum off the desk and looked at it. It swung from the left to right. "See, now there's your 'yes.'" She put the pendent back down and repeated, only this time asking for a 'no.' This time, the pendent swung front to back. She did the same thing, asking for a 'maybe', and the pendulum swung in a little circle.

"Now," she said, "what was the question you asked before?"

Ron went to answer, "We asked if —"

"If we were going to have 'mystery meat' for dinner again," Harry quickly cut in. For *some* reason, he had a feeling he didn't want this woman to know what they were really about to ask.

She placed the pendulum down, and brought it up. According to what she just said, the answer was a 'no'; the pendent was swinging towards her. "I'm afraid not. Now, why don't you try?"

Harry set the pendent on the table and looked up at the teacher. "Do we have to verbally *ask* the question?"

"No, no, of course not."

Harry found out the 'yes' (which was the opposite of the teacher's), found out the 'no', and the 'maybe' (which was the *only* thing that matched the teacher's). He placed the pendulum down on the table and thought of his question.

Will I ever get my memory back?

He lifted the pendulum carefully and stared. It swung left to right, meaning 'no', seemingly satisfied with Harry's expression, the teacher left. Ron nudged Harry and whispered, "Trelawney's gone, what did you ask?"

"Well, it's rubbish, anyway, isn't it?"

"Well, what did you ask it?"

Harry shrugged it off. "Nothing, I was just humouring her. Anyway, you reckon we should ask it a few more questions anyway? We still have a good half-hour here, at least, right?"

"Yeah," Ron said, "then we can eat."

"And it won't be mystery meat," Harry grinned at Ron as he adjusted the pendent for the next question.

Finally, forty minutes later, Professor Trelawny announced to the class their homework assignment (to ask the pendulum twenty questions and write the questions and the answers down), and no later did the bell ring.

"Are all of her classes like that?" Harry asked Ron as they made their way to the Great Hall for dinner.

"Actually, no," Ron replied quickly, "usually her classes are a lot *worse*. And they usually involve predicting your death. Little disappointed she didn't today, actually."

Just as they neared the Great Hall, a familiar voice came up behind them. "Potter," the voice said calmly.

Both Harry and Ron were quick to stop in their tracks, and Ron was even quicker to respond.

"What do *you* want, Malfoy?"

Draco, who seemed unaffected by Ron jumping down his throat, just looked at him and calmly replied, "I don't ever remember addressing you, Weasley." He turned to Harry. "I just have to inform you that we'll be serving detention with Professor Snape tonight in his office. He has also asked me to take you there, seeing as you won't remember where his office is. So I'll be meeting you at the entrance to the Great Hall at a *quarter to eight*."

"I could show him to Snape's office," Ron said defensively.

"That's nice, Weasley. And if you're just a split second late, Potter, Professor Snape has given permission to just leave and you'll miss detention." He paused, and added with fake concern, "And who would ever want that?"

After no response from neither Ron or Harry, Draco shrugs and walked away. "See you then, Potter," were the last words he threw over his shoulder.

"He's a slimy git, I'm telling you," Ron said, watching Draco walk off.

"Yeah... he is, isn't he?"

Draco looked at the small, green, sand-filled hourglass he brought with him, to make sure that Potter arrived exactly on time. The sand on the top was quickly running out. "My, my, Potter, I would have expected you to be here now," he whispered silently to the hourglass.

It wasn't all that late (in Draco's opinion), yet there still wasn't a student in sight. He dully looked around, and went back to staring at the hourglass. He even tapped the top a couple of times, forcing a few extra grains of sand to the bottom faster than they would have.

The top half of the glass was almost done spilling out, when, to Draco's disappointment, came Harry's voice from down the hall.

"Malfoy."

Draco wasted no time and just walked in the direction Harry was walking. "Come with me, Potter." Harry followed and within moments they were at the door of what seemed like Snape's office.

Draco politely knocked twice and Snape opened the door. "Thank you, Mister Malfoy." He looked over to Harry expressionless. "Tonight, the two of you will be cleaning and polishing *all* of my potion ingredients." He stopped to reconsider. "Second thought, just the ones in my office."

That didn't seem so bad to Harry. How many potions ingredients could one keep in his office?

Snape opened the door, and Harry soon found out. He gaped at the massive amount of jars lining one wall, only to see even *more* on the opposite side of office. "Everything you need is right here, on my desk." Snape walked over to his desk to sit down, pulling out a stack of parchments. He looked at Harry.

"Oh, and Potter, these are all glass. Do try not to break anything, will you?"

Harry ignored this comment and walked over to Snape's desk to grab a cloth and some polish. He went to the wall nearest him and grabbed a jar labelled *Crushed Unihorn*. But, before he was able to scarcely touch the jar, Snape jumped up and grabbed it out of his hand.

"Don't touch this one, Potter." Snape put it back.

Harry could clearly hear a stifled laugh from the opposite side of the room.

As time went on, it inched dangerously close to eleven. Draco hoped that he would be dismissed soon. Right now, Potter was on the other side of the room, shining ingredient bottles and was occasionally yelled at by Professor Snape, and Snape was sitting down, marking exams.

Suddenly, Snape rose up from his chair and made his way to the door. "I will be *right back*. Mister Malfoy, would you do me a favour and make sure that Mister Potter here doesn't break anything while I'm gone?"

"Yes, Professor Snape," Draco replied as he placed a jar gently down onto the shelf and Snape left the room.

Draco grinned to himself. This was getting all too easy. He turned around and faced Harry. "Need some help over there, Potter? I'm nearly done with mine." Without giving Harry a chance to answer, Draco walked to Harry's side of the room and grabbed a dusty jar that was surrounded by freshly polished ones.

Harry faced Draco. "Look like you missed one, Potter." Draco looked down at the label. "Crushed Unihorn."

"He said not to touch that one, Malfoy," Harry said through clenched teeth.

"Nonsense!" Draco began to polish the jar himself.

Harry was visibly agitated by this. "Put it back."

"You take it then." Draco held the jar out to Harry, while Harry just stared at it. "Fine, I'll just drop it then."

"Just hand it to me."

Draco went to hand it to Harry, but before Harry could get any kind of grip on it at all, Draco let the jar fall to the floor and shatter. Draco immediately pulled his hand back from the mess and looked at Potter accusingly. "Now, why would you do something like that?" he asked loudly.

Snape arrived at the door, but Draco continued. "And after Professor Snape *specifically* asked you not to even *touch* that one you go and drop it on the floor — Oh, hello, Professor Snape."

Professor Snape was already fuming. "*What* is going on here?" (Harry said nothing.) "Well, Potter? I suppose you think that since you lost your memory there will be no consequences for your actions."

"No, I —"

"Well, you're *wrong*. *You* Mister Potter, will be serving *another* five days detention and since Mister Malfoy has been wrongfully accused of pushing you to your memory loss, you will be serving those *five* more detentions with him." He turned to Draco. "And you, Mister Malfoy, are excused for tonight."

Draco suppressed a smirk. "Thank you, Professor Snape."

When Snape went to sit down, Harry took this as an opportunity to confront Draco. "What was that for?" he whispered.

Draco contemplated not saying anything at all, but whispered back:

"Misery loves company, Potter.... Don't you know?" And Draco left Snape's office after bidding Snape good night.

Chapter Nine: Fantasy Disguised

"You are never given a wish without also being given the power to make it come true."

Snape placed his quill on his desk. "Let's see what you've done, Potter." He rose from his desk and went to the other side of the room, where Harry was polishing one of the last of the jars. He leered down on Harry and took the jar he was currently polishing out of his hand.

After studying the jar in his hand for a moment, he spoke. "Not good enough, Potter," he declared while putting the jar on the shelf. Harry glared in return; he said nothing. "Well, it's only a little after eleven. Looks like you'll have to do them all over again." Without even giving Harry a chance to respond, Snape walked back to his chair and sat down.

This was not fair. Harry did not do anything. Yet, he was standing here, in Snape's office, polishing jars of potion ingredients until only who knows when.

There was one thing for sure: Draco showed Harry his true colours that night. That was just about the only thing Harry was sure about. He wasn't sure about anything else.

He still didn't have a clue about how he fell. Draco had to have lied to him either way. There was no way Harry would have just *jumped* like that, and there was *no way* in this world that Harry would *kiss* Draco.

He didn't like boys, he couldn't have — and he *especially* didn't like Draco. Draco obviously didn't like Harry back. Why else would he get Harry into trouble so he could spend five more detentions with him?

With him. Harry had *five* more detentions *with* Draco. It's what Draco planned, wasn't it? For Harry and Draco to share another five detentions. What else Draco had in store, Harry didn't want to imagine. Whatever it was, it was not going to be good.

Just then, Harry noticed he was polishing the same jar for ten minutes. He had to stop thinking about Draco. Harry placed the jar down and picked up another one.

Draco's heart was pounding.

Things couldn't be any better. Minutes from now, Draco will be in his dorm, and taking the potion. He'll make his wish, and it'll come true. It was simple as that.

In less than a day, hopefully, Draco will have what he's wished for. He was one-hundred percent sure of what he was wishing for.

It had been a difficult decision. At first, he did not know which to choose, but as time went on, he began to see what he really wanted. And typically, whatever Draco wanted, it was what he got.

And that was exactly what was going to happen. Draco was going to get what he wanted.

Harry sighed. It was past midnight, he was sure, and he had a feeling he wasn't going to be leaving Snape's office any time soon.

His wrist was beginning to ache from cleaning so much, and he was developing a headache from the polish. Ever-so-often, the room would begin to spin, but Harry didn't dare let Snape see any signs of this discomfort. Harry was *positive* if Snape noticed, he wouldn't give Harry a break. He would most likely do the opposite, and give him even *more* work.

So Harry polished, and he polished. After all, he might as well get used to all this work, since he'll be doing much more of it during his next *five* detentions, with his ever-so-favourite person in the world, Draco Malfoy.

Harry *hated* Draco, just like he was supposed to. He hated everything about Draco. He hated the way he spoke — better yet, not the way he *spoke*, the way he drawled out his words as if he had all

the time in the world. The way he would stick his nose up in the air, as though he was he was better than everybody else. Not that Harry really took notice of any of these things.

He wasn't infatuated by Draco and the way he would go to brush his hair back with his right hand every five minutes, whether there was hair blocking his face or not....

You're thinking about him again, Harry reminded himself.

I've really got to stop doing this.

Draco muttered the password and entered the Slytherin common room. He had twenty minutes to spare before the potion expired, but he wasn't going to take his chances. He was going to go straight to his room.

Straight to his trunk, at the foot of his bed where the vial containing the Wishing Potion was.

To his unpleasant surprise, the common room wasn't so empty as he anticipated. There were at least ten other Slytherins still out of bed. One of them, just happened to be Pansy Parkinson, who noticed his entrance immediately.

"Draco!" she exclaimed, putting everything aside and rushing over to him.

"I really don't —"

"So how was detention with The Boy Who Doesn't Remember His Own Name?" She happened to find this very funny. So did a few other Slytherin students, who overhead and were now in a fit of laughter.

Draco, on the other hand, did not find this funny. "Just splendid," he replied dryly, "Now if you'll excuse me...."

"I'm sure Professor Snape gave him a hard time, eh?"

"Oh, you know him. But really," he said as he tried his best to pass her, "I need to do something important."

"Aw, Draky!" Draco shuddered; he hated when she (or anyone else) called him that. "What could possibly be more important than me!"

"Everything," he said flatly.

Pansy forged a pout. "Oh, you don't mean that."

"Yes, I do. Now if you would be so kind to —"

"Is something wrong?"

He stared blankly at her. "I'd rather not talk about it." He walked right past her.

"But, if I find out you've been fooling around with... Potter or someone, I'm not going to be happy person."

She obviously meant this to be a joke, Draco shrugged it off at that and made his way to his dorm. He was so close now.

Harry was getting more and more exhausted by the minute. It had to be at least one in the morning now and Snape still wasn't letting him leave. Harry wasn't going to bother asking to be excused. Every ten minutes or so, Snape would rise up from his desk, walk up to Harry and say that whatever Harry was doing wasn't good enough, or just flat-out wrong. Harry had no other choice but to suck it up and polish the jars the best that he could, hoping that Snape would let him leave eventually.

"It's nearly one thirty, Potter," said Professor Snape, "and you have my class first thing in the morning, which I would prefer you not to be late to. Therefore, I am excusing you. Just for this reason." He pointed to the door dully. "You may go."

"After all," he added after a moment, "I'm sure we'll see each other in detention again sometime soon."

"Good night, sir." Harry put down his things, nodded and left the office without saying another word.

About time, he thought to himself, as the door shut behind him. Then it hit him:

Harry wasn't certain how to get back to his dorms.

The dorm was quiet. Everyone was in the common room. Taking was turning out to be a simple task after all.

Draco made his way to his bed eagerly. He picked up his pillow, and revealed the copy of *Wishes, Wants, and Worries*. He picked it up and placed it down on his bed, and placed the pillow back.

He walked over to the trunk where he kept the potion, and knelt down in front of it. Draco lifted the lid slowly, reached his hand into grab the pair of socks in which the potion was safely tucked away. He closed the trunk lid and brought the wrapped-up potion to his bed.

Sitting himself down in front of the book, he unravelled the socks and slid the vial with the ice blue potion inside into his palm. The potion seemed to be a lighter colour than Draco left it, but he supposed this was normal.

He flipped to the Wishing Potion page in the book. Draco made sure he had done everything on the list. All he had to do was mess one thing up, and the consequences could be serious — fatal, even. Draco didn't want to wind up drinking a poison.

He mentally checked off all the things that he had to do, and all the ingredients he had to put in. He did everything he had to do except for one thing; Draco had to now take the potion.

He will have to let the potion sit in his mouth while he held his breath and count to thirty-three slowly. When he hits thirty, he is to make the wish. When he hits thirty-two he's to swallow the potion in one quick gulp. It gave no further instructions.

He opened the vial and stared long and hard at the potion. Once the potion was in his mouth, there was no turning back. Was this what he wanted? His answer was immediate, it was.

"Here goes nothing," was the last thing he said before he poured the blue liquid into his mouth.

Harry looked around, for a sign of where to go. He had no idea where he was, and maybe if he weren't so sick, he might have been able to think of a way back to his dorm sooner. As of now, he had no idea how he was going to get back.

So he stood there and looked around. "I don't believe it," he whispered to himself. Harry wished he paid more attention when he was on the way to Snape's office. He didn't expect Draco to leave early. He didn't expect Draco to get him into trouble.

The only thing that he thought of, was to pick a random direction and go with it. He wasn't sure if this was the best idea, but it was the only one he had. What was he *supposed* to do? Sit around the same place until school started?

Harry kept his eyes peeled for a sign of *something* — anything — that looked familiar. He let himself get his hopes up when he heard footsteps, which only turned out to be his own echoing in the empty halls.

It was freezing in the castle. Harry hadn't noticed before in Snape's office; there was a fire burning in the fireplace. Now, he felt it more than ever. There were torches, but they were not any help at all. In hope of warming up, Harry walked faster.

He had no idea if he was going in the right direction or not. He just wanted to keep moving. He heard stories about a poltergeist, Peeves. This was one... *thing* Harry didn't want to run into at this time of night. From what he understood, Peeves would probably wind up shouting at him or something that was equally annoying.

No. Harry didn't want to run into Peeves at all.

Luckily, he took a walk in the right direction and in less than a few minutes, found himself in the Entrance Hall. Harry let out a sigh of relief and walked to his room.

Draco held his breath and started counting.

He must have swallowed a small amount of potion, because he already felt... different. He tried not to lose count. *Ten*. The potion was cold in his mouth — freezing his mouth, is what it felt like. It hurt. It felt as if he had liquid ice in his mouth.

The cold didn't stay just in his mouth, the wintry sensation travelled down to his jaw, down his neck, down to his chest. It froze his lungs; he flinched as his body begged for air. *Fifteen*.

In moments Draco almost knew what it felt to be frozen, unable to move, and cold. He didn't even notice dropping the empty vial on the floor. He was barely able to hear it shatter. He had ten seconds left. He couldn't give up now. His stomach tensed up and he doubled over. His body made another desperate plea for air. He resisted breathing by cupping his right hand over his mouth and pinning his nose shut. *Twenty-five*.

His ears started to ring, his vision blurred, he started to forget where he was. For a second, he almost thought he forgot *who* he was. He would have bitten his lip if he didn't feel so numb. He nearly lost track of the count. *Twenty-seven*. Three more seconds before he made his wish. *Twenty-nine*.

On thirty, Draco made his wish and concentrated as hard as he could on it. He now understood why the potion was so easy to make, the experience itself was horrible. Every inch of him felt solid and cold as ice, yet he felt a lightness that made him feel like keeping himself on the ground was a task. It was the utmost uncomfortable feeling. *Thirty-one*.

Draco braced himself to swallow the potion. He feared what could happen after. Would everything go back to normal? Or would the symptoms get worse? Draco didn't know the answer, but he had to swallow the potion, and he had to do it *now*.

In one quick gulp Draco swallowed the potion. Almost immediately, a white-hot pain ripped through his body. From the inside out, he began to warm up and his condition was now reversed from being extremely cold, to painfully hot. *Thirty three*.

Draco let out a loud gasp for air. He could barely see in front of him, however, he knew he was alone in the room. He felt as if there were a thousand flames inside of him, licking at his insides, burning him up from the inside out. He wanted the pain to go away.

He grabbed on to the side of his bed for support. The heat only intensified. He was sweating now. He panted and wiped the sweat off his brow. He shut his eyes as hard as possible, his clenched the covers of his bed. Before he knew it, his knees buckled and he fell on them.

He heard nothing, he saw nothing, and all he was able to feel was this boiling sensation tearing up his insides. He wasn't going to be able to take it much longer. It was only getting worse and worse. He opened his eyes, he was able to see a small bit before the room started to spin. He slammed his eyes shut.

He took a deep breath, which did no good; it was like breathing in fire. He opened his eyes again, his vision wasn't very good now, but he was able to see. His body was still in pain, he hoped he had taken the right potion. He looked around and his eyes settled on the book.

He looked at the page to double check. The ringing in his ears increased. He saw something written at the bottom, that he swore wasn't there before he took the potion:

Be careful what you wish for.

Then everything went black.

Harry poked at his food in the Great Hall. He wasn't hungry; he was still thinking about last night and what happened. He wondered when his next detention would be. He glanced up from his food to look around the hall, and saw Ron and Hermione entering and making their way through a group of the younger students who had crowded up by the door.

Out of curiosity, and nothing but that, Harry glanced at the Slytherin table only to find that Draco wasn't there yet. He then thought nothing of this and went back to looking down and poking his food.

Ron and Hermione reached Harry and took a seat in front him. "We were up late waiting for you. Where were you, mate?" Ron asked as he reached for a slice of toast.

"Detention," Harry replied flatly, not looking up from his food.

"Should have known," Ron replied. "Snape give you a hard time, I'm sure."

Harry nodded bleakly. "Gave me five more detentions, too."

"You've got to be kidding me! You don't even remember who you are, isn't that enough?" Ron threw his right hand in the air, which unfortunately, was the hand holding his toast. The toast went flying backwards, but didn't hit anyone. "Whoops."

Hermione shot Ron a dirty look and turned to Harry. "Well, how serious could he have been? You didn't do anything, did you?" she asked.

"Well, I didn't do anything, it's just Malfoy —"

"He got you in trouble, didn't he?" Ron cut in, "that prat's always out for you, you know, and it sure isn't the first time he got you into trouble."

"What did he do now?"

"Well," Harry started, "he just took a potion ingredient and dropped it... And made it look like I did it."

Hermione furrowed her brow. "In front of Professor Snape?"

Ron, taking up another slice of toast, rolled his eyes. "Of course it was in front of Snape. I mean, it had to have been. He wouldn't just leave — besides, Snape wants Harry to have detention and be miserable just as much as Malfoy does."

"He was out of the room, Ron. Malfoy took a jar Snape told me not to touch and he dropped it. After he dropped it he started yelling at me, like it was my fault. Then Snape walked back in."

"You got five detentions for *that*? There has to be rules against that!" Ron nearly threw the toast again, but Hermione grabbed his wrist and lowered his hand.

"Well, Ron, there *aren't* rules against that, teachers can do whatever —"

Ron ripped his hand back and took a bite out of the toast. "Who asked you?"

Hermione shook her head and waved her hand at Ron. "I give up."

There they go again, Harry thought to himself as he watched Ron and Hermione ignore him and flught. He went back to poking his food (which was beyond repair right now). *Five detentions*, he thought, *five detentions with Malfoy*.

At the thought of his name, Harry found his eyes glancing over to the Slytherin table, where Draco was no where to be found. He wondered where he could be, Draco couldn't be sick; he looked fine the night before, when he was dismissed from detention early.

"We should go to Potions now, or we'll be late."

It took Harry a second to realise Hermione was talking to him. "Oh, yeah, we have Potions." Harry responded, making a face.

The three got up and exited the Great Hall.

When they arrived to Potions, the class was empty. "Funny," Ron said, "usually Malfoy is here already. Where do you reckon that little slime ball is?"

Harry shrugged, and replied absent-mindedly. "Don't know; he wasn't at breakfast."

This had recieved a raised eyebrow from Hermione, but Ron seemed to think nothing of it. "You'd think he'd want to be here early, just to rub the detention in your face." He looked around the classroom. "I don't trust him."

"I'll admit, it *is* a little strange that he isn't here at his usual time," Hermione said, not taking her eye off Harry, "But whether or not he's late, it's none of your business, Ron." She took a seat.

Ron took a seat next to her, and Harry next to Ron. "Don't defend *him*," he said.

Hermione sighed and shook her head. "I'm not *defending* him, Ron. I was just saying —"

"Are you guys *always* like this?" Harry had to ask.

Ron scrunched up his nose. "Like what?"

"Fighting like... a married couple or something."

Hermione blushed, but Ron scrunched up his nose even more. "We don't fight like a married couple."

Harry shook his head, "Whatever you say, Ron."

By now, a whole group of students had walked in, none of them being Draco. Harry didn't know why he had cared so much. As a matter of fact, he *didn't* care at all. It was, after all, Draco's fault that Harry had to spend another five days in detention.

"Say," Ron said, "the other day, where did you go after dinner?"

Harry knew what Ron was talking about; he was talking about the night Harry went to meet Draco. Harry wasn't sure of how he was going to respond.

Thankfully, he didn't have to. Without warning, Professor Snape walked in. Immediately any talking or whispering that was going on, ceased and all attention was on Snape. Snape had a control over his students that Harry didn't see the day before.

Snape walked to his desk. "Before we may begin," he started, "I will like to go over a few simple, but necessary rules for when working with Potions." By now, he was looking straight at Harry. Harry didn't have such a great feeling about this.

"A few of you may or may not know this" — he gave Harry a pointed look — "but safety in the Potions Lab is extraordinarily important..." It was just then that it seemed Snape realised Draco being missing. His eyes were scanning the room as if he expected Draco to just pop up somewhere. He stood up. "Does anyone know where Mr. Malfoy is?" The question was obviously aimed at the Slytherins, but a few of the Gryffindors took the liberty of shaking their heads. "Strange," Snape said out loud to himself, "I just saw him *last night*." His gaze was now fixed on Harry, silently accusing him.

He put Harry on the spot. "You — Mr. Potter, did *you* speak to Mr. Malfoy since last night?"

You let me out nearly three hours after he left, how would that be possible? Harry thought bitterly to himself. He solemnly shook his head.

Snape arched an eyebrow and cocked his head a bit, looking as if he did not believe Harry. "So," he said as he turned to the rest of the class, "nobody here knows where Draco Malfoy is?" Before he even got a response he went on, "Very well. As I was saying..."

"You would think," Ron whispered to Harry, "that *Snape* would seem to care just a little bit more." He paused, reconsidering the thought. "Never mind. He's a Slytherin. They only care about themselves."

Harry started to zone out and ignore the lecture Snape was giving about Safety in Potions (which was obviously inspired by last night) and the occasional rude comments that Ron made.

Reluctantly, he was thinking about Draco and where he could possibly be.

He couldn't have been sick, Harry just saw him the night before. Really, Harry shouldn't be wondering where Draco was. He shouldn't care. He wouldn't have *more* detention if it wasn't for Draco, and he might even know who he was if it wasn't for Draco.

The door to the room opened.

Harry turned his head in that direction faster than he would ever like to admit.

He did not clearly remember how it happened.

But he *did* remember waking up in an empty dorm room. His head was pounding and he could barely see straight. It took him a few moments to gain enough balance to be able to stand.

He had to put out his hands for balance. He nearly accidentally stepped on shards of glass that must have been the vial the potion was stored in. He glanced at the clock....

"Shit," he muttered under his breath. He fixed himself up quickly, grabbed his bag and rushed off to Potions. The hallway was empty; he was at least twenty minutes late. He wondered how long it would have taken for the potion to work.

He reached the Potions classroom and walked inside.

"How wonderful of you to join us, Mr. Malfoy," Professor Snape said when Draco walked into the classroom. "I suppose you have a valid reason for walking in so late?"

As Draco took a seat, he shook his head. "No, Sir."

Snape cocked a brow. "Very well. That will be five points from Slytherin. Be thankful it isn't more."

"Did you see that?" Ron whispered to Harry, "I *know* that if it was you or me, he would have taken at *least* ten — fifteen, even!"

Harry shrugged it off and Snape continued with his lesson as if nothing ever happened. "As I was saying," he said, "some of you fail to notice that is extremely important to practise great care while working with potions...." Snape went on for nearly the rest of the period, glaring at Harry ever so often. Harry stopped paying attention as Snape lectured the class.

He had other things to think about.

Draco left the room as soon as Snape dismissed the class.

He couldn't remember much from last night; he must have been knocked out all that time. Draco parted his way through a crowd of students, turned right and started to walk up a staircase.

Did I do something wrong? he wondered. The page said nothing about blacking out for nine hours.

The book *did* say "Be careful what you wish for." But, Draco certainly didn't wish to black out.

He had wished for something else.

"Are you going to eat that?" Ron gestured to the food on Harry's plate.

Harry shook his head. "Help yourself."

"Thanks," Ron said, as he grabbed the hamburger off of Harry's plate.

"Really," Hermione said in an annoyed tone, "there are plates and *plates* of food in front of you, and you choose to eat Harry's food!."

"I don't mind, Hermione."

"See? He doesn't mind. Now leave me alone about it." Ron took a bite. "So, anyway, Harry," he said with his mouth full, "remember anything yet?"

Harry gave a half-shrug. "No."

"Ron, leave him alone about that!" Hermione pointed her fork at him. "Harry'll remember everything eventually, I'm sure."

Ron raised an eyebrow. "You're sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure. Now, may we please drop the subject?" (Ron did not respond.) "Thank you."

The trio spent another five minutes in silence, before they noticed a snowy owl flying in with a note attached. Ron was sceptical as the bird Harry recognized as his own, flew over. "There's no mail at night..." he said.

Harry took the letter from the owl's foot, nodded, and the owl flew off.

"Well, what does it say?" Ron asked, before Harry even got a chance to unfold the note. Hermione rolled her eyes, clearly annoyed, but she said nothing. Harry unfolded the note, and read it, with Ron trying to read over his shoulder. "Well...?"

"Nothing," Harry said, "it says nothing. I just..." Harry stood up. "I got to go. See you in the common room?" Before they could answer, Harry was out of sight.

While in the hallway, walking to the Gryffindor common room, Harry looked at the note again.

Seven PM, Quidditch Pitch

-I think you know who

Harry knew who it was from. Why would *he* want to see Harry? In the Quidditch Pitch... again. No, Harry wasn't going to go; he had no reason to.

So it was as simple as that, right? Harry wasn't going to go because there was no reason to. Draco certainly didn't explain himself in the note, so Harry wasn't going to go.

Was he?

Draco watched Harry receive his note and walk out of the Great Hall.

Now all he had to do was wait. He was pretty certain Harry would meet him where he asked.

Waiting was the only thing he had left to do.

He scanned the Hall for first years or Hufflepuffs to annoy, after finding no one he felt was worth his time or energy, he set his roll down on the table, and headed for his common room.

"Where you going?" Goyle asked.

Draco gave Goyle a brief, blank, stare and then proceeded to walk out of the Great Hall.

He took his time walking to his common room, which wasn't so far away from the Great Hall. The longer it took getting there, the less amount of time he would have to spend in the common room waiting, and the better things were.

He spoke the password, and walked into the Slytherin common room. It was empty, as usual. All the other Slytherins were still at dinner, and they would likely be there for a long time. He made his way for his dorm.

His room was exactly the way he left it, the glass on the floor, the stopper not so far from the glass, the book was...

Missing.

"What the...?"

"Wishes Wants and Worries, eh, Draco?" came a female voice from behind him.

He spun around to face her. "What are you doing looking through my things?"

Pansy rolled her eyes. "I'm not 'looking through your things,' the book was just *lying* there. You're so careless."

"What were you doing in my dorm, Pansy?"

"Well," she stalled, "you've just been acting so weird lately, I figured I might see if there were any explanations." She held up the book daintily. "This, would be a very good explanation, I think. So..."

She smirked. "What did you wish for?"

"I didn't wish for *anything*."

"Fine, Draco, don't tell me the truth. I'm sure I could just take this up to *my* dorm and you'll never see it again..." She looked inside of the book cover. "Didn't you get this from the Restricted Section? Who gave you the permission?"

"Just give me the book, and leave." Draco was gradually losing patience.

"I'm not leaving until you tell me what you wished for."

"I didn't wish for anything."

She gestured to the broken glass and stopper on the floor. "Like hell you didn't."

"Just give me the book."

"You know what? Fine." She handed out the book. Draco arched his eyebrow, and took the book.

Before leaving, she gave a half-laugh and shook her head, grinning. "You're blind, you know that."

She turned and walked away.

"Blind?" Draco repeated.

"Yes," she said, turning around, "it's either that or you're just really stupid. But, I would rather be blind than stupid, wouldn't you?"

Draco didn't know what she meant by that, but he didn't have a chance to ask her. Pansy Parkinson was already out of sight.

Harry had learned his lesson. He knew better than to trust Draco Malfoy.

Or so he thought.

He was on his way, walking to the Quidditch Pitch, which clearly meant that he had not learned his lesson. *Why am I doing this?* he thought to himself.

Harry walked on through the grass outside, making his way to the field. He saw Draco in the distance. *It's still not too late, you know. He doesn't see you.* He walked on.

Ever since he got the letter, Harry was debating on whether or not he should go. He chose to go.

Now, here he was, walking out to the Quidditch Pitch to *meet* Draco.

He was almost there, when Draco turned around. Draco's face seemed expressionless, and as always, hard to interpret. He was holding something under his arm, a book, maybe.

Harry caught up with Draco. The two boys just looked at each other, until Draco said finally, "You're late." Harry didn't respond. "You're book." Draco held out the green and gold book Harry only gave him the other day.

Harry furrowed his brow. "My book?"

"Yeah, well, it's the *schools* book. I don't need it."

"You told me this was your book."

"I lied."

Harry wasn't all that surprised. "You lied?"

"Well... yeah." Draco shrugged.

"That's all?" Draco nodded. Harry turned his back.

"Actually...."

Harry spun back around. "What?" he snapped.

"Remember anything yet?" Draco questioned softly.

"I can't see why *you* would care." Harry glared.

Draco stuffed one of his hands into his pocket. "I could." He shrugged, looking down at the floor.

Harry didn't say anything, he didn't know what there was to say. "I could care." Draco looked up at Harry.

Harry's expression didn't change. "From everything you've shown me these past few days, I don't believe you."

Draco looked confused, it was almost as if he didn't understand. "Maybe I have a different way of showing things."

Harry scoffed. "Some way."

"I could." Draco gave Harry one last hard look before he started to walk away.

Harry hardly knew what he meant by that. And he was, yet again, left standing alone, not knowing what to say.

Chapter Ten: Revelation

*"I must be cruel only to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind."*

Well, that was stupid, Draco thought to himself as he walked back to the castle, his back turned to Harry. What was he doing asking Harry if he had gotten his memory back? He wasn't supposed to care — nor was he supposed to say that he actually *might* care.

He peeked over his shoulder to see what Harry was doing, whether or not he was following or watching him. He wasn't. *His back was turned to Draco. Stupid.*

Draco entered the school, staring at the floor. Why didn't the Wish Potion take effect yet? Did he do something wrong? Was it normal for him to black out? What about the temperature thing? Was that supposed to happen? Draco didn't know.

It was stupid of him to take the potion without really looking into it. It was stupid of him to leave everything out for people like *Pansy* to find out. *Pansy.*

He wondered how much she knew. Not much, he hoped. He knew *Pansy*, and sometimes she knew less than what she let on. He hoped this was one of those times.

Asking him if he got his memory back. Draco couldn't get over it. *You might care.* The more Draco thought about it, the more ridiculous it became. He told Harry that he might care. *I don't care.*

Draco shoved his hands deeper into his pockets. *You, Draco Malfoy, he told himself, you are a terrible liar.*

Harry looked down and stared at the green book in his hand. Draco Malfoy seemed to have a knack with screwing with peoples emotions. Harry ran his free hand through his hair and pulled at it slightly.

As time went on, this made less and less sense for him. He had no clue *who* he was, *where* he was exactly, *what* he was doing there, or even *how* this all happened. Draco wasn't helping at all.

Harry turned around to see Draco walking away, not turning back. *"I could care."* Draco's voice rang through Harry's head. *"Maybe I have a different way of showing things."* What did he mean by all of that?

He caught himself staring at Draco's back, so he turned away. He looked back once or twice more, and considered calling after Draco, and asking him what exactly he might have meant by that, but, for some reason, he did not.

He waited until Draco was inside for a few moments before he made his own way into the castle.

Draco watched a blur of gold zip around his room. Usually, regardless of his Slytherin-Prince status, he would have been yelled at by fellow a Slytherin to put it away. But it was late; all the other Slytherins were asleep now.

He was playing with a Golden Snitch his father had bought him when he became Seeker of the Slytherin team. He used to play with it nearly every day. He felt it was a way to practise, without going off to the Quidditch Pitch.

Nowadays, it was something he enjoyed just simply watching on occasion; it relaxed him. What, exactly, was so relaxing about a buzzing gold ball flying around his room? Draco wasn't sure. But it worked.

Tonight, things were different. Not much different, but different. It was still comforting, but it certainly was not relaxing.

It made him think of — whether or not he'd like to admit it — Harry. It would always frustrate him to think about Harry and how he'd always beat him in Quidditch — save for that one time last week, in

the game which he felt he truly didn't win. Now it was a different feeling. A feeling that confused Draco. It was one that he didn't understand. A feeling that he thought maybe shouldn't even be there. A feeling that Draco loved and hated all at once.

Swiftly, Draco grabbed the Snitch out of the air, put it into its felt pouch and back into his drawer. He turned off the light and went to bed.

"Harry, c'mon, wake up, mate. It's almost time for breakfast."

"I am up," Harry mumbled into his pillow. He clearly wasn't up, and he didn't want to get up. He was just having the most marvellous dream. And he did *not* want to get up.

"No, you're not. Get up."

Harry muttered something inaudible and pulled the covers over his head. He couldn't remember exactly what the dream was about, but he knew he enjoyed it very much.

"Harry," said Ron, "I'm not asking you after this. Get up."

Harry pushed the blankets back down, and forced himself to sit up. Now that he thought of it, he couldn't remember last night's dream at all. He leaned over, and reached for his classes trying to remember what made him like last night's dream so great.

Ron stood at the doorway. "Well, now that I know you're up, I'll wait for you in the common room."

Harry nodded, and Ron left.

Looking around the dorm room, he discovered that he was the last one to wake up. Harry shrugged, and then threw his feet over the bed. Suddenly, the dream came back to him.

Draco was in it. Draco and a bathroom. *What's so great about that?* Harry thought to himself. He rested one elbow on his knee, as he pondered the thought.

"I could care," Draco's voice echoed in his head.

Then it clicked. Then things started to make some sort of sense.

"Harry, Malfoy," Professor Lupin announced, before class began, "I need to speak with you both after class."

"Yes, sir," the two boys said in a near-unison.

"Good. Now..." he said, standing up from his desk and looking around, "now who can tell me how we can block spells that are aimed to harm us?" After a few stares from students who looked at him like he asked the dumbest question in the wizarding world, he explained himself: "What I mean is, what if someone has cast a spell, not directly in front of your face, but something that would take a few days, or weeks, or so to take effect, what would you do?"

Quite predictably, Hermione's hand was the only hand to shoot up straight away. "Yes, Hermione?"

"A blocking charm," she replied smartly.

"No, not exactly, Hermione, nice try. Is there anyone else who can tell me?" The class exchanged confused looks. "No? Well..." He walked over to his desk, pulling out a small bottle with an opaque, orange liquid in it. "This, is what we can take to avoid negative potions, and long-term spells that have been cast on us."

Harry played with his quill absent-mindedly, while he was listening to Professor Lupin. The past few days seemed to be too much for him. There was so much to learn about; so much he had missed. Harry wondered if he would ever get his memory back. And he wondered if he would ever find out *how* he had lost his memory in the first place. Why he didn't know who he was, or where he was, or who everybody else was.

"Now," Lupin continued, "I realize that this isn't Potions, but taking this Potion might defend yourself against any illegal love potion, any curse, or any negative spell at all in the future. One sip of this almost guarantees your safety. You can find this potion almost anywhere, and it's called the Acutus Potion."

"You will be able to find it from places like Diagon Alley, to even Knockturn Alley. No wizard wants to be caught off guard by some love potion or otherwise..."

As Lupin went on, Harry lost interest. He started to think about Draco. He knew he thought that things were starting to make sense last night, but now *that* didn't make sense. He didn't have feelings for someone like Draco.

As much as Harry wasn't listening to professor, Lupin was starting to make more sense than Draco ever could. What if Draco put a spell on Harry? What if *he* made him lose his memory? And what if Draco was responsible for Harry thinking about him all the time. After all, in this world, anything was possible.

Harry decided he would take the Acutus Potion.

The class emptied out, and Draco Malfoy gathered up his things. Not fast enough, as Lupin felt the need to remind him about their meeting. "Harry, Malfoy, I'd like a word with you two."

Shoving the last book into his bag, making it fit, Draco walked over to the desk; Harry joined moments after. "Boys, as you two and I know, Professor Snape has given Harry five days detention, and that you must serve the days together. And as much as I disapprove of this punishment, there is nothing I can do about it, but have you serve your detention with me."

He took a breath and stood up. "Which is exactly what you two will be doing tonight. I expect to see you both at this classroom at eight p.m. sharp."

"Yes sir," said the boys.

"You're excused, Malfoy." Draco, turned and walked out. As soon as he left, Harry wondered if it was his turn to go. But clearly, Lupin had something else to say to Harry. He gave Harry a concerned look before speaking, "Have you remembered anything at all, Harry?" Harry shook his head. "If you remember anything — anything at all, I'd like you to tell me, ok?"

"Yes, Professor."

"That's all. You're almost late for class."

Harry nodded. "Good day, sir."

Draco didn't feel too hungry.

He had far too much on his mind to be bothered with food. He had yet another detention with the golden boy that evening, where he would likely find himself scraping gum off the bottom of the desks and chairs as Harry watches and Lupin will call it detention.

So he spent the period poking at prodding at his turkey and cheese sandwich, as Crabbe and Goyle sat next to him, and had a contest about who could eat their food faster. On the other side of Draco, sat Pansy Parkinson, who was currently gawking at him.

Irritated, Draco turned to her, and said, "What?"

She just grinned and shook her head. "Still haven't figured it out yet?"

"Figured what out?"

"Supposed not."

Draco rolled his eyes. "What are you talking about?"

"Forget it," Pansy replied in the perky tone that always seemed to get on Draco's nerve. He got up and left the Great Hall.

Absent-mindedly not listening to what Hermione had to say, and watching Draco walk out of the room, Harry picked at the chips on his plate.

The Acutus Potion sounded interesting to him. He wondered if the Professor meant that it could truly be found *anywhere*, and if *anywhere* was Snape's office. "Hermione," Harry said, interrupting whatever Hermione was talking to Ron about, "what do you know about the Acutus Potion?"

Hermione furrowed her brow. "Harry, we just had an entire lesson on it."

"Well, I know, I just thought you might know how to make it or something." He moved around in his seat slightly.

Hermione leaned in, concerned, speaking in a whisper. "Harry, who do you think is going to put a spell on you?"

"That doesn't mat —"

"I bet you anything he suspects Malfoy has been causing his memory loss all along," Ron cut in.

"Ron, he never said that," Hermione snapped, turning back to Harry, "You can trust me, Harry."

"Can't you just tell me where to get it?"

Hermione sighed, obviously knowing Harry wouldn't tell, "Professor Snape should have some. If not, it's obvious Lupin has some — and it's a common potion and a useful one; I'm sure you can find the recipe in the library."

"Thanks, Hermione," Harry said, going back to his food, "that's all I needed to know."

At ten-to-eight, Harry left the Gryffindor common room. He didn't bother thinking about the Acutus Potion for the entire day, it was the first thing he was looking into tomorrow. Right now, he was concerned with detention.

He arrived at the classroom a few minutes before eight. Draco was no where in sight, and the door was locked. Harry leaned against the wall on the side of the door.

He had no idea what kind of labour was in store for him that night, as he didn't really know much about Professor Lupin. Except for the fact that he seemed to care for Harry.

Echoing footsteps nearby told Harry that Draco was approaching. He wasn't sure how he *knew* it was Draco, but he did somehow. Just another reason to take the Acutus Potion.

Sure enough, Draco arrived seconds later, and attempted at opening the door. After glaring at Harry as if he had to do something with the door not opening, he leaned against the wall on other side of the door.

The two sat in silence until it was broken by Lupin opening the door and leaning out. "It's eight o'clock," he said, "you two may come in now." Harry entered, followed by Draco. "And before we begin, I'd like to do something."

Harry wondered what this meant. What did Lupin want from them?

"Harry, you sit down right there." Lupin pointed to the seat to the right of him. "That desk is for you, Malfoy. The one next to my desk."

And on the desk positioned next to Lupin's, sat a piece of parchment and a black quill.

Draco didn't move. He knew what that quill meant; he was about to write lines, and it was going to hurt. Harry looked curiously at the quill, and then back at Draco, who clearly did not want to sit down.

"Sit *down*, Malfoy," Lupin said carefully.

Eyeing the quill, Draco took a seat.

"Now, I want you to take that quill up, and write 'I am responsible for Harry Potter's memory loss.'"

Draco looked up at Lupin, not moving a muscle. "Do it."

Draco sighed, and took up the quill. He knew what was to happen next: he would write it, and it would cut into his hand. And it would hurt. Draco was not a fan of pain.

Draco shut his eyes, and in what seemed like seconds, he scribbled 'I am responsible for Harry Potter's memory loss.' But, instead of feeling the ice cold quill cut into the back of his hand, he felt nothing at all. He opened his eyes, and saw that 'I am responsible for Harry Potter's memory loss' was written in black ink on the parchment.

Lupin furrowed his brow and didn't speak for a few moments. Now Draco *and* Harry both had looks of confusion painted across their faces. "Let me see your hand," he said. Draco obeyed, and held out his hand. Lupin looked at the back of Draco's hand, brushing his own hand across the back. "That's interesting." He paused. "It didn't harm you."

After taking another pause, Lupin let go of Draco's hand and put out his own palm. "Let me see that," he said. Draco placed the quill in his hand, and watched as Lupin wrote 'I am a teacher' in small lettering on the parchment, in his own blood.

Lupin then placed the quill down, and looked at the back of his own hand, as small drops of crimson blood trickled down his wrist. "So you aren't responsible, then?"

"What made you change your mind, Professor?" Draco asked, not having an idea of what was going on.

Looking as if he regretted being less-than-mean towards a Slytherin, Lupin began to explain. "You might know what this *can* do, but you probably don't know what it *is*. It's a lie detector. If you're telling the truth, it'll cut into your skin. And if you're not, it won't. According to this, you didn't have anything to do with Harry's memory loss."

"I could have told you that."

Lupin shook his head, and refrained from giving Draco a lecture, instead, he turned to walk out of the room. "Follow me, gentlemen."

Harry stood up, and followed. Draco gave the parchment and quill one last look before getting up.

The incident with the quill gave Harry something new to think about. Draco *wasn't* responsible for his memory loss. And things just seemed to be getting more and more complicated by the second. He glanced at the blond who was walking next to him. The blond who wasn't so much as even giving Harry just a small glance. Harry still didn't think that he trusted Draco And he didn't think Lupin trusted Draco either.

They reached their destination, and Lupin opened the door. The room was entirely empty. Harry obviously didn't recognize the place at all. "Yet again," Lupin said, "as Harry probably won't remember, I'd like you two to paint this place."

This struck Harry as weird, but he didn't say anything, just listened to see if Lupin had anything more to say. "I figured this might jog your memory, Harry."

Harry took this chance to speak. "I hope so, sir."

"Well, I'll be back soon; I've got a few papers to mark," Lupin said, as he left the two alone.

Harry painted fairly well for someone who couldn't remember a thing about himself. But only after about fifteen minutes, he hand was beginning to bother him. And the silence between him and Draco was starting to bother him as well. The silence was so awkward.

Draco was painting right next to him, within *two feet* of him, and they weren't say a word. It made Harry feel uncomfortable. He wondered why he cared.

He decided to do something about it. "What did you mean before?" he asked.

"I don't know what you're talking about." Draco wasn't about to easily sidetracked from what he was doing.

"You asked me if I remembered anything."

"So?"

This wasn't going anywhere. "You said that you might care."

"What is your point, Potter?"

Harry swung around suddenly, with a brush full of paint in his hand. "Look, Draco—"

His sentence was interrupted by the realization that he had splattered white paint across Draco's silk green pajamas. Draco slowly looked down and saw what Harry was gaping at.

"I'm... oops," was all Harry managed to say before Draco splattered a fair share of paint across Harry's shirt. "Hey!" Harry dipped his brush into the paint, and flicked it at Draco, getting more paint on the blond.

"I was just settling the score." Draco took more paint on the brush, and brushed it across Harry's chest, smirking.

This went on until there was paint everywhere but on the walls, and one can full of paint. Harry pinned Draco down next to the can, and once there was no chance of Draco escaping, Harry took the can and held it over Draco head.

Draco, nearly out of breath from their childish fight, cocked a brow. "You wouldn't."

"Try me."

Taking Harry by surprise, Draco knocked the can clear out of his hand. The paint splattered on the both of them. Other than that, Draco didn't move.

"What'd you do *that* for?"

"So I can do *this*." Draco moved quick. He snaked on hand behind Harry's neck, and pull him in, as the other hand pushed Harry's shoulder, flipping over, so Draco was on top of him. Their lips met, and Harry didn't object.

Instead, he kissed Draco. Hungrily, he kissed him, and the world seemed to melt away. The world seemed right again. Even if Harry didn't remember anything, it didn't seem important now. He pulled Draco close to him, and left his arms around the other boy.

It all happened too fast; the moment of perfection was interrupted by a third party entering the room, and clearing his throat. They were caught.

And they had a lot of explaining to do.

Chapter Eleven: A Gift

"Love is the difficult realization that something other than oneself is real."

"What do you two think you're doing?" Lupin gaped at the two. His expression dancing across the line between disgust and shock.

Draco leapt off of Harry, and stood up immediately. Harry backed his way into the wall, accidentally hitting his head. Then the world went black for no more than a split second.

The sky was clear and dark. Every star in the night sky was visible.

Harry walked with his hands in his pockets, looking up at the sky. Millions of thoughts ran about in his head. Draco acted like nothing happened. He hated that. He hated that he should hate Draco—but he certainly didn't.

He held his breath and fixed his eyes on one star.

And wished that Draco knew how that felt.

Harry shook his head and stood up, not going anywhere near Draco. "Well?" Lupin prompted, not noticing Harry hitting his head against the stone wall, he clearly just expected an answer.

"Harry started it!" was Draco's only attempt.

"Started 'it'? And what might 'it' be, exactly?"

"A fight, sir. Potter went to strike me... before I pinned him down."

Bemused, Lupin sighed and shook his head. "Was I born yesterday, Malfoy?"

Not even going to try, Draco looked down. "No."

The three stood there, without a sound, for nearly a minute. Harry decided he was going to be the first to speak. "What now?"

After a few moments of thought, Lupin turned to Draco, "You are excused."

Thrilled, Draco nodded and made his way to leave. "Yes, sir."

Lupin watched Draco exit, and then set his eyes on the raven haired boy. A mix of emotions washed over Harry, and a look of confusion crossed his face. "And you, I want to speak with you tomorrow. See me after class. You may go."

Half relieved, Harry left the room after bidding Lupin good night.

Draco walked back to his dorm, recapping what had just happened. He and Harry had a little paint fight, that somehow resulted in them two kissing. That feeling Draco hated and loved returned stronger than ever.

But the feeling returned when he was kissing Harry, along with a hint of perfection that was always there before—the hint of perfection that was always ignored before. It was like he was melting into Harry, and Harry into him, and the world around him was dissipating into thin air. Harry was the only thing in the world that really mattered. Just Harry.

The reality of coming back to see Lupin standing there was like a punch in the face. But he was released; Lupin let him go.

He entered a shockingly quiet Slytherin common room; only a few Slytherins were still up, and the ones who were up, were doing last-minute homework. Draco walked up the stairs to his room, as quietly as possible.

After he changed into his pyjamas, Draco went to his window. He hesitated on opening it, but in fear of waking his room mates (and therefore brewing a bigger headache than needed), he chose not to. It was a beautiful night. There were billions of stars in the sky, and each of them shone brighter than Draco had ever seen.

He pondered, looking at one particular star thoughtfully. He wondered to himself why his wish hadn't come true yet. Did he do something in the potion wrong? Or was it a total fluke? He didn't know.

He walked over the few steps to his bed, and slid in. His last thoughts of the night were about that night, the kiss, and Harry. He wondered how he would have to deal with this in the morning. But at this moment, it didn't care; that wasn't important.

The world around him faded as Draco drifted off to a sound sleep.

Harry had remembered something, he knew he had. In Lupin's office he had a flashback. At least, he hoped it was a flashback and not just some hallucination. If his memory was coming back, it was a fantastic sign.

He eased himself into bed and laid down, looking up at the ceiling. He took a moment to think about what happened that night. How it felt so entirely right to him, and he couldn't point out why. It was like magic, kissing Draco. A wonderful new feeling that rushed up and through his body.

These thoughts about Draco were interrupted by suspicion. What if Draco was making him feel this way? What if he *had* cast a love spell on Harry, and now Harry thought he had feeling for him.

And there was only one thing to do to make sure that these feelings were genuine: Harry had to make Acutus Potion as soon as possible. He had to block any kind of spell or potion that was aimed at him.

Before these feelings got any stronger.

Waking up early the next morning came easy to Harry. If he wanted to get the book containing the Acutus Potion with next to no suspicion, he would have to hurry. He didn't waste the time putting his uniform; he would have time for that later. He grabbed his pair of shoes and made for the school library.

He was pleased to see that the halls were empty without a student, teacher, or ghost in sight. He opened the library door, and as soon as he entered, he received a sceptical look from Madam Pince. He took no time in asking her where he would find the potion.

Harry cleared his throat. "Excuse me?"

"Yes, Mister Potter?"

"I was wondering where I would find a book containing the Acutus Potion." He almost nervously awaited her response as she tapped her nails on the counter in front of her.

"It'll be in 'Remedies for Common Curses of the Modern Wizarding World!' ...Will that be all?" There was an unnerving curiosity in her voice that made Harry want to get away from her as soon as he could.

Harry headed off in the direction in which she pointed. He nodded in appreciation and said, "No thank you, that's all."

He heard the door of the library open and close again behind him. He tried to seem unconcerned, but was failing severely. Possibilities of who it could be swirled around in his mind. And all his paranoia made him think it was Malfoy. His heart pounded as he tried hard not to turn around, this was all happening too fast. He didn't want Malfoy to find out he was casting a spell to counteract the one put on himself. He walked faster as he heard rushing footsteps catch up with him, and a hand clamp down on his shoulder.

"Harry!" said a voice that *certainly* wasn't Malfoy's, "What in the blazes are you doing here so early?" Harry spun around to face Ron, half-smiling. "I could say the same thing to you."

"Quidditch Practice! I tried to get you while you were leaving the common room, but you were moving so fast that I lost you. Nearly Headless Nick said you entered the library, and here you are." Harry's mind was still set on the potion. "So what does that have to do with me? I hardly remember what this Quidditch is."

Ron looked astonished. "Are you kidding? You're *Harry Potter*! You were phenomenal your first time on a broomstick! I can't imagine why this morning you'd perform any different. If anything I'd say you should at least watch us practise, maybe it'll help you remember some things."

"Maybe later, Ron. I have to find something..."

"Later will be breakfast!" Ron took a gaze over the books to the left of him, right of Harry. "What are you looking for, anyway?"

"A book to help me memorize a few things."

"So what do you say about Quidditch practise?"

"I told you later, Ron." Ron let out an aggravated sigh and walked off, while mumbling something about Quidditch being better. Harry paid no attention to this, and begun to look at the books to his right.

There were so many books. Harry thought for a moment that he would never find Remedies for Common Curses, Enchantments and Spells of the Modern Wizarding World. He looked past plenty of books with similar titles (Remedies for Common Curses being just one of them), before he came to what he was looking for.

Harry grinned, and pulled the book out of it's place on the shelf.

A roar of laughter erupted from the Slytherin common room.

Grumbling on about this rude awakening, Draco climbed out of his bed, and began to get dressed.

The laughter in the common room was none of his concern. That is, of course, until Crabbe and Goyle ran in to tell him the news.

"At last you're up!" Crabbe exclaimed.

Draco muttered an "unfortunately" but neither of the other boys caught the comment.

"Ronald Weasley fell off his broom during practice this morning!"

Draco stared at his fellow Slytherin blankly. "That is what all that commotion was about?"

"Well... er... yes." The two troll-resembling boys smiled.

Draco began to ignore the two and resumed to get dressed.

With the copy of Remedies for Common Curses, Enchantments and Spells of the Modern Wizarding World safely stowed away in his bag, Harry ate his breakfast with gusto. For the first time he could literally remember, he felt as if he were genuinely on top of the world. Until Hermione came bustling in delivering the news.

"Harry! Thank goodness you're here!" Harry gave her a confused look, and she continued, "Ron's been hurt!"

Harry didn't know how to respond, the simplest response, he decided, was to retort with a question. "What happened?"

Hermione took the chair right next to him. "Well, he fell mid-air and landed on his ankle the wrong way."

Harry, barely paying any attention to the story and paying almost all of his attention to his food, asked her, "Well don't you have magic to fix that sort of thing?"

"Well, of course we — Madam Pomfrey has the potion to mend broken bones and those sort of things. She just doesn't want him on his feet today, but I thought I ought to tell you." Harry nodded half-heartedly. "Harry? Isn't something bothering you?"

He shook his head. "No."

She cocked a brow and thought better than questioning it. "Well, I told Ron that I'd bring him some food — since I'd rather do it myself than a poor house-elf do it. I'll be in the infirmary if anything happens between now and our first class. Okay, Harry?"

He nodded his head and mumbled something that sounded vaguely like an "okay" before Hermione left the Great Hall. As soon as she exited the room, Harry set his plate to the side and opened Remedies for Common Curses, Enchantments and Spells of the Modern Wizarding World.

He had the page with the Acutus Potion already book marked, so all he had to do was flip a few pages. He scanned the ingredient list curiously; there were plenty of peculiar things here. Although, he wasn't sure what a *normal* list looked like.

"Dragon nail clippings, no more than three lizard scales..." He read the entire list aloud, and then he got to the final ingredient. That almost made him want to laugh....

"One teaspoon of crushed Unihorn."

Harry took his time in packing up as the classroom emptied out. He had no idea what Lupin wanted to say to him — well, he *had* an idea, he just wasn't sure as to how he was going to react to what was said to him. He took a few breaths as the last students left the classroom, and approached the front desk.

"Professor..." he began to say nothing in particular when the classroom door closed shut.

"Harry." Lupin folded his neatly on a pile of recently handed-in home works. "Now I know what I saw last night—"

"I can explain!" Harry blurted out, without actually having any explanation in mind.

"There is no need for an explanation, Harry. And under normal circumstances, I would have been disappointed in you. But that is not the case."

Harry was confused. "It's not?"

"No, but this is *only* because of your current condition." After hearing that, Harry was slightly agitated; the last thing he wanted was pity. "You don't know anything about Draco Malfoy than what you've been told. You don't have your memories to know how much of an evil person he is, but you should take it from: steer clear." Harry responded with a small nod. "Is that understood?" Another small nod. "Good, you may go."

With another reason to brew the Acutus Potion, Harry left the classroom silently.

"Harry!" Hermione was shocked. "You're not serious, are you?"

Harry used his spoon to sculpt various things out of his mashed potatoes. "Of course I am, why wouldn't I be?"

"Common potion or not, sneaking into Professor Snape's office and looking for something that Malfoy broke isn't going to help you — no matter what the circumstances are. And besides— how could you think of such things while your best friend is in the hospital wing and you have not gone to see him all day?"

"Why *should* I visit him?" Harry was tired about hearing about his "best friend" from Hermione all day. He didn't remember anything about him, he wasn't going to waste time to visit Ron for a *healing* ankle.

"Because he's you're *best friend*, Harry!"

Angrily, he stood up. "Is that all?"

Hermione grabbed him by the loose end of his sleeve. "No, Harry James Potter, that is not all." He stood still for a moment, giving her a moment to state her reason. "I should let you know that not only is unihorn rare, but crushed unihorn is exceptionally toxic, Harry."

Harry wasn't going to believe her for a moment. He tugged his hand away and marched out of the Great Hall.

Draco was going mad — or at least, he felt like it. It wasn't much like a Slytherin to feel guilt, never mind compassion for another but oneself.

He stared at the fireplace in the common room in front of him and envied it's warmth. He has always been cold throughout his life. But these days, he was the coldest he has ever been, and he almost hated himself for it.

His looking at the fire was interrupted by footsteps coming from the girl's dormitories, followed by a voice.

"You're up late, Draco," said Pansy. He ignored her. "I said" —she sat on the nearest couch — "you're up late, Draco."

He contemplated ignoring her entirely, but decided against that notion. If she got too boring, he could always leave, after all. "I know."

"Why is that? Something — or *someone* on your mind?"

This was unlike Pansy; not what she said, but the way she said it. Usually it was her asking the latter question with a tone of hope. *This* question was a statement. She knew something.

"No."

"Don't lie to me, Draco."

Draco looked around the room coolly. "Who's lying?"

"I know what is going on. And I think it's down right offensive."

This was his exit cue; Draco began to stretch, implying that he was leaving in a few seconds if she didn't shut her mouth. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Honestly," Pansy scoffed, "don't pretend that I don't know."

"About what?"

Pansy rolled her eyes and stood up, beating Draco to the chase. "Well, maybe you're not ready. So just you never mind that." She walked silently out of the room, leaving Draco to the concise crackling of the fire that was soon to go out.

He checked and double checked, and there he was, sitting on his bed, with all the ingredients he needed for the Acutus Potion.

Except one.

But that was soon to be taken care of; when he was sure the Gryffindor common room was silent and empty, he planned on leaving for Snape's office. Harry jumped off the edge of his bed, and swept all of his ingredients behind the curtains the sheets created. He then went to the common room to wait for the few remaining students to leave.

The only two Gryffindors left, were just about the two students Harry could live without seeing there that night. He considered turning around and going straight back to the dormitories before Hermione scolded him.

"Now, don't tell me you're actually going to go through with this!"

Ron looked at Hermione and then turned his gaze to Harry. "Go through with what?"

Harry shot a glare at Hermione. "Nothing."

"That's *exactly* what it is, Ron. *Nothing*. Now, I'm sure Harry just knew you were here and decided to say hello to you for the *first time today*." She took a deep, aggravated breath. "Now isn't that right, Harry?"

For a moment, Harry didn't know how to respond. Seconds later, Harry found out that he didn't have to; their tiff was interrupted by an owl flying into the room, and dropping a letter at Harry's feet.

Grateful for this distraction, Harry hastily picked the letter up and unfolded it. Then without a word, he left the common room, with Hermione's shouts following him until the portrait shut behind him.

Draco must have been the most daft Slytherin there ever was (save for Crabbe and Goyle). He sat himself down atop of a table in the Great Hall — the Gryffindor table. He sat for a moment, and looked around while he fumbled with the thing her brought deep in his pocket.

And although he was in the same Great Hall that he sat and had all three meals a day for all these years... it seemed... different. All it took was a change of perspective. A change in the time of day. A change in a *seat*.

Everything changes. Everything.

Harry made his way to the Great Hall. His plan was to hear whatever Draco had to hear, and then make his way straight to Snape's office. Two birds with one stone. And he'd try not to worry about "having" to explain anything to Hermione. Who made her in charge? Nobody did, after all.

So as Harry neared the Great Hall, his heart pounded faster and faster. He had no idea why Draco wanted him there, nor did know why he was actually going. He approached the entrance and walked in.

He saw Draco, sitting there on the Gryffindor table. He stood still for a moment, because Draco didn't notice him yet. The blond was looking around the Great Hall, in an almost wonder. It was precious, Harry thought—too precious to be disturbed. So he didn't. He let Draco find him first. And once he did, that moment of preciousness was almost entirely lost. "You asked me to meet you here," Harry stated.

"I did," Draco said while hopping off of the table.

"What is it that you want?" Harry didn't take his eyes off of Draco, and noticed that one of his hands were firmly placed in his pocket. Harry eyed the pocket closely.

"I wanted to give you this." Draco removed his hand from the pocket, and held out a small golden ball. Harry cocked a brow. "I'm quite serious. It might jog your memory a bit. Being a seeker and all, it might be a bit of importance to you."

"Importance... right.." Harry reached out and took the Golden Snitch gently, brushing his hand against Draco's slightly. Causing a familiar shiver to run up his spine. "Thank you," he said awkwardly.

"Just... don't break it, will you?"

Harry cleared his throat and spoke softly, "I won't." He then turned and left the Great Hall, returning to the Gryffindor common room.

Chapter 12

“What the heart has once owned and had, it shall never lose.”

What in the hell is wrong with me, Draco breathed. He listened to Harry's footsteps drifting off back into the castle and gazed up at the stars lighting the Great Hall.

His emotions were running wild with his imagination. His gut wretched every time he began to think of the gesture he just did.

Draco threw himself face down on the Gryffindor table and decided he would stay there for a while. He felt like an idiot.

With a flutter in his stomach and the snitch his hand, Harry sauntered his way back toward the Gryffindor common room. He rolled it around in his hand and watched the light of the moon sparkle off the ball of gold, as he wondered why Draco would give this to him.

Stopping in his tracks, he began to shape some of the flashbacks he felt before. He began to feel weak but felt he needed to do one more thing before he returned to his room.

Harry took an instinctual turn to the Quidditch fields.

Returning to the Slytherin common room, Draco did his best to avoid questions from Pansy and the others about his whereabouts. He was surprised to see others still awake since he had left so long ago.

Tearing off his shoes and socks, Draco threw himself into bed. He heard that love made people do crazy things but he thought this whole ordeal was unreasonably crazy. Harry forgetting him was a great opportunity to just move on. The universe – or whatever it is that runs his life - was giving him a chance to escape his shame.

Once he figured out that Harry had wished it upon himself, when he had flitted around the Quidditch field as if bitten by a Billywig *conveniently forgetting* wasn't good enough for Draco Malfoy. He had to be in complete control of the situation, so if it was Potter who had decided to forget their moment of passion that just was not going to work. Outsmarting a Malfoy, that just wasn't possible.

Somehow, right this moment, Draco did not feel in control. Handing over his only snitch given to him by his father seemed foolish. Trying to spark a memory in Harry's mind felt like cheating.

Wincing into his pillow, he let out a groan and drifted off into sleep.

The night air felt brisk against Harry's exposed skin, but he didn't feel ready to leave just yet.

He looked to the tower he fell off of the night he lost his memory and used all his willpower to remember. There was something important he was missing, something no one else would know about.

Those around him gave every reason not to trust Draco.

But why would Draco go to such lengths to reach out to him? Why did kissing Draco feel so right?

The thought of it sent chills down his spine.

Walking over to the spot he must have fallen to, Harry stared up at the platform they must have been standing on. Long way down, Harry said to himself. He knelt down to get closer to the floor.

Wondering if it was the same spot Draco had been at when he came to.

Touching the soil, absent mindedly plucking at the grass, his mind turned blank.

Nothing.

Disappointed, he pocketed the snitch and went to his bedroom.

Draco could barely open his eyes in the morning they had been so puffy, and he hoped no one would notice. He lifted himself up to the edge of his bed and rubbed his eyes.

On the bed next to him sat Pansy, staring at him and looking concerned.

You were crying in your sleep last night, she said matter-of-factly.

He chose not to respond.

Listen Pansy looked to the floor as she spoke. I know what is going on.

You do?

Draco, you arent as subtle as you believe you are.

He didnt know how to respond, so he to try to change the subject. Where is everyone else?

At their second class. You were tossing and turning all night. I let Professor Snape know you were under the weather and he understands.

Draco misheard her. You told him? What did you say?

Not picking her gaze up off the floor, she said, I told him you were sick, Draco. Nothing else.

Oh.

And neither should you. If I were you, I would stop what I was doing before it led to trouble.

Draco sighed and Pansy stood up. Ill see you at lunch time, okay?

He watched her walk out and close the bedroom door. Sure.

Almost immediately after she had left the room his owl swooped in with a note for him. Scribbled in awful hand writing read:

Yer last detention tonight, Lupins orders. Starts at 7pm and you can meet me and Harry outside my place. Keep yer snide comments at home.

Hagrid

Butterflies filled his stomach as it turned it into a knot.

Harry hadnt seen Draco at all since last night and he was beginning to worry.

It was time for lunch and all of Malfoys usually cronies were at the Slytherin table without him. It didnt seem right. He was so hung up on it he hardly understood Rons buzzing in his ear.

Did you hear that Harry?

Huh?

Hermione was shaking her head. Ron was just asking you if you thought youd be able to start playing Quidditch with the team again. And I dont think its likely If you dont You know She blushed and clearly felt she said too much.

Im sure Harry will get his memory back, Ginny chirped.

No way, Seamus put in his two cents, if he hasnt remembered *anything* by now –

Harry interjected, Hey you guys.

Yea? Ron and Seamus said in unison.

I can hear you.

The boys looked sheepish and didnt respond. It was no wonder Harry picked up a habit of spacing out during conversations. Not only did he not know what they were talking about half the time, they were usually about him.

All of Harrys energy refocused itself when Draco entered the Great Hall and took his seat at the Slytherin table.

Seamus smirked. Well look who it is

It appears like Malfoy caught pink eye, said Hermione.

What in the blazes is pink eye? Ron scrunched his nose.

Muggle disease. It was the only words Seamus managed to fit in between shoveling mashed potatoes into his mouth.

Now, I doubt thats pink eye! Dean pointed in the direction of Malfoy with his spoon. It looks like hes been crying all morning!

Impossible. Ron shook his head. There is no way I would believe for a *minute* a Malfoy can produce a single tear.

While this conversation continued, worry brewed further in the pit of Harry's stomach. He had an awful feeling about what was going on with Draco and he made a point to figure it out with him during their last detention together.

He placed a hand in his pocket and his fingers found the snitch. He held it for a minute and quietly hoped everything with the other boy was all right.

Harry shook his head and removed his hand from the token. He had no idea what made him care so much.

It was almost time to go to detention and Draco was getting nervous.

Pansy knew what was going on and he wondered who might suspect something. At least he was safe with Crabbe and Goyle. They forgot their own first name half the time.

After nervously pacing back and forth the common room floor, Draco mustered the courage to throw on his cloak. He needed to decide so much and so soon.

He could go on and pretend the snitch meant nothing and was a random act of kindness. As a tactic to bring back his best Quidditch competition. Draco knew it was much more than that, and he was hoping he was alone in that. He could be completely honest with his feelings and use this final night as his moment to try to win Harry over one last time.

In a huff, he forced himself to leave the common room.

Unfortunately, Draco was done with feeling like an idiot.

It was fifteen minutes to seven when Harry arrived at Hagrid's hut with Hermione accompanying him.

Are you sure you will be okay with him alone, Harry?

I'll be fine, Hermione.

Promise?

Yes, I promise. Harry wondered if she was always this pushy or if it was his memory loss. She nodded and was off.

Harry found a rock to sit on while he waited for Hagrid and Malfoy. Since he didn't remember much of his relationship with Hagrid he would feel rude knocking on his door.

He didn't have to wait long until the hut's door swung wide open.

Arry! Yeh could've knocked! Hagrid gestured that he came in with his grand arm and Harry obliged him.

Thanks Hagrid, Harry said as the door closed behind them.

Now, arry Lupin told me what happened between you and you know

Harry felt his throat closing in. Draco.

I dun trust that little git. None of us do, and nor should you.

So I hear, Hagrid. The room felt smaller and smaller by the second.

It's Dumbledores orders, now, that I leave you two alone to sort things out. Hagrid must have noticed Harry's color fading because he waved his hand in agreement. Now, I know that sounds crazy to me, too, but I'll trust anything he says. If yeh ask me it's a good time to bury this and put it all behind yeh.

There was a knock at the door and Hagrid let the opposing force in with resent. Yer late, Malfoy. It's seven-o-five.

Draco seemed uncomfortable at the comment. I was waiting outsi –

Yeh shoulda knocked. Anyway, yer both gonna do some weed pickin tonight and that's that. Neither of the boys had a comment. Good. It's in the forbidden forrest but yeh two will live I'm sure.

Harry was certain he heard Malfoy gulp.

Dont yeh get yer knickers all bunched up on yeh, Malfoy. It'll be right on the outskirts and I'll just need yeh trimming these pesky weeds off Firenze's rosebushes, is all. And then yeh both will be relieved of duty. Got it?

He took their silence as an agreement and led them to the woods.

Draco hated the forest at night.

He tried not to show it, especially after Hagrid had left him alone with Harry. The boys stared at the ivy-covered rose bushes dumbfounded. He also hated roses.

So Do you know how to do this? You lived with muggles, right?

Harry actually laughed. Draco, I dont remember anything.

A familiar pang of hurt hit his chest. The term *I dont remember* was excruciating and he was sick of hearing it. You really dont, huh? His question felt rhetorical but he expected an answer anyway.

Draco, Harrys tone was soft, Im sorry.

Its okay.

No, it really isnt. Im sorry for whatever happened between us that I cant remember. Im sorry for putting you through this. Harry placed his hand on Dracos shoulder and looked him in the eyes. But you can rest assured you wont have to be exposed to me anymore after tonight. Tonight we can say goodbye and you can live your life and Ill figure out mine.

No. Dracos eyes were glossing over. You cant say that You Harry, please. He wanted to touch Harrys arm, he wanted to touch Harrys lips, but he was completely paralyzed. He knew where this was going and he began to feel retched even thinking about it. Draco stared down at the grass beneath him.

I dont know, what happened, or what you think happened. But Draco Harry placed his hand on Dracos chin, forcing him to look up him. I cannot pretend that I love you when I dont.

These words hurt Draco more than he could have imagined in his worst and wildest dreams. He felt as though his legs were going to disappear from under him. Tears welled up and poured out involuntarily but he did not let out a sob.

Instead, Draco threw himself at Harry at one last desperate attempt. Harry tasted sweet and the sensation of his hand softly drifting down Dracos chin down his neck to his shoulders drove him mad. The sensation of kissing him and crying all at the same time was indescribable. Hed never feel so passionate, so wild, or so *desperate*.

The realization of what was going on horrified Draco, and he ripped himself away from Harry. Afraid of looking his victim in the eye anymore, he turned to physically run from the situation.

As he turned he felt a firm grip on his arm pulling him back around. When he was face to face with his almost lover, he expected to see hate searing through Harrys eyes. Draco shuddered in anticipation before their eyes met and he saw no such thing; he saw astonishment.

Draco, Harry exhaled, Draco I remember.

It was like a thousand of alarms going off in Harrys mind all at once. The moment his lips collided with Dracos everything had made sense. He remembered the prefects bathroom, the wishing potion he made, the fall he took, and everything that fell after.

He realized the pain he must have put Draco through and he grabbed him hard and held him close to him. Draco, he whispered in his ear, I am so sorry for everything.

Draco didnt respond, but did not refuse when Harry kissed him on the ear, and then the cheek and then on the mouth. They kissed like they never had before and like they never will again. His heart ached from telling Draco he didnt love him, and he pulled away and to look him in the eye.

I love you Draco Malfoy, and I am so sorry that I tried to wish our memories away.

Draco nodded rapidly to accept the apology, Its okay. I knew youd come back.

You did?

Youre Harry Potter, he said, You always do.

Harry kissed him. And I always will.

Draco kissed him back with fervor and the world disappeared.

The two stayed in their embrace for the remainder of their last detention together. When Hagrid came back to check on them, Harry informed him his memory was back and there was no reason to punish him or Malfoy. He assured Hagrid that he remembered hating him and any other Slytherin. Weak excuse or not, Hagrid was glad to hear that Harry came to his senses. He let them go back to the castle together.

When they reached the foot of the stairs leading to the Slytherin common room, the pair stopped. I dont want you to leave me again.

Looking at Draco this vulnerable pained Harry. Something about the last few days deteriorated his shell. Guilt panged further. I promise I wont, ever, ever again. He drew the other boy close to him and kissed him on the ear. Draco?

Yes?

I love you.

I know. Harry smirked. I love you too, Harry.

Ill never leave you.

I know.

They kissed goodnight, and Harry watched Draco walk down the stairwell before heading back to his dorm. His guilt from putting Draco through the last few days will take some time to fade. He met a new side of Draco tonight he never knew before.

He kind of liked it.

Harry Potter never slept so soundly while dreaming of Draco Malfoy.

When he returned to the Slytherin common room, it was unusually quiet. He appreciated the quiet in the common room. He could hear his own heart pound and thought itd come right out from his chest.

He never thought tonight would come, but he was happy it transpired the way it did. He hoped to start feeling like himself again, and not some lovesick fool. Things would be different for him and Harry now.

Entering his bedroom he found the other fifth years asleep, and when he laid eyes on his own bed he was taken aback by the unexpected.

Its late for you, Draco, Pansy drawled.

What are you doing in my bed?

So you ended things with Potter? Her whisper was low. She was making an effort not to have the other Slytherins overhear.

Yes, he lied. Harry decided it would be best to hide their love from others, at least until they graduated.

She looked at him, skeptical, before finally spitting out, good.

Good.

She got up from his bed and walked up to him. Draco was afraid she was going to kiss him when she said, thats all I wanted to know. Goodnight Draco.

She leaned forward and Draco started to panic. Instead, she kissed him on the cheek and left the room.

He put the event out of his mind as soon as he crawled into bed.

Harry flooded his thoughts until he drifted off to his first peaceful sleep in days.

Thats great! You can start practice tomorrow, then!

Ron! Harry *just* got his memory back! Give him some time to adjust!

Aw, come on, Hermione. I bet Harry cant wait to get back on the Quidditch field. Cant you, Harry?

Rons right, Hermione. I have to get back at it. It was great to feel like himself again.

I told you, Hermione. Hed get right back at it.

But thats not the point Ron, Harry can take care of himself!

Their voices faded to static as Harry gazed upwards. A flock of owls came in delivering every student their respective share of mail. Harry only got one envelope, which he opened straight away.
Meet me at the Astronomy Tower. Eleven PM sharp.

-Malfoy

Harry's eyes danced across the room to find a pair of bright blue eyes looking back at him. He couldn't help but smile, and did not care if anyone noticed.

It was great to feel like Harry Potter again. Draco and all.

FIN