



Title: *What If*

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Summary: *What would have happened if Harry had accepted Draco's hand all those years ago? Draco wonders everyday...so he goes back in time to figure out.*

Chapter #1: Hidden Desire

Draco Malfoy didn't think it was possible, but apparently it was. He was head over heels in love with Harry Potter.

It had come to him out of the blue during the summer. He had been bored and was lying on his bed thinking about school and his approaching 17th birthday. This year would be his last at Hogwarts, the one place he had ever felt safe.

His 17th birthday was in his thoughts because that would be the day he was supposed to receive the Dark Mark.

Even though his entire life had been preparation for that moment, Draco couldn't find it in himself to feel happy. The more he thought about it, the more he realized he didn't want to become a Death Eater. The thought at first had scared him but after a few more moments of contemplation, he wasn't as surprised as he should have been.

He didn't take orders from anyone and he certainly couldn't see himself bowing before a man who killed Muggleborns when he himself was a Half-Blood. Of course, the change in sides meant he would have to join forces with Potter. Just the thought of the youth made Draco's stomach churn.

At least he's better looking! Draco found himself thinking. *...His hair isn't so bad...kind of that permanent post-shag look...and those eyes!*

As soon as the thought crossed Draco's mind, his eyes widened and he sat up in horror.

"Did I just...think Potter was...attract-attract-?"

Draco couldn't even bring himself to say the words "Potter" and "attractive" in the same sentence. He shook his head and rubbed his eyes furiously.

It's the heat... he thought as he realized how hot his room was all of a sudden. *The heat is making me delusional...maybe flying for a bit will help.*

So Draco grabbed his new Firebolt and headed outside the Manor for a bit. Once he was in the air, all his thoughts of Potter were gone. He absolutely loved flying and Quidditch. He zoomed around the property a couple of times before slowing down and flying at a more leisurely pace.

He had been training extra hard this summer and was almost sure he could beat Potter at Quidditch this year. He closed his eyes in bliss as he pictured the look of horror on Potter's face when he finally caught the Snitch.

His eyes wide with shock and anger...

His hair even messier than usual from the wind...

His cheeks flush red from embarrassment...

Narrowed startling green eyes and a glare fixed on Draco as though they were the only two on the pitch...

Draco's eyes flew open as he realized the thought was having more of an effect on him than it should have. His pants were now too tight for comfort and he had to swerve sharply to avoid crashing into the wall of the Manor.

Muttering to himself and flying through his open bedroom window, Draco forced all thoughts of Harry Potter out of his mind. He threw his broom on his bed and headed into the shower, turning on the cold water full blast. It took awhile before his "problem" was gone and when it was, he got moodily out of the shower.

He went back to his room, changed into his pajama bottoms and slipped into bed, even though it was only 7:45.

Why am I suddenly thinking about Potter this way? Draco thought hours later when his attempts to fall asleep and forget about The Boy Who Lived failed dismally. *He's been nothing but a nuisance since the day we met! And even if I do like-tolerate, I mean tolerate him...it wouldn't do much...he wouldn't give me a chance...he didn't before...*

His thoughts turned to their first meeting in Madam Malkin's and then their second meeting on the train when he had extended his hand in friendship and Potter had shot him down because of what he had said to Weasley.

Stupid Weasley! Draco thought bitterly. *If I had gotten to that compartment first I would be Harr-Potter's best friend...*

Maybe even more...

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It was a week before he was due to go back to school and Draco was still bored. By now he had decided to give up trying not to think of Potter because it was giving him constant headaches.

Not only was the boy in his thoughts but he was also in his dreams. After many sleepless nights, Draco concluded that he not only liked the Gryffindor Golden Boy, but was very nearly obsessed with him.

This little revelation seemed to help his unsettled mind and his headaches soon disappeared. He eventually welcomed the dreams of Potter and he now grew worried when he *wasn't* thinking about him.

Right now Draco was currently wandering around the Manor Library trying to find something to read. As he walked by the many shelves, a certain book caught his eye.

It was a large blood red book with silver lettering on the side: *Weaving Through Time: A Guide To Fixing The Mistakes Of The Past*

Draco paused in front of the book, his eyes wide in shock as the possibilities raced through his mind. He gulped nervously and looked around, making sure he was alone. When he saw the coast was clear, Draco wiped his sweaty palms on his shorts and carefully removed the book from the shelf.

It was heavy and caked with dust and cobwebs. Draco blew the dust away and cleaned the book with his handkerchief. He found his hands shaking slightly as he held the book to his chest and began searching the shelves frantically for any other books on time travel.

When he left sometime later, he had three other books clutched to his chest; *Recalling Memories From Another Past*, *Time Travel Without A Time Turner* and *Back To The Future: How To Go Back To Your Original Time*.

He sat on his bed that night with the four books in front of him, just staring at the covers as different scenarios raced through his mind. If he could go back and fix that one mistake...would it make a difference?

Would Potter be in Slytherin?

Would they be best mates?

Would Potter laugh as Draco was making fun of Longbottom in Potions or imitating Granger behind her back?

Would Draco's father be angry with him if he found out he didn't want the Dark Mark? Or would Lucius be on Potter's side?

Draco, his mind made up, pulled *Weaving Through Time* onto his lap and gingerly opened to *Chapter #1: Realizing Your Mistake*.

He was going to do it. He didn't know when...and he didn't know how...but Draco was going to go back in time to see what would have happened if Potter-oh, all right-Harry accepted his hand that day on the train.

He decided he was going to read all four books cover to cover and know them like the back of his hand before he got to Hogwarts. Then, once he was done with that, he would research more in the Hogwarts Library and fix the plan that was already forming in his mind...and hopefully put it into action before Halloween...

Because he was in love with Harry Potter...

And he was determined to have him no matter what...

As he pulled a piece of parchment and quill over to take notes, Draco thought, *this is going to be a long two months...*

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Draco sighed as he pushed his trunk along Platform 9 ¾. It had been a tiresome week and his mind was spinning with all the information on time travel he had absorbed. He had spent the last week locked up in his room, reading page after page of information.

He only stopped every five hours to use the bathroom, shower, or sleep and his meals had been delivered by a house elf three times a day, though he would eat while he read. He had taken so many notes they now occupied three of his parchment books, which had been intended for school, but Draco didn't care, this was more important.

He was lucky he had finished at around ten the night before so he was able to get more than two hours of sleep. He was now dressed in his school uniform, minus the robes, and was levitating his trunk onto the train. As he moved through the crowded corridors, trying to find a seat to himself, a shrill voice reached his ears.

"Drakey! There you are!" Pansy Parkinson exclaimed, throwing her arms around his neck. "I haven't heard from you all week! Have you been avoiding me?"

Draco inwardly groaned at the sight of the annoying girl as he pushed past her.

"Drakey? Drakey where are you going?" Pansy demanded as she made a move to follow.

She was blocked however by a particularly large group of third year Hufflepuffs, which gave Draco the chance to escape. He made it all the way to the end of the train where a few compartments were still empty.

He slipped into the last one and, after putting his trunk in the storage compartment, Draco slipped on his robes, and pulled out one of his notebooks and Ready to Write quill out of his bag.

He immediately became engrossed in his notes, circling certain things that applied to his "situation" and underlining things he knew he would need. He barely registered the train lurching forward as it started towards Hogwarts and only paused to retrieve his second notebook.

He was so deep in his thoughts and notes, that he didn't hear his compartment open.

"What are you doing here?"

The voice immediately sent chills down Draco's spine and he closed his eyes briefly in disbelief. *Oh Merlin...he thought. Why him...now?*

Draco slowly looked up from his reading and into the large green eyes of none other than Harry Potter.

Draco tried to keep himself from launching at the boy. It seemed the summer had been good to Potter...very good...

His was no longer short and skinny, but had grown to a respectable height of 5'9 and had bulked up slightly.

He was still thin, but not in an unhealthy way and his hair was still unruly, except slightly longer and he no longer wore glasses. His skin was tan and his clothes, Draco was pleased to see, were actually his size and not hanging off of him because they were too large.

Sweet Merlin in stilettos he looks good! Draco thought as he eyed Potter up and down. Harry seemed to notice and narrowed his eyes.

"What are you looking at Malfoy?" he asked, his guard up.

"Nothing Potter," Draco spat as he snapped out of his momentary daze. He may have come to grips with his feelings, but that didn't mean he was going to go around treating Potter nicely and staring at him like some kind of lovesick Hufflepuff first year.

"What are you doing here?" Harry asked again, crossing his arms.

"Well," Draco drawled. "Seeing as we both go to the same school and this train is our way there, I guess the logical answer would be: going to school."

He was pleased to see Potter's cheeks tinge a slight red with anger and embarrassment.

"I meant why are you back here by yourself? Shouldn't you be in the Prefects' compartment?" he asked.

Damn...forgot... Draco thought. But out loud he said. "I'm Head Boy, Potter, and if I don't feel like going then I don't have to." He pointed to the shiny Head Boy badge pinned to his robes.

"That's funny, seeing as you're supposed to be telling the Prefects what to do and we both know how you love to boss people around..." Harry said.

Draco sighed and went back to his notes. "Must you be so annoying, Potter," he asked. "Why don't you run along and play with your boyfriend and the Mudblood?"

"He's not my boyfriend and don't call her that!" Harry snapped immediately. "And I'd rather leave them alone now that they're dating and all..."

"Ugh, are you trying to make me sick Potter?" Draco asked as he felt a wave of nausea at the thought of the Weasel and Granger together...though he was slightly happy that it wasn't Harry and the Weasel or Harry and the Mudblood.

Silence fell between the two as Draco became engrossed in his notes again. He sighed with relief as he heard the door close but didn't look up.

Thank god he's gone! He thought. *One more second of him standing there like that I would have-*

The sound of someone flopping down on the seat in front of him jerked Draco out of his thoughts once again.

"Potter, what do you think you're doing?" he asked with narrowed eyes as he looked over his notebook at the boy, who had made himself comfortable on the seat in front of Draco.

"Everywhere else is full and as long as we don't talk to each other, I'm sure we can make it through a train ride without killing each other," Harry said pulling a Chocolate Frog out of his bag and opening it. It was quite melted, probably due to the heat, and Draco's mind suddenly painted a picture of Harry, dripping in melted chocolate, pinned down at his mercy.

"Do you get off on making my life hell?" Draco asked snapping out of his mini daydream. Inside he was dancing around singing at the fact that Harry was, willingly, sitting in the same compartment with him.

"Funny, I've been meaning to ask you that for years," Harry said as he licked a bit of melted chocolate off his finger.

Draco gulped and tore his eyes away from the sight before he got one of his "problems". He went back to reading, though he couldn't concentrate with Harry being so close that he could read out and touch him, which he was trying to stop himself from doing.

He didn't notice Harry was looking down at his open bag.

"Time Travel Without A Time Turner..."

Draco's eyes widened in fear and he immediately dropped his notebook so he could grab, and close his bag. "Those are private things, Potter!" he snapped putting his bag on the seat next to him. "What makes you think you can go through them?"

"I wasn't going through anything, Malfoy!" Harry shot back, holding his hands up in surrender. "It was open...I was just looking..."

"Didn't anyone ever tell you that it's wrong to stick your nose in where it doesn't belong?" Draco snapped, snatching up his notebook as well when he noticed Harry's eyes stray to where it lay, open, on the floor between them.

"I should be asking you that, you hypocrite!" Harry snapped back. "Ever since first year you've been in my business and I never did anything to you!"

"The hell you didn't!" Draco lashed out before grabbing his things and storming out of the compartment, leaving an angry, and slightly confused Harry Potter behind.

Chapter #2: Stupid Mistakes

To say Harry was confused would be an understatement.

For the life of him he couldn't remember what he had done to Malfoy to make him hate him so much. The only thing he could think of was turning him down in first year, but surely Malfoy wouldn't hold a grudge like that for six years...would he?

Harry sighed heavily and ran a hand through his hair, his eyes flicking over to the seat that Malfoy had occupied just moments before. They widened in realization.

There was a piece of parchment lying right where one of Malfoy's notebooks had been.

Harry's eyes flicked to the door briefly before he leaned over and carefully picked up the folded parchment. What he had expected to be a note of some kind, was actually a chart. A rather large chart that unfolded many times so that when he held it up, it looked as if he was reading a map.

There were dates, names and what looked like locations scribbled down in, what Harry guessed, was chronological order. As he read a few of the ones at the bottom, his mind became more confused as he realized the events he was looking at, involved him in some way.

What the bloody hell is this? Harry asked himself as he read about the incident in 5th year when he and George Weasley had attacked Malfoy on the Quidditch Pitch after a game.

Why does Malfoy have a chart about me? What is he playing at?

As Draco marched through the corridors of the train the anger that had risen slowly began to dissipate and soon he was left with a cold feeling of panic.

He had nearly slipped back there. It was likely that Potter didn't know his refusal had hurt Draco so bad, therefore he was probably going to hound Draco until he told him what he meant by 'The hell you didn't'.

Soon Draco found a compartment with only two second year Ravenclaws and kicked them out before slamming the door behind them. He dropped into his seat and pulled out his notebooks again.

As he began to thumb through the pages, the panic in his chest rose to an exceptional high.

Where is it? he asked frantically as he searched his books and his bag for the chart that he had made.

About four days ago he had followed instructions from Weaving Through Time and had made a chart of all the arguments and disagreements he and Harry had had over the years.

He had been surprised at how large the chart had gotten and he had started it off with Harry's refusal of his hand.

Shit! Oh shit! Draco thought as he nearly began to hyperventilate. *I must have left it in the compartment...with Potter!*

He booked it out of the compartment, placing a quick locking charm on the door, before he ran all the way back to the end of the train. He reached the last compartment and he threw the door open.

And nearly fainted...

Harry held the chart, open, and was reading it...

When he heard the door slide open, Harry looked up and paled.

There was Malfoy. His cheeks were red and his robes were disheveled. He was breathing heavily, which told Harry he had probably just remembered he left his parchment and had ran the length of the train to come back for it.

His eyes were fixed on the chart in Harry's hands and he looked as though he were ready to kill him at any second.

"What...the...bloody...hell...are...you...doing!" he ground out through his panting as he took a few angry steps forward.

"What am I doing?" Harry asked, standing quickly to defend himself. "What are you doing? What the hell is this Malfoy?"

"Apparently what I said before didn't penetrate your thick skull!" Draco snapped, blatantly ignoring Harry's question. "It's wrong to stick your nose in where it doesn't belong! And looking at my things certainly falls into that category!"

"You're the idiot who left it Malfoy!" Harry snapped back. "I was just curious as to what it was!"

Draco didn't answer. He snatched the parchment out of Harry's hands and turned on his heel while folding it closed. He marched out of the compartment away from Harry...or so he thought...

He nearly cried out in frustration when he heard the unmistakable sound of Harry's following footsteps.

"What's the parchment for Malfoy?" Harry demanded. "Why do you have events involving me written down?"

"None of your business Potter!" Draco hissed. "I thought we established that already."

"The hell it isn't my business!" Harry snapped, hurrying his pace so he could step in front of the Slytherin and block his way. "When I see a chart with dates, locations and my name, I think it is my business."

"Well it's not so get over it and get out of my way!" Draco snapped.

"Oy! What's going on?"

Draco groaned. "Today's not my day..." he muttered to himself as he saw the Weasel and Mudblood hurrying towards them.

"Malfoy here was just about to tell me why he had my name written down on a piece of parchment," Harry said crossing his arms.

"Fuck off, Potter!" Draco snapped. "I told you it's none of your business and I bloody meant it so just leave me alone!"

"What parchment, Harry?" Granger asked, ignoring the Slytherin.

"This one," Harry said, making a move to grab the parchment from Draco. But the blonde was quicker and dodged around Harry as he moved.

"Malfoy, give Harry back his parchment!" the Weasel said, trying to look menacing.

"It's not his you git! It's mine and Potter's just being a nosy sod and won't leave me alone!" Draco exclaimed angrily. "All I was doing was sitting by myself reading and he comes into my compartment being annoying, not that he can help it, and just because he wants to know my business and I won't let him he's throwing a hissy fit!"

"Is the parchment yours, Harry?" Granger asked her friend.

"No..." Harry replied reluctantly.

"Then you can go, Malfoy," Granger said diplomatically. "If Malfoy doesn't want anyone to know what the parchment is, he has that right."

Draco made an impatient noise before marching towards his other compartment.

"But Hermione..." he heard Harry whine.

God why do I love that annoying Gryffindor? Draco asked himself. *I wasn't even doing anything to him...for once!*

Then, a little voice in the back of his mind spoke up.

He came to you this time...maybe there's some hope for you.

Draco snorted in disbelief. *Yeah right...the only way there will be hope is if I change that one event.*

Maybe you just have to change yourself...ever think of that? The voice asked.

Shut up! Draco told it as he slipped into his compartment and put the chart with his things again.

Instead of going back to his notes, Draco sat by the window, thinking. Now that Potter was suspicious of him, he would have to be extra careful.

He remembered a certain passage from *Time Travel Without A Time Turner*:

It is very important that the person who is intending to travel in time does so in secrecy. If anyone other than that person knows about the time travel, then their mind will be able to fight off the time changes.

Such was the case with Alphaba Plankhook. When she finally discovered how to time travel, she told everyone she knew and when she went back and changed who invented the Time Turner to make it seem like she did it, it didn't affect the people she had told so they didn't think it had worked. She lived the rest of her life in solitude going over her notes trying to find out what she had done wrong.

If Potter found out what Draco was trying to do, then all the hard work he had done thus far would have been for nothing.

Damn him and his stubbornness! Draco thought. *If he thinks something's going on he doesn't stop until he finds out what it is! I can't let that happen...I WON'T let that happen...*

When the train had finally stopped at Hogsmeade station, Draco had come to the conclusion that he had been careless earlier. By skipping out on the meeting and blowing off Pansy he had already made himself suspicious.

From now on, he needed to keep up appearances and make it seem like this was any old school year.

So, he made sure his notes were tucked into his bag and he left his compartment to find his fellow Slytherins.

"Drakey there you are! Where did you go? I missed you!" Pansy exclaimed, throwing her arms around his neck when she saw him.

"So sorry Pansy dear, I wasn't feeling well so I decided to grab a compartment for myself," Draco said forcing a small smile when all he really wanted to do was pry her arms from his neck.

She believed his lie and let go of his neck, only to latch onto his arm. "You scared me Drakey, I thought you didn't like me anymore!" she pouted in a childish way.

When she turned away Draco rolled his eyes, an action that didn't go unnoticed by the arrival of his best friend, Blaise Zabini.

"Alright there Draco?" he asked with a grin as Pansy kept chatting on and on about her summer vacation, as though they were interested. He received a glare which he knew was code for 'Get this wench off of me!'

"Pansy dear, why don't you go find us a carriage?" Blaise asked.

Pansy agreed. "See you later Drakey!" she said kissing his cheek before disappearing into the crowd. When she was gone Draco wiped his cheek on his sleeve.

"Why do we hang out with her again?" he asked Blaise as they began making their way towards the carriages.

"We don't hang out with her," Blaise said. "She hangs onto us...well you, actually."

Blaise soon disappeared into the carriage Pansy had saved while Draco waved goodbye to him and hurried to the Head Boy/Head Girl carriage. As he opened the door to get in, he heard Potter's voice.

"See you at the feast Hermione!"

He turned and inwardly groaned as he noticed Granger making her way towards his carriage, a shiny Head Girl's badge pinned to her neat robes.

"Hello again, Malfoy," she said briskly as she stepped into the carriage. "Thank you."

As if I would hold the door open for you, Mudblood... Draco thought bitterly as he climbed in after her.

He closed the door behind him and they remained silent as the carriages began their journey to Hogwarts.

"So what really was on that parchment, Malfoy?" Granger asked suddenly, about more than half way through the short journey. "It must be pretty important if you didn't want us to see."

"What is it with you Gryffindors?" Draco asked irritated. "You see your names on something and automatically you think you have to know about it."

"So Harry's name was on the parchment," Granger said smirking.

Damn her!

"Listen, Granger, just because we're Head Boy and Head Girl doesn't mean we're going to get along. It's going to be like every other year. I insult you, you insult me, we argue, etc." Draco drawled.

"So far, I haven't done anything to you all, you've been hounding me! Do you want me to go back to insulting you?"

"Well, do you want me to go back to smacking you in the face?" Granger asked with another smirk.

Draco rolled his eyes. "You three are so annoying," he muttered, rubbing his temples as a headache began to emerge.

"Hey, Harry just wants to know why you have his name on your parchment," Granger said holding her hands up in surrender.

"Oh I see, and Harry always gets what he wants..." Draco said glaring.

Granger looked at him for a second. "Did you just call him Harry?" she asked.

The word 'Damn' was now a permanent expression in his mind.

"I was just imitating you," Draco said smoothly, though on the inside he was beating himself up for his slip.

Granger opened her mouth, no doubt to argue, but the carriage jerked to a stop and Draco hopped out.

Get a hold of yourself Draco! He mentally scolded. You just said you were going to be more careful and there you go, slipping up again! Stupid! Stupid! Stupid!

"Drakey!" came Pansy's shrill voice.

Draco groaned. "I hate my life," he muttered.

Chapter #3: Unexpected Help

The first week back at school had been hell for Draco. His classes this year were ten times harder making it nearly impossible for him to go to the Library and do research for his plan.

First, he had awoken on Monday morning to Pansy jumping on him screeching. "Morning Drakey!"

He had nearly killed Blaise who thought it had been funny and who had noticed his friend was tense and was trying to get him to lighten up.

Not having much time after class to research, Draco sometimes brought a book to meals. He had endured his friends' confused and curious stares whenever he opened it to read and had to stop himself several times from hexing them. In the end he stopped going to meals and just went for a snack in the kitchens instead.

When Friday rolled around, Draco made sure all his homework was done before he gathered his, what he called 'Harry Stuff', and made his way to the Library. Being so close to the beginning of the year, there were hardly any students there, except a couple of 7th year Ravenclaws getting some early studying for their N.E..

Draco made his way to the back of the Library to put his bag down before he disappeared between the shelves. He came back a short while later with only three books.

"You would expect to find more books in this Library," Draco muttered as he pulled the first one in front of him. After about an hour of looking through the book, the only thing he found on time travel was a tiny snip it about Time Turners. The same was for the other books.

"There's got to be more!" Draco said to himself as he put the books back in their proper spots. As he made his way back to his table, he passed the Restricted Section. He paused briefly and peeked in.

There has to be books in there! Draco thought, biting his lip as he hurried to the Librarian desk. For the first time that week he was happy he was a Head Boy. Head Boy and Head Girl got special privileges that even Prefects didn't get, and using the Restricted Section whenever they wanted was definitely one of them.

"Excuse me Madam Pince," he said politely. "Can I please have the key to the Restricted Section? I need to check for a certain Potions book."

He gave her one of his winning Malfoy smiles. She didn't smile back but she did hand over the key without question. Draco returned to his table an hour later with an armload of books.

He placed them down carefully before settling in his chair. He worked for two hours straight, reading through the books and checking his notes. When he found something he had already read in one of his other books, he used his red inked quill and checked it in his notes, confirming that it was true.

He didn't realize that the 7th year Ravenclaws had left to dinner or that sunshine no longer filled the Library. Before Draco knew it he had dozed off.

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"Snape doesn't seem as nasty this year does he?" Ron asked as he, Harry and Hermione piled food on their dinner plates.

"To you," Harry said bitterly. "That's because he's too busy being mean to me that he hardly gets a chance to bully anyone else."

"Cheer up mate," Ron said patting his friend on the back. "This is our last year. You should be happy."

Harry sighed. Ron was right, he *should* be happy...but he wasn't. For some reason, he had a growing feeling of dread that the final showdown with Voldemort would be at the end of this year. The thought kept him awake many nights.

Only this week, he had been thinking about other things; the main one being Malfoy. He hadn't seen the boy much, not that he was complaining, but he was still suspicious. That day on the train kept replaying in Harry's mind and, even though Malfoy was acting like himself, Harry could tell he was up to something.

Despite him telling them over and over again, Ron and Hermione didn't think it was anything big. They thought he was just being paranoid.

Harry's eyes swept the Great Hall and noticed the absence of the silvery blonde hair.

"Geez Hermione slow down," Ron said as his girlfriend hurriedly ate her dinner.

"Can't," she said through mouthfuls of mashed potatoes. "I have to get to the Library."

"Trying to read every book before we graduate?" Harry asked smirking.

Hermione threw him a dirty look as she put down her fork and picked up her bag. "See you in the common room," she said before hurrying out of the Great Hall.

The walk to the Library was a quiet one as usual. Hermione knew she would be alone because everyone was at dinner and she smiled happily as she pushed open the door and

made her way into the large room. Madam Pince was nowhere in sight as Hermione made her way to the back to her favorite table.

When she turned the corner, however, she stopped dead.

Draco Malfoy was sitting at her table, more than several open books lying around him. His head was resting on one of them as he slept soundly. Hermione softly crept closer and peered at the books.

Her eyes widened as she noticed they all had to do with time travel, even the one he was using as a pillow. She remembered Harry telling her of the book he had seen Malfoy with on the train and a few things began clicking in her head.

Harry was right. Malfoy is up to something; and that something had to do with changing the past. Hermione concluded as she peaked at his notebook.

Suddenly Malfoy sat up, yelping loudly as he saw Hermione standing right next to him.

"Granger!" he exclaimed hurriedly closing the books around him and pulling them closer.

"What the bloody hell are you doing here?"

"It's the Library Malfoy," was all Hermione said.

"Right," Draco muttered, closing his notebooks and shoving them into his bag. "And is there a particular reason you were leaning over me while I slept?"

"Well is there a reason why you were sleeping in the Library?" Hermione asked. "Last time I checked it was here for research."

"Bugger off," he snapped. "I *was* researching, not that it's any of *your* business. I just dozed off."

"I can see you were researching," Hermione said gesturing to the books Draco was now holding.

He sneered and turned to walk away.

"Funny thing time travel," Hermione said gingerly. As she suspected Malfoy froze and turned to look at her. "Takes a lot of research if someone is planning to do it. One miscalculation and they can change everything."

"I'll keep that in mind," Draco drawled before heading back to the Restricted Section to put some of the books away. Hermione followed.

"Alright Malfoy, Harry was right, you are up to something," she said once they were in-between the shelves.

"Just leave me alone," Draco snapped as he impatiently shoved the books back on the shelves. "I can do whatever I please and I certainly don't need to tell you about it."

"I am only asking because I know it involves Harry and he is my best friend!" she snapped back. "If you do anything to hurt him you will have me to answer to!"

Draco snorted. "That supposed to scare me Mudblood?" he spat.

"It should Ferret," Hermione said glaring back.

"If you must know, what I am doing is not going to hurt Harry," Draco said before he could stop himself. He promptly shut his mouth when he realized he had used the boy's first name out loud again and he had just admitted that he was going to do something.

Hermione didn't miss it. "You called him Harry again," she said, her eyes narrowing suspiciously. "I don't get you Malfoy! You have never passed up the opportunity to annoy and make our lives hell yet here you are not bothering to insult us as much...writing Harry's name on piece of parchment...calling him by his first name..."

Draco could see the wheels turning in her head as her voice trailed off. He realized he needed to get out of there...and fast!

"Just leave me alone Granger!" Draco exclaimed pushing past her.

He almost made it out of the Restricted Section when he heard her gasp.

"Oh my god!"

He stopped and turned sharply towards her. Her mouth was open in surprise and she was pointing at him.

DAMN IT! Draco thought. The damage was done, she knew.

"You-You-," she began but before she could get the rest out Draco hurried forward and clamped his hand over her mouth.

"Don't," he said in a dangerous tone. "Don't you dare say it!"

He slowly removed his hand but Hermione still stood there in shock. "Oh my god," she repeated. "Malfoy...oh my god...how long?"

But Draco didn't answer. He turned on his heel and fled, leaving a very confused and surprised Muggleborn behind him.

OoOoOoO

Smooth Draco, absolutely brilliant! Draco scowled to himself as he hurried to his Head Boy room. *Now Granger knows! Idiot, idiot, idiot!*

Briefly Draco thought about going back and Obliviating her but the thought soon left his mind as the little voice in his head spoke up.

She could help you know... it said slyly. *She may be a Mudblood but she's a smart Mudblood...*

She won't help me, Draco thought back. *If anything, she'll try to figure out what I'm doing and put a stop to it. I just have to avoid her...*

He reached his Head Boy quarters and angrily threw his bag on the floor.

The Head Boy common room was smaller than his house common room, though it was decorated in Slytherin colors. There was a small fireplace next to the portrait whole, with a squishy Slytherin green couch in front of it. Straight ahead was the staircase that led to his bedroom and on the left there was a large writing desk.

Marching upstairs Draco went to his bedroom and threw himself on the bed, with his face in the pillow, and screamed. *I need to take at least one day off from this time travel stuff...* he thought. *Tomorrow is Saturday...I scheduled Quidditch Practice so that's what I'll focus on, Quidditch...*

His thoughts of Quidditch incidentally led to thoughts of Harry, which led Draco to a sizable problem that he was about to fix when there was a sharp knock on his portrait door.

Grumbling Draco waited a minute or two to compose himself before heading down into the common room and to the portrait. He opened it and let out a frustrated growl as he saw who was there.

"How long Malfoy?" Granger asked, grabbing the portrait before Draco could slam it close.

"How long what Granger?" he drawled heading over to his bag and picking it up off the floor.

Hermione let herself into the common room and closed the portrait behind her. "How long have you had feelings for Harry?" she asked determinedly.

"And what makes you think that I do?" Draco drawled, though he knew it was pointless to keep up the charade with her any longer.

"The fact that you haven't denied it once since I arrived at the conclusion," Hermione said crisply.

"Alright fine," Draco exclaimed, too tired to even try and fix his mistake. "I have feelings for Potter. There, I said it, now leave."

"No! I'm not leaving until you explain the time travel research," Hermione said stubbornly.

"I can't," he said firmly, putting his books and notebooks on the coffee table in front of the couch, which he collapsed onto.

"Why?" Hermione asked.

"Because Granger, if I tell you then I'll ruin it," he explained. "Any time travel I may be planning to do has to be done in secret otherwise it could ruin everything."

"Malfoy, if you think I'm going to let you make Harry fall in love-." The Head Girl began, but Draco interrupted.

"I'm not going to *make* Harry fall in love with me," he said. "That's all I can say. Now, can you leave? I have to rethink everything now because you know. No one is supposed to even suspect what I've been doing but I've been so careless..."

"Yes you have," Hermione agreed.

Draco gave her a look that plainly said 'You're not helping.'

"Look, Draco," Hermione said stepping closer to the couch. "If you really do have feelings for Harry, and you aren't trying to hurt him or anything by what you are doing, I'll try and get him off your back."

Draco's mouth hung open slightly. He wasn't expecting this at all.

"Why?" he asked sharply.

"Because I can tell you really do care for him," she said. "I can tell when people are lying and you aren't. Everything is in your eyes."

Draco saw her in a new light.

"However,"

Draco rolled his eyes. *Of course there's a catch.*

"No more calling me Mudblood!" she snapped. "I know you have to keep up appearances and whatnot but if I hear that word directed towards me then that's it. I'll go to Dumbledore! And, when you put, whatever it is, into action, I want a warning. You don't have to tell me everything, I understand about time travel. If you're planning on changing something then I'd rather not know what it is."

"Granger..." Draco was speechless. "I-I don't know what to say..."

"Say 'Thank you Hermione'," Hermione said.

"Do I have to?" Draco asked. When he received a piercing glare he smiled weakly. "Just joking...thank you Hermione."

"You're welcome," she said formally. "I noticed you skipped dinner, not a smart move. You're trying not to seem suspicious and it's not working."

"No shit," Draco muttered.

"Want my advice?"

"Do I have a choice?"

"Don't skip anymore meals," Hermione went on. "Don't devote every second to this, plan thingy. You can't skip class or neglect your Head Boy duties. You've hardly terrorized first years and you're always reading or writing something down even when you're not in class...there's practically a sign above your head saying 'I'm suspicious!'"

"Alright I get it!" Draco exclaimed. "I'm not being smart. Thanks for reminding me."

"You're welcome," Hermione said again. "Now, we have Head Girl and Head Boy duties in an hour, meet you in the Entrance Hall."

And with that she walked out of his common room.

Draco rubbed his tired eyes. He knew he should be berating himself for being so careless but, he was slightly relieved. He had Granger on his side! If she couldn't make Harry back off for a bit, he didn't know who could.

Chapter #4: Quidditch Catastrophe

"Move!" Draco snarled, as he pushed through a group of third year Gryffindors, on his way to the Great Hall.

It had been a couple of weeks since Hermione had figured out his little secret, but both agreed that Draco's actions weren't as suspicious anymore.

He had decided to take her advice, and it had been working perfectly. His friends were no longer shooting him confused, or curious, looks. He stopped himself from running off to the library, immediately after classes, and he was eating proper meals, three times a day.

He found that that combined with more than four hours of sleep, actually helped him, when it came time to work on his plan. He had started rereading the books from the Manor again, and he realized he had skipped several very important points.

Of course, he asked Hermione everyday, when they were patrolling, if Harry still suspected anything. He still did, but Hermione assured him the boy wasn't as suspicious as before, and when he did start on about Malfoy, she made sure she changed the subject in some way or told him he was being foolish.

"Morning, Drakey!" Pansy exclaimed, as she saw him approaching. She practically jumped out of her seat and immediately wrapped her arms around him, pressing her lips, wetly, against his cheek.

Draco made a face as he tried to look anywhere, but at Pansy. His gaze met Hermione's, who looked as though she were trying not to laugh at his situation. Draco glared at her, though it was slightly playful, before putting on a fake smile for Pansy.

"Morning, Pansy dear," he said politely, untangling her arms from him and taking the empty seat in between her and Blaise. "Morning, Blaise."

"Morning," his friend said, opening the Daily Prophet, he had just gotten delivered.

Two barn owls landed in front of Draco, he quickly untied the large and small packages they had brought. He ignored his friends questioning looks and slipped the larger package into his bag. He had put in an order, last week, for a few supplies he would need for his time travel ritual. He was happy they had been delivered on time, so that was one less thing he had to worry about.

After checking what the smaller package was, Draco was gathering food on his plate, when a letter was dropped on top of it, his family crest on the back. Gulping slightly, Draco picked up the letter and carefully opened it.

Dear Draco,

I am glad to hear from your teachers that you are doing well this year. As you know, our dear friend can't wait to meet you on your birthday. Your party is being planned as we speak and, of course, our friend will be the guest of honor. But this letter wasn't meant to remind you of that, because I'm sure you are excited and think about it every day. What I wanted to ask was, have you taken any books out of the Manor library recently? I went looking for a certain book, that I know was there last month, but it seems to have disappeared. Well, if you know of anything, please let me know.

Your father,

Lucius

OoOoOoO

Hermione still couldn't believe that Draco had feelings for Harry. It was so unreal and unexpected. Hermione, at first, thought she had been hit on the head, but she knew that wasn't true. The more she thought about it, the more she realized that she should have seen it before.

There was a fine line between love and hate. They always showed off when the other was around, trying not to make a fool of themselves. Whenever they saw the other, their eyes were immediately drawn to each other, even if they were scowling and yelling at each other.

Hermione even suspected that Harry might have slight feelings for Draco as well, but she didn't want to push it.

She looked up from her seat at the Gryffindor table, in time to see Pansy Parkinson throw her arms around Draco. The look on his face clearly showed his disgust, which caused Hermione to try very hard not to laugh.

She caught his eye and received a glare, which she knew wasn't meant to be hateful. She had come to realize that Malfoy wasn't as bad as she had thought before. He seemed relieved that she wasn't going to stop him from doing, whatever he was doing.

"What's so funny?"

Hermione snapped back out of her thoughts and turned quickly to Harry. She wasn't sure if he had seen the exchange between her and Draco, but she didn't dwell on it.

"I was just laughing at the look on Malfoy's face when Parkinson was hugging him," she said truthfully. "You know how she says their dating. It looks like he doesn't even like her."

Harry gave her a suspicious look, before he glanced over at Malfoy. He was in time to see Pansy shift closer. It looked like she had her hand on his knee and, Hermione had been right, Malfoy didn't look too happy.

Harry shrugged. "Maybe he's finally tired of her," he said.

"He is," Hermione blurted out, without thinking. She inwardly winced, as both boys looked at her.

"How do you know?" Ron asked, raising an eyebrow.

"It's not like he told me personally or anything," Hermione said, still being truthful. "I heard him complaining to Zabini a couple of days ago."

"Oh okay," Ron said. "Pass the kippers would ya, Harry?"

Harry passed Ron the plate, before going back to his own food. He had noticed, Hermione and Malfoy had made eye contact when Pansy had hugged him. He had also noticed the glare Malfoy had used, hadn't been that much of an angry one...it had almost been, playful.

Harry glanced up at Malfoy again, in time to see him get a small package. He watched the boy unwrap a necklace. It wasn't much, just a simple silver chain with a Slytherin crest pendant hanging from the middle.

He wasn't aware he had been staring, until Malfoy shot him a glare, which he returned with one of his own, before going back to his plate once more.

"So, you ready for the Quidditch Match today, Harry?" Seamus Finnegan asked, from across the table. "Gryffindor versus Slytherin! Always an exciting game!"

"Yeah, Seamus," Harry said, smiling. "Can't wait!"

He didn't notice Hermione watching Malfoy worriedly, as he read a letter from home.

OoOoOoO

"Just remember what we went through," Draco instructed his teammates, as they got ready in the locker rooms. "Don't show them any mercy. This is our last year and I want one good Gryffindor smack down before we leave! Understand!"

"Yes Captain!" the Slytherins exclaimed, grabbing their brooms.

Draco nodded and grabbed his Firebolt, before leading the team onto the pitch. He glanced across the field and hid the smile that threatened to form, when he saw Harry leading the Gryffindor team towards them.

When they reached Madam Hooch, she glared at them both. "I want a nice clean game! From the both of you," she warned. "Captains, shake hands."

Harry extended his hand and Draco, trying not to show his eagerness, slowly took it. Their eyes locked as their hands met, in a brief, but firm, shake. They rejoined their teams and mounted their brooms.

The whistle blew and they kicked off from the ground.

Draco immediately flew higher than the rest, as he scanned the pitch for any signs of the Golden Snitch. He tried not to look at Harry, but it proved to be impossible. His eyes strayed to the black haired boy, who was looking for the Snitch as well.

Draco just loved the way Harry looked during a Quidditch game. His piercing eyes were narrowed in concentration and his cheeks were flushed red from the excitement and the wind.

Draco snapped out of his daze. In love or not...he wanted to beat Harry, and he was going to.

"Slytherin scores! 10 to 0!"

Draco shot Harry a smirk as he flew past him. "Alright there, Scarhead?" he couldn't help asking.

"Shut up, Malfoy," Harry said immediately. He was not going to let the blonde distract him from the Snitch.

The game continued for at least an hour. By that time, Slytherin was up, 50 to 20, and there was still no sign of the Snitch. Draco was surprised that his team was playing so well. He felt even happier as he heard Harry complain to Weasley.

"Ron, what the bloody hell are you doing!" he yelled loudly, seeing as they were pretty far apart. "Did we do all that training this summer for nothing? Block all the posts!"

Draco turned, wanted to see the look on Weasley's face, when he suddenly saw Harry dive. A glint of gold, circling the Gryffindor goal post, told him he wasn't faking.

Draco followed right after him, and was able to catch up, thanks to his training and new broomstick. Both Seekers were flying at breakneck speed, each extending their arm, trying to reach for the Snitch.

Draco wasn't sure who had done it, but one of his teammates hit a Bludger towards them. He heard Harry swear as the ball hit the back of his broom, causing him to spin into Draco. But the blonde managed to enclose his hand around the tiny gold ball, before they collided.

It all happened so fast, Draco wasn't really sure *what* had happened. All he knew, was the whistle had been blown, and he and Harry had both fallen off their brooms, landing in a heap on the ground. Draco landed on his back and, to his luck, Harry landed, sprawled on top of him.

If Voldemort himself would have Apparated in just then and killed him, Draco would have died a *very* happy man.

"Well Potter, looks like I finally won," he drawled, showing him the Snitch and, even though it pained him to do so, added. "Now, can you please get the hell off of me?"

Draco thought Harry was going to hit him, as he quickly stood up. But, to his surprise, The Boy Who Lived extended his hand and helped Draco off the ground. The blonde was aware that the Slytherins were screaming at the top of their lungs, and that his teammates were zooming towards him, cheering their hearts out, but all he could focus on, was Harry's hand in his, and the slight smile on the boy's face.

"Good game, Malfoy," he said, letting go of Draco's hand. "I just want to point out that, if that Bludger hadn't hit me, I would have won."

"You think so?" Draco sneered, despite his insides doing the happy dance that Harry had congratulated him.

Before Harry could answer, a loud voice interrupted. "That was a foul!"

Draco, turned and groaned, as he saw Weasley getting off his broom and marching over to them. By now, the Slytherin team had reached the two captains, and they glared at Ron as he approached.

"Weasley, I caught the Snitch, fair and square," Draco snapped. "Deal with it!"

"Come on, you saw it!" Weasley went on. "Zabini hit the Bludger-."

"Which is what I'm supposed to do, Weasel!" Blaise snapped, clutching his Beaters club threateningly. "I hit it away from Nott. Sorry, we played fair...for once."

The Slytherin team nodded in agreement. By now, the stands were beginning to empty, and Hermione and the Weaselette were making their way towards the two teams.

"Ron, he caught the Snitch fair and square," Harry said, calmly. "It's not the end of the world. All we have to do is beat Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw..."

"Good luck with that, Potter," Draco interrupted. "With Weasley's skills, he might as well put the Quaffle through the hoops for them."

The next thing he knew, Weasley's fist had connected with his eye. Draco yelled and punched back, forgetting the Snitch was still in his hand. He was happy he did forget, because the hard gold, combined with the force of his punch, knocked Weasley backwards.

Weasley recuperated, and the two ended up on the ground, beating the life out of each other. A few teammates tried to separate them, but stray punches forced them back.

Suddenly, the Slytherin Seeker and Gryffindor Keeper were ripped away from each other. Blaise was holding Draco back, and Harry was holding Ron. The red head was sporting a bloody nose and a black eye. There was a slight cut on his cheek, where the wings of the Snitch had scratched him, as it managed to escape.

Draco didn't know how bad he looked, but he could feel the bruises already forming on his face and he was winded from a punch Weasley had thrown at his stomach.

"What's going on here?"

The two turned to see Professor McGonagall standing there, an angry scowl across her face.

"Mr. Weasley, I am shocked at your outburst! How dare you strike another student? Especially the Head Boy?" she exclaimed. Ron's mouth opened and closed as he realized his Head of House was defending Malfoy.

"And you, Mr. Malfoy! I can clearly understand that you acted in self defense, so I won't be suspending you from Quidditch, however, 50 points will be taken from each house, and you both will receive detention."

"But Professor-."

"You, Mr. Weasley," McGonagall rounded to Ron. "You are, until further notice, banned from Quidditch."

The look on Weasley's face almost made Draco laugh. He would have too, if he wasn't in so much pain.

It was a painful journey back to his common room, but Draco made it there okay. He was forbidden to go to the Hospital Wing, as part of the punishment, so he settled with using a few handy healing charms, he knew himself.

He had just settled on the couch, holding a package of conjured ice to his eye, when his portrait swung open.

"Go ahead, yell at me for beating up your precious boyfriend," Draco said to Hermione, as the girl closed the portrait and put her bag on the floor next to it.

"I'm not going to yell at you," Hermione said, pulling two bottles out of her bag, before sitting next to Draco. "I saw the whole thing. Ron hit you first, which is why I'm helping you and not him."

She handed him a pain relieving potion and a potion to fix any internal injuries. As he gulped them down, she whipped out her wand and went to work fixing the bruises on his face and knuckles.

"I just thought you should know," she said, carefully. "When I left, Harry was yelling at Ron for attacking you."

Draco felt the familiar flutter in his stomach. "Really?" he asked.

"Yes," Hermione said. "He was saying that you caught the Snitch fair and square, and that Ron needs to learn how to control his temper."

Draco couldn't help the goofy grin that spread across his face.

"Draco, why don't you just try to whoo him, in this time?" Hermione asked, putting her wand away and sighing. "It might not be as hard as you think. Personally, I think Harry has feelings for you too...he just doesn't know it yet."

Draco sighed as well, and pulled his bag over, pulling out the letter from his father. "This is why," he said, handing it to her. He watched her confused face as she read it.

"Three guesses who this 'old friend' is," Draco said, once she lowered it.

"You Know Who..." she said softly.

Draco nodded. "I can't go after him in this time, Hermione, because he will never trust me. Even though I don't want to be a Death Eater, we've been through too much shit," he explained. "That's why, I have to do what I'm going to do."

"When?" she asked, handing him the letter.

"Soon," Draco answered. "Sometime in the next couple of weeks. I can't tell you the exact date."

Hermione nodded. "Alright, just be careful, Draco!" she warned. "A lot of bad stuff has happened to wizards who have messed with time."

Draco nodded, and Hermione stood up to leave. As she was walking out of the portrait, he said. "Thank you Hermione."

She paused and turned, smiling back at him. "You're welcome Draco."

Chapter #5: Halloween

Harry didn't know what was going on with Hermione, but he knew Malfoy had something to do with it. He hadn't told his friend, but every night, for the past few weeks, when she left the common room, he would pull out the Marauder's Map and check to see where she was going.

The first time this had happened, Harry had thought he was seeing things when he saw her dot go to the Head Boy's room. Harry had watched in awe as the two dots bumped against each other, before they had moved to a spot in the room which, he had assumed, was a couch or armchairs.

It had been a complete accident, of course. He had really been looking for Malfoy, to see if he was anywhere suspicious, and had ended up following Hermione's dot. Imagine his surprise, when he saw his best friend's name swiftly move across the parchment, to Malfoy's room.

Harry's mind was spinning with possibilities, each as unlikely as the next. Were Hermione and Malfoy involved? Harry knew her and Ron's relationship was rocky from the start, but he didn't see Hermione as the type of girl who would cheat on her boyfriend; especially with Malfoy.

So now, on top of his suspicions about Malfoy, Harry thought that Hermione was involved with whatever time travel thing it was.

Maybe she found out and Malfoy somehow blackmailed her into helping...Harry found himself thinking, as he watched Hermione leave the common room again.

He immediately hurried upstairs, to check the map. He watched her take the path to the Head Girl's quarters, stop at her room for a second, before proceeding to the Head Boy's quarters.

"What are you up to, Hermione?" Harry muttered out loud, as he stared at the two dots, trying desperately to put the pieces together.

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"Now, stir once clockwise and let simmer for two hours," Hermione read aloud from the book *Back to the Future*. She was helping Draco make a potion he would need, in case he wanted to reset everything that he had done. It would restore everything back to the way it was before.

True, Hermione still didn't know what the plan was, but she figured that it couldn't be so bad, if Draco was doing it out of love and if he had something as a back up, that would change everything back to normal.

They were currently in his room, brewing said potion, carefully, on his desk. Draco had first thought the potion looked bloody impossible, but Hermione let him in on the Polyjuice secret and she said it wasn't that difficult at all.

Draco had realized he had been wrong about Hermione, all along. True, she was a know it all, but that was actually a good thing. Draco didn't think he would have made it this far without her. He was surprised at how close they had become since she had found out about his feelings for Harry.

He had given her the password to his quarters, so she could come and help anytime, and he was surprised that he was now greeted with a hug and a smile, as though they had been friends forever.

"I don't have to drink this, do I?" Draco asked in disgust, as he watched the murky brown mixture bubble.

"No," Hermione said, checking the steps to make sure she had done everything right. "It says here, that all you have to do is throw it on the ground...makes sense..."

"Since we've added elements from this time, like dirt and water, plus numerous other powerful plants, like thyme, then it will automatically restore everything to the way it was," Draco finished, proud that he had memorized at least part of the notes he had taken.

"Very good, Draco," Hermione said, clearly impressed, as they made their way over to the couch. "Did you get the necklace like you were supposed to?" Draco nodded and removed the necklace from his pocket, handing it to her.

"From what I've read about Portkeys, this is perfect," Hermione concluded, handing it back to him. "You do know what you're doing, right?"

"Yes, Hermione," Draco said, pulling Weaving Through Time over, and opening to the chapter about getting back after fixing his mistake. Basically, he was supposed to turn the necklace into a Portkey.

All he had to do was make sure he was wearing it, before he started the ritual. Body wise, he would still be at Hogwarts. His "spirit" would actually do the traveling. Once he did what he needed to do, all he had to do was say the incantation and the Portkey would activate and bring him back to the present...the, hopefully, changed present.

"I have to get going and work on my Transfiguration essay," Hermione said, as they both stood. She gave him a tight hug. "Be careful!"

"Yes, Hermione," Draco repeated, in a bored tone, but he was touched by her concern. He watched her leave his common room, before he waved his wand, making a timer appear above the cauldron, to let him know when the potion was finished.

"Alright, here goes one difficult part," Draco said, placing the pendant on the coffee table and opening the book. He made sure there were only two things on the table, so that nothing would botch the spell. He turned the pendant over and waved his wand so that the date 11/1/06 became inscribed on the back.

Taking a deep breath, Draco pointed his wand at the date.

"Portus hic haec tempus!"

A dark blue light shot out of the end of his wand, and immediately hit the date on the pendant, making it glow, before the light spread to the rest of the necklace. Draco's heart leapt when he saw this. According to the book, that's what was supposed to happen.

When the light finally disappeared, Draco carefully picked up the necklace and examined it. It looked exactly as it had before, except it felt heavier and it positively hummed with magic. Smiling to himself, Draco carefully wrapped the necklace in his silk handkerchief and placed it on the table.

Now, he needed to find a place to perform the actual time travel ritual. It couldn't be in his room, he needed a wide space. Draco was thinking for so long, that the timer for the potion jerked him out of his stupor. Quickly, he crossed the room and spooned as much liquid as he could, into a medium sized vial.

He corked the container and gave it a few taps with his wand, so it would seal tightly and the glass would become unbreakable. Draco just had to remember to remove the spells, if he decided to return things. The potion inside would have enough magic to save it from the time changes.

Draco gathered his things and went up to his room. He carefully tucked the potion in a small, secret compartment at the bottom of his trunk, where he also put the necklace, for the time being. Suddenly, his mind wandered to a time, last year, in 5th year, when he had been trying to get Harry and his friends busted for practicing defenses.

They had been in a room that no one could find...up on the seventh floor.

Draco bit his bottom lip thoughtfully and quickly stood, grabbing his wand from the bed where he had tossed it. He tapped his head with his wand and muttered a quick

Disillusionment Charm on himself. As the charm took effect, he headed down to the common room and quietly slipped out, when he was fully Disillusioned.

Quietly, he crept up the many staircases and down the many corridors, dodging behind a suit of armour on the sixth floor, as Filch passed. The spell may have made him invisible, but he was still solid. Finally, he reached the seventh floor, and cursed when he saw no door. There was just a large stretch of bare wall, opposite a large, tapestry of Barnabas the Barmy.

He cursed to himself and began pacing in front of the blank wall. *I need to find a place where I can do my time travel ritual...I, really, need to find a place to do my ritual...*

Suddenly, to his surprise, a door appeared out of nowhere. Draco froze in shock. Memories of catching Potter that day in 5th year came to him, as he remembered thinking of the DA headquarters. Draco grinned, proud for figuring it out by himself, and carefully opened the door.

The first thing he noticed, when he walked in, was the many bookcases along the wall ahead of him. Draco quickly entered the room and locked the door, before he removed the Disillusion Charm. The floor was gray stone, whereas the walls were wood paneled.

There were two tables, one on either side of the room. They were laden down with funny looking objects that Draco didn't even recognize. He also noticed, that there was absolutely nothing in the center of the room, just a large bare, empty space.

Glancing at his watch, Draco realized it was already past midnight.

Today is Halloween, he thought, his stomach lurching uncomfortably, as he realized he would performing the ritual later that day.

He had decided to do it during the Halloween Feast, that way everyone would be in the Great Hall and he would be able to do the ritual in peace.

As Draco Disillusioned himself once more, and headed back to his dorm, he wasn't aware that all the way up in the Gryffindor boys' dormitories, a certain black haired boy, was watching his every move.

"Malfoy was in the Room of Requirement last night," Harry said to Hermione, as soon as she sat down the breakfast.

"Was he?" she asked, surprised, until a few things clicked in her head.

Of course that's where he would go...she thought.

She realized he must be preparing for the ritual, which meant it was going to happen soon.

"Well, he was on the seventh floor when I looked, and there is only one reason he would be there," Harry said, regarding his best friend with a suspicious look. "I know, because I checked the map and I saw him."

"Oh, Harry, it's probably nothing," Hermione said, waving her hand dismissively.

"I also saw you in his dorm before that," Harry said, narrowing his eyes.

Hermione didn't panic under his gaze. She knew Harry had been watching Draco on the map, and knew he would ask about her.

"Malfoy and I are actually getting along this year. Professor Snape asked us to brew some potions for Madam Pomphrey, so we agreed to do it for him," she said smoothly. "They're bloody difficult and take forever! They make the Polyjuice look like first year work."

She wasn't sure if Harry bought any of it, so she didn't go on. Lucky, she was saved, when Ron appeared and sat next to her. "Morning, Mione," he said, giving her a quick peck on the cheek before loading his plate with food.

Harry didn't bring up Malfoy again at breakfast, but he did think about him.

When he finished his breakfast, he headed down to the dungeons for Potions, getting there at last five minutes early. He was surprised to find a certain Slytherin Head Boy, sitting against the wall, next to the door, his nose buried in a notebook, once again.

"I know you're up to something, Malfoy," Harry said, before he could stop himself.

Draco looked up from his notebook, Malfoy smirk in place. "Hello to you too, Potter, I'm fine, thanks for asking..." he said sarcastically. "Now, what the bloody hell are you talking about?"

"I know you were in the Room of Requirement last night, and I know you're planning something with time travel," Harry said, crossing his arms and glaring. "And I know, for some strange, odd reason, Hermione's helping you."

Damn it, Hermione, I thought you were going to get him to back off! Draco thought angrily, but on the outside, he remained calm and cool.

The boy carefully closed his notebook and slipped it into his bag. He stood and closed the distance between himself and Harry, until their noses were almost touching.

"Prove it," he said softly.

Harry's eyes widened slightly when he realized how close they were. His eyes were briefly drawn to Malfoy's lips, and he had the sudden urge to lean forward. Draco himself was fighting the urge to throw Harry against the nearest wall, and have his way with him. The sound of students coming closer caused both to snap out of their slight daze.

Draco smirked once more, and turned back to the door to the Potions lab, waiting for it to open as their classmates joined them and the hall became packed with students.

None of them suspected what had almost happened.

"I love Halloween," Ron exclaimed, as he, Harry and Hermione settled in the Great Hall. He immediately reached for one of the pots of candy, and grabbed a handful.

"Eat some real food first, Ronald," Hermione scolded, as she and Harry loaded food onto their plates. Ron made a face at her, before following their lead.

"You alright, Harry?" Hermione asked. "You seem awfully quiet."

He had barely said a word since breakfast. Truthfully, he was replaying the incident between him and Malfoy over, and over again, in his mind. He was confused, if not slightly disgusted, as to why he wanted to kiss Malfoy. They were so close, close enough that Harry could have hit him...but he was thinking about kissing him!

"Harry?"

Harry jerked out of his thoughts and looked at Ron and Hermione, who were looking right back at him.

"I'm fine," he said immediately. "Just tired...sorry,"

Ron went back to his food, of course, but Hermione kept looking at Harry. The Boy Who Lived ignored her and looked casually around the Great Hall.

"Hey," he said, frowning. "Where's Malfoy?"

"Who cares?" was Ron's immediate reaction.

"You know, Harry, I think you're becoming a little obsessed with Malfoy," Hermione said, smirking.

"No, Hermione, he's not here," Harry insisted. Hermione frowned, but looked at the Slytherin table. Sure enough, the shock of silvery blonde hair was missing.

"Oh, Harry, he's probably on his way. Just forget about him. Here, have some Steak and Kidney Pie!" Hermione said, piling a bit on his plate, before turning to talk to Ron.

Harry shrugged and started eating one of his favorite foods. About three spoonfuls later, he stopped. He realized that Hermione was trying to lead him off! He suddenly remembered what she told him every time he brought up Malfoy:

"Honestly, Harry, you're being foolish!"

"Harry, Malfoy isn't up to anything, it's your imagination."

"Why are you so concerned about Malfoy? Why don't you worry about your Potions essay?"

"No Harry, Malfoy wasn't staring at your arse! Stop stalling and go study!"

Harry concluded, Hermione was probably right on the last one, but he would bet his Firebolt that she knew what was going on and was trying to head him off. So, while she was deep in conversation with Ron, Harry quietly and quickly, slipped out of his seat and hurried out of the Great Hall.

"Draco, aren't you coming to the Feast?" Blaise asked, as he and Pansy stood in Draco's common room.

"Yeah Blaise," Draco lied. "I'll be down there in a few minutes. Go ahead without me. There's something I need to do."

Blaise nodded and dragged a reluctant Pansy out of the Head Boy quarters. Once they were gone, Draco hurried upstairs to his trunk, and pulled out the necklace, his supplies for the ritual and his notebooks. Tucking them into his bag, he hurriedly left his room and made his way to the Room of Requirement.

When he entered the room, he was delighted to find that it had set up most of his ritual for him. Drawn on the floor, in white chalk, was a large clock, with no hands or numbers, just twelve white candles where the numbers would have been. In the middle, where he was supposed to kneel, was a medium sized, five-pointed star.

Draco hurriedly closed the door and dropped his bag next to the drawing. He quickly removed the necklace and placed it around his neck. Also, he removed a chalice, athame, spirit mirror and pentacle from his bag, before shoving it in a corner.

He placed them on their respected parts, on the star; the mirror (spirit) on the north point, the pentacle (earth) on the left point, then the chalice (water) and athame (fire) on the southern points and, after lighting the candles, his own wand (air) on the right point.

Draco stared at the ritual laid out before him, and couldn't help the amazement he felt. He was actually going to do it. Realizing there was no time for second thoughts and reflections,

Draco kneeled in the middle of the star and closed his eyes, willing himself to relax and concentrate.

When Draco felt relaxed enough, he focused, in his mind, on that one day at Platform 9 ¾. He placed his palms on the lines of the star and chanted:

"Stnem eleeht nopul laci."

By the end of the first phrase, the star began glowing blue and the items on the points began shaking, as did everything else.

"Fles tiem itno pul laci... Erised iemi tehto temg nirb..."

As he spoke the second and third phrase, Draco opened his eyes and watched as the flames of the candles rose higher, and the white chalk outline glowed gold.

Knowing he was close to losing his nerve, Draco shut his eyes tight and spoke the last phrase.

"Eslee reh won emek at!"

The glowing got so bright that Draco could see it, without even opening his eyes. A wind came out of nowhere, and a semi cyclone of raw power and magic began whirling around Draco's circle.

Suddenly, the door burst open with a bang. Draco's eyes flew open and his heart nearly stopped. But, even as his brain began to register who it was, it was too late.

He could feel himself slipping into darkness...and the last thing he saw before he fell unconscious, was a set of wide, emerald green eyes staring at him in shock.

Draco tried to move, but he couldn't. All he knew was that it felt like he was floating through the air, and there wasn't a sound to be heard. When he began to enjoy the ride, it came to sudden, harsh and abrupt halt. Loud noises suddenly pounded his ear drums, and he felt himself land on solid ground.

Cautiously, Draco opened his eyes and nearly jumped for joy.

He did it! He was at Platform 9 ¾!

He knew it was the right time because he remembered everything about that first time on the platform, and there it was. Large groups of kids were running around, as owls hooted and cats ran by. His parents were standing a little off to the side, with his trunk, talking to Blaise's parents.

Draco couldn't help the smile that formed. He was here...he went back in time...he was going to fix his mistake...he had done it...

He was short!

Draco looked down and realized he was in his eleven year old body. He knew it was going to happen, he had read it would, but it still shocked him.

Realizing he had to keep up some appearances, Draco fixed a smirk on his face and joined his parents.

"Oh I do hope they're both in Slytherin," Narcissa was saying. "But of course, they will be..."

"Send us an owl as soon as you get there, son," Lucius said, adjusting Draco's robes and pushing his trunk towards him. "You should hurry up and get a seat, while you can."

"Good luck, Draco," Narcissa said, giving him a quick kiss on the forehead.

Not trusting himself to speak at the moment, Draco took his trunk, wheeled it towards the train and quickly got on. Before, he had gone and found Blaise, immediately. Now, he hurried through the corridors, looking for Harry.

He stopped at the compartment, at the very end of the train, the very same one they had sat together in, back at the beginning of September. Draco smiled brightly as he saw Harry sitting there, alone, staring out the window, with his hands nervously clasped in his lap.

Draco quickly fixed his hair and adjusted his robes, before he opened the door, making sure there was no sneer or smirk on his face, just a smile. "Hey, do you mind? Everywhere else is full," he said politely.

Jeez! My voice wasn't this high, was it? he thought.

Harry turned immediately and Draco had to stop himself from 'awwing'...he was so adorable, with the messy hair and glasses! He also looked a little surprised to see Draco, and a little apprehensive about letting him sit. Draco suddenly remembered their meeting at Madam Malkins', and inwardly winced.

"Sure...sure, you can sit..." Harry finally said, motioning to the seat in front of him. Draco smiled brightly and stored his luggage, before closing the door and taking the seat in front of Harry.

"I know we met at Madam Malkins', and I realized I made a horrible first impression," Draco began. "So, let's start over."

He extended his hand. "I'm Malfoy...Draco Malfoy..."

He waited nervously, but couldn't help his smile from getting larger, as Harry gave a shy smile, and accepted his hand.

"I'm Harry, Harry Potter," he said.

"It's nice to meet you, Harry," Draco said, shaking his hand. He noticed that Harry visibly relaxed, when he realized Draco wasn't going to gawk at him, for his name.

Weasley probably made a big fuss about it, when he first met Harry, he thought. Git.

Draco wasn't sure if he should go back then or not, so he decided to stay for a bit longer. He and Harry chatted as the train began the journey to Hogwarts. Draco told him about his family, and how every one of them had been in Slytherin, and Harry told him about how he just found out he was a wizard.

Draco didn't push the issue, not wanting to pry too much. Soon, the lady with the lunch trolley came by, and he bought every single sweet. When he came back to the compartment, Harry stared at him in awe.

"You're going to eat all that by yourself?" he asked.

"No, you're going to help me," Draco said, giving him a large smile, and being pleased, when Harry blushed slightly. "You've never had wizard sweets, so I thought, might as well get you some."

They laughed, and Harry started on the sweets, while Draco explained Quidditch to him. He loved the way Harry listened to every word he said.

"Wow...sounds difficult..." the black haired boy concluded, once Draco had finished.

Draco laughed. "Yeah, but I'm sure you'll get the hang of it," he assured him.

"I'll try," he said, looking doubtful. "But, thanks for explaining it to me."

"You're welcome, Harry," Draco said. "Stick with me, and I'll tell you everything you need to know about wizards."

"So, does this mean we're friends?" Harry asked.

Draco noted how hopeful he looked, and how he fidgeted nervously, as though he were afraid Draco would yell at him. "No, we're not friends, Harry," he said. Before Harry could get sad however, Draco smiled.

"We're best friends." Draco extended his hand again.

Harry blushed again, and smiled back, taking Draco's hand.

"Best friends."

Knowing he had to get back soon, Draco waited until Harry left to change his robes, before he closed his eyes and said, "*Transporto Rursus!*"

Everything went black again.

Chapter #6: Best Mates

Draco awoke to bright sunlight hitting him directly in the face and a pounding headache that felt as if he had been struck upside the head by a Beaters' club.

He squinted his eyes at the clock to read the time; 7:30.

Breakfast was in a half an hour, but he didn't care, he wanted to sleep. So, Draco pulled the blankets all the way over his head and began to doze off again.

Suddenly, his bedroom door banged open and a loud voice woke him back up.

"Rise and shine, Drakey! Get up!"

A large weight suddenly dropped on top of him. Draco rolled his eyes and pulled back the covers, ready to curse Pansy for having the nerve to come into his room again...when he found himself staring into the green eyes of none other than Harry Potter!

Draco yelped in surprise and pulled the blanket over his head again. Suddenly, his headache was gone and everything came rushing back. A large smile formed on his face.

I did it! I changed time! Harry's here...with me! We're friends! He thought giddily as Harry bounced up and down, trying to get Draco up.

"Come on, you lazy sod!" Harry said, shaking his best friend's shoulder, thinking Draco had yelped because he didn't want to get up. "Get up! We're gonna be late for breakfast! And it's Friday! You can sleep in tomorrow!"

Draco carefully removed the blanket from his head, so he could study this new Harry.

He was the same as he had been in Draco's other time, except he was slightly paler. Also, his hair was still unruly, but now it was in a stylish way, with gel and hair care products that Draco knew he must have introduced him to...

...and he was clad in Slytherin robes, with a shiny Prefect's badge pinned on the front.

Merlin's beard, he's a Slytherin! And a Prefect! Draco exclaimed in his head. *Get the fuck out!*

"Draco? Draco, are you there, buddy?" Harry asked, waving his hand in front of the blonde's face.

Draco was still shocked his plan had worked. He wasn't ready to face this new Harry yet. Tugging the blankets roughly back over his head, he didn't realize how forceful he had been, until he heard a thud and Harry swear as he fell off the bed.

"Oh hell no you just didn't!" Harry exclaimed, jumping back on the Head Boy and wrestling with the blanket. Draco held on tight and squealed, yes squealed, with laughter when Harry began tickling, yes tickling, him. Apparently, Harry knew his weakness.

The feeling of Harry's body on top of him caused Draco to remember his feelings for the boy quickly and he felt his pants tighten at an alarming rate.

"You forced me to do it!" the raven haired boy said, wrenching the blanket away from Draco's face as the blonde laughed. "You pushed me! Feel my wrath, Malfoy!"

Finally, when he couldn't take it anymore, Draco held his hands up in surrender. "Alright! Alright I give up!" he exclaimed, trying to calm down. Harry jumped off the bed, grabbed hold of the blankets and, before Draco could stop him, yanked them off the bed.

Draco yelled and immediately curled into a ball, trying to hide the inevitable, but it was too late.

"Ooo...did whittle dwakie enjoy that too much?" Harry teased, grinning. "What kind of guy gets hard when his best friend wakes him up?"

Draco blushed a brilliant shade of red as he tried to come up with a come back. He decided to play it cool and stood up.

"Well, Potter," he managed to say through his embarrassment, though he winced as he realized he used Harry's last name. If they were best friends, they most certainly were on a first name basis. "Something needs to be said about, said best friend, who wakes a guy up by jumping on top of him and *wiggling* about..."

Harry threw the blankets back at him, hitting Draco in the face. "Ponce," he teased, heading for the door. "Hurry up, Blaise and Pansy are downstairs."

As he left, Draco noticed the tips of his ears were bright red.

As soon as he closed the door behind him, Draco let out a victorious whoop of joy and danced around his room.

I did it! I did it! I did it! He thought over and over again as he fixed his bed. *We're friends! We're friends! And I think Harry likes me!*

He hummed to himself as headed into the shower, where he took care of his Harry induced erection. When he emerged a long time later, with only a towel around his waist, Harry was sitting on his bed.

"I was wondering what was taking you so long," he said as he looked in Draco's mirror and fixed his hair. "Then I remembered, 'Of course, he needs to take an hour long shower everyday,'. Jeez, mate, you're not that dirty."

Draco couldn't help the grin that slid across his face as he slipped into a pair of boxers, noting that Harry was glancing at him through the corner of his eye. "Oh, I can assure you, Pott-Harry," he said. "I can get *quite* dirty."

"No need to tell me," Harry grinned, before heading into the bathroom to use the loo.

Draco quickly put on his uniform and when Harry returned, he went into the bathroom to do his hair. He spent nearly five minutes trying to smooth his hair back, but it refused to stay. Draco realized that his hair was slightly shorter in this time.

"Draco, what are you doing?" Harry demanded, coming into the bathroom.

"My hair...but it won't stay back..." Draco complained.

Harry made an impatient noise and grabbed the gel bottle. "Every morning..." he mumbled as he squeezed a bit onto his hand and began messing with Draco's hair. When he was finished, the blonde's hair now resembled his own.

"There! Perfect!" Harry said, wiping his hands on a small towel.

Draco looked in the mirror. "I look like you," he said dully, turning to Harry.

"I know," Harry grinned. He grabbed Draco's arm and pulled him out of the room. The boy barely had enough time to grab his bag for school. "Now let's go, I'm starving!"

"Alright, I'm coming," Draco said, though he didn't pull his arm from Harry's grasp. "No need to be rough."

"Oh, I'll show you rough," Harry teased as they walked.

Draco wasn't sure if they teased each other like this all the time, or if they really had something going on. All he had learned from *Recalling Memories* seemed to have flown out his head. He realized he would need to just wing it for the day, until he knew what kind of relationship he and Harry had.

When they reached the common room, Draco took his first look at the new Blaise and Pansy. His first shock came when he saw her on his lap. Blaise looked the same and, by the way he was talking to Pansy, seemed exactly the same. Pansy's look was very different.

In Draco's other time, she had always had tons of products in her hair and loads of makeup on. In this time, her black hair was free of products and it was pulled back in a simple low ponytail. She had a little bit of mascara on, but that was about it.

"About time you two," she said, her voice smooth and calm, not high pitched and annoying. "I thought you two had finally decided to shag."

So, we haven't shagged yet, Draco thought. Well, I'm going to have to change that...

"You know the day they decide to shag we won't see them, Pansy dear," Blaise said, grinning at the two. "They'll be so busy realizing how slow they are, they won't have time for anything else."

"Can we go?" Harry whined, which Draco knew he must have taught him. "I'm hungry!"

"You're always hungry!" Pansy said, getting off of Blaise's lap.

"True," Harry grinned.

The quartet made their way out of Draco's quarters and down to the Great Hall for breakfast. Draco braced himself, not really sure what to expect. Already there were major changes in his friend group alone; he was scared to see what was happening with everyone else.

They walked in and Draco looked around. Everything looked the same from his time except, when he looked at the Gryffindor table, Weasley was sitting with Finnegan and Thomas at one end, while Hermione sat with Longbottom at the other.

So, if Harry hadn't been in Gryffindor, Hermione and Weasley wouldn't be friends and they wouldn't be dating... Draco thought to himself. He felt a slight pang of guilt, for Hermione's sake, but it quickly was swept away.

"Weasley's looking at you," he said to Harry as they walked to the Slytherin table. It was true. As soon as they had entered, the red head had looked their way.

Harry turned and Draco was surprised to see him glare (a very Malfoy-like glare) back at Ron, who glared in return but looked away. "He's just jealous," Harry joked, adjusting his robes as they all sat down.

"He should be," Draco said softly, looking Harry up and down. His friend didn't miss it and stared back. They didn't realize they were looking into each other's eyes, until Blaise cleared his throat and snapped them out of it.

"Did you hear about Longbottom and the Mudblood?" he asked, in a whisper.

"Blaise, don't use that word!" Harry snapped, glaring at the other black haired boy.

Blaise winced. "Sorry, Harry, just slipped out," he said.

Note to self...Harry doesn't like the word Mudblood...must be because of his mum...Draco thought, but out loud he said. "What about Herm-Granger and Longbottom?"

"They're *dating!*" Blaise exclaimed.

"Blaise, it's not nice to gossip," Pansy said, opening the Daily Prophet and disappearing behind it.

Draco's eyebrows shot up. *Well there's a 360 degree turn from my time!* He thought.

"Are you serious?" Harry asked, craning his neck to get a good look at the two. "Well, maybe now he has a slight chance of his offspring actually knowing something...though, stupid is usually the dominant gene."

Draco, who had been drinking some orange juice, choked on his drink and was sent into a coughing fit as he laughed. Harry pounded him on the back.

"Hands up, Drake, hands up..."

Harry making fun of Longbottom? Now I know I did the right thing! Draco thought as his coughing and laughter died down. *That was priceless.*

Breakfast continued on with Pansy reading snippets about the news to them, while Harry and Blaise discussed Quidditch.

"You two, still talking about that game?" Pansy asked, rolling her eyes. "That was last month!"

"It was an awesome game, Pansy," Harry insisted. "Right, Draco?"

"Er..." Draco shifted nervously. "Right..."

Harry gave Pansy a 'I-told-you-so' look, before he and Blaise continued their discussion.

Draco listened with rapid interest, seeing as he knew their game must have been much different from his.

"Did you see the look on Weasley's face, when I scored that second goal right after the first?" Harry asked.

"Wait, you're Chaser?" Draco asked, before he could stop himself.

Harry and Blaise looked at him in shock. "Um...yeah..." Harry said, slowly, his eyebrows knitted together in confusion.

"Then who's Seeker?" Draco asked, frowning.

The boys looked at each other. "Um...you..." they said, slowly.

Draco felt his cheeks burn with embarrassment again as he tried to come up with something. Eventually he forced a smile and, playing it off, said. "I know! I just like to hear you say it!"

Harry made a face and stuck out his tongue at Draco, before he and Blaise continued their conversation. When they looked away, Draco let out a low sigh of relief.

I bet, with me and Harry, the Slytherin team is unstoppable! He thought happily as he finished his breakfast.

The rest of the morning was absolutely perfect, in Draco's eyes.

In Potions class, he and Harry sat next to each other and were partnered up immediately. Draco realized, he must have taught Harry about Potions, because the youth was especially good at it in this time. They laughed when Longbottom's cauldron exploded and the potion flew all over Weasley, causing his skin to break out in hives and boils.

In History of Magic, Draco found himself sitting next to Harry yet again. They drowned out Binns' speech, while they passed notes to each other about random things. Draco had a moment of panic, when Harry asked him what 'the important thing' was that he, Draco, had wanted to talk about.

Of course, being new to this time, he had no idea, so he had to write back saying they'd talk about it some other time. Harry seemed a bit upset about it, but when the bell rang, he was so happy to be out of Binns' room that he forgot to be mad at Draco.

Lunch was spent outside by the lake, enjoying the last of the mild October weather, before the chill of November set in.

After lunch, Harry and Draco parted with Blaise and Pansy. Harry insisted that he needed to go to the library and Draco absolutely *had* to go with him. Blaise and Pansy shook their heads and said their goodbyes.

"Remember what we talked about, mate," Blaise whispered to Draco. Draco opened his mouth to ask what exactly did they talk about, but Harry dragged him away by the arm and he never got the chance.

"So, what do you need to go to the library for?" Draco asked as he and the raven haired boy walked.

"Nothing really," Harry said, shrugging. "Blaise and Pansy were annoying me and I needed to be rid of them for a few."

Draco was shocked when he heard this. Harry Potter lying to ditch his friends, because they were annoying him?

How much of an influence have I been? Draco asked himself. *God, the guy sounds just like me!*

"Hey, where did you get that necklace?" Harry said, frowning as he pointed to the silver chain with the Slytherin crest pendant.

Draco hadn't even noticed he still had the pendant on. "Oh...this?" he asked, trying to come up with a story.

Harry rolled his eyes at the obvious question, but nodded.

"I-I just saw it in the store a few weeks ago and thought 'What the hell?'," Draco lied, tucking the chain into his shirt, and making a mental note to take it off as soon as he got back to his dorm. "This is my first time wearing it."

"Oh, just thought I saw it before is all..." Harry muttered as they kept walking.

They reached the library and headed towards the back. Draco's breath caught in his throat as he saw Hermione and Longbottom, standing by the Herbology books.

"Really Neville," she was saying. "You'd lose your head if it wasn't attached!"

"Maybe he'll be able to find some common sense when he got it back," Harry said to them as he and Draco passed.

Hermione turned and Draco winced as he saw the hard glare that had usually been reserved for just him.

"I don't remember inviting you into our conversation, Potter," Longbottom snapped, slipping his arm around Hermione in a protective way. This caused Harry to stop walking and turn to them. Draco wasn't sure how he should react, so he just stood still and remained silent.

"You also can't seem to remember the proper way to brew a potion," Harry drawled. "Then again, it's probably because you never knew how."

"Bugger off, Potter, Malfoy!" Hermione snapped, even though Draco hadn't said anything. "Mind your own business!"

Harry opened his mouth, probably to say something really horrible, when Draco, without thinking, quickly grabbed his arm and dragged him away.

"Hey, what are you doing?" Harry asked as they made their way through the shelves to an empty table, at the far left of the library. "I had the best comeback!"

"They're not worth it," Draco said lamely. He knew he probably could have come up with a better excuse, but it had been the first thing that came out.

Lucky for him, Harry just shrugged and put his bag on the table. "You're right," he said, pulling out his Charms book. "I've got better things to worry about then, Textbook and Screw Up."

They both took a seat at the table, and Harry began working on his homework, while Draco sat there and thought. The things Harry said now were so shocking to hear come from his mouth. Draco didn't know he would have *that* much of an influence on the former Gryffindor, but he had.

Harry was all Slytherin...from the way he had insulted the Gryffindors, to the sly way he had managed to shake off Pansy and Blaise.

Draco must have been staring at Harry for awhile, with a weird look, because the Prefect looked around to see if he was staring at him or someone else. When he realized the blonde *was* staring at him, he gave him a smile that clearly said 'I-didn't-do-it'.

Draco smiled back slightly and shook his head, before starting on his own work.

By the time he was heading back to his dormitory, after dinner, the smile had been permanently on his face for the whole afternoon. He knew he would have changed his future, but he didn't know how well it would turn out. He had Harry! Sure he didn't have him in his bed yet...but it was only a matter of time before either of them couldn't stand it any longer.

Draco knew, he was going to be the one to crack first.

He barely paid any attention to his homework as his thoughts kept drifting back to the new sarcastic and sneering Slytherin. It took him twice as long as it normally would have, and it was nearly midnight before he had finished his Potions essay, which wasn't due until Friday.

He got it done early, so he could spend more time with Harry.

As Draco put his homework away, and changed into his pajamas, his eyes caught something in his trunk. Draco pulled out a leather bound book he didn't recognize and opened to the first page.

Sunday, September 1, 1998

It was a journal!

Draco quickly took off his Slytherin pendant and shoved it in his trunk. He put his clothes away and headed to his common room, where he settled on the couch in front of the fire and opened the book once more. Despite the slight headache he had suddenly acquired, he started to read:

Dear Journal,

Today I went to Hogwarts for the firSt time. I met a really nice boy on the train ride. Imagine my surprise, when I found out he was the Harry Potter! I didn't want to make a fuss of course, because I'm sure he's probably going to get that a lot, so I simply said it Was nice to meet him and began talking. Do you know he dldn't know he was a wizard unTil a few weeks before sChool? Imagine! Harry Potter, not knowing who He was!

I started telling him aboUt Pureblood families aNd about my family. He seemed really interestED and by the timE the train rolled into Hogsmeade station, we weRe friends...strike that, we were best friends! I really like him! He's so new to all this magic it's nice to be able to teach him the ropes. When we got to school I was scared he was going to Be put into Gryffindor or somEthing, but when the hat said, "Slytherin!" I stooD and clapped louder then the rest of them. I won't write much more but I'll put the rest of the memory in my Pensieve.

Draco

"Pensieve?" Draco muttered out loud, still slightly confused to about the random capital letters in the passage. "I have a Pensieve?"

He closed his book and got up, ready to check his room, when there was a knock on the portrait. Draco placed his journal on the coffee table and walked over to the door, opening it.

There was no one there.

Draco stared at the empty hall for a moment, before Harry suddenly appeared. Draco yelled and clutched his chest.

"You scared the hell out of me!" he said as Harry draped his Invisibility Cloak over his arm.

"Sorry," he said, smiling apologetically. "Can I come in?"

Draco nodded and stepped aside, letting Harry into the common room and closing the portrait behind him.

"Everything okay?" Draco asked worriedly, trying not to show his interest in the cloak and the piece of parchment clutched in Harry's hand, knowing the other him had probably seen them both before.

"I had another dream about the Dark Lord," Harry said, in an oddly small voice. The way he stood there, with his cloak in his pajamas made him look like he was eleven years old again...minus the glasses of course. "Can I sleep with you?"

Draco's eyes widened and his mouth fell slightly open, in surprise. He knew, in his time, Harry had referred to his nemesis as Voldemort, not the Dark Lord. But, he also didn't know how the other Draco would react in this situation. Also, Harry had just asked to sleep with him.

Merlin, I'm screwed! Draco thought as he realized he might not be able to contain himself.

"Um...er..." he didn't know what to say.

He immediately caught the hurt and sadness that flashed across Harry's face.

"You know what...never mind...its okay, Drake, really," Harry said, draping the cloak back over his shoulders. "I'll-I'll just go back to my dorm..."

He turned towards the portrait.

"Wait!" Draco blurted out.

Harry stopped and looked back at him. He looked so sad and lonely, that Draco's heart couldn't help but skip a beat.

"C-Come on, let's go upstairs..." Draco said, his voice cracking slightly. "I'm sorry, it's just-"

"I know, we're 7th years and I still ask to sleep with you at times," Harry said, softly, removing the cloak from his shoulders again. "It's just...I feel safe with you...and when the Dark Lord is probing my mind..." he broke his sentence off with a shudder.

Draco desperately tried not to look interested in hearing about Voldemort entering Harry's mind. He was also cursing himself for not having the time to bring forth any of the other Draco's memories.

After a few minutes of just staring at each other, he cautiously extended his hand towards Harry, who took it with a small smile and led him upstairs.

Once in the room, Draco got into bed while Harry put the cloak across the chair of his vanity table and the piece of parchment on the table itself. He slid into bed with Draco and cuddled up to him, his head resting on the blonde's chest.

Draco stiffened immediately, before slowly relaxing. Cautiously, he wrapped his arms around the Gryffindor...er...Slytherin and rested his face in the boy's soft hair, which was free of products and smelt like vanilla.

After a few moments of silence, he was surprised when Harry started giggling to himself.

"What's so funny?" Draco asked, curiously, pulling away slightly so he could look at the boy's face.

Harry turned to him, a mischievous grin on his face. "I need to stop using those Voldemort dreams as an excuse to get into bed with you," he said, slyly.

Draco realized he had just been played.

"Oh, you sneaky git!" he exclaimed, shoving Harry away slightly as the other teen laughed. "Here I was concerned about you!"

"Well, if I'm a sneaky git, it's because I learned from the best," Harry purred, cuddling up on Draco's chest again. "And don't pretend like you didn't know I was lying."

They were silent for a few more minutes, before Draco spoke up. "I can't believe you did that..." he mumbled.

"I've been doing it for almost a year now, Drake," Harry said. His voice was slightly thick, indicating he was falling asleep. "If you didn't want me to, we both know I wouldn't be here now..."

"You know...you don't need an excuse to get into bed with me if you wanted to," Draco said, carefully. "I'd have let you anyways."

"I know," came the response, followed by a yawn. "You keep me safe *and* you spoil me."

That's because I love you, you git... Draco thought as a smile graced his face for the thousandth time that day, though he was wondering what exactly he had done in the past to keep Harry safe.

"Good night, Harry," he said out loud, taking a chance and kissing the other teen's forehead.

Harry didn't seem to mind. "Good night, Draco," he mumbled.

Soon, both boys were sound asleep.

Chapter #7: Memories and Mirrors

The next morning, Draco awoke to find himself alone.

Sitting up slowly, he stretched slightly as he wondered where Harry was. When he saw that the bathroom door was closed, and a light was coming from underneath it, Draco smiled slightly and lay back down.

Minutes later, the door opened and Harry emerged.

"Morning, Draco," he said, yawning as he climbed back into bed.

"Morning," Draco said, through his own yawn as he moved around a bit to get comfortable once more. "Hey, Pot-Harry?"

"Hmm?" the youth asked, already falling back to sleep, not noticing how Draco almost slipped up.

"Do I have a Pensieve?" Draco asked, gingerly.

"Yeah," Harry said, through another yawn. "But why are you asking me? It's yours, you should know."

"I...I forget is all..." Draco said, quickly. "It's too early to think..."

"You're right..." Harry mumbled, curling back onto Draco's chest. "Sleep...now...good..." and with that, he was out again.

Merlin, this boy is attached to me...literally... Draco thought as he remembered the day before, and how Harry literally dragged him all over the place. Of course, Draco didn't mind at all; it had been what he was hoping for.

However, the more he thought about it, the more he began to conclude that, in order to pursue the type of relationship with Harry he wanted; he needed to know where their relationship stood at the present moment.

So, carefully and reluctantly, he eased out from under Harry and headed back to the common room to retrieve his journal. He settled on the couch and, after reading the first entry again, Draco frowned and grabbed a quill, writing down the random capital letters in order: *SWITCH UNDER BED*.

"The other me wasn't so sneaky," he muttered as he went back upstairs. "Anybody could figure that out!"

He entered his room quietly, so he wouldn't disturb Harry. The Prefect was curled up in the middle of Draco's bed, buried so deep under the covers, that all Draco could see was his

unruly hair on the pillow. Draco smiled softly at the sight, before slowly crouching down to peer under his bed.

Nothing...just a stretch of bare, dusty, hardwood floor.

Draco frowned and felt around for a bit. His hand came to rest on a loose floorboard and, as soon as he put some weight on it, there was a click and the sound of something opening. Draco immediately emerged from under the bed to find that the wall next to his bed had opened up into a little alcove.

There, in the alcove, was a wooden basin with drawings etched on the sides.

Removing dust bunnies from his hair and clothes, Draco stood and picked up his wand. Cautiously, he stepped over to the Pensieve. Peering inside, Draco was hesitant at first; unsure of which memory he was going to see. Screwing up the courage, he carefully prodded the silvery liquid with his wand.

The world shifted and he was sent face first into the Pensieve, landing in the Great Hall.

"Draco...I'm scared...what if we're in different houses?" Harry asked as the two watched another first year get Sorted into Gryffindor.

"We'll still be friends Harry," Draco assured him. "Unless you're in Gryffindor."

He had meant it as a joke, but by the way Harry was trembling, he could tell the boy had taken him seriously. He opened his mouth to apologize, when his name was called.

"Malfoy, Draco,"

Draco stepped forward confidently and sat on the stool. The hat barely touched his head, before shouting, "SLYTHERIN!"

Draco grinned and hopped off the stool, making his way to the cheering Slytherin table. He sat down and made sure to save a seat for Blaise on one side and one for Harry on the other. There were quite a few people before Harry and when Professor McGonagall finally called his name, there was an uproar of whispering.

"Potter, did she say?"

"The Harry Potter?"

Draco rolled his eyes at their behavior and crossed his fingers under the table as the hat was slipped onto Harry's head...

"SLYTHERIN!"

There was a collective gasp, but it was drowned out by the applause at the Slytherin table. Draco stood on his seat (seeing as he was short, he was about the same size of a 7th year when he did) and clapped louder than the rest as Harry made his way over to the table, a relieved smile on his face.

He took the seat next to Draco and watched the rest of the Sorting. Finally, when Blaise had been Sorted into Slytherin, Professor Dumbledore stood up and began his start of term feast.

"I'm so happy we're in the same house!" Harry whispered, ignoring what Dumbledore was saying.

"So am I!" Draco said, smiling.

Soon, Dumbledore finished speaking and the feast appeared. Draco laughed at Harry's shocked face and began piling food onto his plate. They ate in silence for awhile, until dessert.

"Harry, this is my other best friend, Blaise Zabini," Draco said, motioning to his friend. "And that's Pansy Parkinson, Theodore Nott, Vincent Crabbe, Gregory Goyle..."

Harry was introduced to nearly all the Slytherin first years, who knew each other, because their parents were such good friends. By the end of the meal, Blaise, Draco, Harry and Pansy were extremely close. Eventually, the dessert disappeared as well and students began making their way out of the Great Hall.

"Everyone keeps looking at me," Harry muttered to his new friends as they made their way to the doors.

"That's because you're the Boy Who Lived," Pansy said, glaring at a group of Ravenclaws and causing them to look away. "Plus, no one expected you to be in Slytherin."

"Everyone was saying how bad Slytherin was, but," Harry shrugged. "You guys don't seem that bad."

"We're just as nice to each other as the other houses are," Marcus Flint, a 5th year who had overheard, spoke up. "It's them we can't stand."

Just as he said this, Harry was bumped into roughly and sent sideways into Draco, who caught him immediately.

"Oy! Watch where you're going!" Draco snapped at the lanky red head that had shoved Harry.

"You talking to me?" the red head asked, turning and glaring at Draco.

"No, I'm talking to the other ginger ogre behind you," Draco said, sarcastically. He noted the red hair, freckles and shabby robes. "Oh, I should have known...didn't you're parents teach you manners, Weasley, or were they too busy taking care of your other 50 siblings."

Ron Weasley's ears turned red at the insult. "Shut up, Malfoy!" he snapped. "It was an accident."

"No, it wasn't," Harry spoke up suddenly, straightening his robes. "You elbowed me purposely in the side...Draco's right, watch where you're going!"

"Get a move on!" Percy Weasley snapped at the first years, not wanting his younger brother to get into a fight before classes even started.

"Come on, this way," Flint said, glaring at the Weasleys and leading the Slytherins away from the Gryffindors and towards the dungeons.

They reached the stonewall just as the Prefect was saying the password, "Serpent Tongue."

They entered the dark, but slightly cozy, common room and said goodbye to Marcus as they were led to the first years' dorm. To Harry and Draco's surprise, they were sharing a dorm. There was a lot of dungeon space at Hogwarts and since there wasn't much use for it, the dorms were separated into twos.

Harry and Draco changed into their pajamas, and slipped into their green and silver four poster beds. They were too tired to talk and fell asleep immediately.

Later that night, Draco was awoken by someone shaking his shoulder. He groaned as he sat up slightly and squinted through the dark.

"Draco? Draco, are you awake?" Harry's voice asked.

"Yeah," Draco answered, his voice heavy with sleep. "What's wrong?"

"I-I-I can't sleep..." Harry said, softly. "Can...can I..."

Draco smiled softly and shifted over, lifting the blanket for Harry. "Come on," he said.

Harry slipped under the blanket and shifted closer to Draco. "Thanks..." he said yawning. "I had a nightmare..."

"It's okay," Draco said cuddling up behind Harry and resting his forehead on his shoulder.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

Harry shook his head. "Maybe in the morning..." he said in a small voice...

Draco was pulled out of the Pensieve right as the memory began to fade.

"What are you doing?" Harry asked, with a heavy yawn and frown.

He was sitting up in bed, his hair tousled from sleep, looking at Draco with the most adorable, questioning look.

"N-Nothing..." Draco stuttered. "Just...Just taking a stroll down memory lane."

"Well, come back to bed," Harry whined. "It's only eight, and it's Saturday!"

He lifted the blanket, while Draco numbly climbed back under it. He still wasn't used to this needy/cuddly Harry, even though he did enjoy him. Once his head was rested on the pillow, Harry cuddled up to him once more.

His head was resting on Draco's shoulder, and his arm and leg were slung over Draco protectively. Draco gulped and tried to wiggle away a bit, but Harry clung to him tightly and soon dozed off again.

Not feeling remotely tired, since he had, not only his aroused member poking at his trousers, but Harry's morning erection pressed against said trousers as well, Draco decided then would be a good time to try and recall some of the other Draco's memories.

So he relaxed, as best as he could, and closed his eyes. He lay there, unmoving and breathing evenly, for a long time. Once he was done meditating, Draco focused his mind and magic on unlocking the memories he needed.

Since he couldn't risk chanting out loud, in his head he chanted.

Refero praeteritus preteritus, refero praeteritus preteritus, refero praeteritus preteritus...

Slowly, the time dragged by, but nothing happened. He tried every technique he had read about, but no memories were coming to his mind. Frustrated and with a slight headache, as well as having to use the bathroom, Draco eased out of bed once more and headed into the loo. As he closed the door behind him and passed the sink on his way to the toilet, he heard something.

"Psst!"

Frowning, Draco looked around but saw no one.

"Hello?" he asked, uncertainly.

There was silence.

Draco frowned and shrugged, turning back to the toilet.

"Psst!"

Draco spun around immediately. "Is anyone there?" he asked.

"Over here!"

The voice sounded like it had come from the mirror, but what was stranger, was that the voice sounded like his own...

Cautiously, Draco walked over to the mirror.

He wasn't surprised when he saw his reflection; he was surprised when he saw that his reflection was scowling at him, with its arms crossed.

"Just who the hell do you think you are?" it asked.

"Excuse me?" Draco asked, completely bewildered.

"You take over my life and my body, and now you're *in bed* with my best mate!" his reflection ranted. "I want an explanation!"

"Wait a second..." Draco said. "Are you...the *other*, Draco?"

"If by other, you mean the Draco who belongs in this time, then yes I am!" his reflection snapped. "And I want to know, just what the hell do you think you're doing?"

"Hey, if it weren't for me, you wouldn't be here!" Draco snapped.

"I don't care; I just want my body back!" Mirror Draco glared.

"Well I'm sorry, but I can't do that," Draco said, walking away from the mirror and turning to the toilet.

"And why not?" Mirror Draco asked, still watching him.

"Because, I don't even know how I did this," Draco confessed, motioning to the mirror. "This didn't happen in any of the books I read."

"Well too bad, because it happened, and you're going to fix it, right now!" Mirror Draco commanded.

"Man," Draco mumbled. "Am I really this bossy?"

"It's this 'bossy' attitude that made you lose Harry in the first place," his reflection said slyly. "And anyway, if I went into your time and did this to *you*, how would you react?"

"Point taken," Draco said, washing his hands.

"What do you want?" Mirror Draco asked.

"Harry," Draco said simply, with a shrug.

Mirror Draco regarded him with narrowed eyes. "What do you want with, Harry?" he asked.

"I just want him," Draco said, shrugging. "I love him..."

"Well so do I!" Mirror Draco huffed, angrily. "And I was planning a special night for tomorrow, so I can tell him!"

"So, that's what the 'thing' you wanted to talk about is," Draco said.

"Yes!" Mirror Draco snapped. "Why don't you take the Harry from *your* time? *He's* the Harry you fell in love with!"

"But, I can't have the Harry from my time," Draco explained. "We're enemies, and my father supports the Dark Lord. Hell, *I'm* supposed to become a Death Eater in a couple of months!"

Mirror Draco sighed and ran a hand through his hair. "Well, I just want to be back with my Harry," he said. "Isn't there *some* way you can put me back into your head?"

"You were in my head?" Draco asked.

"How do you think you figured out about the Pensieve?" Mirror Draco asked slyly. "Those letters weren't capitalized...I made you think they were...and how do you think I know all about your plan, and what you did to get here?"

"Then why did you ask me why I did it, if you knew?" Draco asked frowning.

"I know *what* you did, not *why*," Mirror Draco said, rolling his eyes as though it was the most obvious thing in the world. "And I only learned that by chance."

"Why didn't you try to figure out why, when you were in my head?" Draco wondered curiously.

His reflection looked furious. "I'm sorry that I'm not used to being a displaced spirit that was ripped from my body, just because some other me from another time, wants my best mate! Forgive me for being new to this!" he snapped, his voice growing higher as he went on, until he was practically screaming.

"Shh! Keep it down!" Draco hissed, glancing at the door.

"He can't hear me," Mirror Draco said, waving his hand impatiently. "You did this, so only you can hear and see me."

I never read about this happening... Draco thought, rubbing his tired eyes.

"Look, I'll try and find a way to put you back into my head," he promised. "As long as you help me with my relationship with Harry..."

"You mean *my* relationship," Mirror Draco corrected. "And why should I? You're the one who 'did all this research'...*you* figure it out..."

"It would be in *your* best interest to help me, so that *they* don't get suspicious," Draco informed him. "And, if you help me with *our* relationship with Harry, then when you get back into my head, you'll still be able to feel *your* Harry."

"You better not touch my Harry!" Mirror Draco snapped.

"If you haven't noticed, he seems particularly attached to me...I mean you...already..." Draco pointed out. "Why is he so attached?"

"Because I took care of him," Mirror Draco said. "No matter what happened, since first year, I've kept him safe...well, as safe as Harry Potter can be..."

But, before he could continue, there was a loud knock on the door that scared both Dracos.

"Draco!" Harry's whine drifted through the door. "Come back to bed!"

Draco looked at his reflection with a raised eyebrow.

"So I like to snuggle!" Mirror Draco snapped, his cheeks flushed. "Sue me!"

Draco shook his head. "We'll talk later," he said, heading for the door.

"Keep your hands above the sheets, I'll be watching!" Mirror Draco warned.

Draco rolled his eyes and slipped out of the bathroom.

"Who were you talking to?" Harry asked. He was standing by the door, Draco's quilt wrapped around him like a robe.

"Er...myself..." Draco answered.

Hey, at least I'm being truthful... he thought.

Harry looked at him suspiciously. "Why?" he asked.

Draco remained silent, trying to come up with an excuse.

"Never mind," Harry said, shaking his head and pulling Draco back over to the bed. "More sleep!"

"It's eleven o'clock!" Draco exclaimed.

"So," Harry said, flopping back onto the bed and lifting the quilt for Draco.

"I'm not really tired anymore," the blonde teen insisted, glancing at the mirror of his dresser. Mirror Draco was there, glaring at him so fiercely, that Draco was surprised he hadn't died on the spot.

"Too bad," Harry said, pulling Draco onto the bed and under the quilt with him.

Draco tried to shuffle away a bit, but Harry wasn't having any of it and he immediately curled himself around Draco so tightly, it was nearly impossible to breath, let alone move. The raven-haired boy snuggled his nose into Draco's neck and sighed contently.

"Hands above the quilt!" Mirror Draco hissed.

Draco tried to move his hands, but they were pinned to his sides by Harry.

"Um...Harry?" he asked.

"Hmm?" Harry mumbled.

I can't believe he's falling back to sleep already! Draco exclaimed in his head. *This guy is lazy!*

Out loud, he said, "I can't move."

"S'too bad," Harry mumbled.

"But, I want to get up," Draco went on.

"And?" Harry asked, pulling the quilt over his head.

"It's kind of hard to get up with you on top of me," Draco said, choosing his words carefully. If he was paying attention to the mirror, he would have seen Mirror Draco waving his hands frantically and hissing at him to stop. "Can you get off of me? It's kind of annoying..."

He immediately knew he must have said something wrong, because Harry tensed.

The quilt was slowly lowered from Harry's face and he pulled back from Draco just as slowly. When he looked at the teen, he had no expression.

Draco was bewildered at Harry's reaction, if not nervous and scared.

"Idiot!" Mirror Draco snapped, covering his eyes with his hands.

"Did...did you just say I was...annoying?" Harry asked, slowly.

"Er...well...yeah..." Draco said, shifting uncomfortably. "I mean...I'm...I'm not tired anymore, and I'm kind of hungry, and you were curled around me tightly...I mean...you're kind of clingy, and we're seventeen Harry..."

Harry's eyes were welling up with tears.

"Draco," he said, sniffing slightly. "You know why...I told you..."

He tried to speak, but his tears were starting to fall. He didn't even try to finish. He jumped out of bed and hurriedly grabbed his cloak and parchment.

"Harry! Harry, wait, what's wrong?" Draco asked, confused, looking at Mirror Draco for help, but receiving none.

"You don't remember!" Harry was saying through his tears, more to himself than Draco.

"Clingy...annoying...told you...you forgot...said you weren't sure...lied..."

None of his babble was making sense to Draco, so all he could do was watch as Harry quickly booked it from the room.

"What did I do?" Draco asked, turning to his reflection.

"He loves me, you git!" Mirror Draco snapped. "He told me so, a few months ago."

"Wait, but Blaise and Pansy..."

"They know he loves me, but only Blaise knows I love him...he likes to hint about it to Harry..." Mirror Draco said, a look of disapproval clearly written across his face.

"Why didn't you tell me this before!" Draco exclaimed. "If I would have known, I wouldn't have-."

"It's none of your business," Mirror Draco insisted. "It's private!"

"Wait, did you just figure out you love him?" Draco asked.

"After a bit of help from Blaise, yes! I hadn't told him yet, as I said before," Mirror Draco said, sighing heavily. "You better fix this, you arse, or I swear to Merlin, when I get back..."

"So, that's what you and Blaise talked about...but, how am I supposed to fix this?" Draco asked.

"Turn to the last page in my journal," Mirror Draco instructed. "You are going to go through with the special night I planned for tomorrow and you are going to tell him."

"And how am I going to explain what happened now?" Draco asked, picking up the journal and flipping to the page indicated.

"You figure that out yourself," the other Draco said, glaring. "I'm not doing everything for you! And, you also have to find a way to put me back into your head, so at least I can be with you at all times."

"Great, just what I need," Draco groaned.

"Shut up!"

"You shut up!"

"I hate you!"

"Then you hate yourself..."

Mirror Draco's cheeks flushed red as he glared even more and, not having any retort, stuck his tongue out at Draco, before disappearing.

Chapter #8: Moonlight Nights

"You said what!" Blaise exclaimed, his eyes wide in disbelief.

"I didn't mean to," Draco insisted, rubbing his eyes wearily.

After Harry had left, Draco had spent the few hours after that, pouring over the last pages of the journal, reading every little detail for the special night, which he would now have to pull off.

He hadn't seen Mirror Draco since Harry had left and he had a feeling the other blonde was angry with him.

"I can't believe you!" Blaise exclaimed, smacking him upside the head.

Draco yelped and grabbed the back of his head, standing quickly. "What do you think you're doing?" he exclaimed angrily.

How dare he hit me! Draco thought.

"Trying to knock some sense into you!" Blaise snapped, crossing his arms. "Now, shut up, sit down and pay attention!"

Draco's eyes widened at Blaise's words.

"What did you said to me?" he asked, his eyes flashing angrily.

Blaise's eyes flashed back. "I said, shut up...sit down." He pushed Draco into an armchair. "And pay attention!"

Draco was so shocked, he just stared at Blaise.

"Now, because of your stupidity, I will no longer be helping you with your little plan," the Slytherin exclaimed. "Therefore, you *will* go through the plan *alone*, and you *will* tell him! Is that clear?"

Draco just stared at him.

"I said, is that clear?" Blaise asked again.

Draco nodded, still speechless about Blaise talking to him like that.

"Good!" Blaise said, with a tone of finality. He sighed heavily and rubbed his forehead.

"Alright, I have to go meet Pans, but *you!* You better be working on that plan when I come to check on you! Understood?"

Draco nodded again.

"Okay!" Blaise said, grinning, his mood changing drastically from angry, to cheerful in two seconds flat. "Have fun!" And with a wave, he was gone.

"What kind of bizarre world have I created?" Draco muttered under his breath as he made his way back to his room.

The plan was a pretty basic one. Draco had already memorized what he was supposed to do; he just wanted to consult with Mirror Draco on how it should be done. He knew he owed him that much.

So when he reached his room, he was happy to find his reflection scowling at him.

"I'm still mad at you," it said childishly.

"Then why are you talking to me?" Draco asked back.

"Because you're the only person I *can* talk to!" the other Draco said miserably. He collapsed on the reflection of the bed. "And I was wondering when you were going to go try and put me back in your head."

Draco winced. "I forgot about that," he said apologetically.

Mirror Draco glared.

"Fine, I'll work on it," Draco mumbled, sitting in front of the mirror.

"What are you doing?" Mirror Draco wondered.

"Well, if this wasn't in any books I read, then it must be something I accidentally did," Draco said, shrugging. "So it probably won't be in any books...I'll have to reverse it myself."

"What exactly are you going to do?" Mirror Draco wondered.

Draco shrugged. "I'm just going to wing it..." he said, circling his shoulders to relieve some of the tension. "Alright, hang on."

Taking a few deep breaths to calm himself, Draco sat upright in his chair and closed his eyes, trying to relax. In his mind he went over everything he had done earlier, trying to figure out how on earth he had managed to bring forth the other Draco.

"Maybe it's because I didn't chant out loud," Draco muttered.

"What?" Mirror Draco asked.

Draco opened his eyes and looked at him. "I was suppose to say the chant out loud, but I couldn't because Harry was here, so I said it in my head," he explained. He frowned, thinking. "I wonder..."

Reaching forward, Draco placed his hand on the mirror.

"What are you doing?" Mirror Draco asked.

"Trying something, now stop talking!" Draco snapped.

Mirror Draco scowled, but did as he was told.

Draco closed his eyes and, in a clear voice, said, "*Refero praeteritus preteritus.*"

There were two shouts of pain as Draco's head began to throb as if it were being split open. If the sounds from Mirror Draco were any indication, the same thing was happening to him.

The next thing Draco knew, he was slumped against the vanity, panting as if he had just ran the length of the Great Hall. He looked into the mirror, but all he saw was his own reflection, blinking back at him. He was sweaty, pale and shaking like mad, but Mirror Draco was nowhere in sight.

: Well...that was unpleasant:

"It worked!" Draco exclaimed, though he winced as his head throbbed.

: I guess it did...man it's good to be back in my body...now if only you would leave...:

Draco scowled. "I liked it better when you were in the mirror. At least I could ignore you then," he muttered.

: I heard that:

"Yeah, well, you were supposed to," Draco said, before snagging his journal from the table and heading towards the door.

: Where are you going? :

"To set up for tomorrow," Draco answered.

: You can't, not now:

"Why?"

: Because you need specific memories for tomorrow:

"And where can I find those memories?" Draco asked.

: The Pensieve:

"What specific memories should I look at?" Draco asked, wandering over to the Pensieve that he had forgotten to hide again.

: You need to watch the memory where Harry told me he loved me:

Draco nodded and removed his wand, leaning over the Pensieve as he thought about what he wanted to see. Soon, he was falling into the basin:

It was dark and cold in the Astronomy Tower. Draco pulled his cloak tighter around himself, wondering how the beginning of September could be so cold.

"Draco?"

The blonde turned and smiled as Harry came over to him, somewhat shyly.

"Harry, are you alright?" Draco asked. He had never heard Harry speak his name so softly before.

"Yes," Harry said, standing next to Draco now. "I'm fine."

Draco smiled, as if to say 'good', and waved his wand, creating a blanket out of no where. He sat down and offered Harry a seat. The raven haired boy accepted, sitting oddly close to Draco. The other teen thought it was because of the cold night.

"So, what did you want to talk to me about?" Draco asked, turning to look at Harry.

"Draco, we've been best friends for awhile now," Harry began. "Ever since first year..."

"Yes?"

"Well, I have something to tell you," Harry said, nervousness creeping into his voice.

He paused.

"I love you."

"Well, I love you too, Harry, but-."

"No, Draco," Harry interrupted, taking his best friends hand. "I really love you."

Draco was silent for a minute, trying to understand what Harry was saying. When it hit him, his eyes and mouth opened wide.

"Ohh..." he said, with understanding.

The silence between them grew heavy and awkward.

"How long?" Draco managed to ask. He couldn't really concentrate. So many different emotions were coursing through him, he couldn't get a hold on them.

"Dunno," Harry said, shrugging, refusing to meet Draco's eyes with his own. "End of fifth year."

"Harry! That was more than a year ago!" Draco exclaimed. "Why didn't you say something sooner?"

"I wasn't sure then," Harry admitted. "I mean, I knew I felt...er...differently towards you and you affected me in ways you shouldn't have...it took me some time to sort through my emotions. Pansy actually helped me."

They fell silent again.

"So..." Harry said. "Do-Do you-?"

He dropped the question, blushing furiously. "Never mind," he muttered.

They grew quiet once more. Draco was processing the information and Harry was shaking with cold and nerves.

"I don't know," Draco said, after the silence between them had gotten to unbearable.

"Huh?" Harry asked, shocked, his head snapping towards his friend.

"I don't know...if I love you...like that..." Draco clarified.

Harry was silent, breathing heavily as he tried to calm down.

"Are you saying," Harry paused, licking his lips in anticipation. "That, you may love me?"

Draco shrugged. "I'm not sure," he said, pulling his cloak tighter around himself, before fiddling with the edge of the blanket. They were quiet, each thinking about the other.

Draco noticed movement out of the corner of his eye before he felt a warm hand enclose over his own.

"I'm patient," Harry said, squeezing his hand lightly. "When you know, I'll still be here."

"Thanks, Harry," Draco said, patting his friend's hand before removing his own. "You're a good friend."

"So he hasn't kissed me-you...whatever...yet?" Draco asked, as he found himself in his room once more.

: No: the other Draco sounded bitter.

"Well, let's get ready to change that," Draco said, a large grin spreading across his face.

"So, what spectacular apology have you come up with?" Blaise asked, the next morning, when Draco sat next to him at breakfast.

"Don't worry about it," Draco said, glancing up at Harry, who was sitting down a ways from them, at the other end of the table with Pansy. The teen glanced up and promptly glared at Draco, turning his attention to his food once more.

"Alright, I know I said I wouldn't help you, but you're going to need it now that Harry isn't talking to you," Blaise said. "So, what do you want me to do?"

"Blaise, where are we going?" Harry asked as his friend ushered him up to the Astronomy Tower.

"You'll see," Blaise said. "Close your eyes."

Harry rolled his eyes, but did as he was told.

"Alright," Blaise said, once he had led Harry to a small section of the tower. "Open your eyes."

Harry opened them to find a small round table, with a lacy tablecloth and candles. It was set for two.

"Look, Blaise," Harry said, turning to his friend. "I know the thing with Draco didn't work out, but I don't love you-."

"Please, Harry," Blaise said, holding up a hand to silence him. "I'm straight."

"Then, who-."

"That would be me."

Draco emerged out of the shadows, his hair slicked back as it was usually in his normal time, dressed in his best clothes. He was wearing freshly pressed, black trousers with a light blue sweater that Mirror Draco had told him was a gift from Harry the previous Christmas.

"And that's my cue," Blaise said, before he backed away from the two and left, closing the door behind him.

The silence between the two was unbearable.

"What's this?" Harry asked, coldly, motioning to the table.

"My attempt at an apology," Draco said.

"Apology for what, exactly?" asked Harry, icily. "For telling me that my affection was annoying or for lying to me and giving me hope that someone like you could possibly love me back?"

"The first one," Draco said, attempting a feeble smile.

Harry snorted and looked away.

"Please, Harry, will you at least listen to me?" Draco pleaded.

"Talk," Harry spat.

"I didn't mean to say that your affection was annoying," Draco recited. "I meant that you were acting annoying."

Harry looked at him, a hard glare. "Your attempt at an apology is a bad one," he snapped.

: Tell him it was late and you were stressed! :

"Harry, please, it was late morning, I was stressed from the essay Binns assigned..."

: You were hungry...you're arm was hurting...:

Why would my arm hurt?

: Just say it! :

"I was hungry," Draco said. "And my arm was hurting."

Harry's angry expression immediately fell into one of sympathy. "Why didn't you say so, Draco?" he asked, taking the other teen's hands in his own. "If you would have told me, I would have backed off!"

"I-I didn't want you to worry," Draco went along.

"Oh you, prat," Harry said affectionately, before pulling Draco into a tight hug. "You scared me...I thought..."

He left the statement at that as he continued to cling to Draco.

"I hate it when we fight," he said.

"Me too," Draco said softly, hugging Harry back.

"So, what's for dinner?" Harry asked, once they pulled away and collected themselves.

"Onion soup for appetizer, steak and kidney pie for dinner, and then treacle tart for dessert, all with a tall glass of pumpkin juice," Draco listed, pulling Harry's chair out for him, before settling into his own across the small table.

"Why, Draco," Harry said flirtatiously. "Is this an apology or a seduction?"

: *Gods he's cute when he does that!* :

Draco smiled, agreeing.

Throughout the meal, Harry and Draco chatted about at the latest gossip in school and then they got into a heated discussion about Quidditch. Draco was able to get through it smoothly, since Mirror Draco kept telling him useful bits of information he needed.

Finally, after Draco had finished his treacle tart and Harry was reaching for his fourth, he said it.

"Harry, I love you too."

The response was priceless. Harry, who had just taken a large bite of his treat, was immediately sent into a coughing fit and didn't stop until Draco physically got up and patted him on the back.

Five gulps of pumpkin juice later, Harry choked out. "W-What?"

"I said, I love you too, Harry," Draco repeated, back in his seat. "I'm not confused anymore. I really love you, like that."

The next thing Draco knew the table was sent flying and he had a lap full of Harry Potter, warm kisses being pressed all over his face. The force of Harry jumping on him caused the chair to tip back and the two were sent sprawling onto the floor. That didn't discourage Harry, however.

The boy used it to his advantage, straddling Draco's waist and pinning him down.

"Are you serious?" he asked, his large emerald eyes filled with delight.

"Would I have let you do what you just did if I didn't?" Draco asked, hands behind his head.

"Yes," Harry said.

They both laughed, knowing it was true.

Chapter #9: Alternate Tales

: It feels so nice, finally letting him know: Mirror Draco murmured

I agree, Draco thought back.

He and Harry were cuddling together on a large comforter. Their dinner table had been waved away when they decided to star gaze.

Draco couldn't believe how amazing it felt to finally let Harry know how he felt. The fact that his love was welcomed and returned sent waves of warm fuzzy feelings through him.

"It's getting late," Harry said, yawning. "We better head inside."

Draco reluctantly nodded and was helped up by the other teen. They gathered their things, made sure everything was gone and slipped under the invisibility cloak. When they reached Draco's dorm, Harry turned to the blonde questioningly.

: He probably wants to know if it's okay for him to stay : Mirror Draco informed him.

Is it?

: Normally, yes, but not tonight : Mirror Draco answered. *: Tell him you're not ready yet :*

But we've already slept in the same bed. Wouldn't that be lying? Draco wondered.

: Your-Our relationship is different now : Mirror Draco concluded. *: He'll understand :*

"I think I'll sleep alone tonight," Draco said, out loud. "Is that okay?"

Harry smiled, though he looked a little let down. "I understand," he said.

There was an awkward pause.

Draco saw Harry's eyes dart guiltily from his lips back to his eyes.

Can-.

: Go ahead... :

Draco grabbed Harry by the shoulders and pressed his lips firmly against his. He shivered as he felt Harry melt into his touch, those pale hands running through his hair.

He massaged his lips hungrily against Draco's, making a slight whimper in the back of his throat.

Draco groaned and pressed him against the wall his hands running up and down Harry's sides.

: *Do you want to convince him you're not ready for all this or not, you git?* :

Draco pulled himself away, gasping for breath. "I'm sorry," he panted. "I don't know what got into me..."

Harry grinned, his hair mused from the wall and his chest heaving. "Nothing..." he said, tracing Draco's lips with his fingertips, "...yet..."

Draco smirked and gave Harry a peck on the lips. "Goodnight, Harry," he said, softly.

"Night, Draco," Harry replied, a large grin across his face as he slipped out of Draco's arms. He threw the invisibility cloak over his shoulders and a wink at the blonde, before he disappeared under the cloak and down the hall.

Draco waited before he was in his dorm before he whooped for joy.

: *Yeah, yeah...*: Mirror Draco muttered. : *Quite proud of yourself aren't you?* :

"Actually, I am," Draco replied, changing into his nightclothes.

He slipped into bed and was asleep before his head hit the pillow.

Draco awoke early the next morning to use the loo. He returned to find Harry slipping into his room.

"Morning," the other teen said as his kicked off his shoes.

Draco grinned and dropped onto his bed. "Morning," he said back, pulling the blankets over himself again. "A little early, don't you think?"

"Don't see you complaining," Harry said, dropping his robe on the vanity chair and slipping under the covers, next to Draco.

"It's Monday," Draco realized.

Harry wrinkled his nose in disgust. "I know, but what are you going to do?" he asked, snuggling up to Draco.

"Mmm...snuggle..." Draco replied, wrapping his arms around Harry and pulling him closer.

They fell into a comfortable silence.

"So..." Harry finally said. "When are we going to have sex?"

Draco, who had been drifting back to sleep, was brought back to consciousness with a large jolt. He pulled back slightly and looked down at the raven-haired teen.

"What?"

"When are we going to have sex?"

Blunt little bugger, isn't he?

: Yup. Doesn't beat around the bush, just gets to the point :

What should I say?

: Tell him 'soon' :

"Soon, Harry," Draco assured him. "Have to give it some time..."

"We've given it two years..." Harry pouted. "That's long enough."

"Soon, I promise," Draco said. "It won't be long before I shag you, trust me."

"You're funny, Draco," Harry said, laughing.

"What makes you say that?"

"You think you're going to shag me..."

Draco blinked.

"How is that funny?"

"Well, *I'm* not bottoming," Harry said as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

"What? Harry, you just scream 'bottom'," Draco said, before he could stop himself.

"Excuse me?" Harry asked, sitting up and putting his hands on his hips.

"Exhibit A," Draco said.

Harry realized how he was sitting and pounced on Draco, pinning his arms above his head.

"I am not a bottom," he said, grinning at Draco's shocked expression.

: He's not, you know :

Are you serious? I could have sworn he would have been a bottom.

: Maybe you're thinking of your Harry :

Nah...the other Harry definitely would have topped.

Harry leaned down and kissed Draco deeply, who immediately forgot what they had been talking about before.

Suddenly, the door banged open and Harry jerked away.

"Blaise!" he exclaimed.

"Yay! You two are finally together!" Blaise exclaimed, his arms outstretched as if he was about to give both of them a big hug. "It only took you two years!"

Harry reached for a spare pillow and chucked it at Blaise, hitting him square in the face. "GET OUT!" he yelled.

Blaise laughed and threw the pillow back, hitting Harry so hard he fell sideways off the bed, before he took off running. Draco was beside himself with laughter, as was Mirror Draco, by the sound of it.

Harry sat up from the floor. "You traitor!" he exclaimed, glaring playfully at Draco. He picked up the pillow from the floor and knocked Draco in the face.

That only made him laugh harder. When Harry hit him again, Draco dove off the bed, tackling Harry to the ground and tickling him fiercely. The tickle fight soon turned into an intense snogging session.

As they kissed, Harry clawed at Draco's shirt until he managed to remove it. His hands roamed Draco's bare back as Draco attacked his neck. Draco was too far gone to listen to Mirror Draco telling him to slow down. He kissed his way back to Harry's mouth, his eyes closed in bliss.

"Draco," Harry moaned, jerking his hips upwards into the blonde's.

Draco opened his eyes at the sound, and froze.

When he had his eyes closed, he had been picturing the Harry from his time underneath him. He had completely forgotten this was a different Harry.

"Draco..." Harry moaned again. "What's the matter?"

Draco gulped, trying to pull himself back together.

Get a grip! You just forgot for a second.

: I told you to slow down...you're not ready! You just changed time! You have no idea what's going on! :

"If we don't stop, we're going to be late," Draco fabricated.

"You're right," Harry sighed, running his fingers through Draco's hair. The two got up and got ready for school.

They were oddly quiet and Draco felt as if he should say something, but Harry didn't seem to mind the silence.

Tonight I need to see some more memories.

: For once, I agree :

"If he's not suspicious now, he will be," Draco muttered as he locked the portrait behind him.

The day had gone somewhat smoothly. He and Harry were oddly quiet, but nothing big had happened. Again he told Harry he wanted to sleep alone and again their night ended with a kiss.

So what memories will I be watching tonight? How about the one with your arm?

: Fine by me :

Draco made his way upstairs and to the Pensieve...

"Stupid Weaslette!" Harry growled as he and Draco made their way to the girls' bathroom on the second floor.

"I agree!" Draco exclaimed. "Doesn't she know not to play with things that think for themselves?"

"Apparently not," Harry sighed.

They reached the bathroom and slipped in unnoticed.

As soon as they entered, Harry and Draco looked around the bathroom. All their clues about the Chamber of Secrets led to there. They just needed to find a way in.

"Draco!"

The twelve-year-old blonde turned to find Harry looking at one of the sinks.

"Look," he said, pointing. "A snake."

"Harry, say something in Parseltongue," Draco urged.

Harry looked nervous, but nodded. He stared intently at the snake.

When he opened his mouth, a low hiss escaped instead of words. There was a rumble and the sink sunk into the ground to reveal a large, dark hole.

"You ready?" Draco asked.

Harry looked a bit pale, so Draco extended his hand. They grasped hands and slid into the hole together. They held onto each other tightly as they slid down a large pipe, ending in a dark, damp, chamber.

"Any sign of movement, close your eyes," Draco instructed, as the two drew their wands.

Harry nodded, grabbing onto Draco's hand reflexively. They bravely went forward in the chamber, sticking close to each other. Suddenly, there was a loud rumble and rocks started to fall from the ceiling of the chamber. Draco grabbed Harry and dove forward, before a large cascade of rocks fell right where they had been standing.

"Guess we're not going back that way..." Harry said, as the two stood once more.

They soon found themselves facing a wall with fake snakes across it.

Draco didn't need to tell Harry this time; the boy spoke to the snakes, and the wall opened up. Once it was open, Draco could make out a figure lying on the ground, farther down the chamber. The two quickly made their way to the unconscious form of Ginny Weasley.

"Weasley! Weasley, wake up!" Draco urged as Harry kneeled down to check her for injuries. There was something not right about the chamber and Draco had a feeling they needed to hurry.

"She's as cold as ice, Draco," Harry said worriedly, gently shaking the girl.

"She won't wake..."

The two spun around to see a boy, a couple years older than them, emerge from the shadows.

"Let me guess, Tom Riddle?" Draco asked, gripping his wand tighter.

Tom nodded, his eyes flickering over to Harry, who was now standing slightly behind Draco.

"You two are very clever, to figure it all out," he said, smoothly.

"It was quite simple really," Draco said. "We knew Hagrid couldn't possibly have opened the Chamber, didn't make sense."

"And yet, knowing that I was the Heir, you still came down here?" Tom asked, circling the two with hawk like eyes.

"It's not like we expected to see you," Draco sneered.

Instead of responding, Tom waved his hand. Draco's wand dropped from his hand as he was sent flying across the chamber.

"I'm through talking to you," Tom sneered, picking up Draco's wand and turning his attention to Harry. "The Boy Who Lived...am I right?"

Harry nodded, meekly, as he took a few steps backwards.

"Tell me, how is that a baby, with no extraordinary talent, was able to defeat the greatest sorcerer in the world?" Tom asked, venomously, as he stepped closer. "How did you escape with nothing but a scar, while Lord Voldemort's powers were destroyed?"

"W-Why do you care how I escaped?" Harry stuttered, stepping back more. "The Dark Lord was after your time."

"Voldemort is my past, present, and future," Tom said. He raised Draco's wand and wrote the words, Tom Marvolo Riddle, in mid-air.

With a flick of his wrist, the words rearranged themselves to spell: I am Lord Voldemort.

"You! The Dark Lord?" Draco managed to exclaim, as he slowly got to his feet.

"Funny, I never thought he would be in Slytherin," Riddle said, looking Harry up and down. "Suppose it's because his parents were such goody Gryffindors."

Harry's jaw immediately clenched at the mention of his parents. "Expelliarmus!" he shouted, pointing his wand at Riddle. Instead of sending Draco's wand towards him, the spell was so strong it knocked Riddle backwards.

Draco scrambled over to Harry, picking up his discarded wand. Riddle sat up immediately and began speaking in a low hiss. Harry paled, but before he could tell Draco what Riddle had said, there was a hiss and a large, Basilisk slid out of the shadows.

"Get Weasley!" Draco ordered, immediately turning away from the snake. He frantically looked around the chamber, trying to find something he could use against the snake. Harry bent down and scooped Ginny up, cradling her close as he took off running towards the way out.

The snake saw his fast movement and went after him. He hadn't seen Draco yet. Draco hurried around the chamber, carefully watching the snake for any sign that he was going to turn around. He had to hurry; the snake was gaining on Harry. Taking a chance, he managed to get a clear shot of the side of the snake's face.

"Diffindo!" he shouted. The Cutting Curse ripped across the Basilisk's face, blinding him.

As the snake wailed in pain, Draco aimed a few more shots at his head. His only problem now, was that the snake was falling down. Draco ran towards Harry, but the snake's tail was whipping around and knocked him sideways into the chamber wall, smashing his arm against it and sending his wand flying.

"Draco!" Harry yelled.

*"The diary, Harry," Draco yelled, his teeth clenched in pain as he held his broken arm.
"Destroy it."*

Harry placed Weasley down as Riddle made his way over, a determined look on his face as he picked up Draco's fallen wand again. Grabbing the diary, Harry threw it on the ground and pointed his wand at it.

"Incendio!" he shouted.

"NOOOO!" Riddle yelled as he burst into flames just like the diary.

Draco came back to the present, shaking slightly.

You helped Harry?

: Yeah, with everything...the Sorcerer's Stone, the Chamber, Sirius Black, the Triwizard Tournament...you name it :

Draco sunk onto his bed, running his hands through his hair.

He had a feeling the other Draco had just killed them all.

Chapter #10: No Turning Back

I can't believe this!

: Can you please tell me what you're going on about:

Harry hasn't faced anything on his own, has he?

: What do you mean:

I mean, you've helped Harry figure out everything since first year, right?

: Yes...and:

What about the prophecy?

There was silence.

: What prophecy:

You don't know about the prophecy?

: No... :

Does Harry?

: No. He would have told me, or we would have found out together... :

Draco immediately stood and walked out of his room and out the portrait hole.

: Where are you going:

To see Dumbledore...

When Draco reached the Headmaster's office, the stone gargoyle opened automatically (one of the perks of being Head Boy). He rushed up the swirling stairs and banged on the door of the office.

It took only a minute for the door to swing open.

"Mr. Malfoy," Albus Dumbledore said, surprise clearly shown. He was sitting at his desk, a half written letter in front of him and a quill in his hand. "To what do I owe this late visit-"

"Why doesn't Harry know about the prophecy?" Draco cut in.

Dumbledore's features darkened and his eyes narrowed behind his half moon spectacles as he lowered his quill.

"How do you know about the prophecy?" he asked.

"Forget about how I know," Draco said impatiently. "Why haven't you told Harry he's the only one who can defeat Voldemort?"

"I do not understand, or know, how you could have found out about the prophecy, but I can assure you that it is none of your concern," Dumbledore said.

"The hell it is!" Draco snapped. "Harry has a right to know!"

Dumbledore was silent as he scrutinized Draco's angry form.

"Who are you?"

"Are you mad old man?" Draco exclaimed. "I'm Draco-"

"Yes, I know you are Draco Malfoy," Dumbledore interrupted. "What I meant was, what time are you from?"

Draco was silent, his face showing no betrayal of surprise, though Mirror Draco was swearing up a storm and his stomach was doing back flips.

"I don't-"

"Yes, you do know what I am referring to, Mr. Malfoy," Dumbledore said, standing. "I can sense there's been a large change and shift and, until now, I couldn't figure out where it had come from. Now, answer my question."

: Might as well...no use lying...:

"A time where you don't keep secrets from Harry," Draco answered carefully. "A time where you and he are closer than father and son."

"That must be a very different time," Dumbledore said, somewhat sadly. "A time, if I'm not mistaken, you were unsatisfied with."

"I was unsatisfied with my relationship with Harry, not what was happening around us," Draco told him. "But that's not the point. Why doesn't he know?"

"How did he find out in your time?" Dumbledore asked.

"He went to the Department of Mysteries, according to my father," Draco explained. "My father was supposed to retrieve the prophecy, but failed when Harry and his friends arrived."

"Which friends?"

"Weasley, Weasley's sister, Hermione, Lovegood, Longbottom..." Draco listed. "That's all I know of."

"Why would Harry go if Lucius was going?" Dumbledore wondered.

Draco thought he was missing something. "Harry was going because the Dark Lord had laid out some sort of bait for him..." he answered.

"Am I correct in saying that you and he are on opposite sides in your time?" Dumbledore asked knowingly.

Draco nodded. "Yes."

"Well then, Mr. Malfoy," Dumbledore said, sitting back at his desk. "I suggest you have a seat."

Draco frowned, but did as he was told.

"Things are very different in this time, I'm assuming," Dumbledore said.

Draco nodded, but remained silent.

"Well, let me start off right now by telling you, your father is on our side," Dumbledore began. "Up until fourth year, when Voldemort returned, your father was a Death Eater. But he turned spy for us when he saw how close you and Harry were. He would not lose his son because he was his friend's enemy."

Draco felt slightly sick. So, if he would have stuck around in his time and became friends with Harry, his father would have switched?

But, as Draco gave it some more thought, he realized his father wouldn't have. It was too late in his time.

"You and Harry have been inseparable since first year," Dumbledore went on.

"I got that much, so far," Draco interrupted.

He was surprised when Dumbledore gave a slight chuckle. "Not used to it, are you?" he asked.

Draco shook his head. "Sir," he said. "What about Sirius Black?"

"What about him?" Dumbledore asked.

"Well, I know this Draco helped with Sirius Black," Draco went on. "What does that mean?"

"It means, he helped Harry figure out who Black was, though they never really talked after third year. Black was a criminal, after all," Dumbledore said.

"What about Wormtail?" Draco asked, his eyes narrowed in confusion.

"Wormtail?"

"Peter Pettigrew," Draco amended.

"He died many years ago, why?" Dumbledore asked.

Draco sat there, confused. "But, in my time, my father told me that Pettigrew sold out Lily and James Potter and made it look as if Black had killed them. It wasn't until our third year that Harry figured this out, and my father told me," he explained.

It was Dumbledore's turn to look confused. "Where was he hiding, if he was truly alive?" he asked.

"According to my father, Pettigrew was an Animagus, a rat at that," Draco said.

Dumbledore's eyes shone with understanding. "Scabbers..." he mumbled.

"Sir?"

"In third year Mr. Ron Weasley's rat went missing when Black escaped, never seen again," Dumbledore explained. "Makes some sense now."

"So, Harry was never close with Black?" Draco confirmed.

"No," Dumbledore answered.

"How did Black die?" Draco wondered. "In this time, I mean."

"Dementors."

Draco sunk back into his chair and covered his face in his hands.

"Is everything all right, Mr. Malfoy?" Dumbledore asked.

"I think I just screwed us all," Draco answered, his voice muffled.

"How so?"

"Harry isn't strong," Draco said, removing his hands from his face. "He's done all these wonderful things, but not alone."

"I don't see how that has anything to do with Voldemort," Dumbledore said.

"It means that he's not going to be ready to face Voldemort on his own," Draco explained.

"Of course he will, Mr. Malfoy," Dumbledore said, returning to writing his letter. "You're not giving him enough credit. Now, it's late, I suggest you head back to your room."

: So, the Harry in your time was close with Black:

Yeah, they were like father and son.

: So, were he and Dumbledore:

Yeah, why? How is it here?

: We don't speak with Dumbledore unless we absolutely have to :

Draco lay on his bed, staring at the ceiling. He had just awoken from an uneasy sleep. His head was spinning, trying to find a way to make Harry stronger, to make him able to fight Voldemort, and win.

"First things first, he has to start calling him Voldemort," Draco muttered.

: Why:

"Well, fear of a name only increases fear of the thing itself, right?"

: You been talking to Granger:

"Just listen," Draco cut in. "If Harry no longer fears saying Voldemort's name, he'll fear the Dark Lord even less, and that's a start."

: If you say so :

Draco sighed and looked at the clock. Breakfast was in 45 minutes. He eased himself out of bed and took a long, hot shower. When he emerged five minutes later, with a towel around his waist, there was a knock on his bedroom door.

"Come in."

The door opened a bit, and Harry poked his head in. "Coming to see if..." his words trailed off as he stared, quite hungrily, at Draco's nearly exposed body.

"Coming to see what?" Draco, who was not paying attention to Harry since he was gathering his uniform, asked.

"Naked..."

Draco frowned and finally turned to face Harry. He immediately felt his cheeks flush red with embarrassment as he saw Harry's extremely hungry stare, taking in every inch of exposed flesh.

"Snap out of it," he said, still embarrassed. "We have to get to breakfast."

"No, we don't," Harry said, stepping into the room and closing the door.

"Yes, we do," Draco said, grinning, his embarrassment slowly going away. "I'm hungry."

"So am I."

And with that, Harry lunged and pushed Draco onto the bed, kissing him so fiercely that Draco had a brief moment of panic where he couldn't breathe. It only lasted a second because the next thing he knew, Harry's tongue was exploring his mouth and he was giving in.

His mind was a blur as Harry quickly shed his own clothing and yanked the towel away.

"Are you sure you don't want to slow down a bit?" Draco asked, slightly nervous. He realized he was going to bottom, and he wasn't particularly used to that.

He also wasn't sure if now was the right time for this.

"To make it last?" Harry asked, his eyes filled with desire, passion and complete devotion.

Draco reached up and moved a black lock of hair out of Harry's face, letting his fingers trail down his cheek, taking in the look.

"Yes," he finally said. "To make it last-"

Bloody hell this hurts!

: Relax! It'll get better, trust me :

You actually like to bottom?

: That one time it happened, yes I did :

Draco was about to ask about that one time, but the pain was starting to go away and his mind was back on Harry.

As Draco felt his second, amazing orgasm that morning, he scratched his nails up Harry's back once more, knowing vaguely that Harry would have cuts on his back later.

They lay together panting deeply for a while, before Harry removed himself and rolled next to Draco.

"That was totally worth the wait," Harry finally said, after his breathing returned to normal. "Wow."

"Yeah," Draco panted, pushing his hair back from his sweaty forehead. "It really was."

"When you said soon, I didn't know you meant this soon," Harry said, retrieving his wand from his abandoned pants and waving away their mess.

"Well, how could I refuse when you just pounced on me?" Draco asked with a laugh.

Harry laughed back. "Now I need another shower, care to join me?" he asked.

Draco laughed. "No, you go first," he said. "If I go with you, we'll never make it to breakfast, or to class."

Harry grinned, agreeing, before gathering his clothes and heading into the bathroom. When Draco heard the shower running, he slipped out of bed and opened his trunk. He felt around the sides until his hand closed over the tiny potion vial and pulled it out.

Draco sat there for a bit, staring at the potion.

There no going back now, he thought to himself, putting the potion back. I'm going to have to find another way to make Harry stronger.

: What about us:

What about us?

: Well, Harry can love, but the Dark Lord can't. Maybe him loving us can help in some way :

I hope you're right.

Chapter #11: Jealousy and Fear

"Will you stop grinning like that?" Draco hissed to Harry as they made their way to the Great Hall. "The look practically screams 'I got laid!'"

"Why shouldn't I brag about it?" Harry asked, grin still in place. "It was a damn good lay."

Draco opened his mouth to reply, but they had reached the Great Hall and were heading towards the Slytherin table. Draco felt a prickle on the back of his neck and he turned to see who was staring at him.

Weasley! What does he want? Draco thought bitterly as he saw said redhead watching his and Harry's every move. When Harry wasn't looking, a hungry look passed over Weasley's features as he looked at Draco.

Oh no! Draco exclaimed in his head.

: What:

Weasley? You let Weasley shag you?

: It was an accident : came the embarrassed reply.

How is that an accident? What, did he slip and bump into you? 'Oops, sorry! It seems my cock just slipped into your arse again, and again...'

: No! Arse...I was drunk! It was after our annual end of the year party two years ago:

Wait? You were drunk? He wasn't drunk either?

: No...hence the wanting more of me and me disgusted by him...:

Does Harry-?

: Yes, he knows :

Draco visibly shuddered with repulsion as he took his spot next to Harry at the table.

"Good morning, Blaise, Pansy," Harry said cheerfully, loading his plate with food.

"You two fucked didn't you?" Blaise asked bluntly.

Draco turned bright red, but Harry nodded happily.

"Very well I might add!" he said.

"You're quite proud of yourself aren't you?" Draco asked through his embarrassment, using the bowls of food in front of him as a distraction.

"Very," Harry answered.

Draco shook his head as he began to eat his breakfast.

"So," Blaise whispered to him, leaning over so only Draco could hear. "Was it everything you wanted it to be?"

Draco paused, mid bite, and thought.

After a couple of seconds he shrugged. "I guess," he said, finishing the food in his mouth.

"You guess?" Blaise asked.

"It felt good...very good..." Draco answered. "I just...I don't know."

Blaise's eyebrows knitted together in worry. "Are you-?" he began.

"No, I'm not having second thoughts about my feelings for Harry," Draco assured him.

"Oh, you were hoping for the whole fairy tale first time kind of deal?" Blaise asked.

"Yeah, I guess," Draco said, poking at his food.

"Well, when did you guys do it?"

"This morning," Draco said.

"Damn, don't waste time do you?" Blaise asked.

"Shut up!"

Draco felt a hand on his knee and turned his attention to Harry.

"Sorry for jumping you earlier," he said, in a hushed tone, so only Draco could hear him.

"But I couldn't contain myself."

Draco smiled, giving his hand a squeeze. "It's alright," he said.

Harry smiled.

It happened when Draco was in the library during break, waiting for Harry to come back with a potions book he was looking for.

The blonde Slytherin had been flipping through his notes from that class, when he decided to try and find the other book they would need. He stood and turned towards the shelves, when he found himself face to face with Ronald Weasley.

Now, normally, Draco would have called him a name and pushed past him. However, the intense wave of nausea prevented him from doing so.

"Hello, Draco," Weasley said, in a drawl that Draco was not used to hearing.

"Weasley," Draco said, curling his lip with disgust as he pushed past him.

"Since when are we on a last name basis again?" Weasley asked, seizing Draco's arm to prevent him from going anywhere.

"Since you took advantage of me when I was drunk," Draco shot back hotly, tearing his arm from Ron's grasp.

"Is that what you keep telling yourself?" Weasley asked, his face in the same sneer Draco had donned many times in his own universe.

"It's the truth," Draco said, a tiny bit of worry building up inside him when he realized the other Draco was unusually silent.

"Drunks don't beg, Draco," Weasley said, mockingly.

Suddenly, the redhead felt something jab into his neck.

"I suggest you leave, Weasel," Harry said, standing next to him, his wand pointed right at Ron's jugular. "Before you get hurt."

"What's the matter, Potter?" Weasley asked. "Mad because I got to your little friend before you did?"

Draco saw Harry's eyes flare and, before his boyfriend could curse or even kill Ron, the teen grabbed Harry's hand. "Just forget it," he said. "He's not worth it. He's not worth anything."

Harry clenched his jaw, but lowered his wand.

"I suggest you leave my boyfriend alone," he said in a deadly tone. "Next time you won't be so lucky."

Weasley glared angrily at the two before he marched away without another word.

"Did he hurt you?" Harry asked immediately after Ron was out of earshot.

Draco shook his head. "No, I'm fine," he assured Harry. "Let's just finish this in my room."

Harry agreed, so they gathered their things and left.

"Draco," Harry asked as they were walking back to the Head Boy room. "Can I ask you something?"

"Sure," Draco said, his guard up however. He had a feeling he wasn't going to like what Harry was about to ask.

The raven haired teen turned to him. "Were you really drunk when you shagged Weasley?" he asked, a hint of insecurity present in his voice. "Because, some of the things he says..." His voice trailed off as he waited for Draco's answer

I don't know, were you?

: Yes, I was:

Then why didn't you say anything throughout the whole Weasley encounter?

: You had it under control. What more could I say:

"Yes, I was drunk, Harry," Draco assured him as they reached the portrait to his quarters.

"And I deeply regret it."

"Alright," Harry said as Draco said the password.

They spent the next hour working on their Potions homework. It would have been longer, but Harry got bored towards the end and threw their stuff on the floor, before pouncing on Draco and kissing him feverishly.

"Harry, can I ask you something now?" Draco asked when they pulled away to breathe.

He was lying on his back, his shirt untucked and unbuttoned at the top. His robe, tie and shoes had been chucked carelessly across the room. Harry was on top of him, in the same state.

"Of course you can," Harry said.

Draco shifted slightly so that he was half sitting up. "Are you scared of Voldemort?" he asked.

Harry visibly shuddered and he buried his face in Draco's neck. "Of course I am," he answered. "He murdered my parents along with hundreds of other people. He's tried to murder me..."

"But, Harry," Draco said gingerly. "If you want to beat him, you need to stop fearing him."

There was no response for a couple of minutes.

"Why the sudden interest in me fighting the Dark Lord?" Harry asked, pulling away from Draco's neck to fix him with a suspicious stare. "What happened to just running away and letting someone else take care of it. You know, the Slytherin way, save yourself?"

"Well, I changed my mind," Draco said, frowning at the other Draco's philosophy. "And his name is Voldemort."

Harry shuddered again. "Stop saying that!" he hissed.

"Fear of a name only increases fear of the thing itself," Draco stated.

"You been talking to Granger?"

"Listen, Harry." Draco ignored him. "You are strong enough to stand up to Voldemort."

"What if I fail?" Harry asked, sitting up and curling into a ball at the other end of the couch.

"He'll kill me, Draco! All because I stopped him when I was one year old. He wanted to kill me when I was one and I don't even know why!"

Draco bit his lip, wanting to tell him about the prophecy.

: Don't you dare:

He deserves to know! If he finds out he was meant to do this, maybe he'll put in the effort and try!

: You don't know him like I do! He won't feel that way:

"I know why," Draco said, causing Harry's head to snap in his direction.

He could hear Mirror Draco cursing him to hell, but he didn't care.

"What do you mean, you know?" Harry asked icily.

Draco shifted closer to Harry, taking his hand. "I know why Voldemort tried to kill you all those years ago," he said. "I just found out a couple of days ago and I was waiting for the right time to tell you."

"Tell me what?" Harry asked, in a voice that was barely above a whisper.

Draco took a deep breath. "There's a prophecy..."

It had been dead silent for ten minutes straight. They were still sitting the way they had been when Draco had told him, but neither had spoken.

Draco wanted to say something...anything to try and comfort Harry, but he knew he needed to let him just sit there and think everything over.

"That explains everything..." Harry finally said. "Why the Dark Lord tried to kill me...why he's been trying and trying every year...why I have this stupid scar on my forehead..."

"Hey, I think it's sexy," Draco said, trying to lighten the mood.

"Yeah?" Harry asked, finally looking him in the eye.

Draco nodded. He leaned forward and kissed Harry softly. "You okay?" he asked when he pulled away.

Harry sighed heavily, but nodded.

"So, what now?" he asked, in a helpless tone.

"I want to start training you," Draco said.

"How?" Harry asked.

"I know things...spells, defenses, curses...that the Death Eaters know," Draco explained. "I can teach them to you...so you know what they know and can expect what they'll do."

"But," Harry began. "How do you-?"

Draco placed a finger to his lips. "It doesn't matter how I found out about them," he said, lowering his hand. "What matters is that I can make you stronger. Stronger than you've ever been before...if you're up for it."

Harry sat there for a second. Draco could see the fear in his eyes, but he could also see the wheels turning in his head. He knew that, however scared Harry may be, he would still do what could benefit him. It was a Slytherin after all.

"Okay," he said. "Train me like a Death Eater."

Draco nodded. "Okay," he said, squeezing Harry's hand. "Are you sure?"

Harry nodded back. "Yes," he said. "As long as you're with me, Voldemort doesn't stand a chance."

Draco smiled and leaned forward, kissing Harry deeply. Harry responded hungrily, cupping Draco's cheek in his hand and plunging his tongue into the teen's mouth.

"I think I deserve a reward..." he said huskily as they pulled away.

Draco smirked. "Hmm," he said, standing and pulling Harry in the direction of his room. "I think you do too."

They didn't make it to a single one of their afternoon classes.

Chapter #12: Frustration

"Have you seen Harry or Draco lately?" Blaise asked as he sat next to Pansy at the Slytherin table.

"Actually, no I haven't, why?" she inquired, opening her copy of the Daily Prophet.

"I haven't either, that's why I'm asking," Blaise said. "They've been spending a lot of their time disappearing."

"Maybe they're just making up for all the time they wasted not being together..." Pansy suggested, burying her face in the newspaper.

"Nah...I think it's something else," Blaise said, shaking his head. "Have you noticed how strange Draco has been acting lately?"

"Oh, Blaise, you're so suspicious! Just leave them be!" Pansy said, waving her hand at him.

"I'm sure they're not up to anything bad."

"Yeah, you're probably right," Blaise said shrugging. "So, what's happening in the news?"

"Another Death Eater attack..."

"Third one this week. Man, what is going on?"

"I have no idea."

OoOoOoO

Draco sighed in frustration, pushing his blonde hair back from his sweaty forehead. "God damn it, Harry!" he snapped. "Focus!"

"I am focusing! It's just too hard!" Harry whined.

They were currently in the Room of Requirement, training. The entire room had turned itself into a training room, completely with defense spell books and weapons. They had started Harry's training a couple of weeks ago and they were making very little progress. Harry didn't seem to want to even try.

True, he did want Draco to train him. Draco had asked him multiple times if he was sure. He just had no motivation. He whined constantly at the slightest amount of pain and he rarely practiced on his own.

"If you practiced more, it wouldn't be so hard!" Draco snapped, his irritation getting the better of him.

Harry frowned. "No, it would still be hard!" he argued back. "You're teaching me defence and Dark Arts!"

"Trying to!" Draco snapped. "It would work if you actually put some thought and power into it! Now focus!"

He threw a Stunning Spell at Harry, who was supposed to use the Shielding Charm to defend himself...a charm Draco knew the other Harry was exceptionally good at.

He watched as Harry raised his wand...but the spell wasn't strong enough yet. The Stunning Spell broke the shield almost immediately, grazing Harry in the shoulder.

"OW!" he exclaimed, immediately dropping his wand and grabbing his shoulder. "That hurt!"

"And?" Draco asked, hands on his hips. "Do you think Voldemort is going to care if you get a tiny little scratch?"

Harry narrowed his eyes angrily, his hand still holding his shoulder. "I think I need a break," he said icily.

"No," Draco refused. "Get ready..."

"I said I need a break!" Harry snapped, his eyes flaring with anger. "I'm tired and I'm achy."

"Oh boo hoo!" Draco mocked. "The final battle is going to be worse than this. If you want to be trained like a Death Eater than you're going to have to act like one."

"I don't want to act like a Death Eater!" Harry exclaimed.

"Well you agreed to it the second you asked me to train you," Draco told him. "What, did you think I was going to be all lovey dovey and a pushover? Sorry to disappoint you but that's not the way it works!"

"You need to chill out!" Harry yelled. "You're pushing too hard!"

"You're not trying hard enough!"

"Yes I am!"

"No you're not! You're being weak!"

"I'm not weak!"

"Than prove it!"

Draco cast a Stupefy before he even finished talking. Harry used the Shielding Charm instinctively. This time, it was so powerful it knocked Draco backwards. He hit the wall and slid onto the ground.

"Oh my god!" Harry exclaimed, rushing over to his boyfriend. "Draco, are you okay?"

Draco sat up, wincing slightly. Still, there was a smile on his face. "I knew you could do it," he said as Harry helped him stand.

Harry's eyes widened. "You prat!" he said, shoving Draco back.

Unfortunately, Draco was still unbalanced and he nearly fell over. Harry caught him just in time. "Sorry! I'm sorry!" he said.

Draco laughed and rubbed his aching back. "It's okay," he said. "I guess I deserved that."

"Yeah, you did!" Harry said as they two headed for the door, their training complete for the day. "God you're a slave driver."

"But I was right, you can do it, Harry," Draco said. "You just need motivation."

They were silent the entire walk back to Draco's dorm. Once there, they entered the cozy room and headed for the bathroom. Both boys stripped and slipped into the shower, counting the number of bruises they had acquired from their training that day.

"I found a new one on my arm...of course," Harry said, examining the spot where the Stunning Spell had grazed him.

"That wall was pretty hard," Draco said, twisting around to try and find the bruise that he knew had formed when he hit the wall.

Harry pulled Draco close to him, snuggling up under the spray of hot water. "Did I do good enough to deserve a reward?" he purred.

God is he always this horny?

: Yes :

"Almost," Draco answered. "If you hadn't whined so much, I may have been inclined to give you some type of reward."

"You're not going to?" Harry asked with a pout.

Draco smirked and shook his head. He gave Harry a peck on his lips before pulling away and beginning to wash up. "You can't always get rewarded," he said.

"God, who are you and what have you done with Draco Malfoy?" Harry asked, starting to wash up as well.

"He left," Draco mumbled.

: You took over his body :

Quiet you!

After their shower, Harry and Draco settled in the common room to do their homework.

"I can't believe how late it is..." Harry said through a yawn as he glanced up at the clock above the mantle. "Can't we finish this during break?"

"No," Draco said, blinking furiously as sleep threatened to consume him. "We're almost done. If we finish it now, we can rest during break."

Harry made a noise of disgust, but didn't push the issue. It was nearly one in the morning by the time they finished their homework. They walked sluggishly to Draco's room. Quickly they stripped down to their boxers in the dark and collapsed onto his bed.

"So tired..." Harry mumbled, snuggling up on Draco's chest.

Draco made a noise of agreement and was drifting off to sleep, until he felt something slither its way up his thigh.

"Hands to yourself," he said, giving Harry's hand a slap.

"What's up with you?" Harry asked, pulling away and frowning down at Draco through the dark.

"What do you mean?" Draco asked. The thought of sleep instantly disappeared from his mind once he heard Harry's tone.

"Did I do something to upset you?" Harry asked.

Draco could clearly hear the hint of worry in his voice. "No, why would you ask that?" he asked.

"Well, when we're training you're always yelling at me, and for the past two days you haven't touched me," Harry answered.

"Yes I have!" Draco insisted.

"Not sexually!"

Draco opened his mouth to argue, but as he thought about it, he realized Harry was right. Though he felt slightly guilty, there was a small part of him that felt a bit irritated.

God! What is wrong with him?

: What do you mean:

Does he think I'm just here to baby him and bend to his every sexual whim?

: He just loves you :

Yeah I know that, but we don't always have to express it physically.

"We've been training hard and I've been tired," Draco said, trying not to snap. "Just because I'm not as horny as you doesn't mean I'm angry at you!"

Apparently that was the wrong thing to say. The raven haired teen sat up.

"Excuse me?" Harry asked.

Draco could hear the angry tone in his voice.

"Harry, just because we haven't had sex or I haven't touched you in that way, does not mean I am angry with you," Draco repeated in a softer tone. "I just haven't felt like doing anything."

"Bet you would if you were with Weasley," came the mumbled response. It was low so Draco wasn't supposed to hear it, but he had.

: Oh no he didn't :

Oh yes, he did!

Draco shoved Harry out of the bed. "Get out!" he said, pointing to the door.

The black haired boy quickly scrambling to his feet. "Wait! Draco, I-."

"No!" Draco interrupted. "I cannot believe you would stoop to such a level! I was drunk when I shagged Weasley and you know very well that nothing else has or ever will happen between him and me. You are the one I love and you're supposed to love me!"

"I'm sorry! I do love you!"

"Than why would you say such a thing?"

"Well, I just thought you-."

"You thought I wasn't attracted to you? Do you think I did all this just to have a shag with Weasley?"

"Did what?"

But Draco wasn't listening. He got out of bed and began marching around his room, mumbling to himself. "I cannot believe this! I worked my arse off doing research upon research and what do I get? Stuck in some reality where I let a Weasel bugger me and the guy I love is a sissy!"

"Draco, what the hell are you talking about?"

The blonde froze; he had temporarily forgotten that Harry was there. He turned to Harry slowly, who hadn't heard everything he had been ranting.

"Get out," Draco said softly.

"I said I was sorry!" Harry exclaimed.

"After what you said I need to be alone," Draco said, marching over to the door to his room.

"Please, leave."

It was with a heavy heart that he watched Harry get dressed and walk towards him. He looked so sad and defeated that Draco almost changed his mind about letting him stay.

: Don't :

What?

: Don't let him stay :

What brought this change in you?

: You were right :

I know that. About what this time?

: He's weaker than he should be. If he knows you're mad at him, chances are he's going to be mad at himself :

So...

: So, he'll try to make it up to you. Usually that means buying you something but since you're training him, he's going to be practicing :

Are you sure?

: Positive. He'll want to make you proud :

I hope you're right.

Harry and Draco walked through the common room in complete silence. Neither one spoke until they reached the portrait hole. Harry turned to his boyfriend.

"Draco-."

"Goodnight, Harry."

It pained Draco to do so, but he closed the portrait shut before Harry could anything else.

After, he leaned against it and sighed.

I really hope you know what you're talking about.

: I do, trust me :

Chapter #13: Off

"Has either of you seen Harry?" Draco asked as he sat down for breakfast.

He hadn't seen his boyfriend since their little spat, which had been at least two days before.

Blaise and Pansy looked up from their breakfast when their best friend spoke.

"He grabbed something to eat and then left right away," Blaise answered.

"When?" Draco asked.

"About five minutes ago," Pansy answered.

"Do you know where he went?" Draco asked, gathering food himself, deciding to go find Harry and talk things over.

Pansy and Blaise looked at each other.

"What?" Draco asked, catching the look.

"He doesn't want us to tell you," Pansy finally said.

"Why not?" Draco asked, suddenly not feeling hungry anymore. He had a bad sinking feeling in his stomach. He realized that he had probably messed everything up between him and Harry.

Blaise just shrugged. "He didn't say why," he answered. "All he told us was where he was going and not to tell you."

"Did you two have a row?" Pansy asked. "I asked him, but he wouldn't tell me."

"Yeah," Blaise interjected. "What happened?"

Draco ignored their questions and buried his face in his hands.

He's never going to talk to me again!

: He will! He just needs some space :

He's had two days of 'space'. I need to find him.

: He's probably in the Room of Requirement :

Draco stood abruptly and grabbed his things. He prayed to whatever gods were listening, asking them not to let his time with Harry be cut short because of this stupid fight.

"Hey! Where are you going?" Blaise called after him.

"Leave him be," Pansy said, patting her boyfriend's arm.

"After all the lusting after each other you would think that they would try their hardest not to fight," Blaise said, shaking his head sadly.

"They'll be fine," Pansy assured him. "Though, I never really have seen them fight...come to think of it..."

"Me neither," Blaise said frowning. "Something's not right..."

OoOoOoO

Draco made his way to the Room of Requirement, his nerves on edge.

: You'll be fine :

He seriously doubted his alter self but never the less, he knew he needed to smooth things over with Harry. He didn't come this far just to loose him over a stupid fight.

As he approached the wall, he was surprised that the door to the room appeared to him. Sighing heavily, Draco opened it and stepped in.

Sure enough, there was Harry, in the middle of the room practicing his Shielding Charm. He was wearing his school uniform, minus the robe. His hair was plastered to his forehead with sweat and his cheeks were flaming red. A plate of food lay a few feet away, untouched.

Draco watched as different spells appeared from no where, flying towards Harry. He was blocking each one so effortlessly that it reminded Draco of the old Harry he had known.

The blonde just stood there, watching Harry practice; he hadn't even noticed that he wasn't alone in the room anymore.

Within five minutes of Draco's arrival, the spells stopped flying at Harry and he finally lowered his wand and relaxed. A glass of water appeared next to his plate of food.

It wasn't until he turned in that direction that he noticed Draco.

"Hi," he said with unease.

"Hey," Draco said back. "I figured you'd be here."

"Well, couldn't let you think I was weak, could I?" Harry muttered bitterly, picking up his glass of water and gulping half of it down at once.

"Is that what this is about?" Draco asked. "You think I think you're weak?"

"You do think I'm weak," Harry said bitterly. "You told me so yesterday."

"Because you weren't doing your best!" Draco said. "I didn't actually mean it. I know you're not weak."

"Yeah, whatever," Harry said. He sat on the ground with his back to Draco and picked up his plate of breakfast.

"Harry," Draco said, walking in front of him. "If I thought you were really weak, why would I bother training you in Dark Arts?"

Harry remained silent, poking at his food.

"Dark Arts takes a lot of energy and power," Draco continued. "You just don't seem like you know how much power you have. That's why I got mad that you when you kept whining. You need to channel your power and use it."

"Is that why you shagged Weasley?" came the angry question. "Because he's not weak?"

Draco was bewildered. "What the bloody hell are you talking about?" he asked. "Weasley is nothing compared to you! What makes you think you're weaker than him?"

"Because he got to you first," Harry mumbled.

Draco rubbed his eyes in frustration. He sat in front of Harry and took his plate away. He placed it off to the side before taking the raven haired teen's hands in his own.

"Harry, look at me," he said.

But Harry's eyes refused to leave the ground.

"Harry, I'm serious," Draco said, slightly angry now. "I did not go through all this confusion and, other stuff, just for you to ignore me."

He didn't raise his head, but Harry peeked at Draco through his fringe of hair.

"Good," Draco said. "Now, just because Weasley and I had a-a...thing...once, does not mean that you are weaker than him. I was drunk! How is that a sign of strength from Weasley? Taking advantage of someone who's drunk? That's a weakness, Harry. The fact that you didn't want to ruin our friendship and gave me time to sort my feelings out is a sign of strength. Do you understand me?"

Harry sighed heavily, but nodded.

"Yeah," he said lifting his head and moving the hair out of his eyes with a flick of his head.

"Yeah, I do, Draco. I'm sorry. I know I was acting like a complete prat..."

"Hey," Draco said smiling. "You're my prat."

Harry smiled back and leaned forward, planting a soft kiss on Draco's lips. "I'm really sorry...I love you," he said.

"I love you to, git," Draco said. He stood, pulling Harry with him. "Now let's go, we're going to be late for class."

OoOoOoO

"So did you guys work things out?" Pansy asked as Harry and Draco joined her and Blaise in Potions class.

Harry nodded happily as he and Draco took their normal seats.

Professor Snape stormed into class as he always did, except this time he looked at Draco.

"The Headmaster would like to see you in his office immediately," he said, not sounding too pleased.

Draco, confused and slightly nervous, rose from his seat and left the room.

Oh god what is it now? Am I in trouble or something? I bet that's it! He's probably going to be angry with me for teaching Harry Dark Arts...

: *Will you calm down:* came Mirror Draco's response. : *I'm sure you're not in trouble...:*

Draco didn't believe him and was practically shaking by the time he reached the Dumbledore's office.

Oh my god, get a grip! he told himself, finally controlling his shaking and fixing his nonchalant mask in place. *Geez, you're turning into Harry!*

He took a deep breath before he knocked on the door.

"Come in, come in," came the answer.

Draco stepped into Dumbledore's office, only to come face to face with Lucius Malfoy.

"Father!" he practically squeaked, before scowling at himself for his jumpy nerves.

He was even more nervous when he saw his father smile, considering in the past it only meant some terrible was about the follow.

"Draco! It's so good to see you!" Lucius said, pulling his only son into a tight hug.

Draco was so shocked that he just stood there, looking at Dumbledore for an explanation for his father's sign of affection. All he received was a smile, a nod and that damn twinkle in the Headmaster's eyes.

Carefully, and feeling as though he was going insane, Draco returned the hug.

"Father," he asked when they pulled away. "What are you doing here?"

"Father? Since when do you call me 'Father'?" Lucius asked, looking at his son curiously.

What do you call him?

: *Um, Dad...*: Mirror Draco said as though it were the most obvious thing in the world.

That's so...common!

: *Oh get over yourself! You've meddled in my business too much already; don't ruin my relationship with my parents:*

"Sorry, Fa-Dad," Draco corrected himself. "Just kind of came out."

Lucius seemed to accept the explanation and both sat in the seats Dumbledore offered them.

"So, Dad," Draco said, not helping the small smile that formed on his face. "What brings you to Hogwarts?"

Lucius, who had also been smiling, suddenly turned grave. "Draco," he said. "I've come to bring you home with me."

: *Oh shit :*

Ditto...

"Why?" Draco asked alarmed, trying not to look too guilty.

"Your mother is very sick, son," Lucius explained. "She's been at St. Mungo's for a couple of days now and they sent her home this morning. They say she's suffering from high blood pressure. She needs lots of rest and relaxation and she has a few potions to help her, but she really wants to see you."

Draco looked at the Headmaster, who finally spoke.

"I will let your teachers know," he said. "I believe you should go and get your things, Draco."

"But what about Harry?" Draco asked, before he could stop himself.

"Your mother says he may come as well," Lucius said. "She says she would like to speak to him as well."

"Harry can come?" Draco asked, surprised.

Lucius frowned. "Yes, of course. Why?" he asked. "Do you not want him to?"

: Idiot :

Shut up! You should have let me know it would be okay.

"Yes, I do want him to come," Draco amended. "I was just making sure it would be okay, considering Mother's condition."

"You know those two are like peas in a pod," Lucius said, smirking. "They can talk for hours and hours."

: It's true :

This is so bizarre!

"Alright," Draco said. "I'll go and pack."

OoOoOoO

After stopping by Potions to collect Harry, the two headed to their dorms.

"I hope Narcissa is alright," Harry said. It was very clear that he was worried.

"Me too," Draco said.

However, though he was worried about his mother, Draco was more nervous about seeing her. His relationship with his father was already very different from his previous one. He was nervous to see how close they were.

"Do you want to tell them?" Harry asked as they reached the point where they would separate to collect their things.

"What? Why?" Draco asked.

Harry frowned. "Why shouldn't we?" he asked.

There were numerous reasons running through Draco's mind, but he decided not to voice them out loud. Maybe his parents would be more open to his and Harry's relationship than they would have been in his other time.

"How about we wait until mother is feeling well so we can tell them at the same time," Draco offered.

And so I can think of what to say.

: That would be a good idea :

"Yeah, I agree," Harry said.

He leaned forward and gave Draco a quick peck on the lips. "See you in a few minutes," he said before he turned and headed towards his dorm.

Draco did the same thing, his nerves resurfacing along with worry this time.

Chapter #14: Happiness

By the time Draco had finished packing and was heading to the Entrance Hall, he was shaking like a leaf yet again.

: Get a grip on yourself!

I'm trying! I've never been this nervous before! Damn, what the bloody hell is wrong with me?

: Mum already loves Harry so I'm pretty sure she'll be thrilled about the change in relationship :

Really?

: I'm positive :

When he rounded the corner, he nearly stopped dead at the sight of his father and Harry. He had remembered how it had been in his old time; Harry and Lucius couldn't be in the same room without the elder Malfoy trying to kill the poor boy. So it came as a shock to see Harry and Lucius smiling and talking with one another as if they were old friends.

"Ah, there you are, Draco," Lucius said, when he noticed his son's presence. "What did you pack? Everything but the kitchen sink?" He chuckled at his own joke.

Draco was surprised he was making a joke.

"Yeah, Drake," Harry said, smiling. "You sure took a long time."

"You know me," Draco said, smiling back. "I have to make sure I have everything I'll need."

"We better get going," Lucius said, checking his pocket watch. "I promised your mother we would be home before dark."

The three Slytherins left the castle, Harry and Draco floating their trunks behind them. Draco wasn't sure how they were going to get home, but he decided not to ask out loud. The other Draco surely would have known.

"Once we get to the Manor I want you boys to put your trunks away and then visit Narcissa," Lucius instructed as they walked across the grounds of Hogwarts. Many classes were still in session so there weren't any other students around. "She's very tired, so I'm not sure how long she'll be awake. After that you can ask the house-elves for dinner; I need to head back to the Ministry to finish up a few things and then after I have a dinner meeting with the Minister."

"So we'll be on our own all night?" Harry asked.

Though his tone was innocent, Draco could sense it was a false innocent. He glanced sideways at Harry, eyebrows raised. Harry met his gaze and smirked back. Luckily, Lucius didn't see.

"Yes, you will be," he answered Harry. "And before you start complaining about getting bored, I'm sure there are plenty of things to do around the house."

"Oh I'm sure there's *something* we can do," Harry said as they passed the gates of Hogwarts and into the village of Hogsmeade.

Draco opened his mouth to respond to Harry's statement when his father spoke. "Alright, Draco, Harry," he said. "Grab your trunks and hold onto my arm."

The teens did as they were told and the next second there was a horrible sensation of being squeezed through a tube before they landed with a 'pop' in the entrance hall of Malfoy Manor.

"I do hate Apparating," Harry said, rubbing his ears furiously.

"Me too," Draco agreed. "I prefer brooms."

Harry had to fake a cough to hide the snicker that escaped him.

There were three house-elves waiting for them in the entrance hall already and as soon as they saw the three wizards, they took their traveling cloaks before disappearing.

Harry and Draco floated their trunks up the stairs and headed to the third floor.

Which guest room does Harry stay in?

: Er...he doesn't stay in a guest room, he has his own room :

What? That's insane! Then why does he have to go back to those Muggles every summer? Why can't he stay here at the Manor?

: I don't know. It has something to do with blood magic... :

Draco frowned slightly, interested in learning more about blood magic. He stored it in the back of his mind for later.

The duo reached Draco's room and separated; Harry's room was conveniently right across the hall. Draco entered his bedroom and breathed a sigh of relief as he realized it looked exactly like it had in his other time and, after quickly looking around, everything seemed to be in exactly the same place.

While Draco was unloading his bag, he felt Harry come up behind him.

"So..." the raven-haired teen said, grasping Draco's hips firmly. "After we visit your mum, what do you want to do?"

Draco grinned and placed his hands on Harry's.

"Oh I can think of a few things I'd like to do..." he purred, rocking back against Harry slightly.

"Mmmm..." Harry purred back. He nibbled on the back of Draco's neck slightly before pulling away. "We better stop before we're late for visiting your mum."

Draco nodded, somewhat disappointed. He turned to his wardrobe and started looking around for the formal attire he always wore to visit his mother.

"What are you looking for?" Harry asked.

Draco looked at him, about to tell him, but decided against it. His parents seemed to be so down to earth now and his mother was sick; Draco really doubted his mother would care if he was dressed formal or not.

"Nothing," he answered. "I'll look for it later."

They headed out of his room and made their way up to his parents' room, chatting about random things. When they reached the double doors, Harry paused and turned to him.

"You should go first," he said, motioning to the door. "She's your mum."

"Are you sure?" Draco asked. "She likes you. I'm sure she won't mind."

"No, that's alright," Harry said. His small smile turned into a sly one. "Besides, why should I deny you the luxury of telling her?"

"Nice try," Draco said with a smirk of his own. "We said we would wait, and we're going to wait."

Harry looked very disappointed that Draco wouldn't be doing the hard part without him, but he still allowed Draco to visit his mother alone.

Draco lightly knocked on the door and waited until he was told to open it.

Any major changes I should know about?

: I let you know ahead of time :

A little bit less nervous now, Draco slipped into the room.

Narcissa Malfoy was lying in bed, primly propped up against a mound of soft pillows. There was a tray of food levitating next to her bed, which looked to Draco as if it were untouched.

"Draco, sweetheart," Narcissa said, smiling softly and lifting her arms towards her son.

Draco smiled and walked over, embracing his mother gingerly. "Hello, Mother," he said, then winced slightly as he remembered it was 'Mum' now.

Thankfully Narcissa didn't seem to notice the slip and motioned for her son to sit on the edge of the bed. Draco did as she requested and gently took her hand.

"How are you feeling, Mum?" he asked, squeezing her hand slightly.

"Tired," Narcissa said, her smile faltering as she yawned. "And weak, but I'll survive. Now tell me, how are you? Anything new happening in your life?"

Draco struggled to hold back the huge smile that threatened to give away his and Harry's secret. "No," he answered. "Nothing new...just the same old boring things."

Narcissa gave him a look that clearly showed she didn't believe him. Thankfully, she didn't press him for more information. "How's Harry?" she asked instead. "Did he come with you as well?"

Draco nodded, motioning his head towards the door. "He's waiting outside," he answered.

"Good," Narcissa said, sitting up a bit more. "I want to speak with both of you, separately."

"Really?" Draco asked, his stomach flip-flopping a bit. "About what?"

"Draco, you know I love you," Narcissa said. "But it isn't healthy for you to keep your feelings bottled up. It doesn't matter what other people think, you can be with whoever you want to be."

Draco's mouth dropped open slightly in surprise.

How does she know?

: I'm not surprised, actually. She's very observant and she catches things that most people don't :

"Mum, what-?"

"Draco, I know you have feelings for Harry," Narcissa interrupted. "And I want you to know that your father and I just want what's best for you. We love you and we want you to be happy."

Draco didn't realize he was crying until his mother reached over and wiped the tear from his cheek. He was so overcome with emotions, he couldn't help the tears from falling.

I wish it was like this in my own time... he thought, pulling his mother into a tight hug and burying his face in her neck.

: Maybe it can be :

No, it never will be...

"It's alright, sweetie," Narcissa said, rubbing Draco's back. "You don't have to hide anymore..."

Draco pulled back, smiling softly through his tears. "We're together, Mum," he told her. "Harry and I started seeing each other a little while ago."

Narcissa laughed happily and hugged him tightly once more.

OoOoOoO

"You're humming."

Draco looked up from his bed, where he was resting against the headboard in his pajama bottoms, and smiled at Harry.

It was true, Draco Malfoy was humming happily as he read *Quidditch Through the Ages* for the thousandth time. He couldn't stop thinking about the meeting with his mother and how happy she had been that he and Harry were together. Draco never thought he would see the day where his mother would be happy he was seeing another boy.

"I'm just in a great mood," Draco said to Harry, putting his book on the floor. "You going to bed?"

Harry nodded and crossed the room towards the blond. When he reached him, he leaned over and kissed him deeply. "You should get to bed as well," he said when he pulled away. "Tomorrow your father will be at work *all day*..."

Draco smirked and kissed him once more. "Mmm, can't wait," he said.

OoOoOoO

Normally Draco was a heavy sleeper, but many nights of studying for his time travel plan had caused him to become jumpy and a light sleeper. That's why, when his bedroom door lightly creaked open, Draco was immediately awake.

He lay still in his bed, nervous and still slightly out of it. He heard the unmistakable sound of bare feet on the hardwood floor as someone made their way over to his bed.

Draco smiled as he felt Harry slide in next to him and drape his arm around his waist.

"What time is it?" Draco asked.

"Time for a little midnight snack," Harry whispered into Draco's ear, licking the shell of it.

Draco felt Harry's erection poking him in the back, so he pressed back against it.

It *had* been awhile...

Chapter #15: Rude Awakening

When Draco awoke, he was snuggled against Harry, warm, sticky, and still deliciously full. Harry's arm was thrown across his waist, still loosely holding onto Draco's now soft member. He was flush against Draco's back, still buried deep inside the blonde. His face was pressed against his back, tickling the boy with his soft breathing.

The awake Slytherin wanted nothing more than to doze back off this way, or maybe rock against Harry until he was so hard he awoke and made love to Draco again, but the pressure in his bladder was getting annoying and he desperately needed to use the loo.

Carefully, he removed Harry's arm from his waist and carefully pulled away, gasping a bit as Harry's cock eased out of his, slightly sore hole, slowly. He paused, hoping he hadn't wakened the raven haired teen. But a quick look over his shoulder confirmed that Harry was still fast asleep.

Draco slipped into his private bathroom to relieve himself and to wash up a bit.

As he went to the sink, he caught site of his reflection in the mirror.

"Whoa," he said, taking in his mussed hair and the many love bites on his neck.

: *You look like hell.* :

Draco rolled his eyes, but couldn't help but smile. "No," he said proudly. "I look thoroughly shagged."

: *You **were** thoroughly shagged.* :

There was a hint of annoyance and envy in his voice.

He smiled happily. "I know," he said, running a hand through his hair. His stomach suddenly gave a loud grumble, telling him that his nighttime activities with the Boy Who Lived caused him to become quite hungry.

Draco grabbed his robe and slipped it on, deciding to head down to the kitchen for a snack, and maybe bring back some toppings to spread over Harry and wake him with. He slipped out of the bathroom silently, smiling at how peaceful the raven haired teen looked.

The boy was still fast asleep, now curled in the cutest way, against the blonde's pillow.

Draco slipped out of his room and carefully closed the door behind him. All was silent in Malfoy Manor as the Malfoy heir made his way down to the kitchen to satisfy his growling stomach. When he reached the double doors, he stopped; there was a light coming from underneath the door.

Finding it odd that someone left the light on, Draco turned the knob, but the door wouldn't budge. Frowning in annoyance, he pressed his ear against the door and listened. He could make out muffled sounds, but it was hard to tell whether what he was hearing were voices, or simply the house-elves cleaning up, as they liked to do when the family was fast asleep, and therefore unlikely to interrupt them.

But why would the door be locked? he thought to himself.

: Only one way to find out... :

Draco grinned and followed the outer wall of the kitchen until he reached a landscape portrait. It had been his secret since he was younger: a passage that led to the living room, which just happened to pass the kitchen. There was a portrait in the kitchen that, with one simple charm, allowed the person behind it to look into the room. It was used in the olden days, when the Malfoys had maids and house-elves, to spy on the help and make sure they were doing what they were told.

The portrait worked as a one way mirror, with the person in the passage being able to see inside the kitchen, but the people in the kitchen not being able to see the hidden person.

It hadn't been used in years and as far as Draco knew, he was the only one in the household who knew about it.

The teen reached out and placed his hand on the portrait, saying in a clear, but hushed voice, "I am a Malfoy by blood and name, let me enter."

The portrait quietly slid open and revealed the hidden passage that Draco hurriedly climbed through. He removed his wand and whispered a quick "*Lumos*" before starting down the passage and to the other portrait.

Once he reached it, he tapped his wand against it three times and soon found himself looking into the kitchen.

His parents were sitting at the table, cups of tea in their hands as they talked quietly.

Draco's eyebrows shot to his hairline.

Since when do Mum and Dad have tea? And shouldn't Mum be in bed?

: They always have tea when they can't sleep or when they want to have a serious talk. :

Mirror Draco explained. *: And you know Mum, she's restless. She probably wanted to get up and walk around for a bit. :*

The looks on his parents' faces appeared serious and Draco immediately grew worried.

Oh no! I hope everything is alright...

: Shh, listen... :

"So the boys are involved?" Lucius was asking his wife, his expression mirroring the surprised one Draco had worn not a minute ago. "As in, romantically involved?"

Narcissa smiled softly and nodded. "Yes," she said. "It seems my suspicions were correct."

To Draco's surprise, Lucius smiled fondly and shook his head. "Took them long enough," he muttered, before sipping his tea. "By the way love, before I forget, I had an interesting conversation with Albus on my visit."

"Really?" his wife asked, intrigued. "How is our dear old Headmaster?"

"Oh fine, just fine," Lucius said, lowering his tea cup. "But, it seems our son has, spilled the beans one would say, to Harry about the prophecy," Lucius said.

Draco had expected him to sound angry, but he seemed more surprised.

It seemed Narcissa was as well. "But how did Draco find out?" she asked. "And what possessed him to do such a thing?"

"I wish I knew, Narcissa," Lucius said. "But it also seems he's been teaching Harry the Dark Arts."

Narcissa dropped her tea cup in surprise, sending tea across the white table cloth. "Oh, Lucius, whatever for?" she asked. "And are you sure it's our Draco?"

"Yes, I'm sure," Lucius said. "It seems Harry informed the Headmaster a few days ago as a precaution. Draco was apparently too harsh in his training..."

"Oh, Lucius, why?"

"Don't you see, darling," he asked. "Our son is preparing Harry to fight the Dark Lord."

"But he is just a boy!" Narcissa exclaimed. "He cannot defeat the Dark Lord! He will die!"

"It seems Draco has faith in his abilities and this prophecy," Lucius said, waving his wand and cleaning up the spilled tea.

"Draco is blinded by love," Narcissa said, a touch of anger in her voice, but a touch of pride as well. "He wishes for a strong, able, powerful Harry, and he's taught himself to believe that's what Harry is! I know the boy is powerful, but honestly, Lucius, I do not believe the boy is strong enough to defeat the Dark Lord."

But Harry is! He is! Draco exclaimed in his head. He's done it by himself before!

: *Not in this world.* :

Shut up!

"Narcissa, we both know Draco may be in love," Lucius said, holding his wife's hand now.

"But blind he is not. If Draco believes Harry can defeat the Dark Lord, he must have a very good reason."

"But why is he worried about Harry fighting the Dark Lord all of a sudden?" Narcissa asked.

"Most of the time the Dark Lord comes up, Draco talks about Harry going into hiding with him. Please tell me Dumbledore is still going along with that plan?"

"He is, Cissa," Lucius said, patting her hand to reassure her. "The Dark Lord plans to attack Hogwarts soon and Dumbledore is already anticipating it. That's why he insisted I bring the boys with me today."

"How soon?" Narcissa asked, her voice barely a whisper.

Lucius was silent; he didn't want to scare his wife further, especially with all she'd been through, but he didn't want to hold back information from her either.

"Lucius," Narcissa asked again, this time in a more stern voice.

"Two, three days tops," Lucius answered.

Draco heard no more of the conversation as he bolted from the secret passage and ran at breakneck speed back to his room.

It can't be! It just can't be! he thought. *It's way too soon!*

: *It explains why they sent you both home for so long.* :

But Harry isn't even close to being ready to fight Voldemort! Draco thought frantically. *He won't win! He just won't and he MUST win! I did not change the past so that I can have a short future with him!*

: *Well what can we do about it?* :

Draco marched towards his room, determined.

"We can fight," he said out loud.

OoOoOoO

Harry was having the most wonderful sleep of his life. He was snuggled deep under Draco's covers, stark naked, with Draco's scent all around him. His sleep-muddled brain briefly

wondered where his love was, hoping to snuggle back up to him, preferably with a certain area of himself where it was before.

He was just drifting back to sleep when he was rudely awoken by Draco's persistent shaking.

He groaned in response, all sexual thoughts flying out of his head as he thought about going back to sleep.

"I know I'm hot, Drake," he muttered sleepily. "But can't you wait until I'm at least coherent before you try and molest me?"

"Harry," came Draco's sharp voice. "Harry, get up now!"

Harry recognized that tone. It was the same tone Draco used when they were training: harsh, angry, forceful...

Something was wrong.

Harry sat up immediately, though he was still half out of it. "What's wrong?" he asked, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

When his eyes adjusted to the dark, he could make out the outline of Draco, packing things into his bag that he had just unpacked hours earlier. It took Harry a minute or two to register what he was seeing.

"Where are you going?"

"We are going back to Hogwarts," Draco said, closing his bag before throwing on his traveling cloak. He had already changed clothes and packed Harry's belongings for him.

"But why?" Harry asked.

Draco threw his clothes at the still naked Slytherin. "Don't ask questions, just hurry," he said, moving towards the closed door and pressing his ear against it.

Harry was scared of Draco's crazy behavior and began to get dressed.

The blonde continued to press his ear against the door, listening.

Nothing, not one sound.

Good, Draco thought firmly.

: You're making a huge mistake! : came the angry response. : You're sending him to his death! He's not ready because he's not supposed to be! He hasn't had that much experience... :

Bull shit! I know for a fact Harry has had lots of experience in battle! And besides, Voldemort is not planning to attack for four days, Draco snapped back, watching with slight impatience as Harry slowly dressed and began to put his shoes on. *That's plenty of time if we do nothing but training.*

: Screw that Dark Lord, YOU'RE going to kill him! : Mirror Draco practically yelled. : He can't handle all the Dark Arts you've been teaching him! He doesn't have it in him! :

Yes he does! Now, SHUT UP!

: You know what, that's it! I'm done helping you! You want to take over my life, my love and then turn it into your world? Fuck you! I won't stand by and watch the boy I love die! :

And just like that, the other presence in his head was gone.

"Good riddance," Draco mumbled.

"What was that?"

"Nothing..."

"Done," Harry said, finally lacing up his trainers and throwing his own traveling cloak around his shoulders. "How are we going to get there?"

"Same way we got here, Apparating; no time to waste," Draco said. "Do you have your Invisibility Cloak?"

"Yeah, in my bag," Harry said. "Why?"

Draco didn't answer, simply summoned the garment, shrunk their bags and threw the cloak over the both of them. He was about to open the door, when Harry grabbed his arm, rather forcefully.

"Draco Malfoy, I will not take another step until you tell me what the fuck is going on!" Harry said, his eyes blazing with anger. It was obvious he was upset about not only being rudely awakened, but by his boyfriend's bizarre and slightly scary behavior.

"Fine, you want to know what's going on?" Draco asked. "Voldemort is attacking in less than three days and you are nowhere near being ready to take him down!"

Harry paled drastically and swayed dangerously, looking as though he were about to pass out, which he probably was. "H-He's what?" he asked, his voice filled with the fear he was experiencing. "B-B-But why? How? How did you find out?"

"It doesn't matter how I found out!" Draco practically spat. "What matters is your training! Now let's go!"

OoOoOoO

Their trip out of the Manor was way too easy. Draco's parents had long since gone to bed, leaving the halls empty and the threat of being caught nonexistent. They managed to reach the edge of the property and Apparate without a problem.

When they arrived in the center of Hogsmeade, all was eerily silent. Though he was angry with Draco, Harry pressed himself closer to the blonde, scared of the seemingly never-ending darkness that stretched before them, towards the castle.

They started the long trek to their school, Harry's Marauder's Map showing them who, if anyone, was in their path. Thankfully, it was so late that even Filch had retired to his chambers, and their way was free.

The two walked in silence, neither wanting to say anything, though both would be too afraid if they did. The night was so silent it only seemed to intensify their fear of the blackness all around them.

"I don't like this," Harry finally whispered; it was a barely audible whisper, but a whisper nonetheless. "I don't like this at all."

Draco, despite his earlier harshness toward his boyfriend, couldn't help but pull him closer in a protective hug. Truth be told, he too felt just as afraid as Harry was, walking through the dark like they were. He felt as if he were in one of those dreams where you couldn't see where you were going, but you couldn't stop walking.

The two jumped at every noise, and Draco began to wonder if the castle was moving itself further away from them in an attempt to let the darkness swallow them whole.

Eventually, the darkness eased up a bit and the castle loomed closer. It looked dark and empty with the absence of the lit torches outside and the many lights that usually filled the many rooms and hallways of Hogwarts.

Harry and Draco made their way into the Entrance Hall, contemplating where to go. Draco wanted to head straight for the Room of Requirement, but Harry made for Draco's room instead, so the blonde followed without a word.

Draco admitted he may have been a bit rushed before, but now, as they climbed through his portrait, he wanted nothing more than to fall into bed in Harry's arms and apologize for the way he had treated him earlier.

If things went the way he thought they were going to go, it might be the last time he would be able to do so.

Chapter #16: Running Out of Time

When Draco awoke later that morning, Harry was awake as well.

The raven-haired teen was snuggled deep under the blankets, right up against Draco's side.

"Morning," Draco said cautiously, worried that Harry was still mad at him for the way he had treated him earlier.

"Morning," Harry said, his voice empty of all emotion.

There was a pause between the two as both began to come to grips with what was going to be happening.

"I'm sorry," Draco said. "I kind of freaked out yesterday when I heard the news and I just got so worried..."

Harry silenced him with a soft kiss.

"It's alright," he said once he had pulled away. "I probably would have reacted the same way if I had found out."

Draco gave him a small smile and a tight hug.

"I don't want to lose you," he said.

Epecially after everything that's happened, Draco thought. Everything I went through...this was supposed to make things better!

"I don't want to lose you either," Harry said. "But I honestly don't think I can take on V-Voldemort. I'm not ready."

Draco sat up.

"So let's get you ready," he said. "We'll train as hard as we possibly can for as long as we can."

"But, Draco," Harry said, sitting up as well. "I'd rather spend my last days with you, here...like this..."

Draco grabbed Harry so suddenly, the teen was shaking with surprise and slight fear.

"Don't you ever, ever, talk to me like you are going to die, do you hear me?" Draco asked dangerously. "Harry James Potter you are going to live through this. You are going to defeat Voldemort and after, we will lock ourselves in this room and you will make love to me for weeks and weeks on end, do you understand?"

Harry took a deep breath and looked right into Draco's flashing silver eyes.

"Yes," he said firmly, nodding. "Yes, I understand. I'm sorry."

Draco pulled Harry into a hug before getting out of bed.

"Let's go," he said. "There's no time to waste, we need to train."

This time, Harry went without a fight.

OoOoOoO

"Stun!"

"*Stupefy!*"

"Shield!"

"*Protego!*"

"Torture!"

"*Crucio!*"

"Cut!"

"*Diffindo!*"

Draco spat out commands at Harry rapidly while the Boy Who Lived performed each and every one of them perfectly on the different targets the Room of Requirement supplied.

They had been at it for hours now, only resting for a moment when Harry looked as if he were about to collapse.

Draco knew he was pushing far too hard, but he couldn't spare a moment of compassion.

"Kill."

Harry froze, sweat pouring down his face. His wand was pointing at the target, but it was shaking.

He looked at Draco with surprise.

"Excuse me?"

"I said, kill."

Harry shook his head. "No!" he said firmly.

Draco's eyes flashed angrily.

"Yes," he said. "That wasn't a suggestion or a question. That was an order."

"No, I won't do it," Harry said firmly, lowering his wand and spinning around to fully glare at Draco. "I am not a killer!"

"It doesn't matter if you are or if you aren't," Draco said, angry that they were wasting valuable time. "Do you think Voldemort or the Death Eaters are going to refrain from using that spell on you? It's the only way you can kill Voldemort!"

"No, there has to be another way," Harry said.

"How?" Draco asked frantically. "What are you going to do? Question him to death? Now do the spell!"

"Fuck you! I won't use that spell!" Harry said. "I can't! You have to mean it!"

"And you don't?" Draco exclaimed. "Look me in the eye and tell me that you don't want Voldemort dead enough to do it yourself!"

Harry looked at Draco, still panting from his training and from being worked up.

He managed a slight shrug. "I don't want him dead," he said. "I just want him to leave me alone."

Draco couldn't believe his ears. "YOU WHAT!" he exclaimed. "After everything he did to you, everything he will keep doing to you, you don't want him dead?"

"Well I do," Harry amended. "But I don't think I can do it. I can duel him, sure. But kill?"

"He murdered your parents!" Draco snapped. "He showed up at your house, killed your father and then killed your mother right in front of you, and then he tried to kill you. Not once, but multiple times! He's the reason Diggory isn't here anymore and his followers are the reason why Sirius isn't here anymore! All that doesn't give you a reason to want him dead?"

Harry was standing there in shock, tears welling up in his eyes.

"Why did you have to bring that up?" he asked, crying silently. "You know I don't like to talk about all that stuff..."

"Because you NEED to think about it Harry!" Draco snapped. "I don't know what else I can do to put all this in perspective for you! Do you realize that in two days Voldemort will be here to kill you? Do you realize how many other people are going to die before he even gets to you! Do you realize I could die?"

"NO!" Harry yelled throwing his wand down and latching onto Draco for dear life. "I won't let you die!"

"Believe me," Draco said, hugging Harry back despite how angry he was feeling. "I won't let either of us die...but I can't do it alone. I can't protect you all by myself. You need to help too."

"But you've always protected me," Harry sobbed, his face buried in Draco's neck. "You've always been the one to take care of me and come to my rescue. Can't you do it this time? Can't you stop Voldemort?"

Draco sadly shook his head.

"I wish I could, Harry," he said. "But you're the one who the prophecy is about. Only you can stop him and do you know why?"

"Because I'm devilishly cute and charming?" Harry joked through his tears, a small smile forming.

Draco laughed and hugged him tighter. "Because you can love," he said. "You have a reason to fight, you have people you want to fight for. He has no one."

They grew quiet as the tension between them slowly disappeared.

"Come on," Draco said, picking up Harry's wand. "Let's go back to my room. We're done here."

Training was over. Draco was done with it all. He had less than 48 hours left with Harry before Voldemort attacked and he was damned if he was going to spend it constantly fighting Harry. Plus, the boy needed to sleep and build up his magic once more. All the training had certainly drained him.

As they left the Room of Requirement, neither of them noticed a bright flash in the middle of the room and a figure emerging from it.

OoOoOoO

It was amazing that no one realized that they were back.

Harry and Draco had been holed up in Draco's room for almost 24 hours and no one knew about it, not even Dumbledore. At least, that what it seemed like since no one had bothered to come to their room to check on them.

Draco had ceased any further training of Harry in the Room of Requirement, deciding to just focus on pleasing the boy, making him feel as loved as possible. He wasn't sure how it was going to help him in the end, but he knew it needed to be done.

They had spent most of their time in Draco's bed, Harry making love to Draco countless times throughout the day.

Each time was slow and careful, neither of them rushing it.

Draco could tell Harry was capturing every moment he was intimately with Draco, and he let him.

The blond Slytherin was still worried.

I know Harry can do this, I know he is strong enough!

But he wasn't so sure anymore.

He wished he could talk to the other Draco about this, but the boy was long gone. Where? He didn't know, but he knew he was on his own now.

Later that day, after they had made love for the twentieth time or so, Harry turned to Draco. "I'm sorry I disappointed you," he said, sighing sadly.

"What do you mean?" Draco asked frowning. "I came. It was great like it always is..."

"No, not with sex," Harry said, waving his hand dismissively. "I know I can't disappoint you there. I meant yesterday, with the Killing Curse."

"I shouldn't have asked you to do it," Draco said with a shrug. "I knew you weren't ready for it. It's my fault."

"No it's not," Harry said shaking. "It's mine. I could have done it. I was afraid to. I'm afraid of all the hatred I feel for Voldemort. I don't want the hatred to turn me evil."

"Is that what your issue was?" Draco asked, turning on his side to face Harry. "You didn't want me to think you were evil?"

Harry shrugged, hiding his face in embarrassment.

"Harry," Draco said, placing a hand on the boy's hip and stroking the skin under his thumb gently. "I know you aren't evil. And when you kill Voldemort, which I know you will do, I still won't think you're evil."

"No?" Harry asked.

Draco smiled and shook his head, placing a small kiss on his lips. "No, I won't," he said.

Harry smiled and cuddled closer, sleep tugging at him. "Draco Malfoy," he asked, with a slight yawn. "Will you marry me after this is all over?"

Draco smiled and pulled him right against his chest. "Yes, I will," he said.

Harry drifted off to sleep with a smile on his face.

OoOoOoO

Later that night, while Harry was still fast asleep, Draco sat by the window staring into the night sky. The moon was full and bright and there wasn't a cloud in sight, only a vast stretch of stars.

The newly engaged Malfoy looked at Harry's sleeping form and couldn't help the guilt that welled up in his chest.

If something happens to him...

But he couldn't even finish his thought.

I need to go for a walk to clear my head, he thought, standing up and slipping into his robe. He grabbed his slippers and wand and quietly slipped out of his room.

The corridors were eerily empty and the entire castle was quiet.

Draco walked with his head bent low, his mind racing with all sorts of different thoughts and plans on how to make sure Harry won against Voldemort.

Suddenly, the hairs on the back of his neck stood up.

Someone was following him.

Draco gripped his wand and spun around, but saw no one.

He listened intently, trying to make out any sounds in the night.

There!

Footsteps!

Before Draco had a chance to find somewhere to hide, Hermione Granger strolled around the corner of the hallway and spotted him, marching over determined.

But she wasn't the Hermione Granger he knew.

This girl, no this *woman*, was very different from the bookworm Gryffindor.

She was slightly taller and more toned than the other one. Her long brown hair was slicked back into a long, tight braid and she wore clothes that were brown and equivalent to those worn by soldiers Draco had seen in an old Muggle movie. Her wand was in a holster around her wrist and her exposed skin sported many different symbol tattoos.

"Granger, what the hell are you wearing?" Draco asked as she finally reached him.

But instead of answering, Hermione smacked Draco across the face so hard she split his lip.

"You selfish bastard!"

Chapter #17: What Have I Done?

Clutching his face, Draco looked at the girl in shock.

"What the fuck was that for?" he asked, spitting blood onto the floor.

"Oh like you don't know you selfish, prick!" Hermione exclaimed, crossing her arms and glaring at him with such loathing and disdain, Draco actually took a step back.

"I didn't do anything!" he insisted, bewildered at her strange behavior. It was then that he really got a good look at her. "And what the hell are you wearing? You look like you are ready for battle..."

"I am," she said, suddenly looking around as if she expected someone to jump out at them at any moment.

"So you know about Voldemort attacking?" Draco asked.

If she knows, maybe she can help me in some way! He thought.

"Yes, I know that Voldemort is going to be attacking here," she said. "I also know a hell of a lot more than you think I do."

"What are you on about?"

"I'm from the future."

Draco's eyebrows nearly disappeared into his hairline. "T-The future?" he asked.

Normally, hearing something like that would have made Draco send an urgent owl to St. Mungo's telling them they had a patient missing. However, due to his own experiences with time travel, he knew this had to be legit. Not to mention, just looking at her he could tell this wasn't the girl he had gone to school with.

The tattoos, outfit, and just overall attitude was a dead give away, not to mention, now that he was looking at her face, he could see that she was a few years older than himself. Maybe three or four, he couldn't tell exactly.

Hermione nodded. "The future that you created!" she said, jabbing him in the chest with her pointer finger.

"I created?" Draco asked.

"Yes, you!" Hermione snapped. "Are you happy? Because you wanted to screw Harry, you've screwed us all!"

"Granger, what are you talking about?" Draco asked fearfully.

"Because you were being selfish we all had to suffer..."

"How-?"

"Because you wanted a roll in the hay, I lost my parents..."

"But-."

"Because you felt the need to change history, the future is corrupted!"

"What the bloody hell are you going on about?"

"He dies, Draco!" Hermione exclaimed. "Voldemort kills Harry Potter!"

The silence between the two was heavy.

Draco was so numb he couldn't think straight. "H-He, he what?" he asked. "No! He can't die! He's the Harry Potter! The Boy Who Lived! The Chosen One! The..."

"Dead one," Hermione interrupted.

"You're wrong!" Draco exclaimed. "He doesn't die! He lives and we get married-."

"No, you don't," Hermione said, in a softer tone once she realized Draco was on the verge of a meltdown. "Voldemort kills him, Draco. Voldemort wins."

"But how? What happens to the rest of us?" Draco asked.

Hermione extended her hand. "Come with me," she said. "I'll show you."

Draco looked at her hand, not necessarily afraid of her, but rather afraid of what he might see.

Was it really as she was saying? Did his precious Harry die? Was Voldemort in power?

There was only one way to find out.

He took her hand and watched as she pulled a small bottle out of her pocket, and smashed it on the floor.

The room was spinning, bright colors flashing everywhere and Draco felt as if he were going to be sick. The colors were replaced by darkness and eventually the spinning stopped.

They were still in Hogwarts, but it wasn't the same. Immediately Draco could sense something was different. The hallway was still dark, but the silence was even more eerie than it had been in the other time. There were dirt, spider webs, and broken glass everywhere. An icy chill was sweeping through the broken windows; so cold they could see their breath in white puffs in front of them.

"I already don't like this," Draco said, pulling his arms tighter around himself.

Where was everyone? Why was Hogwarts abandoned? What happened to Dumbledore? McGonagall? Snape?

He took out his wand, ready to cast a Warming Charm, when his arm was seized by the brunette in front of him.

"Don't," Hermione said. "There's a restriction on all magic. You cast even a simple 'Lumos' and they can find us."

"They? Who are they?" Draco asked.

"The Death Eaters," Hermione said.

She pointed her wand at Draco and he immediately felt warm.

"How come you can do magic?" Draco asked, grateful for the Warming Charm. It didn't stop his shaking though.

Hermione pointed to the circular band tattoo around her right wrist. "Special charm we use to go unnoticed," she said. "We invented it once Voldemort took over. Come on, we need to get out of here."

Draco followed Hermione to the abandon school, shaking and near tears.

Dead...

His Harry was dead.

And it's all my fault! Draco thought as he fought back tears.

"Who are 'we'?" he asked, not being able to stand the silence.

"We call ourselves Dumbledore's Army," Hermione said. "We joined together after Voldemort came to power and the Order of the Phoenix fell and all of its members were killed. Most of us had no where else to go. There are a lot of Muggleborns whose families were killed so they joined us, not to mention some of the Weasleys like Ginny and the twins..."

"What about Ron?" Draco asked.

Hermione pursed her lips and ignored him.

They grew silent once more as they made their way out of the castle and across the grounds.

The sun had begun to rise, but it held no warmth or comfort. Everything around them was still destroyed and blackened by the battle that had been held there years before.

Draco stopped. There was a plaque, just a few feet from the Whomping Willow.

With shaking hands, Draco walked over to it, Hermione following with her wand ready. She seemed to be constantly on the lookout for something, but Draco didn't care. When he reached the plaque, he had to squint through his tears to read what it said.

It read:

This plaque marks the spot where Harry Potter finally met his end. I have placed it here as a symbol of my power and a warning to all those who oppose me.

I am Lord Voldemort.

Draco dropped to his knees and placed his hand on the plaque.

"No," he choked out. "God, no!"

"I told you," Hermione said.

"How did it happen?"

He needed to know.

"Early one morning, at about seven o'clock, he just attacked the school, with no warning or anything," Hermione recalled.

"There was suddenly loud banging on the front doors; he and his Death Eaters were trying to get in, but there were more of them than anyone ever thought there would be. We were easily outnumbered, with half the students not being able to do battle of course. I saw you two as I was dueling one of his lackeys."

She paused, kneeling next to Draco. Her eyes were glazed over as she recalled what happened that horrible day.

"I heard something Harry said," she continued.

"Something about the Whomping Willow and hiding. You were trying to stop him, telling him he needed to fight or else Voldemort would win. He didn't want to. He kept running so you took after him. You guys reached here and Voldemort appeared from no where. I think he Apparated or something. I have never seen anyone shake as much as Harry did when he saw him. Harry turned to run for the Whomping Willow, but Voldemort hit him with the Killing Curse before he even took a step..."

Draco wiped his eyes on his sleeve, beginning to sob silently.

Hermione patted him on the back softly, but she was looking around nervously once more. "We need to go," she said. "The others will be worried."

"I don't want to," Draco said, shaking his head with shame. "I've seen enough. Send me home."

"No," Hermione said, grabbing his arm and pulling him up. "I don't think you really quite grasp the severity of what your actions have done to all of us. I can't send you back yet."

Before he could protest any farther, Hermione Apparated them away.

OoOoOoO

"You can Apparate on Hogwarts grounds..." Draco said, yanking his arm away.

"Now you can," Hermione said. "The wards were taken down when Voldemort attacked and all of us needed to get out of there."

"Where are we?" Draco asked.

He looked around and was not surprised to see they were on a residential street. What he was surprised to see was how run down and abandoned it was. They were standing next to a grubby house with a number twelve on the door.

"Number twelve, Grimmauld Place," Hermione explained, walking up to the door. She raised her hand and gave the front door five sharp knocks.

There was a pregnant pause before a small slot opened near the door knocker.

"Identify."

"Nev, it's me, Mione," Hermione said.

"Prove."

Hermione lifted her right sleeve to show him another marking. This one was bright red with the letters D and A practically seared into her arm.

The small slot disappeared, the door opened, and Draco gasped.

Neville had certainly changed over the past few years. He was no longer the pudgy awkward looking boy Draco had known in school but a tall, muscular, tough looking man with just as many tattoos as Hermione. He also had a nasty scar running down his left eye.

When his eyes rested on Draco, his wand was in his hand so fast Draco hadn't even seen him move.

"What is he doing here?" Neville asked, pressing the tip of his wand against Draco's throat.

Hermione grabbed his wrist and moved his hand away. "He's the young one," she said.

"Let's go inside and I'll explain."

Neville looked at Hermione and sighed. He nodded and stepped aside, his eyes sweeping the deserted street nervously. Hermione led Draco into the house and Neville closed the door behind them, locking it several times before tapping his wand against it muttering an intense locking charm.

"How does he know you're not an imposter just by looking at the mark?" Draco asked.

"Because our marks cannot be duplicated if lets say, someone decided to Polyjuice as me," Hermione explained. "The magic on them is too strong for a Death Eater to copy. Keeps the outsiders from trying to find us or impersonate us."

"I can't believe this," Draco said as he followed Hermione into the kitchen.

He stopped and looked around at all the people in the room he had just entered. He was looking into the faces of his former classmates, yet they were all as different as Hermione and Neville were.

He noticed most of them were Gryffindors, a few Hufflepuffs and Ravenclaws here and there, but virtually no Slytherins.

They all donned the same magical tattoos as Hermione and Neville wore, and the same brown shredded clothing. Draco noticed Seamus Finnegan, Dean Thomas, Fred, George and Ginny Weasley and Luna Lovegood among the familiar faces.

They were all glaring at Draco with such anger, he felt a shiver through his spine.

"What's he doing here?" Ginny asked.

She was dressed just like Hermione, her long red hair held tightly back in a long braid. But she had a long angry looking scar across her throat that made Draco divert his eyes quickly.

"He's the reason why all this happened," Hermione said.

"Hermione," Draco exclaimed, looking at her with wide eyes. "Ixnay."

"Exactly, we know he's the reason why all this happened," Neville stepped in, shoving Draco slightly as he passed.

"But you don't know the whole story," Hermione told them. "He changed the past, so he created this future."

The others looked at each other with a mix of confusion and shock.

"How do you know I changed the past?" Draco asked. He had wanted to ask before, but due to the traveling and the shock of everything he hadn't gotten the chance.

"You told me," Hermione said.

She reached into her back pocket and pulled out something shiny and silver. Draco extended his hand and took the Slytherin pendant she dropped into it.

"You gave me this as proof after you told me everything," Hermione said. "You were hoping I could do something about this future. You were the one who gave me the spell to go back. We revamped it a bit but it's essentially the same spell. We tried sending me all the way back, to when you first did the spell, but that time doesn't exist anymore...well, it does but it's complicated."

"This whole thing is complicated," Draco said rubbing his temples. "Wait, where am I? I mean the future me..."

Hermione exchanged looks with the others, looking as if she was trying to find the right words.

"You're...with *him*," Ginny spoke up bitterly.

Draco sunk into the nearest chair. "I still end up on Voldemort's side?" he asked.

"You're not really on anyone's side," Ginny continued.

"But you said I was with him," Draco said.

"She meant Ron," Hermione said.

"I'm what?" Draco asked.

"Not by choice," Ginny added. "He owns you."

"Owns me? *Owens me?*" the blond Slytherin practically screamed.

"Look, when Potter died, Voldemort took power," Neville stepped in. "Whoever opposed him was killed. It was either join him or fight. Most people who wanted something joined him. And since you were so vulnerable after Potter died, and Voldemort figured you were a threat, Ron offered to 'keep an eye on you.'"

"Which basically means you're his bitch," came Seamus' input.

"Then how did you talk to me?" Draco asked Hermione.

"A raid," Hermione answered. "Voldemort's lackeys took some of our members hostage a few weeks ago. We were trying to get them back. I ran into you, you helped me and told me everything. You said you wanted to change things, that this wasn't the world you had in mind when you changed the past. I felt like cursing your bits off when I found out."

Draco was shaking like mad as he stared into the eyes of his fellow classmates. The amount of loss, pain, and suffering he saw made him visibly sick.

"You can change all this, Draco," Hermione said. "When I send you back, you can reverse the time travel you've done and make things as they are supposed to be."

"B-But...he asked me to marry him..." Draco said in a small voice. "After the war...if I go back, we'll be enemies again..."

"It's better than this," Hermione said, pulling back the curtain and showing him the abandoned street. "It's better than having him killed and it's better than you being forced into servitude!"

Draco put his head in his hands, tears welling up in his eyes.

It's all my fault, I basically killed Harry! He thought, shaking back and forth.

"Send me home," he choked out. "Just send me home. Take me away from here!"

"Not until we have your word that you're going to fix this," Hermione insisted, kneeling before him and pushing his shoulders up so he was looking at her instead of the ground.

"Draco, do I have your word?"

Draco nodded, knowing she was right and knowing he needed to do something.

Hermione smiled and stood. She pointed her wand at him and for a fleeting second, Draco had a moment of panic and thought she was going to curse him.

"*Tergum!*" she said.

Everything went dark for Draco.

OoOoOoO

When he opened his eyes, Draco was standing in the same corridor he had been when Hermione showed up.

He took off for his room, knowing what he had to do, but also knowing he needed to talk to Harry first.

I'll tell him, he said to himself. I'll tell him everything and then, maybe, when I change things back, he'll remember...maybe he will remember what I did for him...

It was false hope, Draco knew it. However, Harry still deserved to know the truth.

The Boy Who Lived was still fast asleep by the time Draco entered his room.

It was so tempting to let the boy sleep, especially since he looked so peaceful and angelic. Draco knew once he was awake, things would change between them.

But he had to do it.

Carefully, he sat on the edge of his bed and shook Harry's shoulder.

"Harry, love, wake up," he said in a soft voice.

Harry stirred and opened his bleary eyes at Draco.

"What time is it?" he asked, his voice heavy with sleep.

"It's early," Draco said, not bothering to look at the clock. "Listen, we need to talk."

Harry frowned, yawning as he sat up and rested with his back against the headboard.

"What do we have to talk about?" he asked.

"Um, this is going to be hard for me to say," Draco began. "But-."

Before he could get the words out, a loud bang cut him off, followed by the sound of broken glass and screaming.

"What was that?" Harry asked, latching onto Draco tightly.

"I don't know," the blond said.

They got up and headed to the portrait hole, opening it to see what was going on. They were met with another loud bang and large groups of students running past their room, screaming.

More bangs and broken glass from the windows ensued and Draco could feel Harry shaking against him.

He looked over at the clock hanging above his fireplace and paled.

Seven o'clock...

"He's here..." the raven-haired teen whispered fearfully.

Chapter #18: The Only Way

"He's here, he's here," Harry chanted, shaking like a leaf. "No! It's too soon! It's too soon!"

Draco put his arms around Harry. "Relax," he said.

His mind worked frantically to try and find a way out, then his mind wandered to his trunk upstairs.

I need to get that potion, he thought, turning and running upstairs. Harry followed him.

"What are we going to do?" he asked as he followed the blond. "I can't fight him, Draco! I thought I could, but I can't!"

"I know, Harry," Draco said, rummaging through his trunk.

As soon as his hand closed around the tiny potion bottle, there was a loud banging on his portrait. Harry jumped and immediately seized his wand. Draco followed suit, potion in hand as he went to go see who it was.

"Draco! Harry!"

Draco sighed, it was only Blaise.

He opened the portrait to see him and Pansy standing there, wands in their hands and scared looks on their faces.

"Dumbledore wants all the older students to get the younger ones out through one of the secret passages," Blaise explained. "He's also lifted the wards so we can Apparate away. Come on, we have to go."

Harry and Draco followed them into the hallway, and immediately got swallowed by the crowd. It was loud and dangerous as students ran for their lives, and teachers tried to make their way out to the battle field.

"Draco!" Harry called as the two were separated. "Draco! Draco!"

"Harry!" Draco called, trying to maneuver his way through the people. "Harry!"

From through the crowd, Draco gulped as he saw Harry pushed outside with the rest of the seventh years who wanted to fight.

Shit! Shit! Draco chanted, making his way to the doors.

Looking outside, the Slytherin paled as he saw the battle going on right there on the grounds.

Death Eaters were battling not only the teachers, but adults from Hogsmeade and some seventh year students as well. Draco watched Hermione and Neville dueling two very big Death Eaters. Suddenly, Neville yelled and clutched his face, stumbling slightly. Hermione hit both Death Eaters with stunners and they went down.

"Neville!" Draco heard her yell as she reached for the other Gryffindor.

"I'm okay," he said, removing his hand from his face.

Draco gulped at the angry slash down his left eye.

As he dodged his way through the fighting, he noticed Ginny in a fight with another Death Eater. Her wand was knocked out of her hand, so she physically attacked instead. Draco watched them wrestle, the Death Eater gaining the upper hand as he pinned her to the ground, his wand to her neck.

Her screams of pain were drowned out by the other duels around her, but Luna Lovegood stunned the Death Eater and kicked him off her friend, saving Ginny's life.

Blood was coming from her neck still...

Draco was desperate now. He was witnessing everything that Hermione had talked about. He was seeing the horrible future, which he had created, begin to take shape as Voldemort's side was winning. He needed to find Harry and fast! His eyes scanned the battlefield quickly, looking for the familiar unruly black hair.

There!

Harry was running as if his life depended on it, which, unfortunately, it did.

Draco took off after him.

"Harry! No! COME BACK!" he screamed frantically.

He felt as if a bucket of ice was dumped over him as he noticed exactly where Harry was running and what that meant...

Harry was heading for the Whomping Willow.

Draco finally caught up to him and grabbed his arm. "Harry, I have to tell you something!" he said, spinning the teen around to face him.

Unfortunately, he was cut off by a spell that came whizzing at them, and forced them to duck.

"Draco! Draco, I can't fight! I don't want to fight!" Harry exclaimed hysterically, clutching to Draco for dear life. "I need to hide. The Willow! It leads to the Shrieking Shack! Come with me, please!"

"Harry, you don't have fight, just listen to me," Draco said to him. "Harry, I-."

Suddenly, Harry screamed in pain, clutching his scar.

"Harry! What is it?" Draco asked, clutching the boy fearfully.

"V-Voldemort," Harry said through clenched teeth. "He's coming for me..."

Draco looked around frantically, but he didn't see the Dark Lord.

That didn't mean he wasn't coming.

"Come on," Draco said, helping Harry up. "We need to get out of here."

Anywhere but this spot! He thought as he half dragged, half carried his love back towards the castle.

However, when they stood, there he was.

Lord Voldemort appeared out of no where, his red slit eyes filled with hate and triumph. His wand was already pointing at Harry. He was flanked by several of his Death Eaters, all pointing their wands at the duo and all looking ready for a fight.

"It comes to this at last, Potter," Voldemort spat, not even sparing Draco a look, for which he was grateful for. "I'm tired for tracking you down and you somehow eluding me every time! No more!"

Harry let out a slight whimper.

Draco was shaking like mad. Here he was, standing next to Harry, in front of Voldemort, not being able to move out of fear. What had he done? Harry was shaking more than he was. His hand was gripping Draco's so tight that the blonde's fingers were turning purple.

It was then that he remembered the tiny bottle gripped in his other hand.

There was only one thing to do.

Draco looked at the tiny bottle in his hand and muttered the reverse anti-break charm.

"Say your last good-byes, Potter," Voldemort said with a sneer.

"Harry," Draco whispered.

The boy turned to look at him, tears streaming down his face.

Draco grabbed him and kissed him passionately.

Lord Voldemort's eyes widened, his shock giving Draco the minute he needed.

"I love you," Malfoy muttered, before violently smashing the potion on the ground.

The whole world began spinning out of control. Draco felt as if he were using Floo Powder, but a more advanced kind that made you dizzy and sicker. Lights were flashing and Draco felt as if he was going to be sick.

When everything stopped, Draco found himself facing Harry instead of standing next to him.

Draco was next to Voldemort, his Death Eater hood and mask in place. His Harry was back: tan, messy, uncontrollable hair, and a determined expression on his face. His wand was held steady, pointing at Voldemort.

"I grow tired of these games, Potter," Voldemort spat.

"And I grow tired of your presence, Tom," Harry spat back. "I won't let you kill anyone else! It ends right here, right now!"

Voldemort sneered. "I agree," he said and flicked his wand. "*Crucio!*"

"NO!"

Before Draco realized what he was doing, he dove in front of the curse.

Unimaginable pain filled every fiber of Draco's being as he crashed to the ground, convulsing violently from the curse that was meant for his love. It felt as if he was being stabbed with millions of tiny knives from the inside and he couldn't help but scream and jerk violently on the floor as the pain flooded his insides.

His hood and mask had fallen off as he fell and he could see Harry's shocked expression.

The pain wasn't going away, it was increasing.

Draco looked into Harry's eyes, thinking how wonderful it was that those gorgeous green orbs would be the last thing he would ever see.

Harry seemed rooted in his spot, just staring at the Slytherin and Draco soon lost consciousness.

OoOoOoO

Harry was in shock. As he saw the Death Eater take the curse for him, his eyes widened as he recognized the silvery blond hair and pointed face of Draco Malfoy. He watched the teen

jerk violently around and as the blond looked up at him with pain filled eyes, before blacking out, something inside Harry snapped.

Without thinking, he raised his wand at Voldemort. "AVADA KEDAVERA!"

The Dark Lord didn't have time to react as the pure surprise of one of his own taking the spell for the Chosen One caused him to take his mind off the Gryffindor in front of him. The spell hit him dead on.

Pain exploded from Harry's scar as Voldemort fell dead, within seconds. Harry fell to the ground next to Malfoy, clutching his head and screaming as the battle continued on around him.

His head felt as if it was splitting in two, but unlike Malfoy, his pain eventually began to subside. When the pain finally eased to a dull throb, Harry crawled and leaned over Malfoy.

"Malfoy," he croaked, shaking the boy.

Nothing happened.

"Malfoy..." he repeated, turning Malfoy from his side, onto his back. The blond's eyes were shut tight, his hair sticking to his sweaty forehead. He wasn't moving at all and panic began to rise in Harry's chest. He reached forward and placed his hand on the side of the boy's neck, checking for a pulse.

Suddenly, as he hand made contact with Malfoy's skin, memories assaulted Harry. Memories that were not his own, and yet he felt like they were.

Memories of him and Malfoy...

Together...

A moonlit dinner...

Snuggling in bed...

Snogging outside a portrait...

Eating lunch by the lake...

Harry gasped.

Making love...

Malfoy's face loomed in his memories, his eyes filled with passion and devotion as he leaned in for a kiss...

"I love you..."

Harry didn't realize he was crying until he saw the tears dropping onto Draco's chest.

"Malfoy! Malfoy, wake up!" he choked out.

Was it true? Did Malfoy love him?

Harry needed the answers to these questions and the only one who could answer them was laying completely motionless right in front of him.

Harry's choking turned into sobs and he began shaking Malfoy harder. "Malfoy!"

But Malfoy wasn't waking up. Around Harry, the battle was ending as Order members and Death Eaters realized what had happened and which side had won. Luna and Neville, who had been dueling two Death Eaters, managed to take them out as their Dark Marks began burning off once the Voldemort was dead.

Ginny, who was trapped in a duel with a large man, hit him with a Bat-Bogey Hex and won her fight, while Ron and Hermione took down several more Death Eaters before realizing what had happened.

"Hermione!" Ron exclaimed. "Harry won!"

The brunette looked around, spotting her best friend near the Whomping Willow. Her smile of delight faded however as she noticed he was slumped over an unconscious body.

Oh god! Please don't tell me it's who I think it is! She thought as she caught sight of silvery blond hair.

"Come on, Ron!" she said and they took off running.

The Death Eaters were Apparating away, while members of the Order of the Phoenix were trying to stop them. Hermione and Ron were joined by Dumbledore as they made their way across the field to Harry.

Meanwhile, the Boy Who Won was not having any luck in waking up Malfoy.

"Malfoy! Wake up!" Harry screamed.

He had lifted Draco's shoulders and was shaking him violently.

"Malfoy!" he screamed. "No! NO! Malfoy, you fucking git, wake up!"

Harry's tears were streaming down his cheeks, soaking his dirty robes, but he didn't care. All he cared about was right in front of him, not responding.

"Malfoy!" he screamed. "Answer me! Malfoy!"

Aurors began arriving then, helping the Order members round up the Dark Lord's followers. The members of Dumbledore's Army were helping them, suddenly feeling very thankful that Harry had been around the previous year to teach them Defense Against the Dark Arts. They suddenly felt as if they owed him their lives.

Ron and Hermione were still fighting to get to him.

"*Draco!* Draco, wake up!" Harry sobbed. "Get up! No, Draco! NO!"

Harry dropped Draco and fell onto his chest, burying his face in the suddenly familiar scent of chocolate and peppermint as he sobbed uncontrollably. As his friends arrived, Ron just stood there, bewildered.

However, Hermione knelt next to Harry, prying him away from Draco. At the sight of the two, her mind had also been assaulted by the fabricated memories from Draco's alternate universe and though she was angry with some of the images she saw, she let her anger go so she could tend to her best friend.

"NO! NO! *LET GO!*" Harry yelled, fighting her until he realized she was crying too and allowed her to pull him into a tight hug.

"Why won't he wake up, Mione?" Harry sobbed into her robes. "Why won't Draco wake up?"

"Shh, Harry," Hermione choked, through her own sobs as Dumbledore bent down to check Malfoy. "It's okay, it's okay."

"What the hell?" Ron asked.

Never having any clue of Draco's time travel, he wasn't assaulted by fake memories, just confusion.

"Not now, Ronald," Hermione snapped, viciously.

"He's alive!" Dumbledore announced. "Get him to the Hospital Wing! He needs Madam Pomfrey!"

"Harry, he's alive," Hermione said, her tears now reflecting her joy. "He's alive!"

Epilogue

Draco's whole body was racked with pain. Even breathing was difficult as Draco's lungs felt as though they were being squeezed. He felt a potion being forced down his throat and he reluctantly swallowed, choking a little as it burned his throat. Slowly the pain eased away and he fell back to sleep.

When he awoke the again, he actually opened his eyes. Blinking a couple of times, he realized he was in the Hospital Wing.

He was lying in a bed surrounded by white screens, tucked in tightly. He felt incredibly warm and rested, if not slightly achy. He was very tempted to go back to sleep and had even closed his eyes.

"You're awake."

Draco's eyes snapped opened and he turned his head sharply, coming face to face with none other than Harry Potter.

The Gryffindor was curled into the chair next to Draco's bed. His hair was messy as usual, but it was sleep-messy. There were dark circles under his eyes, as if he hadn't been sleeping very well.

"Potter, you look like hell," Draco scowled. "What do you want?" Upon seeing Harry he remembered that things were back to normal. He turned away so the raven-haired teen wouldn't see how much it pained Draco to act this way.

"I wanted to see if you were okay," Harry answered, lowering his feet onto the floor and stretching.

"Why do you care, Potty?" Draco asked venomously.

"Well, you did take that curse for me," Harry said.

"And?" Draco spat.

He nearly jumped out of his skin when he felt Harry's hand on his own. He turned his head once again to face him.

"Draco," the Boy Who Lived said. "I know."

The blond could hardly believe his ears.

"W-What?" he asked.

"I know, everything," Harry clarified. "I know you time traveled and I know you changed the past..."

He paused, shifting closer.

"And I also know that you love me," Harry finished.

Draco lay there, frozen in shock. "I-I don't know what you are talking about..." he stuttered. "I-I don't-."

But his stammering was cut off by the unexpected; Harry leaned over and pressed a large kiss on Draco's lips.

Draco immediately froze in shock, his mind reeling with the realization that his love was kissing him, in his own time! Actually, kissing was an understatement. Harry was devouring Draco's mouth, gently massaging his lips against his. The small nibble on his bottom lip caused Draco to open his mouth in a gasp, only to have it filled with Harry's searching tongue.

The Slytherin groaned and reached up, tangling his hand into Harry's unruly hair and pulling him closer. Harry smirked at Draco's reaction, his questions answered just by the simple action. He lessened the pressure against Draco's mouth, and then slowly pulled away, looking at Draco.

Draco opened his eyes, which were so dilated it was hard to see where the pupil ended and the iris began. "You...I...what-?" he stuttered.

"I have done the impossible," Harry said smiling. "I have made Draco Malfoy speechless."

"But, how do you know?" Draco asked, his hand still buried in Harry's hair.

"Well," Harry said, climbing onto the bed next to Draco and snuggling up to him. "You've been out for awhile so Hermione and I have had some time to talk. She reckons I know because I was onto your little time travel scheme before you actually did it. She also said something about my mind being more resistant to manipulation or something...I wasn't really listening because she was in lecture mode..."

Draco couldn't contain his happiness. He pulled Harry close and buried his face in his chest, inhaling deeply the familiar scent of his love. He had thought his time with Harry was over and he would never again be in this situation with him. Yet, here they were, holding each other close with Harry accepting Draco's feelings and actually caring back.

"But, when I saw you lying on the ground, these memories just came to me," Harry went on. "And I just started remembering things, things about us...now I don't know everything about this other universe or whatever it was, but I do know the important things."

His hand came to rest in Draco's hair and he ran his fingers through it, resting his chin on the top of Draco's head. "Do you want to explain it more to me?" he asked. "I'm still confused."

Draco took a deep breath and removed his face from Harry's chest, looking up at his expectant face. "A few weeks ago, I realized I was in love with you," he began, blushing slightly now that he was finally sharing his feelings with the other teen. "I knew you wouldn't give me a chance in hell after everything we've been through, and I had always wondered what would have happened if you had accepted my hand back in first year...so I traveled back and changed it so you did."

Harry nodded. "Makes sense," he said, thinking back on the memories. He remembered how close they had been and the love and support the blond had shown him. "Then why did you change it back?"

"Because you died," the blond said in a soft voice. "By changing that event, yes we became friends...but you became weak. Everything you've been through was changed because I helped you. I was there with you every step of the way, but I did everything for you. You were clingy, dependent, and kind of whiney..."

Harry nodded once more, urging Draco to go on.

"Because of everything I had done for you, you weren't ready to fight Voldemort and you weren't capable of doing so," Draco continued. "So he killed you, and the future was ruined. He had won."

"So you changed things back even though you knew there was a chance we wouldn't be together?" Harry asked.

Draco nodded, resting his hand on Harry's hip in his need to touch the boy in some way.

"That's very brave of you," Harry said. "That took a lot of guts."

"I love you too much to let you die," Draco said. "If me not being with you meant that you would live, I was ready to deal with that."

"Now you don't have to worry about us not being together," Harry said smiling, pulling Draco closer. "I-I have a slight confession to make. I kind of had a tiny crush on you since the beginning of this year. When the memories came to me, I could feel how much you love

me...and it made me see you in a completely different way. You've changed for the better, Draco. And I want to be with you."

Draco couldn't help the tears that ran down his cheeks and he buried his face in Harry's chest once more, crying softly and clutching to him. "Oh my god," he choked out. "You don't know how much I was hoping this would happen! If I had known you actually felt something, I wouldn't have been so selfish..."

"Old habits are hard to break," Harry said smirking.

Draco laughed and pulled away, wiping his eyes on the back of his hand. "Yeah," he said. "I guess so."

Harry shook his head and leaned forward, giving Draco another lingering kiss.

When they pulled away, Draco grew serious once more. "Um, Harry," he said. "I don't know if you remembered anything about Ron..."

Harry's face suddenly grew stern and he pulled away slightly. "Yeah," he said. "I remember that."

"Look, you can't be mad at him," Draco insisted. "That Ron wasn't the real one. That was someone who didn't have yours or Hermione's support and love. He was someone who let his jealousy and anger get the better of him. He's not that person. He is the same guy who has been your best mate for the past seven years."

"I know," Harry said, sighing heavily. "But the fact that he was capable of those things-."

"He was," Draco interrupted. "In the other time. He's not capable of those things now. I doubt he wants to sleep with me..."

"Yeah, we won't even talk about that," Harry said.

"Agreed," Draco said shuddering slightly.

They both turned onto their backs and looked up at the ceiling, falling into a comfortable silence. Harry's hand sought Draco's and their fingers became entwined.

"So..." Harry eventually said.

"So," Draco said back. "What happens now?"

Harry opened his mouth to speak, when the door to the Hospital Wing opened and voices began coming towards them. The Gryffindor sat up and Draco felt an immediate sense of sadness when it seemed as if Harry was going to get off the bed. But instead, Harry sat against the headboard and pulled Draco to his chest, holding him in place.

Ron and Hermione came around from the other side of the screen and froze in their tracks.

Ron's confused face was priceless, whereas Hermione's smug one was slightly annoying.

"Harry," Ron began. "What the bloody hell are you doing?"

"Ron, I'd like you to meet my boyfriend, Draco Malfoy," Harry said.

Draco smiled, slightly bashfully, at being addressed as Harry's boyfriend.

"Harry, I already know that's Malfoy," Ron said. "What are you doing in bed with him?"

"Snuggling," Harry said. "So I like to snuggle, sue me!"

Draco couldn't help the chuckle escaped him as he remembered Mirror Draco saying the same phrase.

"So...you're gay?" Ron asked.

"Actually," Harry said. "I think I'm only Malfoy-Sexual."

Draco and Hermione both laughed, causing Ron to turn to his girlfriend questioningly.

"You're okay with this?" he asked. "Shouldn't we be worried? He was a Death Eater!"

"Not by choice," Hermione said. "Draco was forced to take the Mark by his father. He never wanted to join Voldemort's side."

Ron frowned. "How do you know that?" he asked.

"I told her," Draco explained. "And I also told her how I felt about Harry..."

"Which is why I believed him," Hermione said.

Ron looked from Hermione, to Harry and then to Draco. "I don't know what's going on," he said. "But I am very, very confused...I feel like you three know something that I don't know..."

Hermione patted him on the arm. "All you need to know is that Draco is not evil and that he loves Harry very much," she said.

That still didn't really help Ron. He looked as if he wanted to keep asking questions, but Hermione shushed him with a look.

"So, Harry," she asked. "What are you going to do now that Voldemort is dead?"

Harry shrugged. "I don't know," he said. He smiled down at Draco. "A certain blond did promise that after Voldemort we would lock ourselves in our room and-."

"Okay stop!" Ron said, covering his ears. "I can accept you two being together, but I don't want to hear the details!"

Harry and Draco shook their heads, both sharing a meaningful look. They weren't going to let Ron in on the secret. The fewer people who knew the less confusion there would be. Draco, Harry and Hermione were still a bit confused themselves and they were involved in it.

Just then, Madam Pomfrey entered and shrieked that her patient needed rest and everyone needed to leave. Harry rolled his eyes and gave Draco a kiss on the forehead before he reluctantly got out of bed.

Draco watched him go, a smile forming on his face. He lay down and was in sleep within seconds, the smile still on his face.

OoOoOoO

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Draco asked as he and Harry stood outside the Great Hall. It was several days after the final battle and Draco had finally been allowed to leave the Hospital Wing. Harry had met him in the Entrance Hall and asked if he wanted to sit with him at breakfast.

Draco was a little surprised.

"Of course I do," Harry said, taking his hand. "I don't care what other people say! We're together and they can just shove it up their arses if they don't like it!"

Draco felt a flutter in his chest. "You are so hot right now," he said, pulling Harry forward by his tie and laying a smacking kiss on him.

"Ugh, don't you two ever stop?" Ron asked as he and Hermione came around the corner. "It's like every time I see you, you guys are snogging and then some!"

"Then don't look," Harry said as he briefly pulled away, before going back for another kiss.

"Come on guys, let's go eat," Hermione said, interrupting them before they could really get into it.

Draco pulled away and looked at the doors to the Great Hall warily. "Are you sure?" he asked again.

Harry sighed but nodded. "Yes, I'm more than sure," he said. He took Draco's hand and they walked into the Great Hall.

The students in the hall were all talking cheerfully, eating and laughing without a care in the world. Draco's eyes swept around, smiling slightly as he saw different houses sitting with each other. Even some Slytherins were scattered here and there at the different tables. However, once they noticed Harry and Draco, the talking ceased as surprise washed over them.

Hermione nudged Harry slightly, forcing him to start walking towards the Gryffindor table. Draco held his hand tightly, keeping his eyes ahead. He tried to ignore the whispers he heard as they passed, and he only succeeded by keeping his mind on the feeling of Harry's hand in his. When they reached the end of the Gryffindor table where Harry's friends were, the blond Slytherin's stomach was churning with nerves.

"Hey guys!" Harry said cheerfully.

"Um...hey, Harry," Seamus said, his eyes darting between his friend and Draco. "Um, how are you doing?"

"Much better," Harry said smiling. "How are you guys doing?"

"We're good," Dean spoke up, eyeing Draco as well.

"Okay," Ginny spoke up. "What the hell is going on Harry?"

Harry sighed and pulled Draco closer. "Guys," he said. "I'd like you to meet my boyfriend, Draco Malfoy."

The Gryffindors' expressions were priceless. They all stared at Harry as if he had grown an extra head. Draco wasn't sure what he should do, so he just stared back and gave them a small wave.

"Harry," Ginny said. "You're with *Malfoy*? I-."

"Didn't know you were gay," Seamus cut in.

Ginny rolled her eyes at Seamus. "That's what I was going to say," she said, shaking her head. "What you thought I was going to say something about Malfoy?"

Seamus blushed slightly with embarrassment.

"Please, I can see why he chose Malfoy!" Ginny said. "They've always had a certain tension between them...I could never put my finger on it. It makes sense now."

"Plus, Harry's not gay," Ron spoke up, trying to break the tension. "He's only Malfoy-Sexual."

The table laughed and Harry breathed a sigh of relief as Ginny scooted over, giving them both room to sit while Ron and Hermione sat across from them next to Seamus. The couple

sat and began to enjoy their breakfast as the rest of the Great Hall returned to their own business.

Draco was actually enjoying himself. All of Harry's friends seemed to accept his relationship and they carried on their conversations happily, even including Draco as if he was just another friend. Suddenly two shadows loomed over the table.

"Drakey! What are you doing?"

Draco groaned at the shrill voice of Pansy Parkinson. He looked up to see her and Blaise standing on the other side of the table. He had completely forgotten about them and about the fact that they weren't dating in this time.

"Draco, is there something you need to tell us?" Blaise asked, crossing his arms.

Draco sighed heavily and put down his fork. "Let's go out into the Entrance Hall," he said, placing his napkin next to his plate. "I'll explain."

He started to get up, but was stopped by Harry's hand on his arm. He looked questioningly at the

Gryffindor, who simply slipped his hand into his hair and pulled him down, kissing him right in front of everyone. Draco pulled away, cursing the blush that immediately spread across his face. He gave Harry a small smirk before motioning to Blaise and Pansy.

The three Slytherins left the Great Hall, and Draco turned to the other two. He had thought of what to say to them, but Harry's kiss had made him forget even though it had meant to make him relax.

"Drakey, please tell me that was a trick," Pansy said softly.

She looked crestfallen and defeated, and Draco couldn't help but feel sorry for her. "Listen, Pansy," he said, taking her hands. "I'm sorry you had to find out that way, but I'm with Harry. I love him."

She stared at him for quite sometime, her eyes searching his face for any signs that he was lying. When she didn't find any, she sighed. "Well," she said. "As long as you're happy, Draco."

Draco smiled and gave her a hug, before heading back into the Great Hall.

Pansy turned away from Blaise, hiding her face.

"Are you okay?" Blaise asked.

When she didn't answer he sighed and walked over to her, placing his hand on her back in a comforting gesture. Pansy turned to him, tears making her make-up run. She nodded and pulled out a tissue, wiping away the mess.

"I'll be fine," she said, sighing heavily.

Blaise smiled and wiped away a stray tear with his thumb. "You know," he said as she cleared the make-up from her face. "You're much prettier without all that make-up, and when you're not shrieking."

Pansy smiled and gave a small snort of laughter. "Thanks, I think," she said.

Blaise smiled and gave her a tight hug. "Let's go for a walk," he said, taking her hand.

OoOoOoO

Draco found himself humming as he got ready for bed that night. Things had taken a turn for the better and he was so happy, he could barely contain himself. He was with Harry. His Harry! Voldemort was gone and everything was he was supposed to be.

Draco was just settling into bed, when there was a knock on his portrait.

The fact that no one was standing there when he opened it only made Draco smile.

"I know you're there," he said.

Harry removed his Invisibility Cloak and smiled. "I had a nightmare can I sleep with you?" he pouted, adding a making snuffle.

"Get in here," Draco said grinning and stepping off to the side and letting Harry in.

They went up to Draco's room and settled in his bed, cuddling close. The Slytherin was just thinking life couldn't get better, when he felt soft kisses on the back of his neck. Any thoughts of sleep were immediately swept away as Harry's hand came to rest on Draco's hip, sliding up under his shirt and feeling the hot flesh underneath.

Draco turned around to face Harry and was met with a hungry stare. "I need you," he said in a husky voice Draco had never heard from him before.

The sound shot straight to Draco's cock and made him shiver. He grabbed Harry and pulled him on top of him. "Take me," he hissed.

"No."

Harry rolled over and pulled Draco on top of him.

"*You take me.*"

Draco froze. "Are you sure?" he asked, for what was probably the hundredth time that day. Suddenly, there was a wave of magic and they were both naked.

"Dead sure," Harry said, pressing his now naked body up into the one above him.

Draco grinned and began his assault on the Gryffindor's neck as Harry allowed his hands to roam over his boyfriend's naked back and shoulders. He moaned loudly as the blond nipped at the sensitive spot below his ear. He returned the gesture by biting down and sucking on Draco's neck.

The Slytherin let out a yelp before grinding his hips down into Harry's, causing their rapidly growing erections to come in full contact with each other. Soon Draco's lips were again sliding over his neck and collarbone, making Harry shiver.

He would have never, in a million years, thought that Draco Malfoy would be making love to him after everything they had been through, but here they were. And Harry wanted it.

The former Death Eater's hands slid over his chest and the lips that had been nipping at his neck started trailing over his chest. Draco's taunting mouth latched onto a nipple and Harry moaned again, thrusting upwards before his hips were pinned into place.

"Just lay back and relax," Draco whispered huskily. "Let me do everything."

OoOoOoO

They lay that way for some time, neither having the strength or the desire to move.

"Wow," Harry eventually said once his breathing had slowed down. "If I had known it would feel like that...I would have jumped you on the Hogwarts Express."

Draco gave a breathless laugh and removed himself from Harry, collapsing on the bed next to him.

They grew silent as both felt sleep tugging at them. Harry waved his hand and their mess was clean. Draco turned on his side and curled against Harry, his head resting on his chest.

"Now that the war is over," he said. "What are you going to do? Voldemort is gone! You're free to live your life however you want now."

Harry was silent and Draco thought he had fallen asleep, until...

"Well there is our wedding to plan."

Draco sat up immediately and looked down at Harry with shock.

Did he just say what I think he did?

Harry was smiling softly, starting to fall asleep.

"Harry!" Draco said breathlessly, his heart thumping loudly.

"Well, you did accept my proposal," Harry said, yawning despite himself. "So what do you say? Marry me, Draco."

Draco grinned and collapsed on top of the Gryffindor, crushing him in a tight hug. Harry laughed, sleep disappearing from his mind as he found his arms full of a very emotional and happy blond.

"I love you so much!" the Slytherin exclaimed, placing kisses all over Harry's face.

"I love you too, Draco," Harry said.

Draco pulled away and looked at him. "Say it again," he said, his eyes shining.

"I love you too," Harry said, reaching up and stroking Draco's cheek.

Draco had never heard anything so beautiful in his life.

"So now you know what happens next," Harry said as Draco cuddled up to him once more.

"And what's that?"

"We live happily ever after of course."

Draco smiled. "Promise?" he asked.

"Promise

The End

OoOoOoO

A/N: I finished! I want to thank you all for hanging in there and being patient with me! Though this story took a different turn than I had originally intended it to, I am still very happy with the outcome and I think it has turned out better than I could have ever expected. I cannot believe how many people have enjoyed it and I must say it is my most successful story! Again, thanks to all of you!