

Please Don't forget me

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Please Don't forget me

by [Drarry4ever_h](#)

Summary

Draco has rough time after war and no one seems to be able to help him with his panic attacks and nightmares. No one really understands him. At least he thinks so. What happens when he gets help from someone unexpected.

What happens when they start to fall for each other hard but then the forces of light and dark step in. Will they forget each other or is their bond strong enough?

Notes

This is my first story ever. Please do not care about the typos cause english is not my native language. Enjoy

The veritaserum

Draco sat alone on the edge of his bed in the eight year dormitory, rubbing his fingers against the sheets, lost in his own thoughts, when the door of the slytherins room swung open. He lifted his gaze from his fingers and saw Pansy standing there with a too pleased expression on her face. He nodded her and she entered to the room and shutted the door behind her.

“Come to play truth or dare with us. Almost all the eight years are in the common room.” She said with a smile on her face.

“No thank you. I would rather sit here alone doing nothing than taking part of something so pathetic as truth or dare” He said with a biting tone in his voice.

“Oh come on. You can't hide here forever and you know that! Everyone is waiting for you to show up.” Pansy said with a little sympathy in her eyes.

The truth was that Draco would love to go there and be around other people. But he was too scared to face them after all the things he had done. Surely every one of them would know about the horrors he had done during the war by now. But no one would know or care about the reasons behind his actions.

Sometimes even he himself doubted those reasons. There were times when even he believed that those were his own choices and no one had made him do anything against his own will. Sometimes he believed that he was that bad person that everyone claimed him to be.

Especially in the middle of the night after those painful nightmares that made him sweat and tug his sheets out of their place. After that he would just sit on his bed and try to breath normally so the panic would go away.

Sometimes it didn't help and he had panic attacks. During those he would just repeat over and over again “I am a good person, I am a good person.” like he was trying to prove that to himself. Maybe he was not so sure about that after all. He felt panic arise in his chest until Pansy brought him back to the present.

“Hey Draco! You okay! You kind of space out for a moment” She asked with a little worried tone.

“Yeah i'm okay” he said and looked Pansy in the eyes to make sure she believed him.

“So will you come to the downstairs with us. I am sure that a little game would cheer you up!” She tried to persuade Draco.

“ I am still not sure.” Draco said and looked back down into his fingers.

“Potter is there too you know” Pansy said with a little smirk on her face and winked.

Draco felt heat rise on her cheeks, but he wasn't sure why. Pansy looked him with a knowing expression on her face. She had had this completely crazy and ridiculous idea about him and Potter being in love with each other. Which was of course completely insane! Although he had had a few weird dreams about the other boy after war and they had been obsessed with each other in the sixth year. But that didn't mean anything. It couldn't. He jerked his head and looked Pansy again. That stupid smirk was still on her face and she raised her eyebrows. Draco jerked his head and rolled his eyes.

“Pansy. I am only going to say this once so I suggest that you listen to me very carefully. Me and Potter are not nor will ever be in love with each other. I am not gay and even if I was I would not date that bloody Gryffindor with his stupid emerald eyes and savior complex.” Draco said staring straight into Pansy’s eyes while talking to her.

She rolled her eyes and said “Whatever. You may not notice it yet but there totally are some obvious signs that you two like each others” Draco felt the glowing heat on his cheeks. Signs? What signs could there possibly be?

He hasn't even talked to Potter since he defended him in his trial. He didn't even get a chance to thank him. It was all thanks to Potter that he didn't go to Azkaban and got even a chance to complete his education in Hogwarts.

It made Draco think. Maybe they were not enemies anymore, but he most certainly was not in love with the chosen one. He could not be. It would be wrong. So much a cliché. Tempting the light in to the darkness.

Then he shook his head. Merlin, what was he thinking about! He was not in love with that stupid git and that's it. He felt Pansy sitting next to him on the edge of the bed. She put her hand over Draco’s and said “You know there is nothing wrong about being gay. I would not judge you. You may not know or accept it yet but if you look back, you will notice that all your past relationships have been particularly short and you were never happy with those girls. And there is a reason behind that. I can't help but wonder if you would be happier with a boy. Weather it’s Potter or someone else.”

Draco felt the lump in his throat and it was suddenly hard to breath. But when he thought about it Pansy had a point. He’s past relationships have been short and he it never really felt right to be with those girls. Could he be gay? No he was not. He had never felt any kind of affection towards any boy. Or maybe one. Harry fukcing Potter. But he had told himself that it was just a phrase that will pass. He had forced the inappropriate thought about the chosen one back of his brain and drowned those feelings.

“I dont know what you are talking about. Shouldn't we be downstairs playing truth or dare with the other eight years?” He said and got up.

“You know we will have to talk about this at some point?” She answered.

“Yes but not tonight.”

Pansy got off the bed and they made their way downstairs where other eight years were waiting for them to arrive.

The common room was pretty full when all the students from their year had packed on the armchairs and sofas. As Draco has expected he got few angry glares but surprisingly almost everyone acted normally towards him.

Then all student gathered in a circle in the middle of the room and Pansy said “Okay. This is how this works.” She pulled a little glass bottle out of her pocket. “This is veritaserum. Every one of us will take a sip so we will really speak the truth” Oh shit. Draco has forgotten that there was nothing fun about playing truth or dare with Pansy. She smiled and took a first sip herself. Then she passed the bottle to the next one and so on.

While the bottle passed from student to another Pansy took out a second much larger bottle. Draco recognised it immediately. It was firewhiskey. Few students cheered when she opened the bottle and passed it to them. Then then they started.

“So let's see hmm...Granger truth or dare!” Some ravenclaw girl called out and Granger picked truth.

“Okay we know that you are with Ron now but have you ever had any romantic feelings towards our Chosen one?” Potter shivered next to Granger. He obviously didn't like when people called him that. Draco stared at Potter's face. The circles under his eyes were dark. Darker than usual. Maybe Potter had nightmares too. Draco wouldn't be surprised considering what he had gone through just few months earlier.

His gaze travelled down and stopped in to Potter lips. They were so perfect. So smooth. Then Potter bit his lip and Draco's heart skipped a beat. What the hell was wrong with him. Potter released his lip and licked the trail his teeth had left with his tongue. Draco almost fainted of the sight. He lifted his gaze and met Potter's eyes. Those beautiful emerald eyes. Draco felt so exposed under those eyes. Like Potter could see straight to his soul. They stared at each other for a moment before Draco turned his gaze away. He felt the heat glowing from his face. He was brought back to the present by Grangers scream.

“Of course not!! I and Harry are just friends! He is like a brother to me!” Granger said with a raised voice.

“okay okay we believe you” Said Pansy and lifted her hands in the air.

“My turn!” Said Granger. “ Okay... Pansy truth or dare”

“Truth. I don't feel like getting up right now”

“Okay hmmm when did you lose your virginity?” Granger asked and Draco was a little surprised about the brave and little nasty question. He didn't expect that from Granger.

“On summer vacation between fifth and sixth year” said Pansy without any trouble. She was really open about anything. Few people laughed and some stared at her. She didn't really care.

They continued playing. People drank more firewhiskey and became more daring. So did the questions and dares. Some gryffindor girl told that she had crush on his cousin and Seamus was dared to stole a tie from the Ravenclaw common room. And he got huge applause when he came back with the tie. Two hufflepuff girl were dared to makeout in front everyone and they got lot cheers. Draco laughed along the others and honestly it felt really good. He could not remember when he had last laughed.

Then became Longbottom's turn to ask.

"Okay hmm Draco! Truth or dare?"

Draco froze for a moment. He had been afraid of that. He didn't really feel like exposing his deepest secrets to everyone or making fool of himself while completing some stupid task.

"truth" he said

"Who of the boys do you find most attractive in this room?"

"Potter" Came out of his mouth before he could thought about anything. Oh shit. Everyone was looking at him mouths wide open. He blushed hard. Why the fuck he said Potter. Like anyone else would have been better option.

He lifted his gaze and met Pansy's face. She looked him with sympathy but she couldn't help a little knowing smirk on her face. Then he turned his gaze to Potter's direction. He was staring at him with unreadable expression on his face. But he was biting his lip. Oh fuck. That sight made Draco harden in his pants and he quickly removed his eyes back to Pansy and prayed her to do anything.

Pansy understood him and said "Okay who is next?"

Others continued playing but Draco couldn't concentrate on to the game anymore. Why the fuck did he had to say Potter's name. Although he was attractive with his stupid messy hair and his now more muscular body. No one could deny that. Draco thought about how would it feel like to brush his fingers through those messy darks hair and maybe tug it a little bit. He shivered of the thought and started paying attention to what was happening around him.

Pansy asked question from someone "Okay Potter, have you ever kissed a boy?" That was a little nasty question even from Pansy. But Potter answered right away.

"yes I have." The room went quiet. Most of the students looked surprised, but Granger and Weasley didn't. They probably already knew since they are awfully close with each other. But Draco was shocked. He had his mouth hanging wide open and he was staring at Potter.

He had kissed a guy. A guy that was not him. Why would Potter kiss a guy who was not him!! He felt furious. That little git had gone and kissed someone else. He felt jealous. Extremely jealous. And judging by the smirk on Pansy's face it showed.

Quickly Draco closed his mouth and tried to hide the fact that he was about to explode out of jealousy and the way he felt. Because it was wrong. He did not like Potter! Not that way. He

was attractive but that didn't mean that he liked him. He noticed that Potter was staring him again but this time Draco didn't dare to meet his eyes.

“So are you gay?” Seamus asked the question that obviously bothered every single person in the room.

“I don't know.” Potter answered and blushed even harder than before and it was some kind of way adorable. “I really don't know. I haven't figured it out yet.” Potter continued. “And I would rather not talk about it now” He finally said.

“Okay let's just move on. It is not our business whether Potter likes guys or not” said Neville and they started asking questions from the others. Draco was still upset about the news. Potter had kissed a boy. What the fuck! He hated the idea that someone had been so close to Potter.

This time he tried to concentrate to the game so no one would catch him daydreaming again. They dared Neville to dance with Seamus and got a love confession out of Parvati Patil. Then it was Draco's turn again. And this time he chose dare so no one could get another embarrassing confession out of him.

“Earlier you said that boy you find most attractive is Harry. So kiss him.” The room went silent and everyone was waiting for his reaction. Draco froze. He felt his face glowing bright red. What the fuck was he supposed to do.

Draco turned his gaze to Potter and their eyes met. Then Potter got up and Draco was sure that he would leave the room. But Potter walked right in front of him and held his hand out that Draco could grab it. By this time other students had started cheering and clapping their hands.

“We don't really have to...it is just stupid game.” Said Draco. Although he felt really tempted to grab Potter's hand and slam him against the wall. And he felt guilty about that. He had butterflies in his stomach and it felt like he was going to faint.

Then he grabbed Potter's hand and stood up. They looked each other in the eyes and Potter leaned a little forward so their faces were only few inches away. Draco turned his gaze from the other boys eyes to his lips and stared them. He thought how would it feel to kiss those perfect full lips. Then Potter bared his teeth and bit his lip and only thing Draco could think was that he wanted to bite those lips too.

He leaned forward and kissed Potter gently on the lips. The other boy was little surprised by the sudden action, but kissed him back. A little deeper. It made Draco almost insane and he bit the other boy's lip. And he was very pleased when Potter moaned in his mouth. Oh Merlin Potter tasted so good. He got a little more courage and put his hand on Potter's neck and tugged those messy hair. Potter made another moan. A little louder one.

It travelled straight to Draco's crotch and he felt himself hardening in his pants. Potter grabbed him by his waist and he rubbed his erection against Draco's which made Draco moan in to other boy's mouth. They made the kiss even deeper and it was almost violent. They slammed their mouths together hungrily both wanting more. They were interrupted by yell.

“oh come on, get a room!”

They quickly moved away from each other and both blushed hard. They looked each other confused and Draco could feel his heart pumping out of his chest. He could feel other people's gaze on his back and he panicked. Suddenly it was really hard to breath and he could feel tears rising into his eyes. He was panicking.

“Are you okay” Potter said with worried tone on his voice.

Draco didn't answer. He turned his back to Potter and ran out of the common room to the castle.

The other boy

Chapter Summary

Draco is confused and afraid of his possible feelings towards the other boy.

Draco stormed out of the eight year common room leaving all the students staring behind him. He ran down multiple stairways to get out of the castle. His mind was completely blank and he didn't even know where the fuck he was going. Only thing he knew was that he had to get out of that castle far away from Potter as quickly as possible.

When he finally reached the front door he threw it open and walked out. Even if it was in the middle of the night and students were supposed to be on their beds. He could be caught by teacher or even worse by Filch, but right now he didn't really care.

He collapsed against the stonewall of the castle and put his hands on his knees to support the weight of his body. He realised that he had been half-running because he was panting. Although he was not sure if the panting was caused by running or the panic rising in his chest. Or maybe by both. What the fuck had just happened! He tried to go through the crazy event of the night in his head and gather his own thoughts.

He had kissed Potter. Although it had been during the truth or dare, which meant that it should not have meant anything to neither him or Potter. But he couldn't help to wonder if it did. It was him and Potter for god sake! It didn't make any sense. Why would they be willing to kiss each other. They have hated each other as long as Draco could remember and there is no way that their little kiss have meant anything to Potter so it would mean as much to Draco as it did to Potter. Which was nothing. Absolutely nothing.

But there was one thing that he couldn't lie to himself about. He had liked it. He had liked the other boy's lips on his own. The warmth of Potter's body against his. It was some kind of way comforting. He had liked the way he felt when Potter's hands wandered on his body from his back to his neck. He had liked the way the other boy had slammed their lips together like his life depended on it.

He had liked the weird feeling inside him when Potter bit his lip and he really liked how receptive Potter had been when he moaned into Draco's mouth. He liked the way the kiss had made him feel alive for the first time in years. He had feel safe in Potters arms. He closed his eyes and leaned his head against the cold wall. Potter had made him feel safe for the first time after the war.

Draco opened his eyes and gazed at sky. It was clear fall night and he could easily see the stars in the sky. It was peaceful and quiet outside the castle. There were no signs of the war fought only few months before. But even if there were no visible signs of the horrors he

could still feel the existence of dark magic in the school grounds. And he bet that so could many of the other student who had seen the horrors of the second wizard war. Although they haven't seen or been through the hell he had.

Or maybe Potter had. Just different kind of hell. They both had had way too big role in the war for their young age. They were just on different sides. At least Potter had had something to fight for. Draco was just forced to follow his father's footsteps against his own will. He have never really been a death eater. He had hoped that in the end Potter would defeat the dark lord. He found himself thankful to Potter.

They were actually pretty similar. Both born in to a family with great name and way too big expectations. Maybe Potter would be the one who would understand what Draco was going through. Draco could have bet on it that Potter too had nightmares and panic attacks. He basically died during the final battle so how could he not. Draco felt a weird feeling growing inside him. Was he sorry for Potter? Did he care what Potter felt like? No absolute not. It was just the thought that they have been through same kind of shit and that's it.

He got up quickly and cleared his mind from any thoughts of the chosen one and his way too perfect emerald green eyes. Draco started to walk around in the school grounds. Walking has always had an calming effect on him. Often after panic attack or nightmare he would walk around the castle and calm himself down before he went back to the bed. Of course it was a little dangerous do that in the middle of the night because someone could see him crying. He would never admit it to anyone except his mother that he cried after those nightmares.

Mostly because he got a reputation to hold and cause there was no one who would really understand how he felt during those attacks.

Or maybe there was someone who might understand but Draco was too scared to talk to that person. He knew that it might help but he just couldn't gather enough courage to actually talk to Potter. At least not after what had happened not more that fifteen minutes ago.

Then he felt a drops of water falling to his face.

“Shit, not now”

He had walked far away from the school and the nearest building was quidditch locker rooms. He got of running towards those as the it started raining more and more. He hoped that he would get inside before he would be completely watered by the sudden rain.

He reached the door of the boy's locker rooms, but the door was locked. He digged out his wand from his pocket and whispered “Alohomora” and he heard a little click and pulled the door open. He went inside and turned on the lights.

He was wet from head to toe. His robes dripped water to the floor and his shirt and trousers were in pretty much same condition. It didn't really help that the locker rooms were cold and he shivered already. Then he had an idea.

He walked around the corner to the locker room showers. He took off his robes hanged it to dry. Then he tugged his shirt over his head and took off trousers and boxers. He took a look

over to the mirror on the wall. He could still see the scar on his chest, caused by sectum sempra, even if it was almost as pale as his skin.

It didn't really bother him anymore. At first it had been huge deal to him and he would not let anyone see his bare chest but with time he made his deal with it and now it almost felt like it was part of him. Like Potter's lightning scar on his forehead.

He stopped for a moment. How the fuck his mind succeeded to make everything to have something to do with that little git.

He stepped in to the shower and turned the water on and changed it's temperature almost as hot as possible. Then he let the water warm him up. He watered his hair and pushed them back from his face. He let the water wash his worries and the ridiculous thoughts of Potter away. Although he didn't really succeed to throw Potter out of his mind.

He thought about the quidditch matches that they have played together and all those times that the other boy had won him and got the snitch first. He hated the fact that Potter had got the snitch so many times before him. Although he had to admit that the boy was pretty good at what he was doing.

And this year he would probably be even better cause he clearly had gotten more muscular over the summer and looked more athletic. He looked like an adult now. And really damn good looking one. Draco thought about those biceps and abs he had easily been able to feel through the other boy's shirt white they shared a kiss.

God damn shit! He was thinking about Potter again. But he couldn't help it. He had enjoyed the kiss that they had shared. And maybe so had the other boy. He thought how Potter had slammed their lips together and bit his lip. How his hands had wandered on Draco's body. He thought about how much he wanted to feel those hands on his body again and they would go downer and downer.

Shit. He opened his eyes as he felt his erection growing and looked down.

"Shit you can't be kidding me!" He groaned frustrated.

He felt aroused and horny. After all he was a teenage boy with all those stupid hormones. If he was completely honest with himself he wasn't sure what to do. He had not have a wank in months or even a proper erection since the war. But his body was craving for a release.

But he had had his first erection since the war by thinking about the savior of the wizarding world. By thinking about a other boy. The thought was some kind of way disturbing and appealing at the same time and he felt butterflies in his stomach. That only made his erection harder and he saw a little precome in the head of his cock.

Slowly he slipped his hand over his cock and stroked it.

“oh god”

A little moan escaped from his mouth. A little wank couldn't hurt, right. He knew he hadn't done that in ages but at the moment he really needed it. He put his hand around his cock and pushed his foreskin back and forth. And damn it felt good. All the blood from his head rushed down and he didn't know where he was anymore.

“Merlin oh my god!!”

He was so horny he couldn't hold it back anymore. He didn't care if anyone walked in right now cause his body was craving for a release. Then the picture popped into his head. What if someone really walked in on him wanking himself. More specifically if Potter walked in. What if he jumped in?

Now that the picture was on his head he couldn't get rid of it anymore. He imagined that Potter would stare at him for a moment with wide eyes and then slowly walk closer. He imagined how Potter would place Draco's hand with his own and slowly begin to wank him while looking straight into Draco's eyes with those beautiful and extremely sexy eyes of his.

“Oh fuck”

His voice was husky and almost desperate as his hand gained more speed. He imagined how Potter would begin to stroke him harder and how his hand would gain more speed like his own at the moment. Potter's hand would feel so much better on him. He imagined how Potter's hands would wander on his body and Potter would push him from his hips against the wall behind him.

He imagined how Potter would place his hands with his mouth and only a imagine of that made Dracos legs jerk for a moment and a loud gasp escaped from him.

“ Fuck Potter”

His hand gained even more speed as he imagined how Potter would take the tip of his cock in his mouth and twirl his tongue around it. And then out of nowhere he would take Draco's full length inside his mouth and hollow his cheeks. He threw his head back drunk of the pleasure.

“oh yees, YESS!”

Draco was ready to come only the thought of Potter in front of him on his knees for him, for his pleasure, for getting him off. He couldn't stop pathetic whimper slipping past his lips. He imagined how Potter would put his hand on Draco's jerking hipbones and pin them against the shower wall. How he would ran his hands through the other boy's hair and tug them hard to unload his frustration for some kind of way. How it would be so sexy when Potter bent Draco on his will and overpowered him.

“Merlin fucking christ!!! Oh my god POTTER! Please!”

He yelled as he came Potter's name on his lips and collapsed against the wall.

His orgasm had been so intense that it took him a moment to realize where he was. His breath was still heavy and the shower was still on. He couldn't help but feel a little disappointed as

he realized that Potter was not there with him and it was all thanks to his own imagination.

Oh fuck. Then he realized that he had come to the thought of Potter getting him off in the boys locker room.

That was so wrong in so many ways.

He felt extremely ashamed. But he couldn't help but think that it had been nice.

Really nice.

Shit

The nightmare

Chapter Summary

Pansy is trying to get Draco admit his feelings at least for himself and Draco has a bad nightmare. Once again

For the next few days Draco tried his best to ignore Potter completely and he couldn't even watch the other boy into his eyes after what he had imagined him doing in the shower two days ago.

Pansy had insisted him to go and have a chat with Potter cause she seemed to think that the kiss had had a some kind of weird effect on Potter and that he had locked himself in his room after Draco ran away on that night.

Actually Pansy was pretty much torturing him about that night. She was extremely curious why he had ran like his life was threatened if he didnt like Potter in that way. And of course as always Pansy was right. Draco had felt something but he wasn't quite sure what it had been.

And he was not going to admit it to neither himself nor anyone else that he might have some kind of feelings for The Chosen One. He would bury those feelings and get a girl to shag like he had done before when he had had some inappropriate thoughts about Potter.

He was dragged back to the reality by Slughorn who announced that the lecture was over for that day. Draco gathered his books as quickly as possible and ran out of the classroom so that Potter would not say anything to him. He had been doing that for a few days now and other student were growing a little suspicious why he always ran like he was chased.

He ran straight to the eight year dormitories and collapsed into his own bed. He had tried and tried hard but there was no way to get Potter out of his head. He had even had a few dreams about him. Those dreams had been good ones.

They were alone and layed in Draco's bed. Usually they would just stare into each other's eyes for hours. Draco would just watch those deep and hypnotising emerald eyes without getting bored. Then Potter would gently touch Dracos chin with his hand and lean closer like he was going to kiss him. But each time just before their lips met, Draco would wake up.

He was so lost in his own thoughts which was becoming pretty usual habit for him these days, that he didn't even notice when the door opened and Pansy walked in.

“Daydreaming about Potter again? I can see your boner even from here” She said with a teasing tone in her voice.

“Fuck off Pansy, you know very well that I don't do that!” Even he himself knew that was a one fat lie and he tried to hide his crotch. He had not noticed, but yes he had a huge boner and he listed all the curse words that he knew in his mind.

“You know you have to talk to him eventually?” She said and when Draco remained silent she went on, “People are getting curious about you running off after every class.”

Draco still remained silent and Pansy was getting frustrated. But luckily when it came to Draco she knew what strings to pull to get reaction out of him.

“You know Potter has been staring at you for a few days. And he looks just as horny as you.” And she immediately noticed that Draco lifted his head and his eyes lightened up.

“What!” He almost yelled with a surprised tone in his voice and blush on his face was very visible and as expected Pansy noticed it.

“Ahaaa I knew you liked him!” Pansy said with too pleased expression on her face.

“No i don't! Don't be ridiculous Pansy. I am not that pathetic that I would be in love with the chosen one. You may be questioning my sexuality but I most certainly don't! I am full on boys! Shit I mean girls!” Draco felt his face turn bright red and he was so embarrassed. What the hell was wrong with him.

Pansy grinned and she was almost laughing. She had known about Draco's sexuality for years before he had even realized it himself. And it looked like it was about to happen soon.

“I am stai..no, strain.. shit!” Draco curses.

“Omg you are so gay you can't even pronounce straight or heterosexual!” Pansy giggled but stopped immediately when she saw Draco's eyes that were filled with tears.

“Draco I am so sorry I didn't mean to..” Pansy said and sat next to Draco on his bed. She waited Draco to speak cause over the years she had learned that in the end he will tell her if she doesn't push him.

“I have been having dreams about him” Draco said with very quiet and vulnerable voice.

“Him? You mean Potter, don't you”

“I have had dreams of him for months. It started during the war. I saw dreams about him comforting me. It was just occasional and he always treated me as a friend.” He was silent for a moment and Pansy waited him to continue.

“ But when he saved me from the room of requirement they got worse, or better. Depends how you look at them. I started having the same dream over and over again.” He stopped there for a moment. He was afraid to say it aloud. Like saying it would make it real. Then he gathered his courage and continued.

“We would just lay in my bed or his. Stare into each other's eyes. Not really talking to each other anymore. I would just stare those eyes and I felt like he could see right into my soul.

Like he could see all my secrets” He said while looking the floor and rubbing his sheets between his fingers.

“You know he probably can” Said Pansy.

“You know. See straight into your soul or heart. In some kind of way I think he is one of the few people that truly understand your situation and what you were going through. That is why he defended you in your trial.” Pansy said with a warm tone in her voice.

After a little while Draco continued.

“After a while he would lean a little forward like he was going to kiss me. But I always wake up before that happens. And I hate it”

“Do you hate the dreams or the fact that you wake up before Potter kisses you” Said Pansy

Draco lifted his head and watched straight into Pansy’s eyes. Pansy could see that he was terrified and holding back tears. With a really shaky and vulnerable voice Draco said:

“I really don't know”

“I think you do. You are just too afraid to admit it.” Pansy said carefully ready for explosion.

Draco looked at Pansy and was quiet for a moment before he dropped his gaze and said:

“I wanted him to kiss me. And I was always sad when I woke up and reached for him. And the just was not there.”

Draco looked so sad and vulnerable. Pansy wanted him to be happy cause he really deserved it after all the horrible things that have happened to him. He deserved someone who could make him happy. Someone who could make him feel safe and alive.

Pansy wasn't shook that Draco had feelings for Potter. She had suspected it for years and she was pretty sure that Potter returned to those feelings. There has always been some kind of tension between them. Potter had been obsessed with Draco in the sixth year and she had noticed all those long gazes between those two boys. And some weird way she thought that Potter would understand Draco better than anyone else. He could make Draco happy.

“You should tell him how you feel. I saw the kiss between you two during the game and it was pretty intense. And clearly you were not the only one who enjoyed it.”

Draco stared at her mouth wide open.

“Are you fucking out of your mind! Most likely he doesn't return to these fucking stupid feelings and laughs at me! There no way I am saying anything!” He yelled.

“But imagine if he likes you back. What if.....” Pansy was interrupted by Draco who was furious.

“Yeah! That doesn't matter! My father would kill both of us right away! I am expected to marry some pure blooded witch! Not a Harry fucking Potter! No matter how good it felt wanking while imagining him doing it! Imagining his hands and mouth on my body.” Oh shit. He said it aloud. Fuck. He was going to die.

“You what!” Pansy said with her mouth wide open for a change.

Draco's face was bright red and he had never been more ashamed. But he had already said it out loud so he could humiliate himself a little bit more.

“Yes. No matter how good it felt imagining him on his knees in front of me sucking my cock! Most intense orgasm of my life! Well you wanted to know.” He said and continued.

“My father would kill me if he knew. He would say that I am no more his son. That I am a huge disappointment and that I should just kill myself right away.” He was breathing heavily and he could feel the panic rise in his chest. He felt sudden urge to cry and tears filled his eyes. He didn't want anyone see him crying. Not even Pansy.

“Go away! I wanna be alone! Go!” He shouted and Pansy ran out of the room.

He collapsed to his bed and started crying. He was still furious. He didn't know who he was furious but he just was. He felt tears running down his cheeks and cursed himself for being so fucking weak. He was not allowed to be weak. Not now or ever. He disgusted even himself.

He cried himself to sleep.

The dream started like every other. He laid on his bed and stared at those beautiful and calming green eyes. He just stared at those and Potter stared back. He felt like the other boy was capable to see right through him. Right through his lies and mask. He felt exposed but safe at once.

“You have your..”

“Mother's eyes. I know. Have heard that a few times before.” Potter interrupted him.

It was the first time that he had said anything in those dreams.

“I think they are beautiful” Draco said without thinking and smiled.

“You have a nice smile. You should smile more.” Said Potter now turning his gaze to Draco's lips.

Slowly he leaned a little forward and looked Draco in the eyes like asking a permission to what he was about to do next. And when Draco didn't pull away or showed any visible signs Potter leaned even more towards Draco and he was expecting to wake up any second now.

But he didn't. He felt those perfect soft lips on his lips and he could swear that his heart skipped a beat or two. Quickly he responded to the kiss like he was afraid that if he didn't the other boy would stop.

Potter pulled out of the kiss and stared into Draco's eyes with a shock on his face. But Draco didn't care. He slipped his hand on Potter's neck and pulled him to a new kiss. More passionate one. Draco kissed him hungrily like his life depended on it. And a little moan came from his mouth when the other boy placed himself between Draco's legs.

Potter's warm body felt so good and comforting against his and he never wanted to let go. He wanted this moment to last forever even if it was only a dream. This moment he was happy.

But then the weight of the other boy's body disappeared and he was left feeling cold and alone. He opened his eyes and he no longer was in his bedroom. He was standing at the one of Manor's big hallways. There was death eaters all around him and someone laid on the ground .

"Do it Draco"

He knew exactly who it was even tho the voice came behind him and he couldn't see who spoke. But the voice was too familiar to him and it made his heart stop everytime. He had always been afraid of that cold voice and those red eyes. He was terrified.

He held his breath cause he was afraid that if he did one wrong thing he would be death immediately. He felt those cold long fingers on his shoulder and whisper on his ear.

"Do it Draco, she deserves it, she is a filthy mudblood."

The voice was so cold and scary that Draco wanted to cry and ran out of the room like he had multiple times during the war. But he was so terrified.

He lifted his wand and could feel his lower lip trembling. He never wanted to do that. It was not his own choice. But he hated himself for it.

"Crucio"

He said with thin voice and closed his eyes and shutted his ears cause he was never able to watch his victims while he had to use that curse. But the screams were the worst ones. He would hear those all the time when other death eaters tortured other people at the Manor. Those screams haunted him in his dreams.

Suddenly everything fell quiet.

He opened his eyes and saw Harry Potter in front of him. He was lying on the floor and he was bleeding. He looked like he had been beaten up and all Draco wanted to do was to hold the other boy and tell him that everything is going to be alright.

Potter lifted his gaze and looked Draco straight in the eyes and he saw some tears on the other boy's eyes and cheeks. They were running down his face and he looked like he was in pain. Maybe not physical, more like mental.

“Please don't do it.” It was quiet and desperate cry for help and he could barely hear it. But still broke his heart. He saw the pain in the Potter's eyes and he was already going to kneel beside him when he remembered where he was.

“Do it Draco” He could hear Voldemort whispering to him.

But he didnt do anything. He just stood there looking at Potter.

“Do it!” This time Voldemort screamed it.

Draco still didn't do anything. They had locked eyes with Potter and neither of them dared to turn their gaze away. Like there was a life line between them and they were scared it would break.

“Draco do it! Obey your master!” He could hear his father yelling at him and could hear him approaching him

He felt a fist hit his face hard and he fell on the floor next to Potter. His father had hit him. Like he had done countless of times before. But it was okay. It really was. He deserved his punishment.

He curled up and held his knees on to his chest. He was trying to protect himself for the next attack. He closed his eyes and waited.

“You are weak. You are no son of mine” His father said with a toxic voice.

“I know” Draco whispered so quietly that he barely heard himself.

It became quiet and he opened his eyes. The view had changed once more. He was at Hogwarts in front of the main entrance. There was big group of student, mainly same age as he. And they were all gathered around him.

“How do you live with yourself! You are disgusting!” He heard someone screaming. He didn't answer. He kept his eyes on the ground and tried to pretend that he was alone.

“Answer! How do you live with yourself after all you have done!?” Hi lifted his gaze and said.

“I didn't have a choice!” His voice was weak.

“Yes you did! And you turned against us!” Someone yelled.

“You are pathetic!”

“I know” He said with a little louder but still weak voice.

“You are pure evil!”

“I know!” This time he screamed and he could feel the tears filling his eyes.

“Harry shouldn't have saved you from the room of requirement!”

“I know!” Draco yelled back and curled up even more and put his hands over his head to protect himself. If he could not see them maybe they couldn't see him. He thought like a child he never had chance to be. He knew it was stupid but it helped a little.

He felt sharp pain on his side and he knew that someone had just kicked him. Tears were now running down his cheeks and he hated himself because of that. He was weak. Father had told him not to be. But he still was. So weak

He felt other kick and the pain rushed through his body. He bit his tongue not to cry aloud. Although at the end the physical pain was easier to take than mental one.

“You don't deserve to live!” Someone shouted voice full of hurt and hatred.

“I know!”

“You should kill yourself!!”

“i know, I know, I KNOW!”

He woke up to his own scream. He was covered with cold sweat and he was laying on the floor, tangled to his sheets. His heart was racing and his breath was quick and shallow. Tears were burning his eyes and running down his cheeks. He felt pressure building up in his chest and he felt like he was drowning.

“It was just a dream, just a dream. He is not alive anymore. He is dead. Harry killed him. He is dead. It was just a fucking twisted dream.” He repeated over and over again to make himself believe that it was true. His voice was shaking and he was barely able to hear himself. The other boy had killed the dark lord. He was safe. He no longer had to use those unforgivable curses ever again.

He laid on the floor for a moment and then got up. His legs were shaking as he stood up and he almost fell back to the floor. He put on his shirt and trousers, got his wand and headed out of his room to the common room and from there out of the eight years dormitory to the castle.

He had to get away for a moment. He needed to escape the horrors of his dreams and a late nightwalk had become a good way to do that. It would calm him down. At least most of the time.

He wandered around the castle avoiding Filch and his cat. The last thing he wanted right now was to get caught. He hated the idea of anyone else seeing him crying, because there were still visible signs of tears on his face. His eyes were red and swollen and you could still see the trails that his tears had left on his cheeks. His breathing was a little calmer now but it was still hitching.

He headed to the east tower where he could go and watch the stars while calming himself down so that he could go back to sleep. He quickly got up the numerous staircases as he was still afraid that Filch would appear behind every corner he passed on his way.

Finally he made it on top of the stairs and sighed for a relief when he got up there without interruptions. He leaned his back against the cold stonewall and slid down to sit on the floor. He rested his head against the wall behind him and watched the stars above.

The view was absolutely beautiful and it looked so calming. He could easily get lost in that view. He could just stare the sky for hours before the dawn would break the perfect illusion. He would lose his sleep and just stay there whole night without those horrible nightmares that made him feel so powerless and alone. So vulnerable.

He felt like he was not on the charge of his own life. Even tho the fact was that this was probably the first time in his life that no one else told him what to do. The first time that he was his own person and not a clone of his father.

But it made him feel lost. Like he was eleven again and he didn't have a clue what he wanted to do. He had all the option open. He could finally make his own decisions. Before someone else had always done his decisions for him and his life was planned even before he was born.

His father had always been the head of their family and he and his mother had just followed his footsteps. They didn't have much of a choice. They would have been killed. At least he would have been.

That brought back his dream. The nightmare. First the woman he was forced torture. Then Potter on floor before him and the painful look in his eyes. And his heartbreaking begging that was barely loud enough for him to hear. "Please don't do it."

It had been so silent but he felt like it had so much power behind those words. They echoed in his head and he could still see those beautiful eyes so full of pain. So full of fear. And some unsettling feeling tore him apart from the inside.

It was guilt. He felt guilty. He had supported the monster who was the main reason behind the pain in the other boy's life. Potter had suffered so much because of the dark lord. Because of him.

Agreeing to take the Dark Mark was biggest mistake of his life and he would always regret that decision. Although he it had not been his own. He refused to think that it was his own. He was not bad person. No he was not.

He felt new sharp edge of panic hit his chest as pictures of people he had tortured flashed in front of his eyes.

His breathing became faster and more shallow as he imagined the screams of his victims. His hands started to shake uncontrollably and he buried his head on his knees. He tried to curl up into a little ball to make himself feel a little bit more safe.

His vision got blurry as the tears started to fall from his eyes again. Now, not only his hands, but his whole body was shaking like it would shatter into a million pieces in any second. And if Draco speak the truth he really thought he would break. At least mentally if not physically.

He thought he was really going mad. He was so full of emotions and at the same time he could not feel anything besides the emptiness inside of him. He could feel himself falling apart little by little. He was losing himself into those endless nightmares and panic attacks.

“I...I am a g...” He tried to start repeating the familiar phrase that would help him through the panic attack, but his voice was too weak and shaky. He was too weak.

He ran his hand through his hair and tried to wipe his tears away, but his cheeks were all wet by now. He was full on sobbing. He felt like he could not breath and like he was drowning.

He presses his fingers to his arms and he can feel his own nails digging into his skin. It hurts. It reminds him about his father. How he used to hit Draco when he did something wrong. How he used to torture Draco. How he was afraid of his own father.

“My father does not love me.” He sobbed.

“No one.... lo..loves me”

“Now he was sobbing so loudly that he was basically screaming.

“I am a good person, I am a good person. No one loves me, no one cares. Why no one cares!”

He shivered. He was so lost. So full of pain.

Then he hears a quiet and gentle voice from the other side of the room.

“Draco are you okay”

The morning after

Chapter Summary

Harry finds Draco in the middle of the panic attack and things take interesting turn.

Chapter Notes

Hello my darlings! Here is a new chapter for you. I will not be able to post next week because I have a lot of exams, but I post as soon as I can. I promise:)

“Draco are you okay”

Draco lifted his head to see who stood on the other side of the room. It was almost pitch black so it was hard to tell who was there. But you could not mistake the voice.

It was soft and you could tell that he had just been sleeping.

“Yeah completely fine. Leave me alone...I don't need your insults now Potter. I...I j..just can't take them now.” He said with a very shaky and high pitched voice.

Potter didn't obey him, but instead he slowly took few steps forward. Draco immediately put his head back on his knees to hide those tears even tho he was sure that his voice gave him away earlier. He tried to reassure his breathing and control the tears that were still running down his cheeks.

“Draco you don't have hide from me. I know those attacks are unbearable. They tore you apart from the inside and all you can do is wait that it is over.” Potter spoke with warm and understanding tone. It was comforting. His heart had skipped a beat when he called him by his given name. And it made him angry. Not to Potter, but himself.

“You know nothing! You are the Savior of the wizarding world, The Chosen One, The boy who won't fucking die! You have the whole world on its knees before you. Why on earth would you have these attacks?” He tried to scream but it came out as a pathetic sob. He was still crying uncontrollably.

“Why I have these attacks! Oh let me tell you! People died because of me! And I am not worth of all those lost lives. People suffered because of me! Part of them still do! And you really think I have no problems! I would give anything to escape those attacks.”

All the warmth in his voice was gone. The tone he spoke was cold and full of self-hatred. Full of concern about other people. And for a moment Draco thought if the other boy was as broken as he was.

“Those people died because they made their choice to protect you. It was not your fault. But I did really bad things....things you have no idea of...” He whispered because he thought that his voice would break if he dared to speak any louder.

He felt burning in his eyes and squeezed them shut. He let the tears fall because there was no point at hiding them anymore. He tried to wipe them off to his sleeve, but he only discovered that his face was all wet and that it was pointless to try to dry his cheeks now.

Potter took another few steps towards Draco and spoke with a much softer and gentle voice than a moment before.

“Those were not your own choices. You weren't the bad guy. You were just a child like the rest of us. And sometimes children make stupid decisions. You were forced to do those things” He said as he knelt down before Draco.

“I...I am not a good person. I am a mess!! I did horrible things! I tortured people. I deserve every shitty thing that I get. You should not have saved me! I don't deserve that! I should have died there!”

He lost his voice after the last words and starts to tremble even more. His skin was covered with cold sweat and he pulled his feet firmly against his chest. He was not even fighting back the tears anymore. His breathing was so shallow that he was barely getting enough oxygen to remain conscious.

“I.. I am a...a mess...I got no one. No one...loves me.. I am ..am alone” He whispered. He felt hurt. Broken. Unsaved. He felt like he would die there. It felt so bad.

Then he felt the weight of an arm on top of his shoulders. Potter had sat next to him and put his arm on Draco's shoulder.

First Draco was about to sod him off, but something kept him from doing that. The warm sensation that was building up in his chest made it easier to control the panic. They stayed like that a little while. Both completely silent. After a while Potter started to pet Draco's shoulder to help him calm himself down.

Draco tensed for a moment because of the sudden action of affection. It was so tiny gesture, but it felt so good. It made Draco think that maybe he was not totally alone. It made him feel like he was safe there. He didn't want to move. Ever.

The thought frightened him. That all of people Potter made him feel safe.

When he managed to calm himself down a little so that he was no longer crying he felt Potter lifting his arm away and get up beside him.

He panicked as he was scared that Potter would just leave him alone there and go back to sleeping.

He lifted his head from his knees and said the first thing that came into his mind.
“Please don't leave me alone”

It was weak, not even a whisper. But yet still Potter heard it and the two boys locked their eyes. Draco felt ashamed of what he just said and he felt the heat glowing from his cheeks. But still he hoped that Potter would stay.

Potter said nothing and for a moment Draco thought that he would laugh at his face and leave. But Potter did no such thing. He lowered himself back to the floor next to Draco and held his arm in the air so that Draco could slide underneath it.

They both leaned against the cold stonewall behind them. Sitting on the stone floor was anything else but comfortable, but neither of them minded.

After a while Potter started to pet his shoulder again. Although this time Draco wasn't so sure why because he wasn't crying hysterically anymore.

The similar warm sensation returned to his chest and he hesitated for a moment before he curled even closer to Potter so that he was now attached to his side, head leaning against the other boy's shoulder.

He could feel his own heart pumping in his chest. Potter felt so good and warm against him and he felt like he could get used to the feeling of the other boy. And the thought scared the shit out of him.

He knew that if he didn't want to get hurt, he should get up, run straight to his own room and forget that he and Potter ever met in that tower. He should just forget the kiss in the game and never give the git another glance.

But he didn't want to do that. He wanted to curl up even closer if it was even possible. He wanted to run his fingers through those beautiful, messy, black hair and make it even messier.

He wanted to take Potter's hand in his own and pet it like Potter did to his shoulder at the moment. He wanted to lift his gaze and look deep into those emerald green eyes that had made him feel so weak many times over their years at Hogwarts. He had a feeling that it would be easy to get lost into those eyes.

He wanted to place his hand on Potter's chin and slightly turn his head so that Draco would be able to kiss him. He would feel those soft lips against his own. Those lips would open for him when he would slip his tongue inside the other boy's mouth. He would gently bite Potter's lower lip and slide his tongue against the trail his teeth would leave.

He wanted to climb into Potter's lap and lock his legs behind the other boy's back. He would place trail of kisses from his perfect jawline to his ear and slightly bite it. Then he would kiss Potter's neck and make hickeys enough for others to know whose he was. He would mark Potter. He would make him moan and beg for more.....

He would slid his hand under Potter's shirt and stroke those gorgeous abs underneath it. He would feel Potter hardening in his pants as he would pinch his nipple. Potter would bend his head back of the pleasure running through his body.....

“Tell me something about you that I didn't know”

He was brought back to the present by sudden question from Potter.

His face was bright red of his dirty thoughts and he felt his own erection in his pants.

“excuse me?” He said just to give himself a little time to set his head straight.

“I just realised that I don't really know you, so why not”

“Okay hmmm.....I.. I enjoy writing” He said and immediately regretted his decision.

“Oh I didn't know that. What do you write?” Potter asked and sounded truly interested and Draco couldn't help, but wonder if he really was.

“Romance novels” He said blushing. He let the gay-prefix out of his answer because it didn't sound like a suitable thing to say.

“Oh..so Draco Malfoy has a soft side” Potter said and he sounded amused.

Draco lifted his head off Potter's shoulder for a moment to see the wide grin on the other boy's face.

“Oh sod off Potter!” Draco said. but he was smiling. He tried not to but he failed gracefully.

“I just think it is amusing. I would have never thought that Draco Malfoy would enjoy writing fluffy things and hot make out sessions” He smiled.

Draco felt his cheeks burn. Oh if only you knew. He lowered his head back to Potter's shoulder to hide his face.

“Okay your turn.” Draco said trying to distract Potter from thinking about his romance novels.

“uhhmm...Before I even knew that I was a wizard I accidently let snake free in the zoo by vanishing the glass. I also talked to the snake.”

“Oh that must have been fun” Said Draco with a little laugh.

“Yeah it was until my aunt and uncle locked me up in my closet for the next week” He said with a little laugh, but you could easily tell that the memory still hurted.

“I had no idea. I have heard that they were bad, but I didn't think that anyone would do that to a child” Draco said with sympathy in his voice.

“That wasn't even bad. Sometimes they would just leave me without food for days and I had to go to get food at night when they were asleep. I was never loved there. For ten years of my life I thought that no one loved me. I had lost my parents, I had no friends and the Dursleys made sure that I knew that no one would ever want to be my friend.”

“And then when I got to Hogwarts it felt like a first real home to me. Here I was like the others. I got friends and people who cared about me. And then every summer when I was forced to go back to Dursleys they would do their best to cut off all the connections to the wizarding world so that I would feel more alone than ever.....I hated it there and I didn't belong there.”

“That is abuse. You didn't deserve that kind of treatment. And maybe then you didn't, but now you have people who love you very much.” He felt really bad for the other boy and he wasn't sure what to say to make him feel better.

So he reached out his hand and wrapped it around Potter's. He had no idea why he did that, but it felt right thing to do. He felt Potter tensing for a moment before he got over the shock. Draco caressed his knuckles carefully with his index finger. The skin under his fingers felt soft and he felt sudden urge to kiss it. Fortunately he got a little self control left.

“It is your turn” Potter said after a little while.

Draco didn't know what to say. He wanted to share something personal like Harry...wait what...when did Potter become Harry? He quickly shook his head and said.

“He lived at the Manor during the war. I was terrified of him. He ruined my home. He tortured people there. Sometimes he told me to do it for him. And there were times I couldn't do it. I was weak.....As a punishment my father usually hit me or use the cruciatus curse on me...” His voice was thin and it was hard to say, but some weird way it felt a little easier now that someone knew.

“Oh.....i dont know what to say...that is...that is just horrible. I.. I am so sorry” He whispered.

Draco felt Potter lifting his hand away from his shoulder and for a moment he felt really disappointed, but then he felt a hand petting his hair. It felt so good that he leaned in the touch. Potter brushed his hand through Draco's hair and sometimes stopped to draw little circles on his head. It was comforting, but at the same time so exciting that his heart was racing.

Could Potter feel something for him? Could this weird and scary feeling actually be mutual. He didn't dare to hope.

“Your turn” Draco said quietly like speaking too loud would break the moment they were just having.

“I was a possessor of all the deathly hallows. Not at once, but still”

“Oh now you are just showing off!” Draco laughed and lifted his head to see Potter's face.

“yeah I guess I am” He too laughed.

They were looking each other in the eyes. Those eyes were just as beautiful as he remembered them. He felt urge to kiss Harry (PotterPotterPotter kill me now) and lowered his gaze to his lips. Oh those were so perfect lips. Why did he have to be so perfect.

He was already leaning in a little bit before he realised what he was doing and quickly backed down and lowered his head back to Harry's shoulder.

They lied in silence for a long and they were both really tired. Harry's eyes were already half closed when Draco spoke.

“Can I ask you a question” His voice was sleepy.

“yeah”

“Why did you stay” Draco was holding breath.

“I guess I care” Harry gave an honest answer. It was pretty hard to lie when you were exhausted.

The answer gave Draco a little courage and he curled up even closer and started to pet Harry's hand again.

They just leaned for each other in silence. Draco could feel tiredness flushing over him. He closed his eyes and concentrated to listen Potter's slow and steady heart beat. He could feel himself drifting to sleep.

“Your turn” It was quiet whisper and Draco could hear that the other boy was almost asleep as well.

“I don't think I ever hated you”, Draco said the first thing that came into his mind.

“hmm me neither” Potter just before they fell asleep side by side, leaning for each other, both exhausted, but feeling safe.

When Draco woke up he could feel the pain in every muscle in his body. His back hurt and he was cold and....wait a minute..

There was someone else. His head was in someone's lap and that someone was brushing their hand through Draco's hair. He felt the warm tights under his head and heard the person breathing.

Then it all came back to his mind. The panic attack, tower, Potter....Potter. It was him who was petting Draco's hair.

He didn't dare to open his eyes in case that he was still dreaming. He was scared that if he did the warm hand in his hair would disappear and he would be left alone feeling sad and stupid

for having such a imagine in his head.

“Draco....Draco you should wake up”

It was not his imagination. It was real. Potter was there with him. He slowly opened his eyes and turned so that he was facing Potter now. They locked eyes for a moment, Potter's hand still in Draco's hair.

Draco was frozen for a moment before he quickly got off the other boy's lap so that he was sitting beside him and leaning to the stonewall.

“What are you doing here?” It came out sounding more rude than it was supposed to.

“Do I have to walk you through what happened last night?” Potter said with a acrid tone.

“Sorry I didn't mean it like that.” Draco said and lowered his eyes to the floor. Why did he have to be so fucking awkward around Harry (No it is POTTER for god sake!).

“Are you apologising from me?” Harry said with surprised tone.

“Yeah I guess I am” Draco said with a little smile. “But don't expect me to be this nice all the time.” He added.

“Of course not” Potter said with a little laugh.

“Why did you stay the whole night?” He was scared of what the answer would be, but he needed to know.

“I don't know..I just couldn't leave you here crying alone. I know how it feels and I dont want you to feel the same way. It is like something....”

“Is tearing you apart from the inside. In a million pieces that don't fit together?” Draco finished the sentence.

“Yeah...just like that” Potter said

"Thank you...for staying. I don't know what I would have done. I would probably still be crying my eyes out...." Draco said and felt his face turning red.

"You don't have to be ashamed. The war left it's marks on us and some of us were put through more than the others...you don't have to hide from me" Harry said and placed his hand over Draco's as a gesture of sympathy. It made Draco's heart beat faster. He knew that it didn't mean anything but he couldn't help himself. Maybe the other boy felt something too

Suddenly Potter took his hand away and it left Draco feeling disappointed. Potter got up off the floor and held his hand out so that Draco could grab it and pull himself up.

Potter's hand was warm and his skin felt good against Draco's. He stood up, but didn't pull his hand away.

They stood there still holding hands. Draco didn't dare to look Potter in the eyes. He settled to stare at their still joined hands.

He gathered all the courage that he had and looked up to those charming emerald eyes.

"Really thank you....you don't know how much you helped me"

"I just couldn't just leave you there." Potter said.

"You and your savior complex" Draco shook his head and his face cracked into a smile.

"Yeah me and my precious savior complex" Potter laughed.

They just stood there looking each other in the eyes, hands joined. Before Draco could realise what he was doing, he wrapped his arms around Potter's neck and hugged him.

Harry was surprised by the sudden act, but quickly wrapped his arms around Draco's torso and squeezed tightly, caressing his back with his right hand at the same time.

Draco didn't know what had made him hug Potter, but as soon as the other boy hugged him back he didn't care.

He let his head rest against Harry's shoulder and used the opportunity to breathe in his scent. It was intoxicating. His scent was a really pleasant one. It made Draco's legs shake and melt. The urge to kiss the spot between Harry's neck and collarbone was becoming harder to resist every moment.

But the suddenly Harry crapped his chin and lifted his head so that their face were almost attached to each other.

Then Harry pressed his lips on Draco's and kissed him. Draco was so surprised that a little noise escaped from his lips. But then he gave in. Harry moved his hand from his chin to the back of his neck and placed the other one on his hip. The kiss was gentle, innocent and almost shy. They moved their lips together like they were one.

Then Harry suddenly pulled away. And looked Draco in the eyes. Draco wrapped hold on those messy black hair and pulled him into a new kiss.

It was more passionate one and Draco parted his lips to let Harry's tongue inside his mouth. He could feel the other boy's heart racing and he was sure that his was racing at least two times faster.

He couldn't believe this was true. He lost himself in the kiss that was becoming more and more passionate. Draco let out a little moan when Harry bit his lip.

"Oh I love it when you moan" Potter said with a very husky and deep voice.

"Shut up and kiss me" Draco demanded as he was drunk of the kiss and hungry for another one.

They slammed their lips together. The kiss was deep and messy. Harry look a few steps forward so that Draco was pinned against the wall. Their tongues danced together and they pulled each other's hair needy for more.

They were both rock hard in their pants and rubbing their erection together.

"Oh my...aahh Draco" Harry moaned and it made Draco even harder if possible. He was going to come into his pants in any second because of the pleasure that shot through his body every time their erection touched. He couldn't believe that his wet dream was becoming true. And Merlin it was even better than in his dreams.

"Oh Merlin!! Harry aahh....I.I...am gonna come" He said and tilted his head back.

Harry moved to kiss his neck. Hi placed trail of kisses on his jawline and then near his ear. When he bit Draco's sensitive spot behind his ear, it was too much for Draco to take.

"Oh ooh....Harry I.....Harryyy" he came to his pants screaming Harry's name.

"Oh my god Draco..ahh" Harry moaned as he came only seconds after.

They just stood there panting and trying to calm their breath. Both of their trousers had a huge wet spot at the front.

Little by little Draco realised what had just happened. His face went bright red. He and Potter had just kissed. And they both came into their pants. And this time they had no game to put the blame on.

Shit.

He lifted his head and their eyes met. Potter had been staring at him. His green eyes had odd look in them. Like he was confused and scared, but at the same time he saw hunger in them. Like he wanted more. And he could feel the same sensation inside himself. It made his stomach flip.

Harry leaned closer to kiss Draco again, but just before their lips touched DRaco yealled.

"No we cant to this! This is wrong. My father is going to kill me!" He pushed Harry off and ran away from the tower, pulling his hair in panic.

"What was that. What the fuck was that. no noono no" He murmured to himself on his way back to the common room.

This could not be true. It was wrong and twisted. He could not let that happen ever again.

No matter how much he wanted to.

The smell of vanilla

Chapter Notes

Sorry its been long but I am back! This one is from Harry`s POV, because I want bring up both sides of the story.

Harry stood in the middle of the room staring at the door as he was trying to recover from shock about what just happened. His lips were still swollen from the passionate and hungry kiss that he just shared with the who boy that had ran away from the tower as soon as he got an opportunity.

Slowly he brought his hand to his lips and gently trailed his index finger along his lower lip. He could still smell Draco`s intoxicating smell and feel those precious soft lips against his, biting his lower lip, slightly nipping it. Draco`s tongue entering his mouth as he eagerly parted his lips to give him space. How Draco`s tongue explored his mouth as Harry moaned into his. How he leaned closer and pressed against the hot body before him...

Wait a minute.

What the actual fuck!

He was not thinking about that kiss with Draco. It had not even been intentional. He had just been caught up in the moment and confused because the other boy kissed him back. Those lips had just looked so fucking delicious. He had to get a taste. He just couldn`t resist. Not when he remembered the amazing kiss from the truth or dare. Not when that kiss had haunted him in his dreams for the last few nights and he had woken up with a painful boner every morning. The memory of the kiss they had shared was the reason to the second one that happened only minutes ago.

Yeah that had to be it.

He surely didn't fancy Malfoy. No no no. That was not even an option.

Although it had felt pretty nice to have someone to sleep on his side so that he didn't have to sleep alone. The warmth against his side and the soft hair tickling the base of his neck. Warmth spread to his chest as he imagined the blond sleeping peacefully leaning against him. He liked how Draco had been able to relax and sleep by his side. Like he trusted Harry not to do anything to him.

The thought brought a little smile to his lips and he let out a small laugh, pressed his eyelids together and gave himself a permission to imagine the light pressure on his body, the scent that make him feel dizzy and the damn attractive, soft voice.

The thought was so appealing but terrifying at the same time and he opened his eyes to check the watch on his left wrist.

Oh fuck!

He was supposed to be at the breakfast with his friends at right this moment. They are probably so worried because he didn't show up! He will be questioned by his two best friend the second he set his foot to the great hall. They are going to kill him! He was absolutely sure about that.

He set off running down the corridors at his pyjamas and got a few odd faces and grins as he ran to the eighth year common room. He threw off his clothes to his bed and changed into his robes as fast as possible and then quickly half walked half ran to the great hall.

Outside the doors he stopped for a moment to calm his breathing a little before entering. He walked straight to the Gryffindor table and sat across Hermione next to Ron.

He opened his mouth and was about to start explaining why the hell he wasn't at his own bed this morning and why he was so late for breakfast, but Hermione was faster than him.

“Harry James Potter! Where the fuck have you been all morning! I and Ron were so worried about you when we noticed that you were gone before anyone else had even woken up! You gave me a little heart attack.” She slapped Harry on the back of his head, closed her mouth and crossed her arms over her chest as she waited for Harry’s explanation to his absencation.

“Ah Hermione! No need to get violent! I was just walking around the corridors. Nothing happened!” He answered to her as he massaged the back of his head where Hermione had just slapped him. She was much stronger than she looked like.

“Calm down Hermione. He was just probably making out with some girl or something.” Ron tried to calm down his girlfriend, mouth full of food and Hermione shot him angry look. She always had to remind Ron about manners and that it was not polite to talk while eating. Ron immediately shut his mouth.

“Oh yeah. Like Harry would just be making out with some random girl five o'clock at the morning. Yeah sounds very reasonable. And honestly Ron, Harry is not asshole like half of the boys in our year.” Hermione said and shot Ron other angry glare, but you could see that she hid a little smile.

“Oh if not a girl maybe he was making out with another bloke then.” Ron said with a little laugh and he wasn't really serious. He was just messing with Harry.

But Harry didn't know or realise that. So at the same second as Ron accused him about messing around with some bloke, Harry almost choked to his pumpkin juice. He started to cough and gasp for air as it was hard to breath. It took him a little moment to calm down.

His face was bright red, whether almost choking or about the fact that Ron basically suggested the exact thing that Harry had been doing not more than half an hour ago. He

found it hard to look into his friends eyes and he felt like if he dared to lock gazes with either of them, they would just know.

Just some kind of way they would find out that he had come into his own pants like a thirteen year old while passionately snogging his old school rival. He felt like he was an open book to be read by anyone who would pay enough attention.

“Harry are you okay?” Hermione asked as she patted him on his back. Apparently she had gotten up and circled around the table to make sure that Harry was okay.

“Yeah okay just got something stuck in my throat” He said, voice little hoarse as he still choughed a little bit.

“Woah mate that was just a joke. I didn’t mean that you would be snogging some bloke in the school corridors.” Ron said and was visibly amused judging by the annoying grin on ginger’s face.

Harry could feel the heat glowing from his face as he tried to force out a fake laugh.

“Yeah can you imagine me snogging with a boy!” It came out a little too quick and loud. His voice was way too high even though he tried to remain normal. At least now they would know. He wasn't actually talented at hiding his feelings. Harry lowered his gaze to his breakfast as he was unable to greet his friends eyes.

“Actually I can. You and Malfoy had pretty passionate snogging session. You were almost dry humping each other!” Ron said. His lips were curled upwards, but he tried to hide his grin and failed miserably.

Harry’s heart sank as he heard those words.

What!! Had his friends seen him with Malfoy that morning!!

“Harry are you okay. You look little too pale. And Ron stop harassing Harry! It was for the game, right Harry?” Hermione said and turned to face Harry.

Harry signed for a relief. Yeah the game. How could he forget. Even though he had not forgot. It had been basically all he had been able to think about. Those soft full lips on his, biting down and moaning into his mouth. Craving and begging for more....

“Yeah of course it was for the game. It's not like I would be kissing Malfoy of my free will. I am not actually craving for him to touch or so!” Harry answered to Hermione who looked a little bit too suspicious.

Hermione turned his head and they exchanged weird looks with Ron. Like they knew something Harry didn't. It made him frustrated and he turned his head back away from his friends and cast a quick look to the other side of the great hall to the slytherin table.

Draco was leaning his head to his left hand and looked like he was spaced out. He twirled his fork around his plate, but did not pick anything up to actually eat.

Now that Harry paid attention, the blond looked thinner than he had remembered. He was pale like always, but the dark circles under his eyes were more noticeable than before. He looked tired and lost. It made Harry want to get up and walk over to the slytherin table to wrap the blond in a tight hug and never let go.

Fortunately he was able to resist the sudden urge.

Suddenly Draco lifted his head and looked Pansy who sat right next to him. She had probably said something to him. Pansy handed him banana and apparently told him to eat it, because Draco started to peel the fruit. Then he lifted the banana to his lips and opened his mouth.

Harry was stunned.

The sight of Draco eating a banana made his dick hard. Like really, really hard. The blond wrapped his lips around the fruit and Harry was ready to come into his own pants. He could picture those beautiful lips wrapped around his hard leaking cock instead of that stupid fruit. How he could run his hands through those soft hair and pull them as he moaned when Malfoy's tongue would lick the head of his dick....

Someone snapped fingers in front of his face and brought him back to present. He glanced to his friends and found them both staring at him.

"What?!" Harry said and sounded little irritated, because his friends had caught him staring at the slytherin.

"You were doing it again! Its like sixth year all over again!" Ron groaned.

"I was not.." Harry started, but Hermione interrupted him.

"Staring Malfoy? Yeah of course you were not. For me you didn't seem like a love sick puppy at all!" Hermione claimed and Ron snorted to his girlfriends comment.

"I am not some love sick puppy! And even if I was, why on earth would I be making puppy eyes to Malfoy?" Harry had grown more irritated every moment as he was painfully hard and his pants were way too tight around his crotch.

"You tell me mate." Ron smirked.

"If you have nothing better to say, I am gonna head out. See you at the potions." Harry quickly got up and fixed his robes that they covered the bulge on his crotch. He cast a quick glance over the slytherin who had just finished eating the banana and stormed out of the great hall to the nearest loo he could find.

He quickly opened the door of the loo and made sure that it was empty. Then he cast all the locking charms he knew and the silencing charm. He locked himself to the cubicle and leaned against the door.

He was still hard and his dick was craving for some kind of touch. He was ashamed of the thought that had caused his aroused state, but now was really not the time to think about it.

He opened the button of his trousers and zipped them open. He let his trousers and pants fall to the floor and gasped for air as his dick got free. Merlin he was hard and it didn't help that the picture of Draco's lips wrapped around the fruit was stuck in his mind.

He tore his mind of that picture as that was not what he should think about now. Or rather ever again if he wanted to live in peace.

It didn't matter how tempting the imagine of the blond's beautiful and soft lips was. It didn't matter that he wanted to crap the front of the slytherin's shirt and tug him to the loo with him, slam him against the wall and attack to those annoyingly way too perfect lips. Make them all swollen and red, run his hands through the other boy's hair and make it a total mess so that he would look like he just had a fantastic shag. Which Harry would give him.

He wanted to mark that perfect pale skin of his. Make hickeys all over his neck and collarbone so that everyone would be able to see who the gorgeous slytherin belonged to. He didn't like sharing.

The memory of the blond bursting his hips hungrily against his made his hard cock leak from the tip. He slowly placed his hands on his hip bone and trailed them towards his dick. Teasing himself as he did so.

He imagined what else Malfoy could do with those lips that had so eagerly kissed him. Imagined what the blond would look like kneeling before him as he would take Harry's whole length down to his pretty throat.

But then he suddenly realized who he was about wank and his hands stopped just before they touched the head of Harry's leaking cock.

He was not about to wank to the imagine of DRACO BLOODY MALFOY on his knees before him. No matter how turned on he was by that exact thought. No he just had think of someone else.

He quickly got through all the appropriate people that he knew and decided that Susan Bones, blond hufflepuff would be good enough. Although he quickly changed his mind when those blond hair seemed too familiar. Finally he settled to the thought of Romilda Vane, whose hair were dark and curly. Far different from some nameless slytherin and his platinum blond, straight, soft hair....

He shook his head and tried to picture the pretty girl on knees before him. Harry imagined her small hands moving forward to wrap around his cock, slowly beginning to pump up and down from base to tip. Her other hand would crawl forward and begin to fondle Harry's balls. Without realising, Harry's let the fingers grow into longer, more aristocratic digits that were far more stimulating than the previous small hands.

He let out a deep breath and slowly lowered his hand to wrap around the base of his erection. He gasped at the needed contact, his cock leaking in response.

He imagined her thin lips wrapped around the tip of Harry's cock, letting her tongue swirl over the end, Harry flicked his thumb over his own tip, mirroring the imaginary movements.

He imagined the small head moving over his erection as the girl's eyes shot up to meet his. They were beautiful and fascinating mixture of ice cold blue and grey. Did Romilda have grey eyes? He was pretty sure they were brown. But he kept imagining them grey, because it somehow made the picture way more erotic.

He started to thrust harder into his own hand and little moans escaped from his lips and he didn't try to stop them.

He imagined how he would run his hands through those long and messy hair while the girl would swallow his whole dick and bob her head up and down his length. Somehow those hair felt shorter and silkier on his hands and he opened his eyes and looked down.

He met those gorgeous grey eyes, but this time there were no messy brown hair or girls beautiful face. Instead there was something so much better. Sharp jawline, pointed and flushed cheeks. The blush on those cheeks looked even better against the pale, smooth skin. His hands were filled with platinum blonde hair that Harry had made a total mess of. There were swollen, little red lips around his hard cock and only the imaginary sight was enough to drive him over the edge.

Harry came with a shout, throwing his head back and curling his toes.

He closed his eyes and enjoyed his post-orgasm. Suddenly, his eyes shot wide open.

He hadn't come to the thought of Romilda, had he? He had come to the thought of Malfoy.

Oh

Well fuck

When Harry had managed to calm himself down and assured himself that he could and he will ignore what happened in the bathroom he made his way to the dungeons for his potions class. He was horny teenage boy, right? So what happened while he pleased himself couldn't be taken seriously.

He slowed down his pace as he got closer to the classroom. How could he ever look Malfoy again when his only thought was that he wanted his dick down that pretty little throat of his. He felt the heat rising to his cheeks from only the thought of that.

And what will his friends say to him as he had just ran out of the great hall like he had angry hippogriff chasing him. He could ask them to drop it, but it was unlikely that they would let him go so easily. Undoubtedly he would soon be questioned why on earth he had ran away. He would just have to make up some lie.

He turned around the corner and found himself face to face with Hermione who wore worried expression on her face.

“What on earth was that Harry! You just got off the table and fled away without saying a one word! You have been weird all morning. First you disappear before dawn and then you ran off. What is going on Harry?” She started angrily, but her voice grew softer towards the end as she really was worried about him.

“Hermione I just...I... can we talk about this later. This isn't really the place.” He said and lowered his eyes to his own fingers as he was afraid that if he dared to look his friends eyes he would immediately give himself away.

He wasn't really sure if he would tell the truth to their friends or if he would make up some lie. But he needed more time so it was his only option to assure her that he would tell her later. Maybe she would leave him alone for a moment.

“This once. But Harry are you okay?” She demanded.

“Yes. I promise I will tell you later. Just not now.” He said and greeted her friendly face with a smile.

They made their way to inside the classroom and took their places beside Ron who was already sitting on his place.

On the table in front of the class was a cauldron full of some potion that was steaming. Pleasant smell filled his nose. He was able to separate different smells coming from the cauldron. There was treacle tart, broomstick handle and....vanilla? Or something like that.

At that moment professor Slughorn entered to the room and walked in front of the class.

“Good morning my students. Let's start right away. Who can tell me what is in this cauldron?” And before he was able to finish his question Harry saw Hermione's hand shot in the air from the corner of his eye.

But it wasn't Hermione who spoke next.

“Its amortentia. It is a strong love potion. It smells different to each person according to what attracts them.”

Harry turned around to find that the speaker was no other than Malfoy himself. They locked eyes for a second, but Harry quickly turned his face back around when he felt heat rising to his cheeks. The imagine of Malfoy against the wall this morning made him sift on his chair.

“Precisely Mr. Malfoy. Five points to Slytherin! And what does it smell like to you?” Slughorn asked curious expression on his face.

Harry was curious too. He didn't like to admit it, but he was craving to know what the love potion smelled like to the slytherin.

“..er...” He hesitated for a moment, but then continued. “I smells broomstick polish, freshly washed sheets and..and...” The hesitation in the other boy's voice made Harry turn around again to face the slytherin.

Malfoy was blushing furiously and looked like he was about to freak out.

“And er..pumpkin juice” He quickly finished his sentence and lowered his eyes to his desk. Parkinson leaned in to whisper something to Malfoy that only made his blush darker. He gave his fellow slytherin a angry look and glanced up too see if anyone had heard what Parkinson had said to him.

Harry turned to face in front of the class were Slughorn was writing down the ingredients for the potion to the board.

Why did Malfoy blush to say that he smelled pumpkin juice. Unless he lied. He smelled something else and was too scared to admit what it was. But Parkinson knew what it was. That's why Draco Malfoy was so scared that someone had overheard her.

Harry was curious to know what was the smell that had made Malfoy lie. Hermione dragged him out of his thoughts as she got up to get the ingredients and told Harry and Ron to prepare the desk.

The class went by pretty fast and their potion actually looked like it should, thanks to Hermione. Harry really wasn't much help, because he kept staring at a certain slytherin. He didn't know why, but he just couldn't help, but to wonder what was the third smell.

He refused to think that his curiosity had anything to do with this morning in the tower or in the bathroom. He was just curious as he always was. At least when it came to Malfoy. And the thing that he still didn't know why his amortentia smelled like vanilla was bothering him. The two other smells were familiar to him and he had smelled them earlier in his amortentia. Vanilla was new.

Ron snapped his fingers in front of Harry`s face to get his attention.

“We are ready here you know. Or are you too busy staring at Malfoy again?” Ron snapped at him and Harry turned his head to Ron only to see that he was grinning wildly.

“I'm not staring” Harry tried to argue.

“oh sure, let me guess, you were just watching him to find out if he was up to something. Omg dont tell this will sixth year all over again.” Ron lifted his hand to forehead and tried to look as dramatic as possible.

“To be fair he was up to something back then” Hermione took part in the conversation. “But still this really feels like sixth year Harry.”

“I was just wondering what really was the third smell, because he definitely made up that last one” Harry said and leaned over their cauldron and found out that they have really succeeded. He felt the familiar smell of treacle tart, broomstick handle and vanilla. He was still wondering where the hell that last one came.

“What do you mean by that. Why do you think he made up that last one?” Ron asked and looked like a question mark.

“It was pretty obvious. He blushed and turned his gaze to his desk. And he hesitated before he said that he smelled pumpkin juice. He also played with his fingers as he always does when he is nervous.” Harry said. He was proud that this time he had arguments to support his claim.

“Oh I didn't realize that you knew him so well that you can already tell when he is lying. You must have been watching him pretty intensely.” Hermione snorted at him. They shared one of those weird looks again with Ron and it looked like they were holding back their laugh.

“Oh whatever. You are really assholes you know!” He said and got up to take the ingredients back. He made his way to the shelf and started to put the ingredients back to their places when he smelled a mild scent of vanilla. Then in the corner of his eye he saw hint of platinum blonde hair and pair of grey gorgeous eyes.

He turned his head and was greeted with Malfoy's cold expression. He wasn't even looking at Harry. How can he just make out with him once and then not even pay attention to him. What was the git playing at.

Harry shifted a little closer to put rose petals on their place when he smelled the vanilla again. He froze in the middle of the motion as the realization came over him. It was Malfoy's shampoo that he smelled in his amortentia.

Well fuck.

Harry was so close that they were almost touching and all it would take to capture those soft lips to a new kiss was to turn his head. He was half tempted to reach out and stroke that gorgeous, sharp jawline.

He was frozen for a moment before he let all the ingredients to the table closest to the shelf, grabbed his bag and ran off the class. Just like he had done this morning in the great hall.

He wasn't sure where he was heading but he just needed to get as far away from the potion classrooms as possible. Away from the smell of his amortentia. From the smell of Malfoy.

He walked through the corridors without knowing where he was. Finally he reached library and continued to walk between the shelves full of ancient books. He was heading to the farthest corner of the library where he could be alone with his thought. Which were a pretty big mess at the moment.

He reached his destination and threw himself to the chair behind the old wooden table. He put his elbows on the table and rested his head on his hands.

What the fuck was that. The new smell of vanilla was Malfoy's shampoo. Draco bloody Malfoy. Was he attracted to him. Sure the git was good looking as hell. There was no point to deny that. His hair looked so soft, his face was beautiful, his pale skin was so gorgeous especially when he blushed. And god that body. He looked like a freaking greek god.

So the git was way more attractive than he or anyone else had right to be. But that surely doesn't mean that Harry fancied him, right? Because he surely wasn't nice or anything. He

was still an asshole and sarcastic little bitch. Although he had changed since the war. And Harry had found himself laughing at Malfoy's jokes way more often than he should.

And then Malfoy didn't care that Harry was the chosen one. He treated him like he was a normal person. Like he wanted to be treated. Malfoy was the one of only few people who were bold enough to still make fun of Harry. And he kinda liked it.

He was pulled out of his thoughts by Hermione who sat next to him and gently placed her hand on Harry's arm. Ron sat on his other side.

"Harry now you tell us what's wrong. You have been acting weird all morning- oh don't give me that face its not normal to just ran out of the classroom like that." She said as Harry was about to say that nothing was wrong. Then she continued with much gentel tone. "Please Harry tell us. We are starting to get worried."

"Yeah Harry. You can tell us anything." Ron gave his support.

Harry looked down to the table and tried to think of something to say.

"Do you...do you think that the smell of amortentia is accurate?" He settled to ask a simple question first.

"Why would you ask?" Ron looked him and he seemed to be little worried and confused by Harry's question.

Harry felt the heat rising to his cheeks and he buried his head to his arms on the table. He felt ashamed and some kind of way a little afraid.

"Just please answer the bloody question" He murmured to his hands.

"..er..Yes if it is brewed right then yes it is." Hermione said. "And as an answer to your next question, yes we did brew ours right. I am hundred percent sure about that. I followed all the instructions." She said and put his hand on Harry's back as he signed deeply.

So there was no way to deny it. Shit.

"Harry you can tell us what's wrong. Was there something weird about the smell of amortentia. It probably changed since you are not with Ginny anymore." Ron said tapped Harry on his shoulder.

Harry was embarrassed and scared to admit his friends what exactly he had smelled in his amortentia. How would they take it. Would they think that Harry was a freak. What if he really did fancy Malfoy. Would he tell about the night and morning with him. would he tell how good he felt pressed against Harry. Would he tell how he was fascinated by the soft voice and how much Malfoy had changed.

"I...I smelled something new..." He said carefully and buried his face even deeper in his arms. He wished that the floor would swallow him right now.

"What was it? Seriously it can't be that bad." Ron said. He sounded really worried.

"It is Draco." Harry signed. He could feel his lower lip trembling and his eyes filling with tears. He wasn't sure why, but he really wanted to cry. He wanted to bury his face to the soft pillow and forget everything. He was scared. He felt something for Malfoy. He could not deny it. No matter how much he wanted to.

"What about him. And since when you started calling him by his first name?" Hermione whispered like she was scared that if she spoke any louder, Harry would fall apart or something.

"I...I smelled him" Harry said. He didn't dare to lift his head from his hands.

It was completely silent. Only thing he could hear was his own shallow breathing. His palms started to sweat as the silence grew longer. Then suddenly he was surrounded by both, Ron's and Hermione's arms.

"Oh Harry you little oblivious twat." Hermione whispered to him.

Harry finally lifted his head with confused look on his face.

"What?" Was the only thing that he managed to get out of his mouth. Not only because he was confused, but also because he was scared that if he opened his mouth once more, he might lose it.

"It is so obvious that I can't understand how it took you so long to realize. We have been waiting for this like since sixth year or even earlier." Ron said as Harry turned to look at him. He almost couldn't believe what they were saying. How had they noticed when he hadn't himself.

"Harry it's been pretty obvious that the tension between you two hasn't been hatred for so long. Like back in the sixth year when you used sectumsempra on him you were so upset and don't even try to claim that you were upset just because you almost killed him. You were upset because you hurted him even though you didn't want to. You were scared how it made you feel." Hermione told him while gently caressing his back.

"You two have so much history and the tension between you two is so intense that it is no miracle that you fell for him. Harry there is nothing to be ashamed of. He has changed a lot lately and he really is like a different person. Still a git but not as bad as he used to be." Ron said and the last part made Harry's lips curl into a smile.

"Harry you can love who you want and we won't judge you. Even if it is.. Hermione tried to say, but she was interrupted by Harry's yell.

"I am not in love with Draco. I might smell him in my amoretia, but that doesn't mean anything! He might be a better person now that he used to be, but he is still a git and I don't like him. Yeah he might be attractive with his stupid handsome face and soft lips and hair and all, but I am not and will never be in love with that git!" Harry claimed to his friends and felt himself turn bright red as even he himself knew that it wasn't entirely true.

He could feel panic rise in his chest. He was a mix of all unpleasant emotions that existed. He was torn between his feelings and he was angry at himself. He was angry at Malfoy for the fact that he couldn't be angry with him. He could feel his magic lingering in his veins. Then suddenly few books flew out of the shelf near them to floor with such a power and Hermione and Ron ducked under the table to avoid being hit by a book.

Hermione and Ron looked little scared by Harry's outburst. Harry was even more scared and confused. He had lost the control over his magic because of Malfoy and he wasn't even there. He pressed his hands into a fists and tugged his nails into his skin.

"I am not in love with Malfoy." He whispered, got off the table and stormed out of the library.

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