

Harry Potter and the Mission of the Tiger

A tale of love and despair...

Von abgemeldet

Talks After

Chapter Eight: Talks after

AN/ Yahoo - it's getting even more interesting!!! D/H (cutie ;-)

When he awoke, everything was horribly dizzy. The first thing he was aware of was pain - horrible pain in his head spreading over his whole body. He screamed and something around him happened, and after a while the pain lessened. /Is this death?/, he thought wearily, /I imagined it totally different!/

But then he tried to open his eyes and found himself in the hospital-wing. So he was still alive. Images of the fall and before flooded his mind. /Why did I fall, I can't remember jumping-/ He remembered a Draco Malfoy who had revealed his love to him, but that was totally insane! Draco didn't hate him anymore and why the hell should the blonde suddenly be attracted to him?

A soft groan next to him caught his attention. On the bed next to him lay Draco Malfoy, covered with a white sheet and audible asleep. /But Draco doesn't snore!/, he thought confused. When he listened again, the noise seemed to come from behind him. So he turned around and the picture made him laugh out loud: Professor Mc'Caughn, eyes closed, leaning against the headboard of the bed, in his lap, mumbling and snorting in his sleep, Severus Snape and beside them, stretched all over the (remaining) bed Albus Dumbledore, beard tugged around his head and heavily snorting and Madam Pomfrey curled up between Snape's legs!

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Slightly startled by the laughter, Snape opened one eye and glared at the 'disturber of silence': "Potter!"

With that, all staff members jumped and nearly fell off the bed. Madam Pomfrey immediately went over to Harry and checked on his condition. "Everything healed, though you will stay here for a while, Potter! Have you the slightest idea how worried we were?"

Harry lost his good mood quickly at these words. "I'm sorry, it's all my fault. Please don't care about it..."

"Don't care?" she nearly screamed, "Have you got the slightest idea what would have happened, if Severus hadn't been there?"

"I'd died and Voldemort had reached his goal."

"You would be dead and we would be terrified and grief-stricken for you!"

"I'm not worth your attention - I just kill everybody I care about!"

"You won't leave this room until you regained some of your sanity!"

A voice from behind them stopped their argument. "Harry? How are you - I was so worried! I thought we'd lost you forever!"

It was Draco. His hair stood up in a horrible manner and he looked awful: tears were running down his cheeks and he looked like he was in shock. Trembling, he stood up from the bed and came over, hugging Harry hard and started crying against his shoulder.

The dark-haired looked unfamiliar at the sobbing boy on his lap, before he put his arms around him and squeezed him tightly. "I'm sorry, Dray, 'twas just too much to handle. I don't know if I wanted to jump, you surprised me and I lost my balance..."

Draco just went into shock even more, but while Harry stroke his back, the tears dried and he finally looked up. His watery, greyish blue eyes were pointed at his. "You must be disgusted by me! I'm a wreck, I should have jumped instead of you!"

Harry's eyes widened by this. In this moment he knew, that he hadn't imagined Draco's words! //I love you!//, the memory was clear now. "No, I'm perfectly okay with - don't even worry about it! You won't jump off anywhere! You hear!"

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Sadly, but knowing that he couldn't do much now, Gabriel took Snape by the hand and they left the hospital-wing. Dumbledore cleared his throat and the boys looked up. "Harry, I'll go soon. I only want you to know, that we, I and the other members of the staff and the Order respect you as what YOU are and not for being the potential key to Voldemort's destruction! And you are courageous and strong and ambitious, but first of all you're a child and you should, as much as possible, act that way and not try to make everything just the way it would be most suitable for the Order - you don't have to do 'things' now, okay? I'm extremely sorry if you thought you would have to go through this alone!"

"'Tis alright, Professor. I'm okay now, I think. I just - maybe needed some kind of death-experience to cope with everything."

"I'll leave you then. Please don't do this again, would you? "

"No, surely not. I've got some things to live for, I just needed to be reminded of them at one point, I'm okay now - anyway!"

The old wizard nodded in understanding (at least it seemed so - I don't think he understood the whole thing ;-) and left.

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Harry turned his gaze to Draco. "How are you?"

"Okay, I suppose. I don't really know what to make of the whole thing, you know? It's kinda strange to - sit on your lap for example."

Harry laughed. "Yeah, it is. But you don't seem to mind a lot, do you?"

"No, I just, I'm..."

"Confused?"

"Yeah."

"'Coz of the, you know, thing there - between us, you and me..."

"Yeah, because that, and the whole happenings of yesterday."

"I'm sorry, I didn't know you cared."

"You wouldn't have jumped if you knew?"

"No. I - I don't know what to do now."

"Me either. Well, you know, what I said..."

"Did you mean it?"

"What?"

"That you loved me?"

"I, I - yeah, I think so..."

"Since when?"

"Dunno, I think since I saw you fighting the Dragon in fourth year, back then I admired

you secretly, I didn't really know until I saw you at Hogwarts last year, after that incident, when your godfather - you know..."

"And you had an argument over the summer with your father?"

"Yes - I refused to become a Death Eater and he threw me out, most likely to protect me, I think he liked me a lot back then."

"He loved you, I'm sure! And why did you refuse - you know..."

"I didn't want to, I don't hate Muggles, though I hate to hide my magic everywhere near them. And because of... - you."

"Me?"

"Yeah - I was rather impressed by you and, oh Merlin, I had a terrible crush on you!"

"And now?"

"I fear, I still have..."

"Dray?"

Draco turned toward the black-haired. "Yeah?"

"Do you love me?"

"Harry, I -"

"DO YOU LOVE ME?"

"Yes, I do."

Whatever Draco had expected, it wasn't this: Harry turned him down beside himself and pressed his body against Draco's. "Say it again, would you?"

"Yes, I love you."

"Would you terribly mind if I kiss you?"

"Why?"

"To show you something?"

"What?"

"All you need is love!"

"Love is just a game!"

"No - 'tis much, much more!"

With this last word, their mouths melted together, lips parting in anticipation, tongues intertwined in battle, ravishing each other's mouths and licking over each other, nipping lips, tasting, probing, loving.

betaread by Mary ;)

TBC