

Harry Potter and the Mission of the Tiger

A tale of love and despair...

Von abgemeldet

Bound and Broken

Chapter Ten: Bound and Broken

Draco stepped through the door after him and sat down on his favourite place, the sill, while Harry quickly had a shower. When he re-emerged in the bedroom, Draco took his (longer!) turn. Harry sat on his bed, when the blonde came back to the room, fully clothed, but hair still damp from the wash. He stood uncertainly, until the other boy smiled and gestured him to sit down next to him.

"What is this all about?" he asked, sighing deeply, "I have no idea what is happening!"

"Me either. All the things about the war and Voldemort, the death of my god-father, you, -us..."

"Us? Does that mean there is an 'us'?"

"I think so - but if you don't..."

"I want us to be - well, US."

Their lips met for a second, when both pulled away again.

"Together?"

"Uh - yeah."

"I never thought you were, you know, - gay."

"Well, I am - but nobody except Blaise and my father know..."

"It must be hard, I mean, I've lost my family, but you - just went away. I mean, you had a choice - and I think you did the right thing, but it must be so terribly hard on you!"

"Well, actually it wasn't."

"No? But you love your family, don't you?"

"I do - my father at least, my mother, dunno, she changed a lot last year. I'd barely seen her and she acted strange - I thought she wasn't my mother anymore, she was so different! - and, well, my father, I love him dearly and I think he understood."

"No offence meant, but he rejected you, didn't he?"

"What should he have done? He couldn't possibly protect me, so he sent me away - to Dumbledore. I think he knows You-Know-Who is a madman, but he's not strong enough to... You know what I mean, don't you?"

"Yeah - I think I do, mostly."

"Thanks for listening to me. I couldn't talk to anyone but Snape and he understands, of course, and it helped a lot, but he has his own business. Wait! Have you seen the look between Professor Snape and the new DADA? They act strangely, don't you think?"

"Well, actually, I thought Snape had drunken too much or used a double-dose good-mood potion, but he might also just enjoy the company. But it's strange - this morning, you know, I think he had a hickey!"

"WHAT?"

"I swear, I thought the same - and you know what! He slept in Mc'Caughn's lap!"

"No, you want to fool me! Really? I cannot imagine why... - oh, dear! Snape and Mc'Caughn -do you think they are..."

"Lovers? Definitely!"

"Oh my, it's..."

"Disgusting?"

"NO! It's cute, isn't it?"

"Cute? You think, the image of Snape and Mc'Caughn while making..."

"Harry - not that image! I just think they are a nice couple."

"Well, I guess if you think about it, it's rather - sexy!"

They laughed. Harry fell back on the bed and pulled Draco with him, tickling him mercilessly.

"Stop! You - NO! Unfair! Harry, you'll ruin my hair! It'll be all curled up, if it doesn't dry

correctly!"

"Curls? Must be SO cute, you'll be mummy's little angel!"

"No, I'm not! And stop - oh!"

Harry had stopped tickling him, but had remained lying half on top of him, staring at his eyes with a fire in his, you couldn't read as anything else but passion. Draco stared back at him, not sure what to do, blushing heavily.

"Well, I guess I have to tell you something!"

"Harry, you - you don't play with my feelings, just to make me the year's amusement of the school by telling everybody, how hopelessly stupid and gay I am?"

"No, by Merlin, I swear I'd never..."

"Good. What did you want to say?"

"I - I'm falling in love, I think, I really do love you."

"I love you, too."

Their lips met again, this time more sensual and careful. The kiss ended soon, when Harry laid his head on Draco's chest.

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"LOVE, I mean, that's a big word and 'twas only a short period of time we were not trying to make each other's life miserable."

"I'm sorry I was a git to you, but I couldn't help it! You turned down my hand and later, you've been always better than me in everything, except potions maybe, and your friends were quite nasty as well."

"I know and I apologise, we had no right to treat you so badly."

"I wasn't innocent, you know?"

"Of course I know! You - you aren't innocent anymore, I mean, THAT way?"

"Well, I guess I am not"

"Who?"

"Pansy and Blaise."

"Only two? Really, you keep surprising me!"

"I could have had anyone!"

"Including Professor Binns?"

"Erg - you're awful! I mean the students!"

"Sure."

"What about the much amazing sex-life of the most lovely golden-boy of Hogwarts, Harry Potter? How many did you have?"

"One."

"Male or female?"

"Female."

"I see, who?"

"Lavender Brown."

"That bitch of your house? Really, I though you had more style!"

"We were both drunken and all, it was just a little number at the last Quidditch victory!"

"Aha - so she was you first?"

"Yeah."

"You're bi, then?"

"I don't know, there was nothing emotional between us."

"Just fun then?"

"Yeah, I never felt something serious for a girl, so I suppose I'm gay then."

"And you figured it out just NOW? You are 16!"

"I never met somebody like - you."

"You're cute, when you blush."

"Oh, no! We're getting late! Pomfrey will have kittens!"

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Severus and Gabriel stormed into the hall over 20 minutes late, both slightly flushed

like they had been running the whole way here back from their rooms. Dumbledore smiled and they took their seats, never looking at each other, hastily eating their meal.

"Professor Snape, you look like you had quite a shag lately, if I may phrase it that way." Draco said with an innocent voice.

Harry stared at him in horror, while Snape spit out his peas on the plate; eyes wide open in shock. Mc'Caughn looked away, trying to hide the emotion crossing his face, when he remembered the last hour. Professor McGonagall's fork had fallen on the floor, but she made no move to pick it up. Sprout and Flitwick looked at Snape with utter disbelief in their eyes, Dumbledore giggling, his eyes wandering from Draco to Snape, to Draco, further to Harry, who stared at Mc'Caughn, barely suppressing his laughter.

Dumbledore looked at his new DADA. /Interesting, I did not expect he could warm the old monk! Congratulations, Tiger!/

Snape glared at Malfoy, but a smirk found the way to his face, destroying the dangerous sphere around him.

"I suppose, Mr. Malfoy, my private life is none of your concern. But to tell you so much, I don't suffer from celibacy!"

"I hope you fare well then, Professor. It would hurt me to know you're not in your best 'condition'!"

"I'm perfectly fine, thank you, Mr. Malfoy. Although, I'd like to end this conversation, somebody seems to be struggling to breathe properly, though he promised our nurse not to expose himself to life-threatening danger!"

Harry couldn't help it any longer. He burst out of laughter, not able to stop it, always having the picture of Snape, spitting out the peas on his mind. Draco motherly patted his back. "I fear he suffers quite a lot, actually."

Harry punched Draco hard, who fell nearly off his chair. Dumbledore giggled even more and Poppy looked a bit concerned, not catching the hint. Snape giggled (Draco: / He can giggle, I didn't know! Funny to hear - anyway, my stomach hurts! Bloody Potter!/) and Mc'Caughn shot him an angry glare. "Can't you control yourself better, not even at dinner?"

"No, honey, you should know better."

Minerva, Sprout, Flitwick and Poppy stared at him in shock. McGonagall's voice wavered, when she asked. "Honey? What is this about, Severus, dear?"

"Oh, Minerva, you didn't listen to Mr. Malfoy then? I thought you'd notice after all the

years you spent observing me?"

She blushed fiercely. "If you can't tell the staff about your 'preferences', then it's your own fault!"

"My, my, Professor! I doubt that Severus had the intention ("What about her 'interests'?" Snape muffled) to hurt you by not telling everything!" Mc'Caughn said softly, his eyes gleaming darkly.

"Whatever! Could we stop discussing such things in front of students? Our all dignity is a stake here!"

Dumbledore hummed the school-hymn, looking very pleased, which made them look concerned. Dumbledore in such a mood always meant nothing good at all! /Manipulative, old coot!/, Severus thought. (in unison with all others...)

"So I guess I have to say my congratulations, then?" the headmaster said, twinkling his eyes at Snape, talking to Gabriel.

The man blushed deeply, looking down to the floor. "Thank you, but I'm not sure if you know what you're talking about..."

Dumbledore made a sound like a whimpering dog and bowed himself over the table to whisper something into Gabriel's ear:

("If he lets you in once, he'll won't let you out again! I fear, my dear, you stumbled in his trap and he's like a spider: won't let go!")

Gabriel looked, if he would faint at once, but Snape pushed Albus away with a gentle punch and pulled the fair-haired closer to himself. "Don't believe him, whatever he said is rubbish - he only wants to manipulate you! We should bring you out here, before you cannot escape him any longer! He's like a spider!"

"He said the same about you." Gabriel stated.

"He might be right for once, but I think I'm a more friendly host than he is!"

"You might be right at that point, though I like my chambers very much and he's a great host!"

"Then maybe we should visit this exquisite place again?"

"Hurry, or I will die of embarrassment!"

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Snape and Mc'Caughn had left and Dumbledore turned to Harry and Draco, putting up

a troubled face. "I'd appreciate it, if you two would respect the privacy of your teachers and forget what you have heard this evening."

"Heard? What? Have you heard something, Draco?"

"Oh - nothing, except things that couldn't be hidden well enough, anyway."

"Uh - the same with me."

They grinned at the headmaster in unison, before leaving the great hall in a hurry, not to have to promise to keep the secrets.

Minerva was furious, but Poppy calmed her quickly by inviting her to a tea up in her rooms. Professor Sprout and Prof. Flitwick had decided to look after the new charmed roses in the school gardens and had gone early. So the headmaster would spend his evening alone - again!

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The days flew, time passing quickly. Dumbledore had asked Harry to train his spells in case of an emergency and Draco and he fought the whole day. The headmaster had asked the DADA to teach them some defences and attacking spells, too. Safety wasn't guaranteed these days...

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A rustling noise woke him in the middle of the night. Lazily he got up and opened the window. The owl looked rather shabby and he wondered where it came from. When he untied the letter from her leg, the bird suddenly hooted and fell off the sill from exhaustion. The headmaster grew more and more concerned, as he recognised the seal on the letter was locked with one of the most difficult and strongest spells he had ever seen. He opened the letter (easy - it was addressed to him, so he did not need to bother with any counter-spell) and soon recognised the Malfoy-family-crest upon the parchment. The handwriting was one of a man in hurry:

Dumbledore, I'm sure Gabriel told you about my loyalties to the Order. Voldemort plans an attack on Hogwarts on August 30th. That's in one week. I had to leave the Manor; he doesn't trust me anymore. I'm at the gate of the castle at 4 am today, please let me in! If I'm not there, Voldemort killed me. In that case, tell my son I loved him dearly!

Lucius

The headmaster sighed deeply and put on his cloak over the flower-patterned

nightshirt. It was about 3:49 by now and he hurried towards the east-wing to collect Mc'Caughn on the way to let Mr. Malfoy in. He didn't bother to knock and stormed inside, throwing up the bedroom door. "Gabriel, I need your help for a while! Mr. Ma-" he stopped, seeing the distressed face of Snape looking up to him from the bed. Gabriel, resting half on top of Snape, yawned.

"Albus, you should learn to knock! You could have run into something."

"You have to make sacrifices - anyway, I need your help - Mr. Malfoy had to escape and will be waiting at the gate in 10 minutes!"

"I see. We will be there, just give us a minute to get dressed!"

"How about 10 seconds?"

"Will do it."

Dumbledore got out and descended the stairs to the entrance hall and opened the door outside. The blonde man stood under a tree near the lake, but in the moment he saw the old wizard, he went towards him until he reached the doors.

"May I come in?" Lucius asked.

"Yes, you may, though I'd appreciate it, if you stayed at my side for a while."

"As you wish. We have to talk, there're things I couldn't write down in the letter, which are important."

"Professor Snape and Mr. Mc'Caughn will be here in a moment. Let's get into the hall and take a seat."

While they spoke, the two teachers entered the room. Snape smiled slightly at his childhood-friend, but laid his hand protectively around Gabriel's waist. Dumbledore had sent a message to the other teachers, and one after another, they arrived and took a seat around the round table in the middle of the hall, now with cards and parchments on it instead of dishes.

"Lucius was a spy, to make it short." Dumbledore said, breaking the silence, "He brought news that we will have to expect an attack on the school on next Saturday. We have to discuss our defence."

"There are too little teachers here to defend Hogwarts, the Order will have to defend us." Minerva stated, "The members, who know the building should be informed as quickly as possible and get here. 345 members were students and are able to fight, add the fourteen teachers, the 50 ministry aurors Fudge promised that makes 399, 400 with Mr. Malfoy. What about Mr. Potter? I doubt he will want to stay safe in a closed room and he will have to fight in the future anyway, according to the prophecy."

Dumbledore sighed. "Mr. Potter will fight at our side, we trained him a bit last year and he made great progress over the holidays, practising with young Mr. Malfoy, I will protect him personally."

Lucius looked surprised. "I didn't know Harry Potter and my son got along with each other, Draco was always quite upset about the boy, what should partly be his own fault, if I might guess."

"Yes, Lucius, they get along surprisingly well. I fear it will be hard to separate them when it comes to battle."

"You think, my son will fight alongside Potter?"

"I'm quite sure, actually. The boys formed a strong bond over the last weeks, you won't find them separated a second."

"I see."

"You will - tomorrow. We cannot do much now, so we better wait for the representatives of the ministry and the Order to arrive, then we can prepare for the worst. Sleep well, everybody."

The teachers got up and left for their chambers, leaving the headmaster, Snape, Mc'Caughn and Lucius behind.

"It's good to see you again, old friend." Snape said sleepily, "Can we continue the meeting in some hours?"

"Where am I gonna sleep?"

"East-wing, Gabriel and I can walk you there."

"Thanks. You're together, right?"

Snape glared at him. "Come too close to him and I might forget our old companionship!"

"No thank you, my son would be scared if I had something with a teacher of his."

Gabriel cleared his throat. "I'm still here, just in case you've forgotten!"

They laughed and went upstairs, heading for their rooms to have a peaceful rest, surely the last for the next days...

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AN/ Yes - I love Lucius! Since the films came out last year, I love Lucius Malfoy, mainly (manly^^) because of his hair **lick lips***

He's my favourite next to his son (yeah, I like blondes^^) - they're gorgeous! But I like the dark ones, like Snape and Harry, too.

I mainly wrote a fic with Harry, because it's easy to write about him, he's quite predictable and has a normal attitude towards the things, as I said, he's kinda easy to write about - and a nice couple with Draco^^ Snape and my OMC (Gabriel) suit quite well who thought - the OMC is blonde...) I first thought about making a SS/LM fic, but it would be too sad... you'll learn why...

lCiel