

Harry Potter and the Mission of the Tiger

Von abgemeldet

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Scars and News

Title: Harry Potter and the Mission of the Tiger

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Rating: PG-13

Pairing: Harry/Draco, Severus/Neo (OMC), Ron/Hermione

Summary: Voldemort plans another attack on Harry, but Snape can fetch him in time. At Hogwarts he meets the only other student there (holidays!): Draco Malfoy, who was rejected by his family when he refused to join Voldemort. And who is the new DADA-teacher? What will happen in Harry's 6th year at Hogwarts?

Diclaimer: all belongs to J.K.Rowling (Puh!)

Warning: This is SLASH (m/m) <<gay>>, shagging, but not explicit, fluffy!!!

AN: Enjoy!!! (This is my first (english) fic. - I'm german - please oversee my mistakes^^)

Harry Potter and the Mission of the Tiger

Chapter One: Scars and News

Harry awoke with a sharp pain in his head. The agony was nearly unbearable this time. What had started with little itches over the first week of the summer holidays now ended with pain comparable to the Cruciatus Curse. Disorientated he grabbed his glasses and put them on. The first rays of sunlight shone through a gap between the curtains. He absentmindedly rubbed his forehead where his scar still itched painfully. That was definitely not a good sign! Harry's scar hurt quite often, especially when he had had one of his nightmares, that haunted his sleep since Cedric had died more than a year ago, but it stopped normally when he woke up. This time the pain had lingered some minutes, even while he was awake.

Harry got up and searched his trunk for a piece of parchment and a quill. He sat down at the table and began to write;

Professor Dumbledore,

I am sorry to interrupt your holiday, but my scar hurts more and more. The amount of pain becomes unbearable, I fear. My relatives won't give me a muggle painkiller, and get quite angry when I wake them in the early morning with my screams. I find it hard to admit that I can not go on like this - please help me!

Harry

He opened Hedwig's cage and tied the note to her leg. Before he opened the window to let her out, he patted her neck. She hooted and picked his hand to comfort him a bit. "Clever girl!" he whispered, "Fly to Dumbledore and return safely!"

He watched her disappear in the cloudy sky before he went to the bathroom. A little later he entered the kitchen and started to make breakfast. In a few minutes Uncle Vernon, Aunt Petunia and Dudley would wake up and demand their meal...

~

The same time in the dungeons at Hogwarts, a greasy haired Potions master yawned broadly and pulled the bedcovers further over his head. But the annoying tapping on his shoulder wouldn't go away. He opened one eye and glared at the frightened house-elf in front of him. "What's the matter, Humpy? There is something people call 'holiday'. In this time you are allowed to sleep the whole day!"

The elf cleared its throat. "The Headmaster wants to talk to you immediately. He says it's very important and you have to hurry!" Snape growled and sat up. Lazily he straightened his back and walked to the bathroom. The mirror made a few comments on his (dreadful) looks, but he didn't listen (as always) and began to brush his teeth. After he had finished he took some black robes out of the dresser and put them on. He exited his rooms and climbed the stairs to the hall, when he bumped into somebody.

Albus looked at him furiously. "When I say 'immediately' and 'very important', I think you could hurry a bit, Severus!" Snape glared at the headmaster and put a "I just woke up - my brain is a mess"-look on his face, but Dumbledore seemed to be deadly serious and he stopped it at once.

"So - what's the matter, Albus? Has Voldemort planed to blow us up in five minutes or has Potter had one of his silly nightmares again?" Dumbledore glared and turned towards the next stairs and gave Snape a sign to follow.

When they entered Dumbledore's office, the Headmaster sat down behind his desk and rubbed his temples. /Something must be terribly wrong!/, Snape thought. Dumbledore looked out of the window and cleared his throat:

"It has, indeed, something to do with Potter. (Snape growled.) The Order found information about a planed attack on the boy. The source is absolutely reliable and I'm sure, if we don't act immediately, it will be too late! On the other hand, as you know, Voldemort is aware of your treachery, so there's no reason to spare you, while

all other members of The Order work hard every day. Your task will be to fetch the boy at his relative's house and bring him to Hogwarts as quickly as possible. (Snape snorted in disgust, and Dumbledore gave him a stern look.) You cannot use the floo-network and Harry is unable to apparate, so you'll have to take the bus. Leave as quickly as possible - Any questions?"

Snape's face was pale when he shook his head and got up from the chair to leave the office. The Headmaster's eyes sparkled.

"Ah - Severus, if you're interested! The new DADA-teacher is Professor Mc'Caughn, you know him already, don't you?" Snape stood abruptly and turned on his heel. "What?" Dumbledore smiled and made a gesture to make him hurry out of the office.

Snape nearly ran back to his dungeon. /What the hell was the old fool thinking to send me after Potter, and WHY THE BLOODY HELL had he to employ, of all stupid playboys, Gabriel Neo Mc'Caughn? What have I done to earn THIS?/

He stopped at the picture with the fruitplate and tickled the pear. The painting moved and he climbed through the hole behind it. Suddenly he found himself surrounded by house-elves. He quickly ordered a small breakfast, a bag with food for two persons and a mug of green tea to his rooms.

After he had exited the kitchens, he returned to the dungeons, where he fetched some potions from his private store and went back to his chambers. He put the potions next to the food (that an elf had brought) on the table and opened the dresser. He took out a pair of black leather trousers and a tight, black roll collar-shirt. He stepped in his leather boots, which reached to the middle of his shanks and pulled a long muggle-coat out of the bottom of the dresser. He entered the bathroom and faced (once in a decade) the mirror. He pulled his hair back in a ponytail and grabbed a dagger from under the bathtub and tied the sheath to his left thigh. When he exited the bath again he shrunk the foodbag to the size of a purse and put it in the inner pocket of his coat, next to the potionvials. /Ready to go.../

He left the castle and walked down the road to Hogsmead. The summer was quite cold this year: The sun shone still bright, but it wasn't hot anymore and Severus didn't sweat in his coat, because a cold breeze blew from the north. Some dark clouds darkened the sky in this direction - it would rain soon!

~

Albus Dumbledore just sipped his morning tea, when a white owl tapped against his window. He let her in and took the letter from her leg. "Ah - Hedwig! Have a break at the owlery before you return, hmm?" When the bird was gone he opened the letter and read. /Poor boy - but maybe it will get better here. Poppy can give him something to lessen the pain/.

~

Harry woke, when somebody slapped his but. /What the hell.../ "Dudley!" The stably build boy smiled broadly. "Sleeping in the kitchen! Harry, you're an absolute freak! Hurry up, you lazy piece of sh-"

"Dudders! Language!" Petunia entered the room, followed by her husband. "Harry, you're so useless - can't you even make breakfast? Stop being so selfish!"

Harry frowned. Why had he to fall asleep in the kitchen? And - why the hell - had he dreamed of Snape? /Greasy git!/ He sighed while putting the dishes on the table and returned to the stove to look after the (slightly burned) bacon.

TBC

Beta-read by Mary (thank you^^)
All possible remaining mistakes are mine

l'Ciel

Back to Hogwards

Chapter Two: Back to Hogwarts

When Severus reached the borders of the woods, that surrounded Hogwarts, he looked around, and when he saw nobody near him, he apparated.

The wood behind the playground was small, but dense. He observed his surroundings quietly and when he was sure he was alone he made his walk down the next street: 'Privet Drive'.

Number four looked as normal as every house, except for the dark dressed figure that knocked on the door. A skinny, dark haired, teenage boy opened it. He seemed truly surprised when he saw his Potion-master. "Professor? What are you doing here?" Snape snorted, "Polite as always, Potter?"

The boy was a bit taken aback to see his teacher in such a situation (and clothing), but the shout from the living room brought him back to reality. "Who's there, boy?" Harry still stared at the man in front of him, when Vernon Dursley entered the hall and pushed him away. Snape glared at the boy and then at his Uncle. "I'm Mr. Potter's Teacher at Hogwarts. I have order from the Headmaster to take him there NOW, because The Dark Lord planned another attack on him. Potter, pack your things and hurry up a bit!"

Vernon Dursley stared at the stranger for a moment and then became deep red. "Harry?" The boy looked at his Uncle. "Yes, Uncle Vernon?" The redheaded man still stared at the dark figure in front of him. "Is that true?"

"Yes."

"Go! And don't dare to come back when somebody is still after you. You will no longer endanger my family! Pack your things and GO!"

Harry ran up the stairs and took his wand out of his pocket: "Contino!" All his belongings flew towards him and landed inside his trunk, "Parveri Massus" and the trunk got as light as a feather, "Parveri Volumina!" and as small as a book. Harry took it in one hand, his wand in the other. He took his cloak from behind the door, inside the interior pocket was his invisibly-cloak.

He quickly descended the stairs and passed his relatives without a word. Snape stood near the door. "Ready?" "Sure." "Don't wanna say good-bye?" "Good-bye." Snape looked at him for a moment and opened the door. "Bye then, Dursley." Vernon snorted behind their backs and threw the door shut, when Harry and Snape disappeared around the corner.

Severus lifted his wand and a moment later the bus stopped next to them. Stan Shunpike opened the door and Snape pushed Harry inside and paid for both of them, with hot chocolate. They got two beds in the back of the bus, second level. Harry hadn't said a word since they left his relatives.

When Stan brought the chocolate, Harry tried to hide his scar, but to no avail. Stan just wanted to say something (to the whole bus) when Severus made a sign; be quiet! Stan put the cups on a little table next to Harry's bed and shook his hand. "Nice to meet you again!" Harry smiled politely and Stan made a nod towards Snape and disappeared back to the front.

They drank their chocolate in silence. Snape had taken out the food and when they had finished, Harry cleared his throat. "I didn't know you liked chocolate." Snape glared at him. "Why should I NOT like chocolate?" Harry shrugged his shoulders. "Dunno, don't suit to your usual behavior."

They spent the rest of the journey in silence. Harry slept a bit, while Snape stayed awake, if something unforeseen would happen...

~

Draco sat under a tree near the lake. The afternoon was cloudy and the first raindrops fell and drew circles onto the surface of the lake. The ground beneath his hands was wet and his clothes got dirty, but this Draco didn't bother. The old, arrogant prat died the moment he had to leave his home. His mother had looked at him in disgust, while his father's face hadn't shown any sign of emotion. But it might have been even worse, he thought. What would have happened, if his parents hadn't sent him to Hogwarts - would he still be alive?

A noise behind him caught his attention. Madam Pomfrey, her face hid under the huge umbrella, held her hand towards him. He took it and she led him back to his chamber. Dumbledore had given it to him with the explanation he shouldn't be alone in the dungeon.

He sat on the edge of the four-poster-bed and pulled the dirty boots from his feet. Poppy had taken his cloak from him. She was a lot around, always helping. Was that the way a usual mother acted, he wondered? His mother had never done such a thing...

~

Harry woke up, when somebody touched his shoulder. He opened his eyes and wondered where he was, when he remembered. Snape impatiently cleared his throat. "Time to get up - we will be at Hogsmead in a few minutes!" Harry nodded. His head felt dizzy - he really hated busses! The bus came to halt and they got out. Snape watched their environment carefully. When he found nothing strange he nodded and they walked up the road to the castle. It had begun to rain and heavy droplets changed the road into a mudpool. Once Harry nearly lost his balance, but Snape

caught his hand in time. The boy muffled a "thanks" and they continued their walk.

They reached Hogwarts half an hour before dinner, but instead of heading for the Gryffindor tower Snape showed Harry his room for the rest of the holiday. There were two huge canopy-beds, two dressers, a mirror, a fireplace and two comfortable looking seats. Next to the entry was the door to a rather large bathroom. Snape was to exit the room when he turned a last time. "You will share this room with Mr. Malfoy. He had a hard time, be nice to him or you will regret it. Dinner will be served in twenty minutes." Harry nodded absentmindedly. /Why, of all people, Malfoy? Had he (Harry) not enough problems to cope with? And why was the stupid Slytherin at Hogwarts?/

~

Dumbledore smiled when Harry sat down at the round table in the middle of the great hall. Only a few staff members were there besides the two students. Next to Dumbledore sat Professor McGonagall, next to Prof. Flitwick, beside him the students, and beside them Prof. Snape, Madam Pomfrey and Prof. Sprout. Between her and Dumbledore was an empty chair. Everybody just wanted to start eating, when Filch opened the door. Behind him stood a cloaked figure. Dumbledore stood up and exchanged a few silent words with the person. Harry looked at Prof. McGonagall questioningly. She shrugged her shoulders. Snape glared at her, "Obviously the new DADA." Sprout tipped her finger against her forehead, "Of course, Severus, that must be HIM..." Pomfrey giggled, while Harry was utterly confused. Draco raised an eyebrow and turned his head to Harry, "A playboy from Witch-weekly..."

TBC

AN: Kinda boring - but it's the introduction... gets better - promise^^

Beta-read by Mary (thank you^^)

All possible remaining mistakes are mine

l'Ciel

Evenings and Awakenings

Chapter Three: Evenings and Awakenings

Harry observed the figure closely. He, or she, wore an old, dusty brown cloak, that reached his, or her, ankles and black boots. Silver strands of hair fell over his (?) face, barely visible under the large, black hat. Dumbledore and the stranger came towards the table and the Headmaster pulled the chair next to his own back. The stranger thanked him with a high, but unmistakeably male voice. He undid the clasp of his cloak and hung it and his hat over the back of the chair, before he sat down and smiled at everyone.

Harry gasped: long, ethereal, silver-white hair fell down to his hips, bound in a single plait. His light blue eyes sparkled and the white skin shone slightly in the dim light in the great hall. Only when Draco kicked his foot did he close his mouth.

~

/Great!/, Severus thought and tried not to look at the new DADA teacher in front of him. Dumbledore smiled broadly. "May I introduce Professor Gabriel Neo Mc'Caughn!" The female staff members giggled and Snape glared even deeper. The students looked at him with interest and Dumbledore went on. "He is the new DADA teacher this year, and I hope the next years, too. I think some of you have heard something about him already, and Severus, you know each other, I suppose?" Snape snorted and Mc'Caughn smiled. "Yes, we do, Albus. It's always a pleasure to meet you again, Severus, it's been a while" "Indeed." was the only thing Snape said, before he continued his meal. Mc'Caughn glared at him in a manner, Harry had thought, only Snape was able to.

When they had finished their meal, everybody went back to their chambers, except for Snape, who had been given the 'honor' to show Mc'Caughn his rooms. On the way up to the East tower they didn't speak a word until the came to halt in front of a white door. "This will be your room, the password is 'Honeysuckle'. If there is anything you need, let me know."

Snape turned on his heel, but a strong hand held him back. He turned back and stared at the man in front of him. Mc'Caughn smiled sadly and closed his eyes briefly before he opened his mouth. "You didn't like me, when we last met, I know, but can we be at last civil? I don't want to argue all the time, please." Snape didn't believe his ears. Had Gabriel Neo Mc'Caughn just used the word 'please'? He shook his head and looked him directly in the face, but all he could see was sadness and regret. "All right."

He just wanted to go, when the hand stopped him again. "Do you want a coffee before you go?" Snape wanted to say 'no - go to hell!' But instead he nodded and followed the new professor inside.

~

The first room was a living room and a study in one: The floor was wooden, fair brown, as the furniture. High windows were on two walls, decorated with soft velvet curtains in dark blue. The walls were colored white, like the couch and the armchair next to the low table in one corner of the room. Some bookshelves and a desk stood at the other wall.

Two doors led from the room, one to a bath room, the other to the bedroom. The bath was rather large. Beside a shower was a large bathtub, next to a full-length mirror, everything made out of white marble and bronze. The bedroom was huge, too. Walls and carpet were deep; ocean blue and the dresser, chair and the bed from the same fair wood like the furniture in the livingroom. The canopy and the curtains round the bed were transparent white, like the window curtains. Gabriel smiled happily. /Beautiful, Albus, you know what your teachers need./

Severus had ordered some coffee and they sat on the couch, talking about teaching, politics, books, hair-care products (that Severus could use to prevent the potions and their fumes to make his hair that greasy...), etc. Their conversation was amazingly nice and when Severus excused himself late that night they were both smiling.

~

Harry had just climbed the stairs from the great hall, when he realized that he had to share his new room with Malfoy. But surprisingly the boy had been civil the evening and seemed somehow different. When Harry entered their room, he found the blonde sitting on the windowsill, looking outside, and wearing nothing but his boxers. Harry, slightly embarrassed, took quietly a towel and his pyjamas out of his trunk and took a shower. When he re-entered the room, Malfoy was asleep.

Harry sat down on his bed and had a closer look at the room: The furniture was dark wooden, the floor cream colored, like the walls, the curtains and armchairs a deep black. He yawned and climbed between the sheets. Sleep came quickly...

'The sky was clear, thousands of stars illuminated the night and the moon shone brightly, like a silver gem below the water, and the lake reflected its light. A whistling movement in the air carried the sound of the forest. Near the water, surrounded by darkness stood a boy, his eyes closed and the fair hair dancing around his emotional face. He cried. Clear droplets of water ran down his cheeks, caressing the soft skin, touching these sensual, pink lips... Harry sighed. Suddenly he got aware that he was standing directly in front of Draco Malfoy, in the middle of the night at the lake and thinking about his lips! '

He awoke, sweaty and confused. /Draco MALFOY - in HIS dreams?!/ He turned around and stared into those grey-blue orbs. "Fucking Hell!" Malfoy smiled sarcastically. "Is my presence THAT arousing, Potter? Or are you just having 'sweet dreams'?" "Malfoy, why the hell should I..."

He was shocked. More than shocked! /Morning Glory and Malfoy? How sick is this? I NEED TO GET OUT! NOW!!!/

He jumped out of bed and ran into the bathroom. His erection was nearly gone /Malfoy?/ and he took a quick shower, before he returned to the room, taking a robe out of his trunk and putting it on. He quickly made his way out to breakfast, avoiding any further conversation with Malfoy.

TBC

Gets better, but you'll have to wait a little bit more - chapters are really short

Beta-read by Mary (thank you^^)
All possible remaining mistakes are mine

l'Ciel

Concealments

Chapter Four: Concealments

Malfoy was highly amused. He hadn't had so much fun in weeks - well, the last weeks hadn't been fun at all! /Who thinks it fun to be disowned, rejected by your family, after you once say what you think and then finding out you're gay? At least I'm free of Voldemort - for now./ His good mood vanished quickly, and when he sat down at the breakfast table it was completely gone. Harry was glaring daggers at him and Snape was occupied talking to the new DADA. /Wait - Snape chatting with that playboy?/

Draco observed his Potions teacher closer; Snape was smiling, happily chatting with Mc'Caughn as if they were old friends. /That was grotesque! Well, maybe they were old friends - hadn't Dumbledore said something like that?/ He shrugged his shoulders and continued his meal, when he accidentally hit a foot.

~

Gabriel's day had started quite well. In the early morning (around 1.30 am) Severus had left, them being friends, as he hoped. He had slept wonderfully and after a long bath in the later morning (about 8:50 am), he had descended the many stairs down to the great hall. Albus had greeted him friendly and the other teachers had begun a conversation quickly. Severus had obviously tired out his 'special mixed shampoo', his hair looked wonderful. Two students were at Hogwarts - he had to ask why after breakfast!

But a question from Severus let him forget his thoughts and they chatted for a while over Concealing-Potions and their Antidotes.

When breakfast was over, he followed Dumbledore, chatting over muggle sweets, when he remembered his question. "Why are students staying at Hogwarts during the holidays? The last time 'somebody' asked to stay, it was impossible."

Albus nodded sadly and they entered his study. "Well, Gabriel, this time it's the only way to protect them. One of them, as you surely have seen, is Harry Potter. You yourself brought me the information that Voldemort planned an attack on him."

"I know, my spy is reliable and I'm sure Voldemort doesn't know about him, but who's the other boy?"

"Draco Malfoy."

"Lucius' son? Oh my - what happened? I haven't heard anything about him lately."

"He refused to join the Death Eaters - Lucius rejected him at once."

"You mean he sent him to Hogwarts to protect him and save his life."

"What are you hinting at?"

"Like the father, so the son"

"Lucius is your spy?"

"Yes."

~

Dinner was long finished. Harry stood on the top of the astronomy tower. Sighing he looked down the stony wall into the depth beneath him. /One move and everything ends - the pain, the fear, the hope to defeat him, when Dumbledores doll is broken...Am I only a thing to kill Voldemort? Sirius - where are you when I need you so much? Damn! If you didn't protect ME you would still be alive after all - like Cedric!/

But he didn't jump; he just stared at the world around him, when he heard a noise behind him. He turned around and saw Professor Mc'Caughn approaching out of the shadows. "Beautiful sunset this evening, Mr. Potter. Everything alright?"

"Sure, Professor." They stood in silence, when Harry cleared his throat. "Can I ask you some questions?"

"Sure, Mr. Potter."

"Have you been a teacher before?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Durmstrang."

Harry coughed. "I didn't expect that." he admitted, "Why have you come here then?"

"The school, as you know, has a different attitude towards Dark Arts than Hogwarts. I wasn't teaching DEFENCE against the Dark Arts, there."

"So you taught Dark Arts?"

"Yes, but the headmaster wanted me to teach them the Unforgiveables and I resigned."

"I see."

"Any other questions?"

"Yes - you, you don't have anything to do with Voldemort, do you?"

Mc'Caughn laughed: "No, surely not! Do you think Dumbledore would let me anywhere near you when I was one of his shoelickers?"

"I heard you were at Hogwarts - which house?"

"Slytherin. My father wanted me in Ravenclaw, but I wasn't diligent enough!"

He was silent for a moment, but when he continued, his voice was sad: "I also wanted to stay with my friends: Avery, Bella, Nott and Severus, of course. You have to know, they weren't always as they are today. I think Bella made the biggest change..."

"Bellatrix Lestranger?"

"Yes."

"She killed my god-father."

"I know, I'm an Order member, too."

"And what is your task this year?"

"Protect you."

"But I'm safe at Hogwarts."

"We hope so - but you never know!"

After a while, when the sun had set, Gabriel walked Harry back to his room: "Good night, Mr. Potter."

"It's Harry. Night, Professor."

"Outside from classes it's Gabriel, then. Good night, Harry." He closed the door behind the boy. Albus had told him that it was only visible for people, who didn't want to harm the boys. /Good spell, Albus! You're the master of concealing things! And manipulating!/
~

They days passed slowly, nothing special happened. Malfoy was civil most of the time, nearly friendly. Professor Mc'Caughn and Professor Snape were seen together a lot and Harry wondered what had changed the usual cold and nasty Snape to a happily chatting and friendly man. Even his outer appearance had changed; his hair wasn't greasy at all and he wore his black robes in a more comfortable manner, if he didn't wear muggle clothes, like jeans and T-shirts, like this day. Harry watched him and Mc'Caughn from the other side of the lake, walking and talking. He was on his way to

the quidditch-pitch, when he met Malfoy.

The blonde was carrying his broom and walking in his direction. When he had reached Harry, he smiled slightly. "Practice? Wanna train together, while there isn't anybody else anyway?"

"Would be okay with me, Malfoy."

"It's 'Draco', if you don't mind."

"Alright, it's 'Harry' then, too." They walked together to the pitch. Malfoy took the snitch out of the locker rooms and set it free. Harry, who was flying already, followed the little ball, while Draco pushed himself up from the ground and joined him. Quickly they were chasing the snitch mercilessly...

When they returned to the ground hours later, they were both tired and sweaty. Harry, who had caught the snitch more often (41:38) had a shower first, while Draco polished his broom. When he had finished and changed, he left the bath for Draco and sat on the windowsill, where Draco had sat days ago. The view outside was amazing; the last rays of the drowning sun illuminated the sky with golden and red light that vanished into blue, letting the clouds shine pink and violet. The lake reflected the whole thing, cut by the sharp, dark shadow of the forest and the pale, grey mountains forming the horizon. He was so deeply caught by the beauty of the nature around him, that he didn't hear Draco approach from behind. "Beautiful, isn't it?"

"Oh, Draco you... - yes, it is!"

/Why do I feel this way, when he is near? At dinner, when he sat beside me and our feet met accidentally, at the pitch, when we flew sync, or when he stands behind me, a hand on my shoulder...Fucking hell! I'm straight, why...? I AM straight, am I not?/

AN// Yahoo! It gets interesting - slightly - at least^^ I always like reviews and constructive critics!

Beta-read by Mary (thank you^^)
All possible remaining mistakes are mine

l'Ciel

Hangovers and other Confusions

Chapter Five: Hangovers and other Confusions!

Dinner was nothing special, but his nervousness killed Harry's appetite and he left quickly, leaving Draco behind. The blonde boy was slightly confused by his rash actions, but didn't follow the upset one. /His moods are surely not my concern!/ But he was concerned! Everything had been fine this afternoon. They had been friendly towards each other and Draco had hoped the former differences between them were kind of solved, but now he wasn't sure about it. Why had Harry ignored him since they left their room? Was Draco an intruder in Harry's privacy by stepping behind him earlier? But he didn't think the black haired boy was so sensitive - maybe Harry was just in a bad mood out of the blue? He didn't really know him well, after all! /Must be his way!/ He told himself, but deep inside he knew that something was amiss. /Why should I care?/ Deep in his subconscious thoughts he cared.

When Draco entered their room Harry lay on his bed, asleep, a towel around his waist. Draco stared at the muscular, lithe form on the mattress, before he pulled the covers over the slightly shivering boy. /I didn't know he is so beautiful - at least when he sleeps!/, he had to admit to himself, before he got to bed, /Beautiful, indeed.../

~

Snape yawned deeply. When he tried to move his stiff neck, he grew aware of his uncomfortable position. He lay on a couch, head on a pillow against one elbow-rest (stiff neck - ouch!), something heavy and warm on top of his lap, one leg against the back of the couch, one on the table nearby. He moved his gaze to the 'something' on his lap: Gabriel - slightly snorting and deeply asleep. Snape growled and rubbed his forehead. He had a damn headache.

On the table stood a nearly empty bottle, labelled as 'baileys'. /Damn Muggle-alcohol! What happened? I cannot remember.../ The man on his lap shifted and muffled ("Fucking light...") something, as he tucked a part of Severus robes over his head. Snape glared at him for a moment and tipped gently at his shoulder: "Gabriel?" The fair-haired man jumped up in a swift movement.

"What the... Severus? What happened, I mean, I can't remember, what the hell did we...?" He blushed. "Oh my god! We didn't, did we?"

Snape shook his head in utter disbelief. "I don't think so, we're both dressed and..." He looked at his colleague. "Why are your robe-buttons open?"

McCaughn shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know, you should know that!"

"I can't remember."

"Fine!"

Gabriel buttoned his robes and looked at the mirror (next to the door). "Bloody hell! My hair is a disaster! Can you give me the brush on the shelf next to you? Thanks!"

He began to brush his hair while Severus straightened his robes and walked towards the door. He stopped and looked at Gabriel. He smirked. "Well - whatever happened, we should do it soon again." Then he left without waiting for an answer. Gabriel shook his head and made his way to the bathroom. /God! I really need a cold shower! /

~

Dumbledore smiled slightly, as a grinning Potions master entered the hall five minutes too late to breakfast. When ten minutes from then a blushing DADA-teacher entered and muffled something about having been distracted; he couldn't suppress a giggle. Mc'Caughn smiled innocently and Snape eyed the longhaired man meaningfully, before he returned his attention back to the scrambled eggs and bacon on his plate.

The headmaster let his view glide from person to person: Minerva was reading a magazine while chewing on a piece of toast, Filius and Poppy were talking about healing charms and the new flavoured chocolate at Honeydukes. While Professor Sprout was eagerly explaining the functions of honeysuckle's to Harry, who didn't seem to listen, but instead blinked to Draco Malfoy, who seemed to be buried in his own thoughts.

Severus and Gabriel were arguing about Quidditch (who was the better team: Glasgow Hunters or Brighton Elves, favoured by Gabriel). Dumbledore's gaze returned to Professor Sprout and he listened a while to her explanations. "Honeysuckle's are beautiful flowers, in Latin 'Lonicera Caprifolium', and useful! Muggles used them as medicine in the old Muggle-China, but Wizards use it even more. In Love-Potions it's used, and in Healing-Potions as well...". But soon Albus' thoughts wandered off to Draco. /Poor boy! And brave, I'd never imagined that he would stand up against his father - but Lucius seems to have changed his points and loyalties, too, didn't he?! And gifted was the boy, ambitious!/ Albus thought sadly. He had the feeling, that Draco would play an important part in the upcoming events. /How long will it take until Voldemort attacks the school? If that is, what he wants, then he should hurry, because the Order gets stronger and stronger with every passing day, since the Ministry supports us so well. When does he plan the attack, which he does plan for sure!/ He sighed sadly.

~

Draco played with the fork. Breakfast was, as usual, boring and he tried not to think too much. But in his head he couldn't forget the picture that had haunted him the whole night long - Harry. Harry nearly naked, Harry asleep, Harry with morning glory, Harry blushing, Harry... /Fucking hell!/, he thought, /Will this never end! /

When had it started? When Draco had first seen Harry at Diagon Alley? No - surely not! At Hogwarts, first year, when Potter had turned away his hand? Ridiculous! When he

had seen him falling off his broom in third year? Maybe... but not very likely! During the first task of the tri-magical-competition, when the boy fought against the dragon? More likely... or in the fifth year when Harry he had silently observed the black-haired (who got more beautiful with every passing day)? That must have been it! Even when he had been a prefect he hadn't used it too much against 'future savior of the wizarding world'...

Draco sighed softly. /I'm totally insane! Attracted to Harry-Fucking-Potter!/ But Draco couldn't ignore, that Harry had impressed him. Even though he was the son of a Death-Eater, the 'great' Lucius Malfoy, Harry was nice to him, even friendly. The Slytherin sighed again and stood up from his chair. "Excuse me..." he mumbled and left the hall.

~

Snape had studied his students' behavior for some moments. When Draco left he was slightly worried and quickly excused himself from the table to follow his 'charge'. Dumbledore had asked him to look after the boy, when the blonde had emerged at the castle in the beginning of the holidays with the explanation, he couldn't go back to the manor. When the boy told him his tale, he was shocked. He had not thought Lucius, who he had known quite well until a year ago, was able to do THIS to his own (and only) son. When Snape had heard, that Lucius was a spy he knew that the father only wanted to protect his son - but it was hard on Draco.

He remembered a night, long years ago, a few weeks after Draco was born, when Lucius had asked him to be there for Draco, if something happened to him and his wife. Nobody was safe with Lord Voldemort around - nobody!

But Snape would stand by his word and so he went after the boy. He found him curled up between the roots of an ancient oak near the lake. Severus knew that it was Draco's favourite place to hide, when he had to think 'things through'. Poppy had often found him there. The Potions master wondered at the thought, since Potter had arrived Draco was in a highly better mood! /The company of one in his age will do him good - even if it is THE Gryffindor-boy, Harry Potter, the Boy-who-lived./

When he emerged from the shadows Draco hastily turned around, but immediately relaxed, when he saw his Potions-teacher. Snape smiled slightly and sat next to the student. They looked at the lake before Snape began to speak. "You're worried, lad, what's the matter? Old worries?"

Draco lazily shook his head. "No."

Snape was a bit confused. "Then new ones?" Draco nodded and looked away. /Was the boy blushing?/ Snape cleared his throat. "Want to talk about it? I'm quiet as a grave!"

Draco shrugged his shoulders and blushed slightly. "You know, Professor, it's kinda private. I'm not sure you want to know."

Snape wondered. This behavior didn't suit the extrovertive Slytherin-leader he had known for years, but when he thought about it...

Since he had left his family Draco had changed dramatically. He was introvertive and silent, at times deeply melancholic. Snape had watched him a while in the outside. The boy had played with his cat. "Aimé" was her name, when he remembered right. Draco had got her for his fifth birthday. When he had went to Hogwarts, his parents had let the pet stay behind, against the boy's wish, but obviously Draco had taken her with him, when he had left the manor. That afternoon the grey pet had laid on Draco's lap and the blonde had absentmindedly crawled her fur for hours, thinking about whatever - Snape didn't know.

He looked at the boy. "If you wanna talk, I will listen."

Draco sighed. "I wanna talk, but it's difficult - I'm so confused! You know... you remember the talk we had last year about my sexuality? It's a bit like that."

Snape was utterly surprised. He had thought the boy was troubled with the situation of his 'family' or maybe Voldemort, but he hadn't even imagined it was about his love life. (AN/ Draco's love-life! Snape hasn't got one - until now...^^) He smiled reassuringly at the boy. "Go on!"

Draco cleared his throat, blushing heavily. "I think I'm attracted to somebody." /He makes a face like the world is breaking apart!/, Snape thought, highly amused by the redheaded boy.

"Well - who is it? I think you always had an exquisite taste before, so why not in lovers?" Draco blushed even more (if that was possible) and turned his head away.

"I don't think you'll agree with me this time, though my taste", he grinned, "is most exquisite and this person fits my requirements in every way."

"So?" Snape grinned, "What's so special about him, then?"

Draco smiled dreamily. "Oh, he is intelligent (Snape grinned slightly), brave..." Snape lifted one eye-brow, "How Gryffindorish!"

Draco laughed. "Oh - I fear he is!"

Snape growled. "Why a Gryffindor? -Tell me more about him."

"He's quite popular and extremely beautiful; tall, nice body, muscular, slightly tanned, dark hair..." he sighed again, "And totally straight!" His voice sounded frustrated.

"How do you know?" Snape asked, more to calm the blonde, instead of giving him hope (A GRYFFINDOR!!!).

"I don't. But why should I be so lucky? Even if he isn't, he could have everyone, why me?"

Snape didn't like what he heard. /Could it be that.../ "Why do you think he could have

everyone?" he asked, slightly uncomfortable with his thoughts. /Surely Draco wouldn't, would he?/

"Because he's famous."

Snape howled like a wolf. /It couldn't be!/ "Potter!"

"Yes."

Suddenly Snape heard a sob. He quickly turned to Draco, who had pulled his knees up to his shoulders and wrapped his arms around his knees like a small, frightened child. Snape laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, when Draco hugged him around his waist and heavily sobbed against his shoulder. Taken aback Snape put his arms comforting around the boy, whose sobs turned into little whimpers and eventually faded.

When Draco had stopped crying Snape put a finger under the boy's chin and lifted their eyes to one level. Draco sniffed silently. "I dunno why I react this way, I'm so completely confused! Why does it hurt so much to think about him? He even doesn't know my name!"

"Of course he knows your name!", Snape said confused, before the blonde interrupted him.

"I know - but he doesn't even see me! He just knows the stupid git I used to be!" Snape gently rubbed his back.

"I know he doesn't know your better sides, but if you want him to know, you have to show him!"

Draco sighed. "So you accept my decisions?"

"I don't have to accept anything of this, it's not my business!"

"But your opinion matters to me!"

"I'm okay with it, as long as you don't do anything stupid!"

"I won't!"

"Then let's go back to the castle again. You have to wash your face!"

They got up from the ground and Snape put an arm on Draco's back as they returned to the castle in a comforting silence...

Beta-read by Mary

AN/ I don't need a beta anymore - just for those who read the note earlier... Story is progressing! I have the ending in my head - just need to write everything down! Cya l'Ciel^^

Teacher's Amusements, part one

AN// I changed something in chapter 4: Gabriel is the same age as Lucius Malfoy, he doesn't know Tom Riddle (best you read that part again, if you have read the old version) Sorry - had to be made for the ongoing of the story! ~ lCiel

Chapter Six: Teacher's Amusements, part one

Gabriel still sat at the table, when Severus re-entered the hall. The black-haired wizard smiled gently and walked over to him. "Do you have any plans for today?" Gabriel looked up to him.

"No, I haven't. Do you?"

"I thought we could make a trip to Diagon Alley, I need some Potion-supplies I can't get owled here and I wouldn't say no to a drink in the Leaking Cauldron."

"Sure! I'd like to join you there."

He got up and they made their way to the doors. When they reached the stairs, Gabriel turned left to the east tower, while Severus went down to the dungeons. /I need to ask the headmaster to change the location of my rooms - it takes far too long to go down there every time!/ He said the password and the torch owner turned to the right. Severus pulled at it and the door glide open.

He quickly passed the living area and opened the bedroom-door. He opened the dresser and pulled some Muggle-clothes out of the top-layer. He undid the buttons of his robe and the black cloth fell to his ankles. He stepped out of it and hung it over the back of a chair. He took the tight fitting blue jeans on and grabbed the black shirt. He stepped into his leather-boots and took the jean jacket from behind the door, before he got some money out of the nightstand and walked back to the entrance hall, out of the dungeons.

He didn't have to wait long for Gabriel to emerge from the top of the stairs, but when he looked up to his colleague, his breath stopped. The silver-blond hair wasn't tied back and flooded freely over his slim shoulders. Under the fair grey jacket was a fair blue shirt visible. His black trousers were boot-cut and fell nicely over the light brown shoes. He smiled brightly when he descended the stairs. "There I am, sorry - took a bit! Ready?"

"Sure." Severus opened the door for him.

"Thank you, Sev." /SEV?!/

~

The sun shone brightly and was reflected by the white walls of the huge building over Gringotts. Severus and Gabriel stepped inside the magnificent entryhall and to the next counter and the Goblin took their keys, while he led them through a little door down to the carriages. Snape suddenly grinned broadly and Gabriel looked at him questioningly. The Potions master smiled. "I like the carriages - they remind me on Muggle rollercoasters! You know?"

"No, I've never been in one of those amusement parks in the Muggle world."

"Then we go after we have bought everything. You have to try that!" Gabriel smiled uncertainly and he added. "You'll like it! I promise."

"Aren't those things rather fast and unsecured?"

"Well - they are fast, but quite secure, if you follow the rules."

The Goblin cleared his throat and Snape pushed Mc'Caughn in the little wood-carriage before he sat down behind him. "Afraid?"

"Absolutely! I'm scared to hell!" the blonde answered sarcastically, but held his breath, when Severus pulled him closer, while the younger man put his arm around Gabriel's waist. "Ready to go!" The Goblin released the breaks, that held the wagon in place and their racing way down the tracks began.

They crossed several bridges and branch-offs, before the carriage stopped in front of a dark, wooden door. The Goblin turned the key in the hole and the door opened. A small amount of sickles, next to some smaller towers of galleons was visible in the dark of the dungeon. /Not as much as I thought!/, Severus worried, but Gabriel had noticed his face and smiled. "There's another account on 'Shellown Finance' in Russia."

Severus snorted. "I didn't want to be impolite by asking. It seemed a bit little for all the years you worked so hard..."

He had lost the line and absentmindedly rubbed his chin. Gabriel took a hand full of golden coins and re-emerged from behind the door. "Your turn."

They climbed back into the carriage (the same 'position' as last time) and continued their way to the place the Snape Family Vault was. Severus seemed a bit uneasy, the Goblin opened the door and Gabriel was a bit taken aback, when masses of gold sparkled in the shadows of the large chamber. Severus sighed. "The Snapes were part of the English nobility in the Middle Ages, they were always quite wealthy."

""Wealthy?' I would say extremely rich!"

"In other words - yes."

"Why do you work at all?"

"I like my work - and I wouldn't live long without Dumbledore around. The Dark Lord isn't very fond of me, you know?"

"Of course."

~

When they had left Gringotts and handled their other business, they left Diagon Alley through the backyard of the Leaking Cauldron and made their way through Muggle London. They walked along Piccadilly and took the underground to Waterloo Station. From there it was only a short bus ride to 'Chessington', the amusement park Severus had told him about.

He looked quite sceptically at the different attractions, while they made their way through the crowds. It was a nice day, and everywhere Muggle children ran laughing around their parents. A small dark-haired girl ran across the path in front of them, when she slipped on a half-eaten banana. Severus reacted at once and caught the little one as she fell. Gabriel was bluffed, he hadn't thought that Snape would be so friendly towards children.

The Girl smiled shyly and clutched his hand tightly, before she let go and ran to her mother, who lifted her in her arms and disappeared in the crowd. Severus sighed. "I always wanted children, when I was younger! Funny, how life can change your wishes and attitude!"

Gabriel smiled slightly. "And do you still wish to have a family?"

"Yes, but I won't have one."

"How do you know? I mean, who said, that you couldn't have one?"

"It wouldn't be secure until Voldemort is eventually defeated."

"And after?"

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Dunno. If I find someone who shares my intentions..."

"Maybe you should look a bit closer."

They walked in silence until they reached the first rollercoaster. The people coming out of the "Rattlesnake" were mostly laughing and Gabriel was quite confident that the Muggle rollercoaster couldn't be much worse than the carriages in Gringotts. Severus tugged him by the hand towards the entry. It was a beautiful day, the weather was fine and the sun shone brightly. They had to wait a while, before the younger one pushed the older into the little train. Gabriel looked uncertainly at the tracks. They made a sharp curve before them and then went into a straight way up for several meters. Severus stroked his cheeks gently and bowed himself a bit to whisper into the smaller man's ear. "Afraid of the ride?"

"What I - no!"

"I see. Everything that goes up goes down eventually!" Gabriel caught the hint and snorted, but he really didn't want to know the angle in which the tracks would go down...

~

He soon knew rollercoasters weren't his favourite. When Severus had had his fun with making merry over his dislike on 'dangerous and much too quick' Muggle inventions they visited a stunt-show and a 3D-cinema. After that Severus bought him some Muggle sweets called "Sugared Almonds" and they sat on a bench opposite of an old-fashioned roundabout.

The white horses went up and down in a slow trace and the little ships and cars just did nothing except to turn round on the platform of the roundabout. This was more at Gabriels liking and before Severus could say anything against it he had pulled the man to one of the horses and mounted the one next to his.

Snape glared daggers at him first, but soon they had trouble staying on the horse's backs because of their heavy laughter. Unfortunately the ride was over far too soon. The sky had gone dark and millions of lights around them shone in the trees and little restaurants and cafés around them, that were full with chatting people.

They sauntered down the alley to the main entrance, when Gabriel suddenly took Severus's hand in his. Without saying a word they crossed the square with the fountain in the middle. The splashing water was illuminated by variously coloured lamps in the basin, and the whole interaction of light and water was hopelessly romantic in Severus eyes. He turned his head towards his colleague to say something, but in the moment he opened his mouth he felt soft lips on his, hands caressing his cheeks, wandering down to his shoulders, pulling him towards the other man. He recognised his arms around Gabriel's waist; he never noticed when he had placed them there, slowly drawing circles on the fair one's backside, smoothing the soft fabric of Gabriel's jacket over this lean back.

It took a while before Gabriel pulled back, his face slightly flushed with the heat building inside him. The smile on his lips bewitched Snape and he turned in again, catching those gorgeous lips, belonging to a gorgeous man - and for the first time since long years he felt his heart warm with love, and passion for the man he had loved for so long, but who had never known...

~*~*~*~

Flashback: Snape's sixth year at Hogwarts:

//Severus entered the Slytherin common room and sat down on a chair next to his friends; Avery and Nott from his year, Lucius a year above, and Gabriel, a fair blonde boy the same year as Lucius and obviously his boyfriend. The two blondes were arguing silently in one corner of the room and Snape wondered if it was about Lucius

perfidiousness - again! Severus had often seen Lucius flirting or even kissing with this or that girl in the corridors, just to keep his father thinking he was straight, but most of the Slytherin knew he wasn't. /How can he do that, while the most beautiful boy in the school is his boyfriend?/, Severus wondered. He had to admit he was jealous of Malfoy, terribly jealous, and he hated his former friend for being so rude to Gabriel. /Even that stupid Gryffindor Black didn't bully Gabriel but instead smiled at the blonde seductively/ which angered Snape even more. /Why can that git smile that way at him?/ he asked himself, but secretly he was too shy himself to do that on his own. Gabriel was a god, beautiful and clever, he deserved something better than Malfoy, and surely than Snape!//

~*~*~*~

TBC

Beta-read my Mary

AN/ I finished part 7 and 8, by beta has them now. They will probably be up soon, so be patient...

Falling Embers

Chapter Seven: Falling Embers

AN/ Warning: suicide tendencies, fluff

Harry sat at the table for a few more minutes, half-heartedly listening to Professor Sprout. When Draco, and later Snape and Mc'Caughn, had left, his thoughts had wandered to last night. Hadn't he just fallen asleep on the sheets? Who had covered him? It couldn't possibly have been Malfoy - but who else? What had happened to that ignorant, self-confident snob he had known for years? Another thought passed his mind: had Draco seen him naked, only wearing a towel around his hips? Most likely!

Things were so strange, since the end of the fifth year - since Sirius had died! "Why?" he asked himself, "It was all my fault. If I hadn't played the hero in running into Voldemort's trap, then he would still be alive! I'm scum! I killed my own godfather! I killed my parents, I killed Cedric Diggory and I should have died all the time! I should have never been born!"

He ran down the corridor, when he bumped into somebody. "Sorry, Draco, I didn't look out!" he mumbled before he disappeared.

~

The lights got dimmer, and suddenly Severus stepped back and chuckled slightly, grinning, while shaking his head.

Gabriel looked upset. "What's the matter? Are you laughing at me..."

"NO!" the black-haired shouted, now laughing,

"I'm just thinking how stupid fate can be!" Now Gabriel was utterly confused and Severus quickly explained himself. "I think it's the truth when I say I'm absolutely mad at you - am and have ever been! (Gabriel looked even more confused) I had a terrible crush on you at Hogwarts, back then, but you were in a relationship with Lucius at this time and I was much too shy to say a word."

"I always thought you didn't like me! You never talked to me and I thought you had a crush on Lucius."

"LUCIUS? Erg - no!"

"He wasn't that bad!"

"He always cheated on you!"

"I didn't sleep with him and he was furious and tried to make me jealous."

"That's no excuse!"

"YOU were jealous!"

"Of course I was - every minute I watched you!"

"You watched us?"

"Well - sometimes..." Snape blushed slightly.

"You're ashamed that you watched us!"

"No, I'm not!"

"Yes, you are!"

"No, I'm - we're acting like children! The people start looking at us!"

"I don't mind."

"But I do!"

"Let's get back to the school, Albus will get worried and shout at us, when we don't get back in time!"

"We're no pupils any longer."

"No, but he is still Albus Dumbledore and he will be curious what happened today!"

"Oh no! The old coot manipulated me again!"

"What?"

"Dumbledore, the old matchmaker!"

"Is he?"

"Yepp!"

"You should be thankful!"

"Why?"

"Because if not for him, you would still dream of a relationship with me!"

"We're in a relationship?"

"Of course we are!"

"Okay."

"Fine! Let's go!"

"You always take the lead, don't you?"

"Suppose so!"

"I think I can live with that."

"You had better be able to!"

When they had left the park, they looked for an empty side street and apparated back to Hogsmead. They considered drinking a butterbeer at Rosmerta's, but decided against it. Severus arm around Gabriel's waist they slowly walked back the lonely road to the castle. Though the sun hadn't completely set yet, the moon shone brightly and their surroundings were clearly visible. They had nearly reached the castle, when Severus let out a scream and quickly put out his wand, yelling the Leviosa-Spell. Just now Gabriel saw the dark figure hitting the ground beside the Astronomy-tower...

~

Draco had been slightly worried when Harry had run into him and had followed the other boy, when he recognized the way to the Astronomy-tower. /What does he want there? The tower is only used for either Astronomy-lessons, or snogging, and quite suitable to jump off.../

His heart contracted painfully at that image, /Harry had no reason to commit suicide, right!/, he tried to calm himself, but another voice in his head got louder and louder. /Think of all the pressure he must be under. The-Boy-who-lived has a lot of nasty duties and all the nightmares and Voldemort.../

"NO!" Draco shouted in despair and raced up the stairs to the top of the tower. He was completely out of breath, when he threw up the door to the roof. The looked around in hope to see Harry there, safely watching the sun set, and he saw Harry - standing at the balustrade, ready to jump! "Nooooo!" he screamed and Harry turned around once more...

"Hi Dray!"

"What the hell are you doing, come down there at once!"

"Down - a nice word."

"Are you absolutely crazy? You could fall!"

"I know"

"Then why are you there?"

"To fall."

"NO! You will come back here to me NOW, do you hear?!"

"No." his voice was disturbingly determined and calm. "You cannot stop me!"

"Look - I'll walk over there and you take my hand and..."

"You don't understand - you cannot help me, you don't care!"

"But I do! I care."

"No, you hate me!" his voice began to waver slightly and he turned back again.

"I don't hate you - I, I love you!"

"What!" he turned back quickly and - lost his balance.

Draco ran towards the falling boy, but it was too late. He leaned over the balustrade, desperately trying to catch Harry, but to no avail. He screamed and held out his hands, in his mind the shocked expression in Harry's eyes, when Draco had revealed his feelings and Harry had... "Noooooooo! You cannot leave me! I need you, you stupid boy!" he screamed, tears forming in his eyes, even before he saw the dark figure hitting the ground, "You cannot leave me alone, you hear! I need you so much!" he whispered.

~

Gabriel stood still in shock. Severus had pulled him along and just released his hand and knelt beside the huddled figure on the grass beneath him. The boy groaned in agony and he relieved shut his eyes for a short moment, before kneeling beside Severus.

The potions-master had quickly discovered the serious wounds Harry had received by hitting the ground, though Severus had been able to soften the crash a bit. /Or the boy would be dead!/, he thought darkly.

He had sent an urgent message to Albus and Poppy (a Nuntiarus-Charm: to deliver messages in short distances very quickly) and everything they could do was wait for the headmaster and the nurse to arrive. Harry had just lost his consciousness due to the agonizing pain he surely was in.

Gabriel sucked in his breath. The boy's robes had dark, red patches all over, and the collar of his shirt was bloodstained. His face was bruised, a trail of blood ran down his chin from the edge of his mouth, lips bloody as well.

"Oh Merlin! What did he do!" Severus snorted angrily. "We should have known that it would be too hard for him, but that old fool cannot stop himself from training and manipulating his brain, that he has to defeat the Dark Lord by himself! That couldn't have worked - he's just a boy!"

"I know, Sev, but I highly doubt that Albus wanted to hurt him, but prepare him for the worst."

"Hope for the best, and prepare for the worst - I know! But even with all his wisdom couldn't he see that it is too much for a simple boy? Even if he is our best chance to defeat Him?"

"Shh - cool down! There's nothing we can do now, but wait! You cannot change the past and he's alive, after all! You saved his life, I don't know how often, be proud of yourself!"

"How can I be proud to watch Potter die all the time?"

"He's alive, Sev! All right? He won't die, at least not now, and you rescued him - There are poppy and Dumbledore!"

He jumped up to talk to Dumbledore, while Madam Pomfrey looked after Harry. Gabriel quickly explained the situation and Severus helped Poppy to lift the wounded and transport him to the hospital-wing.

~

When she had finished healing the most severe wounds and treating the smaller cuts and bruises, she gave the boy another sleeping-draught and walked over to the three men standing and sitting on the nearest bed. Severus paced the room, while Albus cleaned his glasses (the fourth time!), Gabriel calmly patting his shoulder. Dumbledore had been heavily shocked and due to his former behavior felt extremely guilty in causing the boy even more terror, but what should he have done? Lie to him?

"He sleeps peacefully now," the nurse said, before she let herself fall on the bed next to Dumbledore. "Several broken ribs, many bruises and smaller cuts, left arm broken, but I healed these. I more worried over his head and mind. Gods! He tried to kill himself!"

Albus shook his head. "I should have known, but he always acted so strong in front of others and even I didn't know how bad he must have felt. I'm an old fool, I should have noticed long ago - now that it happened I remember so many signs I interpreted wrong which I could have done easily right, if I had looked closer just once! He got much more silent after the fourth year, stopped arguing with Mr. Malfoy, never had a girlfriend, his marks increased, so he must have worked a lot lately! Everything makes sense now!"

Gabriel patted his shoulder again. "You have a lot to attend to - everyone makes

mistakes at times, and it wasn't your fault! Nor any of us!" He got up and walked to Snape, who had stopped pacing at Harry's bed.

The boy looked awfully pale and thin between the white bedcovers. "He seems so young and frail when he sleeps... so child-like!"

Severus snorted, but it sounded sad instead of provoking. "He IS a child, barely 16!"

Just the moment he said this the door opened and Draco entered; his face wet with tears and his whole body shaking. The staff looked at him confused, but Snape, who knew his 'admiration' for Harry acted at once. "Don't worry too much - He's alive!"

Draco looked up in shock. "A - alive? But how..."

"I caught him just in time."

"Oh Merlin!"

With that, the blonde boy fainted.

~

"I haven't had that my whole time at Hogwarts! Two students in the school and BOTH unconscious in the hospital-wing!" Poppy declared, while tending to the blonde, "Can ANYBODY explain to me why a boy jumps off a tower and then another one runs into here, with a tear-stained face, and faints when he hears that the other is still alive?"

Severus cleared his throat. "Partly, I can."

She turned around and towered over him. "And you remember that NOW? C'mon, tell us. What's the matter with these two?"

"Well - to spare the details - I don't know why exactly Potter jumped, but I suppose, that Draco - however - knew that he did, but not that he was still alive. Furthermore Draco told me, and I shouldn't even mention that here, that he is rather fond of young Mr. Potter."

Gabriel gulped. "Draco has a crush on Harry?"

Snape sighed. "Thank you very much! A student tells me his worries secretly and now everyone knows!"

"Oh - sorry. I didn't want to be tactless, Sevy, but it's true then?"

"Yes."

"But Harry doesn't know, does he?"

"No, I don't think so. Potter wouldn't jump off a tower, if somebody is in love with

him, he's too gryffindorish for that."

"I see."

Dumbledore loudly cleared his throat. "So I get to know a lot today I didn't notice before!"

Snape looked at him. "Two things aren't that much, don't you think so?"

"SEVY?!" Dumbledore grunted under a giggle.

Severus got pale.

"Not another faint!" Poppy screamed.

betaread by Mary

TBC

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!

~

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!"

~

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.

~

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 mid 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

Teacher's Amusements, part two

Chapter Nine: Teacher's Amusements, part two

Severus walked down to his dungeon, back stiff from falling asleep on Gabriel's lap. /Potter must think I'm a lap dog!/, he thought wearily, but it didn't bother him as much as it should have. He was more concerned about the boy's mental health that to give him detention for 'looking at a teacher in an improper way'. When he entered his rooms, he threw the robes off and got a shower, not bothering to lock the doors, because nobody came down here anyway.

Just when he had dried himself and put on some boxers he heard a knock on the door. "Who's there?"

"'Tis me - Gabriel!"

"I see, come in, the door isn't locked."

"Thanks - oh!"

The blonde hadn't expected the view he got, when he opened the door and stepped in. Severus stood near a door, obviously the one to the bathroom, wearing a small, towel around his hips, barely hiding the upper parts of his thighs. The long legs and the muscular chest were white, though his hands and face were slightly tanned by the summer sun. The skin was nearly hairless and Gabriel attention was quickly fixed on his dark nipples. The blonde was slightly embarrassed. "I didn't want to interrupted you."

"You haven't. Let's phrase it this way: If you want, you're just here the right time."

"You - OH!"

"No need to blush, I think we're old enough to spare the endless 'hold my hand' and 'kiss me during school-breaks', aren't we?"

"I suppose so, though I want you to remember that I have a liking to make things my way."

"I guess our ways don't differ too much, do they, honey?"

"Honey?"

"You called me SEVY!"

"All right - Sev!"

"All right, Honey."

"Is this to be my new nickname for you? Why 'Honey'?"

"-suckle!"

"I think I can live with that."

"In front of students?"

"You bet!"

"I'd prefer to BED."

"Your intentions seem to differ less that I feared they would, Sevy!"

~

Their first kiss was amazing. Harry was mesmerized by the way they seemed to fit perfectly together, while they were so totally different, opposites, or were they more alike then he knew? Draco had nuzzled himself against his chest and was now suckling at his neck. Harry loved this new sensation prickling in his stomach, slowly flowing through his veins to heat him from inside.

This heat got more and more visible, when it ran straight down to his member, stirring deeply. Harry groaned. "Dray, you haven't got the slightest idea what you do to me, have you?"

"I think, I can imaging quite well!" Draco grinned.

"I'd prefer to take that slowly, but my body thinks different!"

"Me too. Let's go slowly."

"Have you ever had a boyfriend before?"

"Once, but we didn't o far."

"Who?"

"Blaise, but we decided to stay normal friends, you know - he's my best friend, but it wouldn't have worked between us, he was just - too different. He always did what everybody wanted him to do - I couldn't be with him that way."

"I see."

"You?"

"No, I don't think there's another boy in Gryffindor like me, and I don't know the Ravensclaws and Hufflepuffs so well."

"You'd go with a Hufflepuff?"

"They're supposed to be helpful!"

They broke out in laughter and Madam Pomfrey asked if they were alright. "Perfectly!" they smiled in sync. She shook her head and told them to make their way back to their room as quickly as possible, under the condition for Harry not to jump again, because she was near a nervous breakdown. Draco and Harry left, before she could add. "Don't be late for dinner!"

~

The air in the bedroom was cool, but they didn't notice. Sev's hands flew over the buttons of Gabriel's jacket, opening them, and throwing the disturbing fabric away. Next was the blue top, quickly followed by the trousers. When both men stood naked in front of each other, their eyes wandered over the opposites body, exploring every detail of their lover's form.

~*~*~*~

Gabriel's POV:

Smooth, pale skin, hairless, muscular arms and chest, lean hips and long legs, delicate features, nice build, perfect ass - indeed! There's a scar on his left thigh, others on his back, cuts on the right ankle and...

The reminders of the dark mark, black and ugly. His lover had been a spy for Voldemort: Gabriel had been one of the Order-members to get him out. The S.O.S. had barely reached them and one minute longer and Severus Snape had been dead or tortured to insanity through the Dark Lord. Sixty aurors and members were the rescue-team, Gabriel one of them and later a healer to erase the dark mark.

The way to delete Voldemort's mark had been discovered only half a year ago after long studies: burned by magical fire, the black colour inside the mark got liquid and was then removable. The spell was fixed in the colour and with that, the mark was replaced by a deep, ugly burn.

But beside this, Severus body was absolutely perfect in Gabriel's eyes. The soft, dark hair fell down to the shoulders, slightly curled, when it was wet, full and lively, not a single grey trace in it...

~

Severus POV:

He is beautiful. The silvery, long hair plays around his hips, making his appearance ethereal, not from this world. The handsome features in his face, blue eyes like sapphire, skin nearly white, even paler than mine, soft, pink lips, slightly opened, inviting.

His body is pure ecstasy, lithe and lean, a bit too thin for a normal man, but muscular and strong at the same time. His nails are transparent and long, like claws: I know, why they call him the 'White Tiger', he's got the perfect body for a warrior, and that he is. Dumbledore's best man on the bright side, they said, and me, the best on the dark side, because I was the spy...

But for now, he's only a man - mine!

~*~*~*~

The lights inside the bedroom got dim, when they got to the huge four-poster bed, black, silken canopy and curtains of the same material as the sheets...

AN/ There's another "extra-chapter" in progress. It will contain the explicit ending of this chapter, rated NC-17. It will be found on my website in time, if you're under 14 DON'T READ IT, if you're older and don't like sex-scenes between men - stay away!

Yaoi - Slash - Porn !!! Right?!

lCiel

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.

~

"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 thought 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!"

~

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 Mc Gonagall'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, tank 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. Mc Gonagall'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!"

~

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!

~

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...

~

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. He 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...

~*~*~*~

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

The Tale Of Light

Chapter Eleven: The Tale of Light*

AN/ * Lucius means Light or sth. like that, so it's "Lucius Tale" in this chapter. Read and review^^

Draco got up early, while Harry was still asleep, and not to disturb his new boyfriend, he left a note and went down to the great hall. It was still a bit early for breakfast and the only other person in the hall was a longhaired man, sitting with his back to him at the table. He had fair blonde hair, but it was absolutely straight and not as long as Professor Mc'Caughn's.

"Father?" Draco asked in shock, "What are you doing here?"

Lucius Malfoy turned around, hearing the voice behind him. "Oh, Draco - I..." he stood up hastily and walked towards his son, "I missed you terribly!" He hugged his boy tightly. "How are you?"

Draco was stunned. "Why are you here, what do you want? If you..." he trailed off, searching his fathers eyes for help.

"Whatever you might have thought, Draco, I'm not a follower of the Dark Lord anymore, I'd never let him hurt you!"

"You... - but why didn't you tell me earlier, why this façade?"

"I was a spy after Severus was unmasked. I couldn't tell you anything, because I was watched all the time."

"Watched? I don't understand, where is mother now?"

"Draco, she... - I should have told you before, but..."

"Is she alright? Is she... A Death Eater? You have to tell me!"

"She wasn't a Death Eater. When You-know-who wanted you to become a Death Eater over last summer and you refused, she was already dead."

Draco stared at his father in disbelief, but the pain in the older man's eyes showed him the truth. "Why?"

"She opposed the Lord to leave you in peace and he killed her. After that she was replaced by Mrs. Lestrage, who took the Polyjuice Potion with her hair in it to watch me closely, because I wasn't completely trusted anymore. If I had told you back then, everything would have been worse and you had the mark by know for sure. I couldn't

let that happen, Draco!"

"I see. It's just a bit... I don't know - too much."

"I'm sorry, I had to throw you out to protect you."

"I know."

"I love you, my son, never forget that, whatever happens, okay?"

"There is something going to happen, or you wouldn't be here, would you?"

"Right, there is something."

"An attack?"

"Yes."

"On Hogwarts."

"In a week, before the students arrive."

"Shit!"

"I know, but the preparations are high and we have a good chance to resist them."

"Will HE come personally?"

"Yes, he will."

"To kill Harry?"

"Potter, yes. You've come along quite well, I've heard."

"Yeah, we do, actually, very well." he looked away suddenly.

Lucius sighed and smiled at his son. "Is there something you'd like to tell me?"

"I don't know. You'll probably hate it..."

"I love you and I'll try to understand, whatever it is."

Draco cleared his throat and took a deep breath. "I'm in love."

"Ah - but that's fantastic, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is - but..."

"So I guess it's a boy?"

"Yeah."

"I perfectly okay with your preferences, you know that, don't you?"

"I - I guess I know, but he..."

"Is not a pureblood Slytherin with much money and a popular family?"

Draco looked away again.

"Draco, you should know better than that. He is your lover, not mine. If you want HIM, then it's your choice and I'm okay with that."

"But you won't be okay with HIM! I know now, that you don't support Voldemort (Lucius sucked in his breath by hearing the name.), but you DID support him!"

"I know. I wanted a world where Wizards and Witches could freely use their magic without bothering to hide it all the time around Muggles. I thought it was the only way to achieve that goal by killing them all, but it's a madness, I knew that for a long time, but I had no chance to escape the influence of You-know-who, until Severus failed and Dumbledore needed a new spy."

"And then you took it?"

"Yes, Mr. Mc'Caughn helped me a little. We know each other from school."

"You were friends back then? I didn't know, I thought he was Severus' friend."

"No, he was actually MY boyfriend back then."

"Severus?"

"No, well, he too - later, before I married Narcissa, but in school it was Gabriel."

"So you were gay, too?"

"Bi - don't forget your mother."

"You loved her dearly, didn't you?"

"Yes, she was the sense of my life, until you were born. I think it was the happiest day in my life."

"Really?"

"Yes, together with my marriage, I suppose."

"You suppose?"

"I was totally drunken and can't remember much. Your mother used to complain about that night for years!"

Draco laughed, and suddenly he realized, that nearly all of his worries were gone. Sure, he grieved for his mother, but he had always been closer to his dad and now he had him back!

~

They hugged each other tightly, when some of the teachers entered the room, Dumbledore at the front. "I see, you've already found your lost relative, then?"

"Professor Dumbledore, may I ask you a question?"

"Sure, Draco, what is it?"

"Why didn't you tell me directly my father was a spy?"

"I couldn't, my dear boy, I didn't know until Mr. Mc'Caughn told me a few weeks ago, and later we didn't want to give you hope, because we weren't sure if your father would get back here alive, and we didn't want to disturb your new found peace."

Lucius gaze flew to Dumbledore and then back to his son. "You didn't get the chance to tell me who's the lucky one. Well - who is it? - Draco?"

But his son didn't pay attention, as the doors opened again. The black haired boy entered the hall and stared at Lucius in disbelief. "What is HE doing here? Who let him in?" Harry's voice was demanding.

"He's on our side, Harry. The spy, after Snape was unmasked and couldn't do the job anymore."

The boy-who-lived looked at Dumbledore, who nodded approvingly. "I see, then..." he turned towards Mr. Malfoy, "...it's a pleasure to meet you! Your son spoke highly of you, even when he had no reason to do so."

"It's a honour, Mr. Potter. I'm sorry I caused you and your friends so much trouble last year. My condolences for your godfather."

"Thank you, I'm sure it wasn't your intention to hurt us, but the times are dark and sometimes you have to make sacrifices."

"Then I hope it will be over soon. We will fight the best we can."

"There's an attack planed, then?"

"On August 30th, yes. We are prepared."

"I know." his gaze shifted to Draco, "And how are you? Does he know already?"

"I'm fine, but he doesn't know, though I had planned to tell him, but we were interrupted."

Lucius looked confused from one boy to the other, and suddenly he understood. "I suppose it's not necessary to talk any further, I'm not blond and certainly not thick. My congratulations, Mr. Potter, and exquisite match."

Draco blushed fiercely and Harry couldn't suppress laughter. "Thank you, Mr. Malfoy, for your approval, it means a lot to him, even if he can't tell you at the moment."

"It's Lucius."

"'Harry' for my friends and family of them."

"Fine, Harry, you seem to belong to the family, anyway. Right, Draco?"

The blonde boy had caught himself again and answered with a short nod. "I suppose so."

Now it was Harry's turn to blush. "Family - seems nice to me."

Lucius turned towards him and smiled sadly. "I know, though I fear we three are a rather small family."

"Three? But..."

"My mother is dead, Harry." Draco said silently. Harry's eyes grew wide in horror:

"I'm so sorry. I don't know what to say..."

"'Tis alright. At least, I have you and my father - better than nobody at all!"

"I know." he said, embracing his boyfriend from the back. Draco leaned in and smiled, closing his eyes.

Finally, he had found some peace. Nothing could hurt him, knowing that he was loved. He wouldn't let them down!

TBC

Desperation and Hope

[Dieses Kapitel ist nur Volljährigen zugänglich]

Together!

Chapter Thirteen: Together!

Harry stood, next to Draco, in a line of mostly older wizards. Professor Snape stood on his other side, while Mr. Olivander checked their wands. "Ah, willow and unicorn hair, 12 inches, good wand! Perfect treatment, I suppose, Mr. Malfoy?"

"Yes, Mr. Olivander."

"Ah, good to see you, Harry! Yes, perfect - your wand is in a great condition. It has to be, I fear."

"Seems so, Sir. I need it quite often."

"Yes, yes - ah, Severus. It's been a while since you came to my shop the first time, but I remember it as if it was yesterday! Moorland Oak, 12 inches, Unicorn-hair, mighty wand for a mighty wizard, indeed!"

Snape snorted and Olivander walked on, checking the other member's wands. Most were in a good condition, though a few had to be repaired. At least, Mr. Olivander nodded to Dumbledore, who held his wand out. "Please, here you are."

"Ah, I've never seen such a wand before. Self-made?"

"No, my mother did it."

"13 inches, mahogany, I suppose, but I can't identify the magical source inside. What is it?"

"Pegasus-feather, rare, but it suits quite well."

"So this wand was your first? What about the wand I sold you 57 years ago? Mahogany and Unicorn-hair, 10 inches."

"I use your wand for the daily things, this one is only for war, it's mightier than the other one in my hands. As I said, it was made by my mother and she knew what she did."

"I know, dear friend, she was my master after all!"

When Dumbledore wanted to answer something, a young wizard entered the hall, hastily running towards the headmaster. "Dumbledore, sir! The Death Eaters were located! They are over the channel now and will arrive in about six hours, maybe even earlier! The French aurors followed them with some distance and will help us to defend the school. Greetings from Madam Maxine and Hagrid, by the way. Beaubaxtons stayed clear of an attack, so we will have to deal with the full force of

You-know-who!"

"Ah - I see, thank you Mr. Boot. We have to take care of the last unfulfilled tasks. Harry, would you join me for a minute?"

"Sure, Professor."

Draco fell in step next to Harry, but Dumbledore denied his subtle request of presence with a firm push towards the other students. Draco shot Dumbledore an angry glare, but he stayed with the others, while the headmaster led Harry towards the doors.

When they had reached a more private place to talk in Dumbledore's office, the old wizard sat behind his desk, sighing sadly. "Many will fall today and the next days, I fear. This is the last battle, even if some from whichever side survive..."

"I know my place."

"Do you?"

"Yes. If I can't defeat him, then he will kill me. That's our fate."

"I fear I cannot change it. It hurts me deeply to see a student of mine fighting such a battle, but we have no choice."

"I know, I'll give my best."

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"A last request?" he teased.

"Quite, but I hope not."

"Yes, there is something. Can you watch Draco, I couldn't bear to lose him!"

"Hmm, I can't, for I will fight at your side against Voldemort, but I think Professor McCaughn is more than qualified to do that."

"I wished Draco would just stay safe in the dungeons, but he's a stubborn donkey!"

"He loves you."

"I know, I love him, too, but it's so dangerous! I cannot look after him and defeat Voldemort at the same time!"

"Keep the faith. We will look after him, but I can't promise anything."

"At least, if we die, we will most likely die together! Crazy, isn't it, that something like that is such a calming thought?"

"The world is a mystery, Harry."

"Anything else?"

"Yes: Do you know what to do, when you face him?"

"No, I don't. But I WILL do something, and if it's the last thing I do - literally!"

"Good luck, your parents were proud of you!"

"I don't know...maybe, they were."

"You are doing great, kick his silly butt, will you?"

"Professor, language!"

"Oh, fuck off! We'll fight a battle and I'm sick of the whole Dark Lord-thingy!"

"Me too! We'll kick his butt!"

Harry left the office, not knowing if he should laugh or worry: Dumbledore seemed rather - happy!? /It will be over, after all, no matter what happens, he'll have his peace then! He has a right to be happy, if you think about it. Crazy old coot!/

~

The first thing Harry saw, when he re-entered the great hall, was Hermione and Ron, kissing heavily in front of everyone.

"Hi guys!"

"Oh! Harry!!!" Hermione said, blushing deeply, "We missed you!"

"I see. How are you?"

Ron smiled at him shyly. "Good, the circumstances..." but Hermione interrupted him. "You look great - what happened?"

"I'm in love with the most brilliant and gorgeous boy in the whole world, and he loves me back!"

"Oh HARRY, who is it? A Ravenclaw? Is he in Hogwarts? Do we know him?"

"Well, that is exactly the problem - you know him, but..."

In this moment, Draco approached behind him, hugging him tightly and kissing his neck softly. "Mr. Wonderful is back!"

Harry turned towards his friends. "It's Draco."

Whatever Ron and Hermione had thought about their friend, now he had gone insane. "Malfoy? You okay up there?" Ron shouted in disgust. "He's the son of Lucius Malfoy - DEATH EATER number one!"

Draco snorted. "Obviously, Weasley, you have just arrived by now, or else you would have known, that my father was a spy like Professor Snape, and even if he wasn't - I'm not him, but myself, so don't judge me after somebody else!"

"I see - but Harry!" Ron said to his friend, "Why HIM?"

"He's different now, Ron. I know he was a git to us all, but things are different now. Please be civil towards each other."

Ron wanted to say something harsh, but Hermione cut him short. "If you think so, I don't mind, but if he hurts you WE WILL KILL YOU!" The last words directed towards Draco, who nodded swiftly. "I know. Sorry for being a spoiled bastard to you, but I had to keep an image, at least in front of the Slytherins. They can be quite ignorant at times."

"I cannot believe you just said 'sorry', Malfoy, but we can hardly ignore that you are Harry's boyfriend, so - it's Ron."

"It's Hermione, too, if you like."

"Draco for you two, but don't think I'll be a nice, friendly goody-goody, just because I shag your best friend."

"Draco! Where do you think you are?" Harry shouted, highly embarrassed.

Ron stared at Draco. "You - you have...?"

"Ronald Weasley Harry and I are together since nearly three month and we might die this evening - so what do you think did we do last night? I don't want my boyfriend to die as a virgin."

"I'm not a virgin, Draco!"

"No, since last night surely not!"

"I haven't been before!"

"In that way, you have!"

Hermione tapped at Draco's shoulder. "Could you please stop yelling - people are looking!"

"Oh - I don't mind, but Harry does, so: all right - I'll stop!"

"Thank you."

"Are you a virgin?"

Ron stepped between his girlfriend and the blonde Slytherin. "What does that matter to YOU?"

"Is she?"

"No she's not - stop talking about her!"

Hermione and Harry looked at each other helplessly and shrugged their shoulders. When Draco and Ron had cooled down, the four sat in a corner of the hall, silently talking about 'issues', when Professor McGonagall walked over to them. "It's time, boys!", she addressed Harry and Draco, "Dumbledore is waiting for you in the entry-hall. All first-line fighters are to meet there now, it will begin soon! And, Potter, Malfoy - good luck! Come back safely!"

"You two are first-lines?" Hermione asked horrified, "But you are students!"

"Herm, I'm Harry Potter. There is a certain prophecy about Voldemort and me: if I don't kill him today, then he'll kill me. Anyway - I promised Dumbledore to - literally - kick his ass, so I'll try that. And Draco - he won't leave my side if I chained him to a wall!"

"That was the prophecy last year about?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell us?"

"No time. And I didn't really want to - sorry guys."

Ron shook his head. "You are the one to defeat the Dark Lord, and you didn't tell us?"

"I'm sorry."

"No, Harry, you're not. It doesn't matter anyway - even if I wanted to stand by your side - Mione wouldn't let me!"

"Perfectly right!" the girl said, "I don't want to see my love die!"

Draco sighed. "At least I can die with you, in case of that."

"I know - I love you, no matter what happens - be careful!"

"You tell ME that!"

"I do - I mean it! Don't do anything more stupid that you have already done by following me!"

"'Tis not stupid! That's love!"

Ron rolled his eyes and got up to embrace Harry. "Look after yourself, mate. I hope you can KICK HIS ASS!"

Then he walked to Draco. "You, too.", and hugged him shortly. The blonde was stunned, but returned the hug. "Be careful, Ron."

Hermione smiled at them and kissed both boys on the cheek: "You'll do great - I just know you will!" Tears formed in her eyes, but she straightened her back and smiled. "We will do it - together!"

Then they left...

TBC

AN/ I listened to "1/2 Lovesong" from Die Ärzte (German band) and "Reamonn - Star" if you hear these songs, you'll understand my mood while writing this!

Cry: "so sad **sob***"

lCiel

A battle won, too much lost!

Chapter Fourteen: A battle won, too much lost!

(Gabriel's POV)

It was around dusk when the Death Eaters appeared at the grounds on the other side of the lake. Dumbledore led us out in a long row, shielded by nothing but the creeping shadows. The sun set and the battle began...

It was hard, really hard. I can remember the figures of Dumbledore and Severus raising their wands and screaming their spells to protect Potter, Voldemort diving between the flashes of green light that are surrounding us. Everything is green, bizarre, and grotesque. I can see Draco pushing Harry aside, Severus jumping in front of me taking the Cruciatus, and me firing back at some Death Eaters. Bodies all over the ground, shattered white masks lying beside dark-robed corpses, next to people I knew.

Too many died, too many left lonely in the castle, women waiting for their husbands who'll never come back!

I see Bill Weasley lying on the ground - dead. I just can prevent a spell to kill Lucius, who's next to me at the moment, fighting against this sea of Voldemort's servants. It gets chilly - Dementors are gliding over, but Potter's patronus fights them back easily...

And then it's over in a way. Dead bodies all around us, and Harry, bleeding but alive, shaking and standing there over his dead form. He is dead, Voldemort is dead. The last Death Eaters fall and the sun slowly rises behind the mountains.

I embrace Severus tightly, but my gaze finds Draco Malfoy, pressed against his love, crying helplessly, not able to look at the corpse beneath them, the blonde hair red of blood, white skin dirty and mud all over his clothes.

Lucius is dead.

Harry lives - so I fulfilled my mission...

~*~*~*~

(Harry's POV)

He lifts his wand, yelling "Avada Kedavra" at me. Something is in front of me, I can't see what. I point my wand at him. "Expelliarmus! Petrificus Totalus!" It works. His arms and legs snap together and he falls. I know I can't kill him with the curse, it might not work. So I scream, knowing that it is a painful death - if he dies! "Incendio Multudae!" His whole body is on fire. His wide eyes scream, though he cannot move his jaws. A

last glance in his eyes. His skin gets black and crumbles. He screams, I scream...

He is dead.

I know, I can't feel his presence anymore.

~

The first ray of sunlight falls over me and I see something blonde beneath my feet. /No! Please let him be alive! Draco.../ But it isn't my beloved. "Lucius!" I yell, kneeling beside him, but it's too late. Suddenly I realize who caught the spell, knowing his sacrifice.

I hear steps behind me and turn around. It's so quite suddenly! - Draco. He sees his father. "No - dad..." he falls to his knees beside me. "NO!" He screams. I pull him to me. "I'm so sorry - I couldn't protect him."

The truth is: He protected me.

I register people around, cheering, but grieving at the same time. It's over, but I'm not the hero they want - it was him! And Bill, Percy and Lupin... My head screams: /Why them? They should live and be happy, such friendly people - my friends!"

But this is war - nobody wins, we only loose. But it's over now and Draco is alive!

AN/ Snif - so sad. But the couples are still alive - sob - Luci dies the death of a hero (a rather sexy hero >>> dead-tears flow**) I really don't like this chapter, so I made it short.... Hate war! Loathe everybody who makes war - brainless bastards!

After the Shadows, in the lands of Light (Epilogue)

Chapter Fifteen: After the Shadows, in the lands of Light (Epilogue)

//Two years later, Harry's POV//

Time passes quickly. The marks of the battle aren't visible anymore, but you feel the horror of the last battle, when you walk over the smooth, green grass behind the lake. The hills behind Hogsmead were turned into a graveyard, gravestone next to gravestone, endless lines. Over 200 wizards and witches died on our side, not to count the Death eaters, who must have been about 300 as well. Here they lay next to each other, equal, and without hatred and war between them. I wander over the hills to Bill's place under a huge tree. Arthur's there. I greet him, he nods. He has lost two sons in battle, one scarred for life. Charlie lost his right leg, it that was burst into bits by a dark curse, not repairable, even for wizard healers.

The whole world is scared, but we go on:

Gabriel and Severus got married four months ago. I couldn't believe my eyes, when I saw Gabriel, dressed in something between a robe and a dress, all in white, in that old Muggle-church near Hogsmead. The wedding was utterly beautiful!

Draco smiles the whole time. He has gotten over it all eventually. I'm glad everything worked out so well, since he's dead.

Albus has resigned his office as a headmaster the year we graduated - he's old. He went back to his family estate near Liverpool, not far from Snape manor, where Severus and Gabriel Snape live. They stopped teaching to enjoy family life a few years, before returning to Hogwarts. Gabriel got the not-anymore-greasy git to adopt an orphan child, whose parents were killed in the battle, the small Sophia Snape. She's just as bad as her dark-haired daddy!

Ron and Hermione live with the other Weasley's currently, though I suppose they'll look for their own house soon, since they want to marry in August!

And then there's Draco:

He is my life, my love. He's everything; my world turns mainly around him. He always tells me that I should concentrate on my career: I have a contract with the "London Eagles" at the moment and I'm doing quite well, actually!

He works and studies at St. Mungo's. He will be a great healer in time. His hair reaches his shoulder blades by now, but he won't cut it off - not that I mind! I like the touch of it in my hands, when we... you know... have this incredibly good sex!

I want to stay with him forever. Maybe I should ask him to marry me... - never mind!
Hey, we're just 19!!!

~the end~

AN/ >>> coward! Ask him!!! ^^

I hope you liked the story, though the ending is rather short. My apologies, but what should I have written?! If I ever should write a sequel, which is Not planned, it will be a short story about a wedding or sth. like that... if YOU want to write a sequel: present your ideas to me and if I think they suit and give you permission, you can do so!

Sincerely: lCiel