

What If

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Chapter 1 - Secret Desire

What are you doing here?

The voice sent a chill down Draco's spine, and he closed his eyes for a second, not believing his ears. "Oh Merlin," he thought, "what does he want here?" Draco slowly raised his head and stared at the newcomer.

It was Potter.

Draco barely restrained himself from lashing out. Summer had definitely done the Gryffindor some good ... definitely. He'd grown taller - he was now nearly six feet tall, no longer short. The adolescent angularity had vanished; he even seemed to have gained weight. He no longer looked sickly, though he was still thin. His hair still stuck out in all directions, if a little longer. Potter had lost his glasses, gained a tan, and his clothes were no longer baggy and fit perfectly, which pleased Draco. "Merlin Almighty, he looks absolutely stunning!" the blond admired, looking Potter up and down. Harry seemed to notice and narrowed his eyes suspiciously.

"What are you staring at, Malfoy?" he asked.

"Nothing, Potter," Draco spat out, recovering from a moment's stupor. He might have made up his mind about his feelings for Potter, but he wasn't going to run after him, or worse, stare at him like some first-year Hufflepuff hopelessly in love.

"What are you doing here?" Potter repeated, crossing his arms over his chest.

"Well," Draco drawled, "considering that we both go to the same school, and we have to get there on this train, I think the answer is pretty obvious: I'm going to school."

He smiled to himself, noticing that Potter was blushing slightly with anger and confusion.

"I mean, why are you here - you think you're supposed to be in the prefects' compartment?" he asked.

"Damn it! I forgot," Draco thought. But he said aloud, "I'm the prefect of the school, Potter, and if I don't feel like being there, then I don't have to go there," he said, showing a shiny badge pinned to his robes.

"It would be funny to see how you manage the others, because we both know you like to boss around," Harry said.

Draco sighed and went back to his notes.

"What a bore you are, Potter," he said. "Why don't you go and have some fun with your red-haired friend and mudblood?"

"He's not my friend, and don't you dare call Hermione that!" said Harry. "To be honest, I don't want to disturb them, they're dating and all that," he added, a little embarrassed.

"Ugh! Do you want me to vomit, Potter?" grimaced Draco, feeling sick at the thought of Weasel and Granger being together.

There was silence, and Draco was back in his notes. When he heard the sound of the door closing, he breathed a sigh of relief without looking up.

Thank God he left, the young man thought. If he had stayed for a second longer, I would ..."

Suddenly, someone plopped down on the seat right in front of him, causing Draco to flinch and once again distract himself from his thoughts.

"Potter, what the hell?" he asked, narrowing his eyes as he watched the brunette get comfortable.

"The compartments are all full, and since we're not talking anyway, I think we can get to school without killing each other," Harry said, taking a chocolate frog out of his bag. It had already melted in the heat, and Draco's imagination immediately conjured up a tied-up, chocolate-covered Harry at his mercy.

"Are you trying to make my life hell?" Draco asked irritably, pushing the tempting image away. Although everything inside him rejoiced that Harry had willingly shared the compartment with him and was now sitting across from him.

"Funny, I've been meaning to ask you the same thing all these years," Harry replied, licking the melted chocolate from his fingers.

Draco swallowed convulsively and quickly looked away before his 'problem' caught up with him again. He tried to concentrate on reading, but it didn't work. Harry was so close that he could have touched him, but unfortunately, he couldn't allow himself to do so. Trying unsuccessfully to collect his thoughts, Draco didn't notice Potter looking into his open bag.

"Time travel without a Time-Turner ..." Potter read aloud.

Draco's eyes widened in horror, he threw the scrolls on the floor and hastily closed the bag.

"These are my personal belongings, Potter!" He threw it furiously onto the next seat. "Who gave you permission to rummage through them?"

"I didn't rummage through anything, Malfoy!" Harry began to justify himself, throwing up his hands in a placating gesture. "The bag was open ... I just looked ..."

"Didn't anyone tell you not to stick your nose into other people's business?" Draco raised his voice and quickly grabbed the scrolls he had thrown on the floor, noticing that Harry was peering at the open pages.

"Look who's talking, you miserable hypocrite!" Harry yelled back. "You've been meddling in my business since first year! Did I ever do anything to you?"

"I did, damn you!" Draco snapped. He grabbed his things and left, leaving the confused and angry Gryffindor alone.

Chapter 2 - Silly Mistakes

To say Harry was confused would be an understatement. All these years, he couldn't figure out what he'd done to Malfoy to deserve such hatred. He could only think of one incident, back in his first year, but surely a Slytherin couldn't hold a grudge for six years ... or could he?

Harry sighed heavily and ran a thoughtful hand through his hair, staring at the seat where Draco had just been. Suddenly, his gaze fell on something. A piece of parchment lay on the seat. "Malfoy must have forgotten it in his haste," Harry thought. He glanced quickly at the door, stood up, and carefully picked up the find. What he had initially thought was a note turned out to be a huge sheet of parchment folded several times with a table drawn on it. It was filled with dates and names in chronological order in illegible handwriting. Harry had only glanced at a few of the names at the very end of the table when a sudden realization struck him: all the events were somehow connected to him, which puzzled him even more.

"What the hell is this?" Harry wondered, reading about the incident in fifth year when he and George Weasley attacked Malfoy after Quidditch. "Why did Malfoy make this chart, and why is my name on it? What is he up to?"

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As Draco paced the train carriages, his anger gradually subsided, replaced by a growing sense of unease. Suddenly, Draco went cold and almost rushed back. It seemed Potter had no idea how deeply he'd insulted him by rejecting his friendship. So, he might demand to know the meaning of the phrase "Done, damn you!" that Draco had so thoughtlessly uttered before leaving.

Soon, the young man found a compartment occupied by two second-year Ravenclaws. He quickly resolved the issue by throwing them out and slamming the door in their faces. The Slytherin sank into a seat, pulled out his scrolls, and immersed himself in his notes again. After flipping through a few pages, Draco felt a wave of panic wash over him.

"Where is it?!" he repeated frantically, shuffling through the scrolls and rummaging through his bag for the chart.

A couple of days ago, using Time Travel as a guide, he'd compiled a special table listing every argument and disagreement that had arisen between him and Harry since they'd met. The table began with that fateful handshake, or rather, the lack thereof. As the table grew to an incredible size, he was astonished at how much had happened between them in those six years!

"Oh, shit!" Draco cursed, nearly choking with excitement. "How could I forget her?! Potter's in there!"

He rushed out of the compartment, first casting a simple locking spell on the door, and ran to the very back of the train. Reaching the last compartment, Draco flung the door open and nearly fainted ...

Harry held the unfolded table in his hands and read it ...

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Hearing the door open, Harry looked up and turned pale. A disheveled and flushed Malfoy stood before him, breathing heavily. Most likely, he had just remembered the forgotten scroll and rushed back across the entire train. Draco's eyes were glued to the parchment, and it seemed he was ready to kill Potter at any second.

"What ... the hell ... are you ... doing!? - he asked breathlessly, quickly taking a couple of steps towards the Gryffindor.

"What am I doing?" asked Harry, jumping to his feet. "What are you doing? Bloody hell, what is this, Malfoy?"

"Everything I told you still hasn't sunk into your thick head!" Draco exclaimed angrily, deliberately ignoring the Gryffindor's question. "You shouldn't stick your nose into other people's business, remember? That applies to my things too!"

"You're an idiot, Malfoy! You threw it here yourself!" Harry was indignant. "I just looked at what it was!"

Draco didn't answer. He snatched the tablet from the brunette's hands and turned on his heel, folding the parchment. Then he jumped out of the compartment and walked away from Harry ... at least that's what he thought ...

The blonde almost screamed in frustration when he heard footsteps behind him, undoubtedly belonging to the Gryffindor.

"Malfoy, what is this parchment?" Harry demanded. "Why are you writing down events related to me?"

"None of your business, Potter!" hissed Draco. "I thought we already discussed this."

"A lot of mine, damn it!" Harry shouted, overtaking the Slytherin and blocking his way.

"When I get my hands on a tablet with dates and events from my life, with my name on it, I think it concerns me!"

"It doesn't concern me!" Draco snapped. "Now get out of my way!"

"What's going on here?"

"Today is definitely not my day ..." Draco groaned to himself, noticing the Weasel and the Mudblood approaching.

"Malfoy just kindly agreed to explain why my name is on his parchment," Harry said sarcastically, crossing his arms over his chest.

"Fuck off, Potter!" Draco finally lost his temper. "Damn you, how many times do I have to

tell you! It's none of your business! Leave me alone!"

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

"This one," Harry tried to snatch it from Draco's hands, but Draco was faster and managed to dodge as soon as the brunette moved.

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

"It's my parchment, you idiot! And that cretin is meddling in other people's business and won't leave me alone!" Draco exclaimed furiously. "I was sitting calmly in the compartment, when suddenly your precious Potter burst in with his idiotic conversations and started driving me crazy!"

"Is this your parchment, Harry?" Granger asked.

"No ..." he answered reluctantly.

"Then you can go, Malfoy," Granger said in a businesslike tone. "If Malfoy doesn't want to talk about the parchment, well, he has that right."

Draco snorted in irritation and headed for his compartment.

"But Hermione ..." he heard Harry's plaintive voice.

"Merlin, why do I love that obnoxious Gryffindor?" Draco asked himself. "I didn't even do anything to him ... this time!"

A quiet voice immediately resonated in his head: "He came to you himself today ... perhaps there is hope for you."

Draco snorted incredulously. "Yeah, right! I'll only have hope if I change one event."

"Or maybe you need to change yourself? Haven't you thought about that?" the voice asked.

"Shut up already!" Draco interrupted, removing the wards from his compartment. Putting the tablet with the rest of the scrolls, the young man didn't bother to return to his notes. Instead, he sat down by the window and lost himself in his thoughts. He had to be very careful now that Potter suspected him.

He recalled a passage from "Time Travel Without a Time-Turner."

"For someone planning to travel through time, it is imperative to keep it a secret. If anyone around them discovers their intentions, their consciousness will be unable to alter time. This is what happened to Alphaba Plankhoek. She learned the secret of time travel and told everyone she knew. Then she traveled back in time and claimed the invention of the Time-Turner for herself. However, this had no effect on those to whom she had revealed her secret - everyone assumed her plan had failed. She lived the rest of her life alone, studying her notes and trying to understand where she had gone wrong."

If Harry found out what he was up to, all this work would be pointless.

"Damn that Potter and his stubbornness!" Draco thought. "If he suspects something, he

won't stop until he finds out what it is. And I absolutely cannot allow that ... I must not allow that."

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When the train pulled into Hogsmeade station, Draco realized he'd been very careless – skipping the meeting with his classmates and pushing Pansy away had looked very suspicious. From now on, he'd have to pretend this year was no different from the previous ones. He carefully hid his notes in his bag and hurried to meet up with the Slytherins.

"Draco, there you are! Where did you run off to? I missed you so much!" Pansy immediately threw her arms around his neck.

"Pansy, dear, I'm so sorry. I wasn't feeling well and decided to be alone," Draco said, forcing a smile, desperately wanting to shake her hands off his shoulders. She didn't doubt his words at all and finally peeled herself away from him, but only to take his arm.

"You scared me, Draco. I decided you didn't like me anymore!" The girl pouted childishly. As soon as she turned away, Draco rolled his eyes, which didn't escape the attention of Blaise Zabini, his best friend, who had approached them.

"So, how are you, Draco?" he asked with a smirk, while Pansy was chattering on about her summer as if it mattered to anyone. In response, he received a glare that meant, "Get that girl away from me!"

"Pansy, my dear, maybe you could find us a carriage in the meantime?" Blaise quickly realized.

Pansy nodded.

"See you later, Draco!" she cooed, kissing his cheek before disappearing into the crowd. As soon as she was gone, Draco wiped his cheek with his sleeve in disgust.

"Why the hell are we hanging around with her again?" he asked Blaise as they walked.

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

Reaching the carriages, Blaise went to Pansy. Draco waved and hurried into the Prefects' carriage. Before he could open the door, he heard Potter's voice behind him.

"See you at dinner, Hermione!"

He turned and groaned inwardly as he noticed Granger approaching him. The Prefect's badge glittered on her neat robes.

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

"As if I opened it for you, Mudblood," Draco thought angrily as he followed her.

He closed the carriage door behind him, and they headed for Hogwarts in complete silence.

"So what was on that parchment, Malfoy?" Granger asked unexpectedly, halfway through

their short journey. "It must have been something very important if you tried to hide it from us."

"What is it with you Gryffindors?" Draco said irritably. "You see your name on a piece of parchment and immediately decide that you have to know everything!?"

"So Harry's name was on it?" Granger sneered.

"Damn her!" he thought.

"Look, Granger, just because we're both Prefects doesn't mean we're going to be friends. Everything is the same as always: I insult you, you insult me, we fight and so on ..." Draco drawled. "So far I haven't done anything to you, and you're stalking me – what, do you want me to start insulting you again?"

"Maybe you want me to punch you in the face again?" Granger asked with another chuckle. Draco rolled his eyes.

"You three are just unbearable," he muttered, rubbing his temples – his headache was starting to return.

"Come on, Harry just wants to know why his name was on parchment," Granger began to justify himself.

"Oh, I see, Harry always gets what he wants ..." Draco remarked sarcastically.

Granger glanced at him.

"You called him Harry?"

Looks like 'damn it!' is about to become his favorite expression."

"I was just imitating you," he replied as calmly as he could, although inside he was churning at his own blunder.

Granger opened her mouth to object, but at that moment the carriage stopped, and the young man hurried out.

"Damn it, Draco, control yourself!" he scolded himself. "You were trying to be more careful – and now you've made another mistake! Cretin! What a cretin!"

"Draco!" Pansy's shrill voice rang out.

Draco groaned in agony: "I hate my life!"

### Chapter 3 - Unexpected Help

Draco's first week at school was pure hell. Homework had become ten times harder, so he simply couldn't bear to go to the library.

On the very first day of school, Monday, Pansy woke him up, jumping into his bed with a joyful squeal, "Good morning, Dracula!" He nearly killed Blaise, who thought it was funny. His friend noticed Draco was overly tense and tried to somehow get him to relax, but to no avail.

All week, Draco carried the books he'd brought from the estate to the Great Hall so he could read at least something during meals, as that wasn't possible after classes. But even while reading, he couldn't help but notice the puzzled and curious looks his friends gave him, and he could barely restrain himself from hexing them. Eventually, he stopped going to breakfast, lunch, and dinner and now ate in the kitchen.

On Friday, homework done, Draco finally went to the library, grabbing the so-called "Harry Potter Secret Files." The school year had just begun, and the reading room was practically deserted, save for a couple of seventh-year Ravenclaws, apparently studying for their upcoming Homework. Draco walked to the far end of the library, dropped his bag on a chair, and disappeared into the aisle. He searched every row but couldn't find more than three books he could use.

"Did you really expect anything else?" Draco muttered, opening one of the volumes and sitting down at his desk. An hour later, he'd read only a tiny passage about Time-Turners. The same thing awaited him in the rest of the books. "There has to be more here!" Draco thought, replacing them. He was already heading towards his desk when his gaze suddenly fell on the Restricted Section.

"That's where I need to look!" Draco decided, biting his lip impatiently, and hurried over to Madam Pince. For the first time in a week, he was glad he was a Prefect. Prefects had special privileges denied to other students, and use of the Restricted Section was one of them.

"Excuse me, Madam Pince," he addressed the librarian politely, "but may I borrow the key to the Restricted Section? I need a certain Potions book."

He gave her one of his disarming Malfoy smiles. She didn't smile back, but she handed him the key without a shadow of a doubt. Having collected a whole stack of books, Draco returned to his desk. Carefully arranging them, he began to look through page after page, checking his notes. When he found information he already knew, he would mark it with a red pen on his scrolls to indicate that the information was correct.

Deep in his work, Draco didn't notice how the Ravenclaws left for dinner and how the sun gradually stopped shining on the library.

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"Snape seems to be less clingy this year?" Ron asked Harry and Hermione at dinner, putting food on his plate.

"It depends," Harry answered sadly. "It's just that while he's bothering me, he doesn't have time for anyone else."

"Chin up, mate!" Ron patted his friend on the back. "It's his last year. He should be happy." Harry sighed. Ron was right - he should be happy - but he couldn't. For some reason, all summer he had an uneasy feeling that his final fight with Voldemort would take place at the end of this year. It kept Harry from sleeping at night, and even when he did fall asleep, he was plagued by nightmares.

But this week everything had changed. His thoughts were now only about Draco Malfoy. He rarely saw the Slytherin lately, not that he complained, but it seemed suspicious. Harry thought back to that day on the train more than once and came to the conclusion that Malfoy was clearly up to something. But despite Harry's best efforts to draw his friends' attention to the Slytherin's strange behavior, Ron and Hermione dismissed it as paranoia.

Harry glanced around the Great Hall, but the blond was nowhere to be found.

"Damn, Hermione, take it easy," Ron grimaced, watching his girlfriend devour her dinner.

"I can't," Hermione replied with her mouth full, "I need to get to the library."

"You want to finish all the books before we graduate?" Harry smirked. Hermione put down her fork and, throwing him a reproachful look, grabbed her bag.

"I'll see you in the common room," she said and quickly left the Great Hall.

The corridor leading to the library was empty. Hermione knew she wouldn't meet anyone, as everyone was at dinner. Smiling contentedly, she opened the door to the reading room. Madam Pince was nowhere to be seen, and Hermione went to her favorite desk.

Having turned the corner, the girl was dumbfounded.

Draco Malfoy was sitting at her desk. He was asleep, his head resting on one of the open textbooks lying in front of him. Hermione quietly approached to examine them. She realized that all of the tomes were about time travel, despite the fact that he was using one of them as a pillow. Hermione remembered Harry telling her about a certain book he had noticed on Malfoy back on the train. Her thoughts began to whirl. "Harry was right. Malfoy is up to something. And that something has to do with time travel," Hermione decided, quickly glancing at his notes.

At that moment, Draco straightened up and yelped loudly in surprise, noticing the Gryffindor standing in front of him.

“Granger!” he exclaimed, hastily slamming the books shut and pulling them towards himself. “What the hell are you doing here?”

“It’s the library, Malfoy,” Hermione replied.

“Right,” Draco muttered, rolling up the scrolls with notes and hiding them in his bag. “For what reason, tell me, were you standing next to me while I was sleeping?”

“And why did you fall asleep here?” Hermione raised an eyebrow. “As far as I remember, the library is for studying.”

“Fuck off, Granger,” he said angrily. “What I do here is none of your business. I just dozed off.”

“Oh, I can see what you were doing,” Hermione said, nodding at the books Draco was hugging.

He only curled his lip in disdain, stood up, and walked towards the exit.

“Time travel is an interesting thing,” Hermione began carefully. Malfoy immediately stopped and turned slowly to face her, as she expected. “You need to prepare everything carefully if you’re going to do this. One miscalculation and absolutely everything can change.”

“I’ll take that into account,” Draco drawled, turning back to the Restricted Section to put some books back. Hermione followed him.

“So, Malfoy, Harry was right – you really are up to something,” she said as they walked along the shelves.

“Leave me alone,” Draco snapped irritably, putting the books back on the shelves. “I can do whatever I want, and of course I don’t need your permission.”

“I’m asking you because this has to do with Harry, and he’s my best friend!” she exclaimed.

“If you dare harm him in any way, you will pay for it!”

Draco snorted.

“Are you trying to scare me, Mudblood?” he spat.

“Perhaps, Ferret,” Hermione retorted, returning his withering glare.

“Fine, if you really want to know, it won’t harm Harry in any way.” He immediately snapped his mouth shut, realizing he’d called Potter by his first name again and, in the process, confessed his intentions.

Of course, Hermione hadn’t missed it.

“You called him Harry again,” she narrowed her eyes suspiciously. “I don’t understand you, Malfoy! You’ve been trying to make our lives hell since first year, and now you suddenly stopped insulting us, you’re making notes about Harry in your scrolls, calling him by his name ...”

Her voice suddenly fell silent. It seemed one could see how all the clues were gradually coming together in her head. Draco realized that he needed to get out of here ... and as fast as possible!

"Leave me alone, Granger!" he snapped, hurriedly walking around the girl. He had almost left the Restricted Section when he heard her gasp.

"Oh, Merlin!"

Draco stopped and turned sharply to the Gryffindor, who stood with her mouth open in amazement.

"DAMN HER!" he cursed. "Everything is lost, now she knows!"

"You ... you ..." Granger began, but Draco quickly approached her and covered her mouth with his hand.

"Don't you dare," he whispered menacingly. "Don't you dare even say that out loud!"

He slowly pulled his hand away, but Hermione was still reeling from the shock.

"Merlin Almighty," she repeated in shock. "Malfoy ... and ... how long ago?" Draco didn't answer. He turned on his heel and stormed out of the library, leaving a confused and stunned Hermione behind.

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"Wonderful, Draco, simply wonderful!" Draco repeated angrily, walking back to his room.

"Granger knows everything now! What an idiot you are!"

At first, Draco considered going back and Obliviating her, but a coaxing voice in his head made him reconsider. "She can help you, you know that," he said slyly. "She may be a Mudblood, but I must admit, she's a very clever Mudblood."

"Granger won't help me," Draco pushed those thoughts away. "She'll try to find out what I'm doing sooner or later, and she'll do everything she can to stop me. In fact, I'd be better off avoiding her." He reached his room and threw his bag on the floor.

The Prefect's common room was certainly smaller than the one at Malfoy Manor, but unlike there, everything here was Slytherin-themed. Next to the front door was an intricately carved fireplace, in front of which sat a soft, mossy sofa. Opposite the fireplace were stairs leading to the bedroom, and to the left of it stood a large, dark wood desk.

Once in his bedroom, Draco collapsed on the bed and buried his face in the pillow, groaning desperately. "I need to take a break from this research for at least one day," he decided. "Tomorrow is Saturday, Quidditch practice, that's what I need to think about!"

Thinking about Quidditch naturally led to Potter, which brought up Draco's "problem" again. He was just trying to solve it when he heard a sharp knock on the door. Cursing, Draco waited a couple of minutes to calm down, and then trudged into the living room to answer it. He couldn't hold back an exclamation of irritation when he saw who had come to see him.

"How long, Malfoy?" Hermione asked from the doorway, grabbing the portrait before Draco could slam it shut.

"How long - what, Granger?" he asked slowly, heading for his bag, which was still lying on the floor.

She walked into the living room and closed the portrait behind her.

"How long have you liked Harry?" she asked bluntly.

"What makes you think that's true?" Draco answered with a question, although he clearly understood that it was useless to deny it any longer.

"Because you didn't deny it in the library," Hermione said firmly.

"Okay, okay," Draco gave in, too tired to fight his way out of this, "I like Potter. There, I said it. Now get out."

"No! I'm not going anywhere until you explain to me why you're researching time travel," Hermione demanded.

"I can't," he said firmly, putting the books and scrolls on the coffee table and wearily sitting down on the sofa opposite it.

"Why?"

"Because if I tell you, Granger, nothing will work," he explained.

"Malfoy, if you think I'm going to let you make Harry fall in love with you ..." she began, but Draco interrupted her.

"I'm not going to make Harry fall in love with me," he countered. "That's all I can say. Maybe now you'll finally leave? I need to think everything over. No one was supposed to even suspect my plans. I was so careless ..." Draco said quietly, more to himself than to Hermione.

"Yes, there was," she confirmed.

The blond looked at the girl carefully. "She won't help me ..." flashed through his mind.

"Look, Draco," Hermione said suddenly, moving closer to the sofa, "if you really love Harry and don't intend to hurt him with all this, I'll try to make sure he doesn't suspect a thing."

Draco's mouth fell open in surprise. He hadn't expected that.

"Why?" he asked sharply.

"Because I noticed how your attitude towards him changed," the girl answered. "I can tell when people are lying. Well, I don't think you're lying, I can see it in your eyes. "

Draco looked at her as if for the first time.

"However ..." Granger continued.

He rolled his eyes. Of course, there's always that stupid "but."

"... Don't you dare call me a Mudblood again. I understand that you need to maintain your image and all that, but if I hear that word addressed to me one more time, I'll have to go to Dumbledore!" she blurted out. "And also, when everything is ready, you have to warn me." I know enough about time travel, so you don't have to tell me. And don't under any circumstances tell me which event you want to change.

"Granger ..." the boy was speechless, "I don't know what to say ..."

“Say, ‘thank you, Hermione.’”

“Do I have to?” A murderous look was his answer, and Draco, smiling weakly, said. “Just kidding. Thank you, Hermione.”

“You’re welcome,” the girl answered matter-of-factly. “I noticed you weren’t at dinner. It wasn’t the smartest move – you were planning on not arousing suspicion in front of others, after all. You’re not doing well.”

“That’s true,” Draco muttered.

“Want some advice?”

“Do I have a choice?”

“Don’t skip breakfast, lunch, and dinner anymore,” Hermione ignored him. “You don’t need to devote all your free time to these studies. You can’t skip classes and neglect your duties as a Prefect. You don’t keep an eye on the first years, you’re always writing or reading something, even outside of class - it’s written all over your forehead that you’re up to something!”

“Okay, I get it! I was being stupid,” agreed Draco. “Thanks for telling me.”

“Please,” Hermione said again. “So, we need to be in the hall in an hour. I’ll meet you there.”

With these words, she left the common room.

Draco rubbed his tired eyes. He knew he should have scolded himself for being careless, but he still felt relieved. Granger was on his side. Who, if not her, could make sure Harry didn’t suspect anything!

## **Chapter 4 - Trouble at Quidditch**

"Get out of the way!" Draco snapped irritably as he pushed his way through a crowd of third-year Gryffindors as he made his way to the Great Hall.

Several weeks had passed since Hermione had discovered his little secret, and they both acknowledged that Draco's behavior had become less suspicious. Granger's advice had worked brilliantly. His classmates had stopped casting confused and curious glances at the young man. He no longer rushed headlong to the library immediately after classes, ate three meals a day with everyone else, and finally started getting more sleep. All this paid off when Draco began rereading the books he'd brought from the manor, he realized he'd missed some important points.

And, of course, every day during his shifts, he asked Hermione about Harry. The Gryffindor still had some suspicions, but whenever he started to voice them, Hermione would try to change the subject under any pretext or ask him not to say anything stupid.

"Good morning, Draco!" Pansy exclaimed as soon as she saw Draco. She jumped from her seat and threw herself on the boy's neck, smearing her wet lips across his cheek. Draco grimaced, trying to look anywhere but at Pansy, and met Hermione's eyes. The Gryffindor was barely holding back her laughter. He threw her a deliberately malicious look, after which he gave Parkinson a false smile.

"Good morning, Pansy, dear," he said dryly, throwing her arms from his neck, and sat down at the table between Parkinson and Zabini. "Good morning, Blaise."

"Good," his friend replied, opening the latest copy of the Daily Prophet.

Then two barn owls landed on the table right in front of Draco. Ignoring his friends' questioning glances, he quickly put one of the packages in his bag. A few weeks ago, he had ordered some things for the upcoming ritual. Now, at least, he had one thing to worry about and the package had arrived just in time. After checking the second package, Draco returned to his food. At that moment, a letter landed on his

plate, bearing the Malfoy family crest on the back. Draco swallowed nervously and carefully opened it.

Dear Draco,

I'm glad to hear your teachers are speaking highly of your academic performance this year. You may know that our Dear Friend is eager to meet you. As we've already decided, there will be a reception in honor of your birthday, and our Friend will undoubtedly be the guest of honor. But I'm not writing to remind you of that (I'm sure you remember). I was wondering if you have borrowed anything from the library at the manor. I can't find a book, though it was definitely on the shelf just a month ago. Please let me know if you know anything.

Your father,

Lucius

## Chapter 5 - All Saint's Day

Harry couldn't figure out what was going on with Hermione, but he was sure Malfoy was somehow involved. He didn't ask his friend anything, but every night when she left the common room, he pulled out the Marauder's Map and watched her go. One day, he accidentally noticed Hermione's dot on the map moving toward the Slytherin prefect's quarters. Harry watched in amazement as Malfoy's and Hermione's dots stopped opposite each other and moved toward a spot in the room, which Harry assumed might be a sofa or an armchair.

It was unbelievable. Harry had been watching Malfoy to see what he was up to and imagine his surprise when he saw his best friend sneaking into the Slytherin's room. What exactly connected the Slytherin and the Gryffindor? Harry's guesses were endless. Of course, Hermione and Ron's relationship hadn't exactly been stable from the start, but she wasn't the type to cheat on her boyfriend ... especially with someone like Malfoy.

Harry suspected the blond was involved in something involving time travel, and he figured Hermione was somehow involved, too. "Perhaps Hermione found out about it, and Malfoy blackmailed her into helping him," Harry thought as he sat in the living room, when he suddenly saw his friend leaving again. He immediately rushed upstairs to the bedroom to get the map. Harry watched as she reached her prefects' room, paused for a few seconds, and then headed toward Malfoy. "Hermione, what are you up to?" Harry muttered, puzzled. The dots on the map with the names of his best friend and his worst enemy were again next to each other.

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"Now stir once clockwise and simmer for two hours," Hermione read from *Back to the Future*. She was helping Draco with a potion he might need if he wanted to turn back time. It would undo all the changes in time.

In truth, Hermione still didn't know what exactly the Slytherin's plan was, but she had a feeling Draco wasn't up to anything bad. The boy really was in love. Besides, now he would have a potion that could fix everything if anything went wrong. Right now, they were brewing it in his room, laying out everything they needed on his desk. At first, the recipe seemed incredibly complicated, but Hermione convinced him it was simple, telling him how she, Harry and Ron had brewed Polyjuice Potion in their second year.

Draco realized he'd been wrong about the Gryffindor all along. She might be a know-it-all, but right now that was a plus – he couldn't have done it without her. They had grown incredibly close since she learned of his feelings for Harry. Draco had given her the password to his rooms, and now she could come to his aid anytime. He hadn't even

noticed how he'd started hugging her and smiling warmly every time they saw each other, as if they'd been friends all their lives.

Chapter 6 - Best Friends

Draco woke to bright sunlight shining directly into his face and a throbbing headache, as if he'd been hit over the head with a Beater's bat. He glanced at his watch out of the corner of his eye. 7:30 AM. Breakfast was supposed to start in half an hour, but he didn't care; he wanted to sleep. Draco buried his head under the covers and fell asleep again.

Suddenly, the door to his bedroom burst open, and a loud voice woke him.

"Rise and shine, Draco! Get up!"

The next second, something heavy fell on him. Draco rolled his eyes in irritation and peered out from under the covers. He was about to curse Pansy for daring to barge into his bedroom again, but his gaze met that of a green-eyed boy. It was Harry Potter!

Draco gave a cry of surprise and pulled the blanket over his head again. Suddenly, his headache was gone, and everything fell into place.

"I did it! I changed the time! Harry is hereb... with me! And we're friends!" he thought, as Harry, still lying on top of Draco, began to jolt him.

"Come on, wake up, sleepyhead!" said the brunette, shaking his friend by the shoulders. He thought he had screamed because he didn't want to get up. "Wake up! We'll be late for breakfast! Today is Friday, tomorrow you'll get a nap!"

Draco slowly peeked out from under the covers to examine his new friend. Harry hadn't changed much, only he was a little paler in this time. His hair was just as unruly, but gel-styled in a stylish hairstyle. Draco had no doubt that he had taught him that ... and Harry was dressed in a Slytherin robe, and the prefect's badge glittered on his chest.

"Merlin's beard! He's a Slytherin! And the prefect!" Draco exclaimed in his mind. "Wow!"

"Draco? Draco, can you hear me, buddy?" Harry waved his hand in front of the blond's face. Draco still couldn't believe that his plan had worked. He wasn't ready for such a change. Not calculating his strength, Draco abruptly yanked the blanket towards himself, hiding his head again, causing Harry to fall off the bed and curse loudly.

"Oh, how could you!" he exclaimed, jumping on the blond again and taking the blanket from him. Draco, clutching the edges tightly, screamed and suddenly laughed when Harry began to tickle him - yes, tickle!

As the brunette lay on top of him, Draco quickly remembered his feelings for the young man and felt a growing arousal.

"You forced me to do it!" said Harry, ripping the blanket off Draco's face. "You pushed me! And you're going to pay for it, Malfoy!"

Eventually, Draco gave up. "Okay, okay! I give up!" the blond man exclaimed, raising his hands. Harry jumped off the bed, grabbed the blanket, and before Draco could do anything, yanked it off.

Draco screamed and instantly bent in half, but it was too late.

"Oh ... is little Draco overexcited?" Harry tampered with him, grinning. "How can you react like that to your best friend who's just trying to wake you up?"

Draco blushed deeply, trying to come up with an excuse. Eventually, he pulled himself together and got out of bed.

"Well, Potter," he said, despite his embarrassment, but then hesitated, calling Harry by his last name. If they were friends, they must have addressed each other by their first names. What if that best friend woke up his buddy by jumping and fidgeting on him ...

Harry threw the blanket in his face.

"Pervert," he quipped, heading for the door. "Hurry up, Blaise and Pansy are waiting for us downstairs."

When he left, Draco felt the tips of his ears burning. Closing the door behind Harry, he exclaimed triumphantly and twirled around the room happily.

"I did it!" he kept thinking as he made the bed. "We're friends! And I think Harry likes me!" He hummed cheerfully to himself as he went into the shower, where he was finally able to take care of his erection.

When he emerged from the bathroom an hour later with only a towel around his hips, Harry was sitting on his bed.

"At first I wondered what was taking you so long," the brunette said, looking in the mirror and tidying his hair, "but then I remembered. 'Well, of course, he needs to shower for an hour every day. Damn, Drake, you're not that dirty!'"

Draco was putting on his boxers and couldn't hide a grin when he noticed Harry watching him out of the corner of his eye. "Oh, I assure you, Potty, I can be very dirty."

"Spare me the details," Harry chuckled, heading to the toilet.

Draco quickly put on his school uniform and, when Harry returned, went to the bathroom to style his hair. He tried to smooth it back for about five minutes, but it did not want to obey. In this time, his hair was slightly shorter.

"Draco, what are you doing?" Harry asked, entering the bathroom.

"My hair ... it won't comb back ..." the blond complained.

Harry snorted impatiently and took the bottle of gel. "Every morning ..." he muttered, squeezing some gel into his palm and applying it to Draco's hair. When he was finished, the blond's hair began to resemble his own.

"That's better!" Harry said, drying his hands with a small towel.

Draco looked in the mirror.

"I look like you," he said helplessly, turning to Harry.

"I know," he chuckled. He grabbed Draco by the arm and pushed him out of the room. The boy barely managed to grab his school bag. "Come on, let's go, I'm starving!"

"Okay, I'm coming, no need to be so rude," Draco said, but Harry didn't let go of his hand.

"Oh, you haven't seen rudeness yet," the brunette sneered as they walked.

Chapter 7 - Memories and Mirrors

The next morning, Draco woke up alone.

He sat up slowly and stretched, wondering where Harry could have gone. Noticing the bathroom door was closed and light was shining through, Draco grinned and leaned back.

A few minutes later, the door opened and Harry appeared.

"Good morning, Draco," he said, yawning and climbing back into bed.

"Good morning," Draco replied, yawning as well and settling into a more comfortable position. "Hey, Pot ... Harry?"

"Hmm?" the boy asked, already drifting off to sleep and not noticing Draco's slip.

"Do I have a Pensieve?" Draco asked cautiously.

"Yes," Harry replied, stifling a yawn. "But why do you ask? It's yours, you know that."

"I ... I forgot everything," Draco said quickly. "It's too early to think ..."

"You're right ..." Harry murmured, snuggling into Draco's chest. "I wish I could ... sleep ... now," and with that, he passed out.

Merlin, this boy is attached to me ... literally ..." Draco remembered the previous day, and how Harry had dragged him along everywhere. Of course, Draco didn't mind at all; that was exactly what he had hoped for.

However, the more he thought about it, the more he came to the conclusion that in order to achieve the relationship he wanted with Harry, he needed to know how their relationship had developed up to this point.

He carefully climbed out of bed and returned to the living room to find his diary. Settling down on the sofa and rereading the first entry, Draco frowned, grabbed a quill, and wrote down the randomly placed capital letters in order: LOOK UNDER THE BED.

"The other me - a complete simpleton," he muttered as he climbed up. "Anyone could have found out!"

He entered his room quietly, careful not to disturb Harry. The prefect was curled up in the center of the bed, buried under the blankets, and all Draco could see was his unruly hair on the pillow. Draco smiled softly at the sight before slowly crouching down and peering under the bed.

Nothing ... just bare, dark, and dusty wooden flooring.

Draco frowned and fumbled around a bit. His hand stopped on a loose floorboard, and as soon as he pressed it, there was a click and the sound of something opening. Draco immediately crawled out from under the bed and found that the wall next to it had risen up, revealing a small alcove. There, in the alcove, sat a wooden bowl with engraved designs on its sides. Brushing the dust from his hair and clothes, Draco stood and picked up his wand. He cautiously approached the Pensieve. Peering inside, Draco hesitated at first, unsure which memory he wanted to see. Mustering all his courage, he carefully jabbed his wand

into the silvery liquid.

The world shifted as he pointed his face into the Pensieve and found himself in the Great Hall.

Chapter 8 - Moonlit Nights

"What did you say?" Blaise exclaimed, his eyes wide with disbelief.

"That's not what I meant," Draco insisted, rubbing his eyes tiredly.

After Harry left, Draco spent several hours flipping through the last pages of the diary, studying every last detail of the special evening he was supposed to organize.

He hadn't seen Mirror Draco since Harry left, and he sensed that the other blond was very angry with him.

"I don't believe you!" Blaise exclaimed, slapping him on the top of the head.

Draco yelped, threw his head back and quickly stood up.

"What do you think you're doing?" he shouted angrily.

"How dare he hit me?!" Draco thought.

"I'm trying to talk some sense into you!" Blaise said sharply, crossing his arms. "Now shut up, sit down and listen up!"

Draco's eyes widened at Blaise's words.

"What did you say?" he asked, flashing with anger.

Blaise's gaze hardened.

"I said shut up... and sit down." He pushed Draco into the chair. "And listen up!"

Draco was shocked, he just stared at Blaise.

"Since you're such an idiot, I'm not going to help you with your little plan," the Slytherin exclaimed. "So, you're going to start thinking about it alone, and then you're going to tell him! Is that clear?"

Draco stared at him.

"I said, is everything clear?" Blaise repeated.

Draco nodded, speechless at the way Blaise spoke to him.

"Excellent!" Blaise said with a hint of finality. He sighed heavily and rubbed his forehead.

"Okay, I have to meet Pans, but you! You better work on your plan when I come to check! Understood?"

Draco nodded again.

"Okay," Blaise said, smirking, and in exactly two seconds, his anger completely changed to mercy. "Have fun!" And with a wave, he left.

"What kind of crazy world have I created?" Draco muttered with a sigh and went to his room.

The plan was quite simple. Draco had already memorized what he was supposed to do. He just wanted to consult with Mirror Draco about how he should do it. He knew he owed him. So, when he entered the room, Draco was happy to see his own frowning reflection.

"I'm still angry with you," it said childishly.

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

"Because you're the only one I can talk to!" the other Draco said sadly. He sat down in front of the bed in the reflection. "And I was wondering when you were going to get me back into your head."

Draco winced.

"I forgot," he said sheepishly.

The Mirror Draco looked at him intently.

"Okay, I'm working on it," Draco mumbled, sitting down in a chair in front of the mirror.

"What exactly are you doing?" Mirror Draco inquired.

"Well, if it wasn't in any of the books I've read, it must be something I did by accident,"

Draco said, shrugging. "Then it won't be in the books and ... I have to fix it myself."

"So what are you going to do?" Mirror Draco inquired again.

Draco shrugged again.

"There's something we can try," he said, rolling his shoulders to relieve the tension. "Okay, wait."

Taking a few deep breaths to calm himself, Draco sat up straight in his chair and closed his eyes, trying to relax. In his mind, he replayed everything he had done before, trying to figure out how he had managed to create a second Draco.

"Maybe because I didn't say the spell out loud ..." he muttered.

"What?" asked Mirror Draco.

Draco opened his eyes and looked at him.

"I was supposed to say the spell out loud, but I couldn't do it in front of Harry, so I said it silently," he explained, frowning in thought. "I think ..."

Reaching forward, Draco placed his hands on the mirror.

"What are you doing?" asked Mirror Draco.

"Trying something, shut up!" Draco snapped.

Mirror Draco frowned, but fell silent.

Draco closed his eyes and said clearly,

"Refero praeteritus preteritus."

There were two cries of pain, and Draco's head began to throb, as if it were splitting apart.

The sound Mirror Draco made was a sign that the same was happening to him.

The next moment, Draco felt himself slide down the dresser, gasping for breath, as if he'd just run the length of the Great Hall. He looked in the mirror, but all he saw was his own blinking reflection. He was sweaty, pale, and shaking like crazy, but Mirror Draco was nowhere to be seen.

"Well ... that was unpleasant," Mirror Draco said inside of Draco's head.

"It worked!" Draco exclaimed, wincing as his head began to throb again.

"I guess so ... man, it feels good to be back in my own body ... if only you'd vanish right now."

Draco frowned.

"I wish you were in the mirror. At least then I could ignore you," he muttered.

"I heard everything," Mirror Draco said.

"Yeah, well, you imagined it," Draco said, before grabbing his diary and heading for the door.

"Where are you going?"

"To prepare for tomorrow," Draco replied.

"You can't, not now."

"Why?"

"Because you need special memories for tomorrow," Mirror Draco explained.

"And where would I find such memories?" Draco asked.

"The Pensieve."

"What memories should I see?" Draco asked again, wandering over to the Pensieve he had forgotten to hide.

"You need to see the memory where Harry says he loves you."

Draco nodded and pulled out his wand, leaning over the Pensieve, thinking about what he wanted to see. Soon, he fell into the bowl.

Chapter 9 - Alternative Histories

"It's so nice to finally let him know," Mirror Draco murmured.

"Agreed," Draco agreed.

He and Harry lay cuddled on a large blanket. Their dining room table had been tossed aside as they decided to fulfill their desires.

Draco couldn't even imagine how wonderful it felt to have Harry aware of his feelings. The knowledge that his love was long-awaited and reciprocated washed over him in warm, soft waves.

"It's late," Harry said, yawning. "Better go back inside."

Draco nodded reluctantly and helped him up. They gathered their things, made sure everything was put away, and slipped under the Invisibility Cloak. When they reached Draco's room, Harry looked at the blond questioningly.

"He probably wants to know if he can stay," Mirror Draco informed.

"So?"

"Usually, yes, but not tonight," Mirror Draco replied. "Tell him you're not ready yet."

"But we've slept in the same bed before. Wouldn't that be a lie?" Draco asked.

"Your-our relationship is a little different now," Mirror Draco concluded. "He'll understand."

"I think I'll sleep alone tonight," Draco said out loud. "Is that okay?"

Harry smiled, though he looked a little disappointed.

"I understand," he said.

There was an awkward pause.

Draco noticed Harry glance guiltily at his lips and then looked back into his eyes.

"Can I ..." Draco asked.

"Go ahead ..."

Draco grabbed Harry by the shoulders and firmly pressed his lips to his. He shuddered, feeling Harry melt under his touch, pale hands running through his hair.

Harry greedily captured Draco's lips, soft moans coming from his throat.

Draco groaned and pressed him against the wall, his hands moving up and down Harry's body.

"You were trying to convince him you weren't ready yet, weren't you, git?"

Draco pulled away, breathing heavily.

"Sorry," he said breathlessly. "I don't know what came over me ..."

Harry grinned, his hair disheveled, his chest heaving.

"Nothing ..." he said, running his fingertip over Draco's lips, " ... too bad."

Draco grinned and kissed Harry lightly on the lips.

"Goodnight, Harry," he said softly.

"Goodnight, Draco," Harry said with a wide grin, slipping out of Draco's arms. He draped the

Invisibility Cloak over his shoulders and winked at the blond before disappearing under the cloak and heading down the hall.

Draco waited until he was in his bedroom, then let out a joyful whoop.

"Yeah, yeah," Mirror Draco grumbled. "Proud of yourself, aren't you?"

"Actually, I am," Draco replied, changing into his pajamas.

He climbed into bed and was asleep before his head hit the pillow.

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The next morning, Draco woke early and hurried to the bathroom. When he returned, he found Harry had slipped into the room unnoticed.

"Good morning," Harry said, kicking off his shoes.

Draco grinned and sank onto the bed.

"Good morning," he replied, pulling the covers back up. "It's a bit early, don't you think?"

"I don't see you complaining," Harry said, throwing his robes on a chair and crawling under the covers with Draco.

"It's Monday," Draco snapped.

Harry wrinkled his nose in disdain.

"I know, but are you going anywhere?" he asked, snuggling closer to Draco.

"Mmm ... so cozy ...," the blond responded, wrapping his arms around Harry and pulling him closer.

They fell into a comfortable silence.

"Well," Harry finally said. "When are we going to have sex?"

Draco, who had been drifting off to sleep, jerked awake as if from a strong jolt. He pulled back a little and looked at the black-haired boy.

"What?"

"When are we going to have sex?"

"A straightforward little lecher, isn't he?" Mirror Draco said.

"Yeah. Doesn't waste time, gets straight to the point. And what should I say?"

"Say soon." Mirror Draco said.

"Soon, Harry," Draco assured. "Some other time ..."

"We've been waiting two years for this," Harry pouted. "That's quite a long time."

"Soon, I promise," Draco said. "It won't be long before I fuck you, trust me."

"You're funny, Draco," Harry said, laughing.

"Why?"

"You think you're going to fuck me ..."

Draco blinked.

"What's funny?"

"Well, I'm not passive," Harry said, as if it were the most obvious thing in the world.

"What? Harry, everything about you screams passive," Draco blurted out before he could stop himself.

"Sorry, what?" Harry asked, leaning forward and placing his hands on his hips.

"Which is to be proven," Draco said.

Harry realized the position he was sitting in and lunged at Draco, wrapping his arms around his neck.

"I'm not passive," he said, laughing at the shocked expression on the blond's face.

"He's telling the truth," Mirror Draco commented.

"Are you serious? I could have sworn he was passive."

"You probably thought that about your Harry."

"Ha ... another Harry would definitely be on top," Draco told himself.

Harry leaned over and kissed Draco, making him immediately forget what they had just been talking about.

The door suddenly burst open and Harry jumped back.

"Blaise!" he shouted.

"Wow! You two are finally together!" Blaise exclaimed, holding out his arms as if to hug them both tightly. "It only took you two years!"

Harry reached for the pillow and threw it at Blaise, hitting him in the face.

"GET OUT!" he yelled.

Blaise laughed and threw the pillow back before running. The pillow hit Harry so hard that he fell off the bed. Draco rolled with laughter, as did Mirror Draco in his head.

Harry sat up on the floor.

"Traitor!" He exclaimed, smiling playfully. He picked up a pillow from the floor and threw it at Draco.

This made him laugh even harder. When Harry hit him again, Draco rolled off the bed, pinning Harry to the floor and tickling him furiously. Soon, simple tickling turned into intense caresses.

As soon as they began kissing, Harry grabbed Draco's shirt and pulled it off. His hands slid down the boy's bare back as Draco began kissing his neck.

Draco had gone too far to listen to Mirror Draco's entreaties to slow down. His tongue trailed to Harry's lips, his eyes closing in bliss.

"Draco," Harry moaned, his hips thrusting forward.

Draco opened his eyes and went cold.

When he closed them, he imagined the Harry from his time beneath him. He had completely forgotten that it was a different Harry.

"Draco," Harry moaned again. "What's wrong?"

Draco swallowed convulsively, trying to control himself.

"Come to your senses! You forgot for a second."

"I told you, take your time... you're not ready yet! You just changed time! You have no idea what's going on here!" Mirror Draco scolded.

"If we don't stop, we'll be late," Draco squeezed out.

"You're right," Harry sighed, running his hand through his friend's hair. They both stood up and started getting ready for school.

They were silent, and Draco felt obliged to say something, but Harry didn't seem to mind the silence.

"I need to see more memories tonight," Draco told himself.

"For once, I agree with you," smirked Mirror Draco.

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"If he doesn't suspect it yet, he will soon," Draco muttered, closing the portrait behind him.

The day went almost smoothly. He and Harry barely spoke, but nothing else happened. He told Harry again that he wanted to sleep alone, and again their evening ended with a kiss.

"What memories should I see tonight? How about you choose?"

"Trust me," Mirror Draco said

Draco went up to the Pensieve ...

Chapter 10 - Not a Step Back

"I can't believe it!"

"Are you going to tell me what you're talking about?" Mirror Draco said.

"Harry hasn't experienced any of this face-to-face?"

"What do you mean?"

"You helped Harry find out about all this back in his first year, right?"

"Yes... and?"

"What about the prophecy?" asked Mirror Draco.

There was silence.

"What prophecy?"

"You don't know about the prophecy?"

"No..."

"And Harry?"

"No. He would have told me, or we would have found out together..."

Draco jumped up, walked out of the room, and climbed through the portrait hole.

"Where are you going?"

"To see Dumbledore..."

When Draco reached the Headmaster's office, a stone gargoyle automatically opened the entrance (one of the privileges of Head Boy). He raced up the moving staircase and knocked on the office door.

A minute later, the door swung open.

"Mr. Malfoy," Dumbledore said, his whole appearance expressing surprise. He was sitting at his desk, quill in hand, a half-written letter in front of him. "To what do I owe this late visit ..."

"Why doesn't Harry know about the prophecy?" Draco blurted out.

Dumbledore's face darkened, his eyes narrowed behind his half-moon glasses as he lowered his quill.

"How did you know about the prophecy?" he asked.

"Forget how I knew," Draco said impatiently. "Why didn't you tell Harry that he was the only one who could defeat Voldemort?"

"I do not understand how you could know about the prophecy, but I can assure you that it is none of your concern," said Dumbledore.

"What the hell?!" Draco barked. "Harry has a right to know!"

Dumbledore fell silent and looked at Draco carefully.

"Who are you?"

"Are you completely mad?" Draco exclaimed. "I am Draco ..."

"I know that you are Draco Malfoy," Dumbledore interrupted. "I meant, what time are you

from?"

Draco fell silent, his face not betraying surprise, although Mirror Draco was cursing him like crazy, and his stomach did a complete flip.

"I did not ..."

"You know perfectly well what I mean, Mr. Malfoy," Dumbledore said, standing up. "I felt the changes, but until now I could not understand what they were connected with. Now answer my question."

"Better not risk it ... don't lie to him."

"From a time where you had no secrets from Harry," Draco answered carefully. "From a time where you and he were closer than father and son."

"It must be a completely different time," Dumbledore said sadly. "A time, if I'm not mistaken, with which you were dissatisfied."

"I was dissatisfied with my relationship with Harry, not with what was happening around me," Draco said. "But that's not important. Why doesn't he know?"

"How did he know in your time?" Dumbledore asked.

"He went to the Department of Mysteries after my father," Draco explained. "My father was going to get hold of the prophecy, but failed when Harry and his friends ended up there."

"What friends?"

"Weasley, his sister, Hermione, Lovegood, Longbottom ..." Draco listed. "That's all I know."

"If Lucius went there, then why did Harry go after him?" Dumbledore was surprised.

Draco thought he'd misheard.

"Harry went there because the Dark Lord wanted to lure him into a trap," he replied.

"If I understand correctly, in your time, you and Harry are on opposite sides?" Dumbledore asked understandingly.

Draco nodded.

"Yes."

"Now, Mr. Malfoy," Dumbledore said, sitting back down at the desk, "I think you should sit."

Draco frowned, but sat down.

"I believe something has changed in this time," Dumbledore said.

Draco nodded, but said nothing.

"So, let me start by saying that your father is on our side," Dumbledore said. "Back in your fourth year, when Voldemort returned, your father was a Death Eater. But he began spying for us when he saw how close you and Harry were. He didn't want to lose his son because he was an enemy of his friend."

Draco felt sick. So, if he had stayed in his time and befriended Harry, his father might have changed?

But on second thought, he realized that wouldn't have happened. It was too late.

"Since your first year, you and Harry have been inseparable," Dumbledore continued.

"And we still are," Draco interrupted.

He was surprised to see Dumbledore laughing.

"Still not used to it, huh?"

Draco shook his head.

"Sir," he said. "And what about Sirius Black?"

"What do you mean?" Dumbledore asked.

"Well, I know that this Draco helped with Sirius Black," Draco continued. "What does that mean?"

"It means that he helped Harry find out who Black really was, even though they never spoke to each other after their third year. Black was a criminal, after all," Dumbledore said.

"And what about Wormtail?" Draco asked, his eyes widening in confusion.

"Wormtail?"

"Peter Pettigrew," Draco amended.

"He died years ago, why?" Dumbledore asked.

Draco sat up, confused.

"But in my time, Father said that Pettigrew betrayed Lily and James Potter and made it look like Black had killed them. Harry didn't know this until his third year," he explained.

Now it was Dumbledore's turn to be surprised.

"Where was he hiding if he really was alive?" he asked.

"Father said Pettigrew was an Animagus, and a rat at that," said Draco.

Dumbledore's eyes gleamed with understanding.

"Scabbers ..." he murmured.

"Sir?"

"Mr. Ron Weasley lost his rat in his third year, just about the time Black escaped, and he never saw it again," Dumbledore explained. "Now I see the connection."

"So Harry never became close to Black?" Draco concluded.

"No," Dumbledore answered.

"How did Black die?" Draco asked. "In this time, I mean.

"Dementors."

Draco sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"Is everything all right, Mr. Malfoy?" Dumbledore asked.

"I think I've destroyed us all," Draco replied in a dull voice.

"How?"

"Harry is not that strong," Draco said, taking his hands away from his face. "He didn't perform all those miracles alone."

"I don't see what that has to do with Voldemort," Dumbledore said.

"It means he's not ready to face Voldemort," Draco explained.

"Of course he is, Mr. Malfoy," Dumbledore said, returning to his interrupted letter. "You just

didn't give him a chance. Well, it's late, and I think it's time for you to return to your room."

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"Was the Harry of your time closely associated with Black?" Mirror Draco asked.

"Yes, they were like father and son."

"And you and Dumbledore?"

"No, why? What makes you think that?"

"It's because I only communicate with Dumbledore when absolutely necessary."

## Chapter 11 - Jealousy and Fear

"Stop grinning like that!" Draco hissed at Harry as they walked into the Great Hall. "You might as well write 'I just got fucked' on your forehead!"

"Why can't I brag?" Harry asked, still grinning. "That was a damn good fuck."

Draco opened his mouth to reply, but they had already entered the Great Hall and were heading towards the Slytherin table. Draco felt someone staring at him from behind and turned to see who was staring at him.

"Weasley! What does he want?" Draco thought bitterly when he saw the redhead watching his every move. Harry turned away, and Weasley stared at the blond with hungry eyes.

"Oh no!" Draco exclaimed silently.

"What?" Mirror Draco asked. "You let Weasley have you?"

"It was an accident," came the confused reply.

"What do you mean 'accident'? Did he slip, fall, and end up inside you?" "Oh, sorry! I think my cock just went up your arse, over and over again ..."

"No, you idiot! I was drunk. It happened after our annual graduation banquet, two years ago."

"Wait! You were drunk? Wasn't he drunk or something?"

"No, so desire overcame my disgust for him ..."

"And Harry ..."

"Yes, he knows."

Draco shuddered in disgust as he took his place at the table.

"Good morning, Blaise, Pansy!" Harry said cheerfully, piling food on his plate.

"Were you two fucking or something?" Blaise asked bluntly.

Draco flushed, and Harry nodded contentedly.

"It was excellent, I might add!" he said.

"And you're proud of yourself, aren't you?" Draco asked, overcoming his embarrassment, looking down at his plate.

"Very," Harry answered.

Draco shook his head as Harry began devouring his breakfast.

"Well," Blaise whispered, leaning down so that only Draco could hear. "Did everything turn out the way you wanted?"

Draco paused, fork halfway to his mouth, and thought. After a few seconds, he shrugged.

"I suppose," he said, finally putting food in his mouth.

"Are you sure?" Blaise asked.

"It was good ... very good," Draco answered. "I just... I don't know."

Blaise frowned in confusion.

"And you ..." he began.

"No, my feelings for Harry haven't changed," Draco assured him.

"Oh, and you thought it was all just a fairy tale until it came to it?" Blaise asked.

"Yeah, I guess," Draco said, stabbing his fork into his food.

"So, when did this happen?"

"This morning," Draco replied.

"Damn, you haven't wasted any time!" Blaise exclaimed.

"Shut up!" Draco felt a hand on his knee and turned to Harry.

"I'm sorry I snapped at you today," he said quietly. "I just couldn't help myself."

Draco chuckled and squeezed his hand.

"It's okay."

Harry smiled.

~~~~~

It happened when Draco was in the library during recess. He was waiting for Harry to bring him the potions book he was looking for.

The Slytherin was leafing through his Potions notes, intending to find another book he needed. He stood with his back to the shelves when he came face to face with Ronald Weasley.

Now, as a rule, Draco had to call out to him and, pushing him aside, pass by. However, a wave of nausea washed over him, preventing him from doing so.

"Hello, Draco," Weasley said, drawing out the words in a way Draco hadn't noticed before.

"Weasley," the blond replied, his lips curling in disgust.

"Since when have we started calling each other by our last names again?" Weasley asked, grabbing Draco's arm to keep him from leaving.

"Since you took advantage of my drunkenness," Draco retorted, pulling his arm out of Ron's grip.

"Is that what you keep telling yourself?" Weasley asked. The same disdain on his face was something Draco was used to seeing in his own reality.

"It's true," the Slytherin replied, but became a little worried when he realized that the other Draco was being unusually quiet.

"Drunks don't beg, Draco," Weasley said mockingly.

Suddenly, the redhead felt a nudge in the neck.

"I advise you to leave, Weasel," Harry said, appearing in front of him; his wand was pointed directly at Ron's carotid artery. "Before you get hurt."

"What is it, Potter?" Weasley asked. "Are you mad that I had your little friend before you?"

Draco saw Harry's eyes flash and, before his friend could curse or even kill Ron, he grabbed his arm.

"Forget it," he said. "He's not worth it. He's not worth anything."

Harry gritted his teeth but lowered his wand.

"I hope you'll leave my friend alone," he said scathingly. "You won't be so lucky next time." Weasley glared at them both and walked away without a word.

"He didn't hurt you?" Harry asked immediately, as soon as Ron was out of sight.

Draco shook his head.

"No, I'm fine," he assured. "Let's talk in my room."

Harry agreed, so they gathered their things and left.

"Draco," Harry said as they walked toward the Head Prefect's room. "Can I ask you something?"

"Of course," Draco replied, but he was slightly wary. He had a feeling he wouldn't like the question.

The black-haired boy turned to face him.

"Were you really drunk when you had sex with Weasley?" he asked, a hint of uncertainty creeping into his voice. "He said ..." Harry paused, waiting for an answer.

"I don't know, do you?" Mirror Draco asked.

"Yes, of course I was drunk!"

"Then why didn't you say anything during the meeting with Weasley?"

"You had everything under control. What could I say?"

"Yes, I was drunk, Harry," Draco assured him when they reached the portrait leading to his quarters. "And I deeply regret it."

"Okay," Harry said as Draco spoke the password.

They spent the next hour working on their Potions homework. The assignment would have taken longer, but Harry eventually got tired of studying. Their textbooks flew to the floor as he pounced on Draco, kissing him feverishly.

"Harry, can I ask you a question?" Draco asked when they pulled apart to catch their breath.

He was lying on his back, his shirt unbuttoned. His robes, tie, and shoes were strewn carelessly across the room. Harry was sitting on top of him, in the same state.

"Of course," Harry said.

Draco shifted slightly, rising to a sitting position.

"Are you afraid of Voldemort?" he asked.

Harry visibly shuddered and buried his face in his friend's neck.

"Of course I am," he answered. "He killed my parents and a hundred other people. He tried to kill me ..."

"But, Harry," Draco said carefully. "If you want to defeat him, you need to stop being afraid." There was complete silence for several minutes.

"What's with the sudden interest in me fighting the Dark Lord?" Harry asked, pulling away from Draco and glaring at him suspiciously. "What happened to your usual 'run away' or 'let someone else worry about it' routine? Use the Slytherin method, save yourself?"

“Well, I’ve changed my mind,” Draco said, wincing at his doppelganger’s philosophy. “And his name is Voldemort.”

Harry flinched again.

“Stop saying it!” he hissed.

“Fear of a name only increases the fear of the enemy,” Draco stated.

“Have you been talking to Granger?”

“Listen, Harry,” Draco ignored him. “You are strong enough to face Voldemort.”

“And what if I lose?” Harry asked, moving to the other side of the sofa and curling into a ball. “He’s going to kill me, Draco! And all because I stopped him when I was one. He wanted to kill me when I was a baby, and I don’t even know why!”

Draco bit his lip, about to tell him about the prophecy.

"Don't you dare!" Mirror Draco scolded.

"He has to know! If he knows he's destined to do this, maybe he'll make the effort and try!"

"You don't know him like I do! He can't!" Mirror Draco said.

"I know why," Draco said, making Harry turn to face him.

He could hear Mirror Draco cursing him like crazy, but he didn't care.

"What do you mean, you know?" Harry asked coldly.

Draco moved closer and took his hand.

"I know why Voldemort tried to kill you all those years ago," he said. "I found out a few days ago and I've been waiting for the right moment to tell you."

"Tell me what?" Harry asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

Draco took a deep breath.

"There is a prophecy ..."

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When he finished, there was dead silence for ten minutes. Draco still held Harry's hand, but neither of them spoke.

Draco wanted to say something ... anything to calm Harry down, but he knew he had to give him time to sit and think.

"That explains everything," Harry said finally. "Why the Dark Lord tried to kill me ... why he kept trying every year ... and why I have this stupid scar on my forehead ..."

"Hey, I think it's hot," Draco said, trying to lighten the mood.

"Yeah?" Harry asked, finally looking him in the eyes.

Draco nodded. He leaned forward and kissed him softly.

"Are you okay?" he asked, pulling away.

Harry sighed heavily, but nodded.

"So what now?" he asked helplessly.

"I'll train you," Draco said.

"How?"

"I know some of the spells - protections, curses - that the Death Eaters know," Draco explained. "I can teach you ... so you'll know what they know and be able to predict their moves."

"But," Harry began. "How did you ..."

Draco raised a finger to his lips.

"It doesn't matter how I know," he said, lowering his hand. "What matters is that I can make you stronger. Stronger than you've ever been before ... if you agree."

Harry sat silently for a moment. Draco saw the fear in his eyes, but he also noticed that his friend was thinking carefully. He knew that even though Harry was scared, he would still agree to something that could be useful. After all, he was a Slytherin.

"Okay," he said. "Train me as a Death Eater."

Draco nodded.

"Okay," he said, squeezing Harry's hand. "Are you sure?"

Harry nodded.

"Yes," he said. "As long as you're with me, Voldemort doesn't stand a chance."

Draco smiled and leaned down again, kissing Harry passionately. Harry kissed him back hungrily, plunging his tongue into Draco's mouth.

"I think I deserve a reward," he said hoarsely, pulling away.

Draco chuckled.

"Hmm," he said, standing up and pulling Harry toward the bedroom. "I don't argue."

And they went off to do something they definitely wouldn't teach in any of the extracurricular activities.

## Chapter 12 - Frustration

"Have you seen Harry or Draco lately?" Blaise asked, sitting down at the table next to Pansy.

"Not really, why?" she inquired, opening the latest copy of the Daily Prophet.

"Me too, that's why I asked," Blaise said. "They keep disappearing into thin air."

"Maybe they're just making up for lost time," Pansy suggested, disappearing behind the newspaper.

"Huh ... I think there's something else," Blaise said, shaking his head. "Have you noticed Draco's been acting strange lately?"

"Oh, Blaise, you're so suspicious! Leave them alone!" Pansy waved her off. "I'm sure they're not doing anything bad."

"Yeah, you're probably right," Blaise said with a shrug. "What's the news?"

"Another Death Eater attack ..."

"That's the third one this week. What the hell is going on?"

"I have no idea."

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Draco sighed in frustration, pushing his blond hair back from his forehead.

"Damn it, Harry!" he barked. "Focus!"

"I'm focusing! This is too hard!" Harry groaned.

They were in the Room of Requirement, training. The room had been converted into a training hall, equipped with books on defensive spells and weapons. They had started training a few weeks ago but hadn't made much progress yet. It seemed like Harry wasn't even trying.

In fact, he wanted Draco to train him. Draco had asked him numerous times if he was really sure. He simply had no incentive. He groaned with every scratch and rarely practiced himself.

"If you practice more, it won't be so hard!" Draco shouted, his irritation threatening to burst.

Harry frowned.

"No, it's still going to be hard!" he urged. "You're teaching me Defense Against the Dark Arts!"

"Try hard!" Draco barked. "It will work if you put in the mental and physical effort! Concentrate!"

He fired a Stunning Charm at Harry, who was supposed to use the Shield Charm to defend himself ... a charm the other Harry knew exceptionally well.

He watched as Harry raised his wand ... but the spell wasn't strong enough. The Stunning Charm penetrated the shield almost immediately, hitting him in the shoulder.

“Ow!” he cried, dropping his wand and clutching the bruised area. “That hurt!”

“And?” Draco asked, placing his hands on his hips. “Do you think Voldemort cares whether you're in pain or not?”

Harry narrowed his eyes angrily, still clutching his shoulder.

“I need a break,” he said coldly.

“No,” Draco snapped. “Get ready.”

“I said, I need a break!” Harry snapped, his eyes dark with anger. “I'm tired and I'm in pain.”

“Ouch!” Draco mimicked. “The final battle will be much worse. If you want to learn what a Death Eater can do, you need to act like one.”

“I don't want to be like a Death Eater!” Harry exclaimed.

“First of all, you already agreed, and secondly, you asked me to train you,” Draco said. “Did you think I was going to act like a lovesick idiot and give in to you? Sorry to disappoint you, but it's not going to work!”

“You need to calm down!” Harry shouted. “You're getting into character too much!”

“And you're not trying hard enough!”

“I'm trying!”

“No! You're a weakling!”

“I'm not a weakling!”

“Then prove it!”

Draco released Stupefy before he finished speaking. Harry instinctively used the Shield Charm. This time the spell was so strong that it pushed Draco back. He crashed into the wall and fell to the floor.

“Oh my God!” Harry cried, rushing to his friend. “Draco, are you okay?”

Draco sat up, wincing. However, a smile was shining on his face.

“I knew you could do it,” he said as Harry helped him to his feet.

Harry's eyes widened.

“You're an idiot!” he said, pushing Draco.

Unfortunately, Draco hadn't managed to stand up completely yet and almost fell again.

Harry managed to catch him.

“I'm sorry! Forgive me!” he begged.

Draco laughed and rubbed his bruised back.

“It's okay,” he said. “I think I deserved it.”

“Yeah,” Harry agreed, and they headed for the door. Training was over for the day. “Damn, you're a real exploiter!”

“But I was right, you can do it, Harry,” Draco said. “You just need a boost.”

They were silent as they walked to Draco's room. Once there, they crossed the living room and headed to the bathroom. Both boys undressed and slipped into the shower, counting the number of bruises they had received during today's training.

"I see a new one on my arm ... of course," Harry said, examining the place where the Stunning Curse had hit him.

"That wall was pretty strong," Draco said, twisting around and trying to find the bruise he thought had appeared from the collision with the wall.

Harry pulled Draco close, exposing himself to the stream of hot water.

"Was I good enough to get a reward?" he purred.

"God, is he always this horny?" Draco asked Mirror Draco.

"Yes." "

"Almost," Draco replied. "If you hadn't whined so much, I might have rewarded you somehow."

"So you won't?" Harry asked, pouting.

Draco smirked and shook his head. He quickly touched Harry's lips to his before starting to wash himself.

"You can't always get a reward," he said.

"Oh, God, who are you and what have you done with Draco Malfoy?" Harry asked.

"He just disappeared," Draco muttered.

"You stole his body."

"Shut up!"

After their showers, Harry and Draco settled down in the common room to do their homework.

"I can't believe it's so late ..." Harry said through a yawn, glancing at the clock over his robes. "Can't we finish this during recess?"

"No," Draco said, blinking furiously as sleep threatened to overtake him too. "We're almost done. If we finish this now, we'll get a rest during recess."

Harry made a noise of disgust, but didn't throw the essay down. It was almost one in the morning when they finally finished their homework. They trudged to Draco's room. In the darkness, they quickly stripped down to their shorts and collapsed onto Draco's bed.

"I'm so tired," Harry muttered, snuggling into Draco's chest.

Draco made a noise of approval and was about to fall asleep when he felt something slide up his thigh.

"Don't get handsy," he said, slapping Harry's hand away.

"What's wrong?" Harry asked, pulling away and frowning at Draco in the dark.

"What do you mean?" Draco echoed. Thoughts of sleep instantly vanished as soon as he heard Harry's tone.

"Did I do something to offend you?" Harry asked again.

Draco clearly heard a note of concern in his voice.

"No, why would you think so?"

"Well, when we train, you constantly yell at me, and for the last two days you haven't

touched me once,” Harry replied.

“That’s not true!” Draco insisted.

“Sexually, I mean.”

Draco opened his mouth to argue, but on second thought, he realized Harry was right.

Although he felt a little guilty, he also felt a little irritated.

“Damn it! What’s wrong with him?” Draco asked Mirror Draco.

“What do you mean?”

“Does he really think I’m here to coddle him and fulfill his every sexual desire?”

“He just loves you,” Mirror Draco said.

“Yeah, I know, but we shouldn’t be physically affectionate all the time.” “

“We had a hard training session and I’m tired,” Draco said, trying to sound gentle. “Just because I’m not as horny as you doesn’t mean I’m mad at you!”

Apparently, that was the wrong answer. The black-haired boy got up from the bed and sat up.

“What?” Harry asked.

Draco heard the angry note in his voice.

“Harry, just because we didn’t have sex or I didn’t touch you doesn’t mean I’m angry with you,” Draco repeated as gently as possible. “I didn’t know I was doing anything wrong.”

“I bet you would have known if you were with Weasley,” came the muffled reply. Harry said it very quietly, and Draco shouldn’t have heard, but he did.

“Oh no, he didn’t say that!” Draco complained to Mirror Draco.

“Oh yes, he did!”

Draco pushed Harry off the bed.

“Get out!” he said, pointing to the door.

The black-haired boy quickly rose to his feet.

“Wait! Draco, I ...”

“No!” Draco interrupted him. “I can’t believe you stooped to this! I was drunk when I fucked Weasley, and you know perfectly well that there was nothing between us and there never will be! You’re the only one I love and you seem to love me too!”

“I’m sorry! I really love you!”

“Then why did you say that?”

“Well, I just thought that you ...”

“You thought I wasn’t attracted to you anymore? You think I did all this just to fuck Weasley?”

“Do what?”

But Draco wasn’t listening. He got out of bed and started pacing the room, muttering under his breath.

"I can't believe this! I worked my ass off, searching, researching, and what do I get? Stuck in a reality where I got fucked by a Weasel and the guy I love is a mama's boy!"

"Draco, what the hell are you talking about?"

The blond went cold, he completely forgot that Harry was still here. He slowly turned to face him. Luckily, Harry didn't hear half of his rant.

"Get out," Draco said softly.

"I said I was sorry!" Harry exclaimed.

"After what you said, I need to be alone," Draco said, walking to the door. "Please go away."

He watched with a heavy heart as Harry dressed and walked over to him. He looked so broken and sad that Draco almost changed his mind.

"Don't." Mirror Draco warned.

"What?"

"Don't let him stay."

"I didn't expect that from you."

"You're right."

"I know. About what this time?"

"He's weaker than he looks. If he thinks you're angry at him, he'll probably be angry at himself." Mirror Draco explained.

"And ..."

"And he'll try to make it up to you. Usually that meant buying you a present, but since you're training him, he'll try harder."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely. He wants you to be proud of him."

"I hope you're right."

Harry and Draco walked through the common room in complete silence. Neither of them spoke until they reached the portrait hole. Harry turned to his friend.

"Draco ..."

"Goodnight, Harry."

Draco's heart ached, but he closed the portrait before Harry could say anything else.

He leaned against the portrait and sighed.

"I really hope you know what you're talking about."

"Of course, trust me," Mirror Draco said smugly.

Chapter 13 - Departure

"Have any of you seen Harry?" Draco asked, sitting down to breakfast.

He hadn't seen his friend since their argument two days ago.

Blaise and Pansy immediately looked up from their breakfast at his question.

"He grabbed some food and then ran off," Blaise answered.

"When?"

"Five minutes ago," Pansy said.

"Do you know where he went?" Draco asked, helping himself to some food. He was going to find Harry and finally find out everything.

Pansy and Blaise exchanged glances.

"What?" Draco asked, noticing this.

"He didn't want us to tell you," Pansy finally said.

"Why?" Draco instantly lost his appetite. His stomach turned over. It felt like he had ruined everything between him and Harry.

Blaise shrugged.

"He didn't say why," he answered. "He just said he was leaving and that we shouldn't tell you."

"Did you have a fight?" Pansy asked. "I asked Harry, but he didn't answer."

"Yes," Blaise interjected. "What happened?"

Draco ignored their questions and covered his face with his hands.

"He'll never talk to me again!"

"He will! He just needs time!"

"He's had two days. We need to find him."

"He's most likely in the Room of Requirement."

Draco stood up abruptly and grabbed his things. He prayed to every god he knew, begging them not to let his relationship with Harry end because of this stupid fight.

"Hey! Where are you going?" Blaise shouted after him.

"Leave him alone," said Pansy, patting her boyfriend on the arm.

"After all the passion they had between them, I thought they would make every effort not to fight," Blaise said, shaking his head sadly.

"It'll be fine," assured Pansy. "Although, I've never seen them fight ... I don't remember anything like this ..."

"Me either," Blaise said, frowning. "Something's not right here ..."

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Draco's nerves were on edge as he headed to the Room of Requirement.

"It's going to be fine."

Draco seriously doubted the veracity of his alter ego, but nevertheless, he knew that he

needed to make peace with Harry at any cost. He hadn't gone through all this just to lose him over a stupid argument.

Approaching the wall, he was surprised when the door to the room appeared before him. With a heavy sigh, Draco opened the door and stepped inside.

Sure enough, Harry was there. He was standing in the middle of the room, practicing the Shield Charm. He was dressed in his school uniform, but without his robes. His sweat-dampened hair stuck to his forehead, his cheeks flushed. An untouched plate of food sat nearby.

Draco watched as various spells appeared out of nowhere and flew at Harry. He blocked each one so easily that he reminded Draco of the Harry he knew.

Draco simply stood there, watching Harry practice, and Harry didn't even notice that he was no longer alone in the room.

Five minutes after Draco's arrival, the spells stopped attacking Harry, and he finally lowered his wand and relaxed. A glass of water appeared next to the plate.

Then he looked around and noticed Draco.

"Hello," he said sheepishly.

"Hello," Draco greeted. "I knew you were here."

"So, do you still think I'm a weakling?" Harry said sarcastically, picking up his glass of water and immediately draining it halfway.

"Is that it?" asked Draco. "You think I think you're weak?"

"You do think so," Harry said bitterly. "You told me so the day before yesterday."

"Because you didn't try!" said Draco. "That's not what I meant. I know you're not weak."

"Okay, forget it," Harry sat down on the floor with his back to Draco and picked up his breakfast plate.

"Harry," Draco said, standing in front of him again. "If I thought you were really weak, would I have taught you the Dark Arts?"

Harry was silent, picking at his plate.

"The Dark Arts take a lot of energy and strength," Draco continued. "You have no idea how much power you have. That's why I got angry when you started whining. You need to concentrate your power and use it."

"Is that why you fucked Weasley?" came the angry question. "Because he's strong?"

Draco was dumbfounded.

"What the hell are you talking about?" he asked. "Weasley is nothing compared to you! What makes you think you're weaker than him?"

"Because he got you first," Harry muttered.

Draco rolled his eyes in frustration. He sat down in front of Harry, took his plate, put it aside and took the brunette's hands.

"Harry, look at me," he asked.

But Harry stubbornly looked at the floor.

"Harry, I'm serious," Draco said, starting to get angry. "I didn't go through this shame and everything else just to be ignored."

Without looking up, Harry looked at Draco through his bangs.

"Okay," Draco said. "Just because Weasley and I ... one thing happened doesn't mean he's stronger than you. I was drunk! Is it a sign of strength for Weasley to take advantage of someone who's drunk? It's weakness, Harry. The fact that you didn't want to ruin our friendship and gave me time to sort out my feelings – that's strength. Do you understand?"

Harry sighed heavily, but nodded.

"Yes," he said, raising his head and pushing his hair off his forehead. "Yeah, I understand. I'm sorry, Draco. I know I acted like a complete idiot."

"Hey," Draco chuckled. "You're my idiot."

Harry smiled and leaned forward, giving Draco a gentle kiss.

"I'm really sorry ... I love you."

"I love you too, you git," Draco said. He stood up, pulling Harry with him. "Now let's go, or we'll be late for class."

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"So, is everything cleared up?" Pansy asked as Harry and Draco joined her and Blaise in Potions class.

Harry nodded happily. He and Draco took their usual seats.

Professor Snape burst into the classroom in his usual manner, except this time he was looking at Draco.

"The Headmaster would like to see you in his office immediately," he said grumpily.

Draco, embarrassed and a little nervous, rose from his seat and left the room.

"Oh God, what now? Am I in trouble? I knew it! He's probably furious that I'm teaching Harry the Dark Arts!"

"Can you calm down?" Mirror Draco responded. "I'm sure everything is fine."

Draco was in disbelief and was practically shaking as he walked towards Dumbledore's office.

"Get a grip!" he ordered himself, finally controlling his trembling and putting on his usual mask of indifference. "Bloody hell, you're turning into Harry!"

He took a deep breath before knocking on the door.

"Come in, come in," came the reply.

Draco entered Dumbledore's office and found himself face to face with Lucius Malfoy.

"Father!" he practically squeaked, wincing at his own outburst.

He was even more nervous to see his father smiling, considering that in the past it had always meant something terrible was to come.

"Draco! It's good to see you!" Lucius said, enveloping his only son in a tight hug.

Draco was so shocked that he continued to stand there, staring at Dumbledore, as if expecting an explanation for his father's unexpected display of affection. His answer was a smile, a nod, and that damned twinkle in the headmaster's eyes.

Carefully, feeling like he was going crazy, Draco hugged his father.

"Father," he asked when the greeting was finished. "What are you doing here?"

"Father? Since when do you call me 'Father'?" Lucius asked, looking at his son in surprise.

"What do you call him?" Draco asked Mirror Draco.

"Uh, Dad..." Mirror Draco replied as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

"It's so... corny!"

"Fuck you! You've interfered in my affairs enough already; don't you dare ruin my relationship with my parents!"

"Sorry, F... Dad," Draco quickly corrected himself. "It just slipped out."

Lucius seemed satisfied with this explanation, and they both sat down in the chairs Dumbledore offered.

"So, Dad," Draco said, smiling uncontrollably, "what brings you to Hogwarts?"

Lucius, who was also smiling, suddenly grew dark.

"Draco," he said. "I came to take you home."

"Oh, shit ..."

"Uh ..."

"Why?" Draco asked anxiously, trying not to look too guilty.

"Your mother is very ill, son," Lucius explained. "She was at St. Mungo's for a few days, and they sent her home this morning. They said she had high blood pressure. She needs rest and peace, and a few healing potions, but she really wants to see you."

Draco looked at the Headmaster, who finally spoke.

"I'll let your teachers know," he said. "I think you should go and pack your things, Draco."

"What about Harry?" Draco blurted out.

"Mum said he could come," Lucius replied. "She'd like to talk to him too."

"Can Harry come?" Draco asked, surprised.

Lucius frowned.

"Yes, of course. What is it? You don't want to?"

"Idiot." Mirror Draco said smugly.

"Shut up! If you had told me, everything would have been fine."

"I want him to come with us," Draco said. "I just wanted to make sure everything would be okay, given how Mum is".

"You know they're as good as two peas in a pod," Lucius said, grinning. "They can chat for hours."

"That's the honest truth."

"That's kind of weird."

"Okay," Draco said. "I'm going to get ready."

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Draco picked Harry up from the classroom and they both went to the dorm.

"I hope Narcissa is okay," Harry said. It was clear that he was very worried.

"Me too," Draco replied.

But although Draco was worried about his mother, he was very nervous about meeting her. His relationship with his father was so different from what it had been before. He was afraid to find out how close they had become.

"Should we tell them?" Harry asked as they reached the intersection where they were supposed to go to their separate rooms.

"What? Why?" Draco exclaimed.

Harry frowned.

"Why not?" he asked.

A thousand reasons flashed through Draco's mind, but he decided not to voice them. Perhaps his parents would be more supportive of his relationship with Harry than they might have been in another time.

"Let's wait until Mum gets better, and then we'll tell them everything right away," Draco suggested.

"I'll think of something to say in a minute."

"Not a bad idea."

"Okay," Harry agreed.

He came closer and quickly kissed Draco on the lips.

"I'll see you in a few minutes," he said before heading to his room.

Draco did the same, with a mixture of excitement and anxiety.

## Chapter 14 - Happiness

By the time Draco finished getting ready and headed out into the hall, he was shaking like a leaf in the wind again.

"Get a grip!" Mirror Draco scolded.

"I'm trying! This has never happened before! Damn it, what the hell is happening to me?!"

"Mum adores Harry, so I'm sure she'll be thrilled when she finds out we're dating!"

"Really?"

"Absolutely."

As he rounded the corner, he was stunned to see his father and Harry. He remembered how it had been back in his time: Harry and Lucius couldn't be in the same room without the elder Malfoy trying to kill the poor boy. So, it was shocking to see Harry and Lucius laughing and chatting like they were old friends.

"Ah, there's Draco," Lucius said when he finally noticed his son's presence. "What did you pack? Everything but the kitchen sink?" He chuckled at his own joke.

Draco was surprised that he could joke.

"Yes, Drake," Harry said, grinning. "You're as quick as ever."

"You know me," Draco smiled back. "I had to make sure I had everything I needed."

"We better get going," Lucius said, checking his pocket watch. "I promised your mother we'd be home before dark."

The three Slytherins left the castle, Harry and Draco pushing their trunks. Draco wasn't sure how they were going to get home, but he decided not to ask. The other Draco, of course, knew.

"As soon as we get to the Manor, I want you boys to take your trunks and go see Narcissa straight away," Lucius said as they walked across the Hogwarts courtyard. Many classrooms were still in session, so there was no one around. "She's very tired, so I don't know how long she'll be awake. After that, you can have the house elves serve dinner; I'll have to return to the Ministry to finish my business, and then I have a business dinner with the Minister."

"So we'll be alone all evening?" Harry asked.

Though his question sounded innocent enough, Draco sensed the falseness in it. He glanced sideways at Harry, raising an eyebrow. Harry glanced back and smirked. Luckily, Lucius didn't see it.

"Yes, most likely," he told Harry. "And before you start complaining about being bored, there's plenty of work that can be done around the house."

"Oh, I'm sure we'll do something," Harry said as they walked out the Hogwarts gates, heading for the village of Hogsmeade.

Draco opened his mouth to scold Harry when his father spoke.

"Harry, Draco, grab your trunks and hold on to my hand."

The boys did as they were told, and the next second there was the horrible sensation of being pushed through a pipe, after which they appeared with a soft pop in the entrance hall of Malfoy Manor.

"I hate Apparating," Harry said, rubbing his ears furiously.

"Me too," Draco agreed. "I prefer brooms."

Harry had to fake a cough to hide the chuckle that escaped him.

Three house elves were already waiting for them in the hall. Upon seeing the wizards, they took their traveling robes and quietly vanished.

Harry and Draco dragged their trunks up the stairs and went up to the third floor.

"Which guest room does Harry usually stay in?" Draco asked Mirror Draco.

"Um ... he doesn't stay in the guest room, he has his own."

"What! That's incredible! Then why does he go back to those Muggles every summer? Why doesn't he stay at the Manor?"

"I don't know. It's something to do with blood magic ..." Mirror Draco explained.

Draco frowned slightly, curious about learning more about blood magic. He made a mental note to find out later.

They reached Draco's room and split up; Harry's room was conveniently located across the hallway. Draco entered his room and sighed in relief when he realized that everything looked the same as it had in his time and, after a quick inspection, made sure everything was in its place.

Draco was unpacking his trunk when he felt Harry approach him from behind.

"Well," the black-haired boy said, his hands gripping Draco's hips tightly. "What do you want to do after we visit your mother?"

Draco smirked and hugged him, stretching his arms behind him.

"Well, I have a couple of ideas," he murmured, swaying his hips slightly.

"Mmm ..." Harry purred. He began to gently nip Draco's neck, but then pulled away. "We better stop before we're late for your mother's."

Draco nodded, disappointed. He went to the closet and began rummaging around for the formal suit he always wore before meeting his mother.

"What are you looking for?" Harry asked.

Draco looked at him, about to answer, but thought better of it. His parents seemed so down-to-earth right now; besides, his mother was ill, and Draco doubted she would pay attention to how he was dressed.

"Nothing," he replied. "I'll look for it later."

They left the room and headed for his parents' room, chatting about nothing in particular.

When they reached the double doors, Harry fell silent and turned to Draco.

"You better go first," he said, nodding towards the door. "She's your mother."

“Are you sure?” Draco asked. “Mum loves you. I don’t think she’ll mind.”

“No, it’s fine,” Harry said. His small smile turned sly. “Besides, how can I deny you the pleasure of telling her first?”

“Nice try,” Draco said with a grin. “We were going to wait, so let’s do just that.”

Harry looked disappointed when he realized Draco wasn’t going to rush into trouble himself, but he still insisted on visiting his mother alone.

Draco knocked softly on the door and waited until he was allowed in.

“Is there anything I should know?” he asked Mirror Draco.

“I’ll let you know in time.”

Having calmed down a bit, Draco slipped into the room.

Narcissa Malfoy was reclining primly on the bed, propped up by a pile of soft pillows. A tray of food levitated beside her, completely untouched, as far as Draco was concerned.

“Draco, dear,” Narcissa said, smiling tenderly and holding out her arms to her son.

Draco smiled back and approached, carefully hugging his mother.

“Hello, Mother,” he said, wincing slightly as he remembered he was now supposed to say “Mum.”

Fortunately, Narcissa didn’t notice the slip of the tongue and nodded at her son, indicating that he should sit on the edge of the bed. Draco did as she asked and gently took his mother’s hand.

“How are you feeling, Mum?” he asked, squeezing her hand lightly.

“Tired,” Narcissa replied, her smile fading for a moment as she yawned. “And weak, but I will live. Tell me, how are you? What’s new in your life?”

Draco tried to suppress the wide smile that might have given away his and Harry’s secret.

“Nothing,” he replied. “Nothing new ... the same old boring things.”

Narcissa glanced at her son, making it clear that she didn’t believe him. Fortunately, she didn’t press him for information.

“How is Harry?” she asked instead. “He came with you too, didn’t he?”

Draco nodded towards the door.

“He’s waiting outside,” he replied.

“Okay,” Narcissa said, settling herself more comfortably. “I want to talk to both of you.”

“Really?” Draco asked, his stomach doing a little flip. “About what?”

“Draco, you know I love you,” Narcissa said. “But it’s not good for you to keep all your feelings bottled up. No matter what anyone else thinks, you should be with who you want to be with.”

Draco’s mouth fell open in surprise.

“How does she know?” he asked Mirror Draco.

“Actually, I’m not surprised. She’s very observant and notices things that others don’t.”

“Mum, what ...”

“Draco, I know you have feelings for Harry,” Narcissa interrupted. “And I want you to know that your father and I only want the best for you. We love you and we want you to be happy.” Draco didn’t realize he was crying until his mother reached out and wiped a tear from his cheek. He was so overwhelmed with emotion that he couldn’t hold back the tears.

"I wish it were like this in my time ..." he thought, hugging his mother tightly and burying his face in her neck.

"Perhaps it will be," Narcissa said softly.

"No, never ..."

"It's okay, darling," Narcissa said, stroking Draco's back. "You don't have to hide anymore ..."

Draco pulled away, smiling softly through his tears.

"We're together, Mum," he said. "Harry and I started dating a few days ago."

Narcissa laughed happily and hugged him tightly again.

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"You're glowing."

Draco got up from the bed where he had settled down, changing into his pajama bottoms, and smiled at Harry.

It was true, Draco Malfoy was glowing with happiness, despite the fact that he was reading Quidditch Through the Ages for the thousandth time. He kept thinking about his meeting with his mother and her reaction when she found out that she and Harry were together. Draco never thought that the day would come when his mother would be happy about him dating another guy.

Chapter 15 - Rude Awakening

When Draco woke up, he was still lying next to Harry - warm, sticky, and completely satisfied. Harry's arm was slung around his waist, still clutching his now soft cock. Harry pressed himself against Draco's back, still deep inside him. He buried his face in the blond's neck, his breath tickling Draco's skin.

The awakened Slytherin wanted nothing more than to fall back asleep or simply lie next to Harry until he woke up and made love to him again, but the pressure in his bladder was becoming increasingly annoying, and he desperately needed to go to the bathroom.

He carefully removed Harry's hand from around his waist, then just as carefully pulled away, gasping slightly as Harry's cock slowly slid out of his aching hole. He paused, hoping he hadn't woken the raven-haired boy. But a quick glance over his shoulder confirmed that Harry was still fast asleep.

Draco slipped into his private bathroom to relieve himself and freshen up a bit.

Walking to the sink, he caught his reflection in the mirror.

"Hmmm," he said, taking in his tangled hair and the hickeys on his neck.

"You look like crap." Mirror Draco stated.

Draco rolled his eyes, but couldn't help but smile.

"No," he said proudly. "I look completely fucked."

"You're always like this."

His alter ego's voice was tinged with irritation and envy.

Draco smiled happily.

"I know," he said, running a hand through his hair. Suddenly, his stomach made a wistful sound, signaling that his night of activity with the Boy-Who-Lived had left him hungry.

Draco pulled on his robe, deciding to go down to the kitchen for something to eat, and perhaps get some whipped cream to spread on Harry to wake him up. He slipped quietly out of the bathroom, smiling at how soundly his friend was sleeping.

Harry was still fast asleep, curled up in bed, hugging Draco's pillow.

Draco slipped out of the room and carefully closed the door behind him. Silence reigned in Malfoy Manor as the heir to the illustrious family descended to the kitchen to satisfy his stomach's needs. He paused when he reached the double doors; light was shining from beneath them.

Surprised that someone had forgotten to turn off the lights, Draco turned the handle, but the door wouldn't budge. Frowning in irritation, he pressed his ear to the door and listened. He could make out muffled sounds, but it was difficult to determine whose voices he heard - perhaps the house elves were simply cleaning; they liked to do this when the family was fast asleep, and it was hardly worth disturbing them.

"But why is the door closed?" he thought to himself.

"There's only one way to find out." Mirror Draco suggested.

Draco grinned and walked along the outside wall of the kitchen until he came across a painting of a landscape. It had been his secret since early childhood: the passage leading to the living room, which ran right through the kitchen. In the kitchen was a portrait that, with a simple spell, allowed a person behind the wall to peer into the room. It had been used in the old days, when the Malfoys had maids, and the house elves would help spy on them to make sure they were doing exactly as they were told.

The portrait acted as a one-way mirror, allowing the person in the passage to see everything that was going on in the kitchen, but preventing people in the kitchen from seeing the spy. It hadn't been used in years, and as far as Draco knew, he was the only one in the household who was aware of the painting's true nature.

He reached up and placed his hand on it, saying in a clear but hushed voice,

"I am a Malfoy by name and blood, let me in."

The painting slid quietly aside, revealing a secret passage, which Draco quickly climbed into. He drew his wand and quickly whispered "Lumos" before moving on to another painting.

Once he reached the painting, Draco tapped it three times with his wand and soon found himself looking into a kitchen.

His parents were sitting at the table, cups of tea in their hands, talking quietly.

Draco raised an eyebrow in surprise.

"Since when do Mum and Dad drink tea? And shouldn't Mum be in bed?"

"They always drink tea when they can't sleep or when they need to have a serious talk,"

Mirror Draco explained. "And you know Mum, she's so restless. Most likely, she wanted to get up and take a little walk."

His parents' faces suddenly became serious, and Draco immediately began to worry.

"Oh, no! I hope everything is alright ..."

"Shhh, listen ..."

"So, the boys are dating?" Lucius asked his wife, mirroring the surprise Draco had felt just a moment ago. "Are they romantically involved?"

Narcissa smiled softly and nodded.

"Yes," she said. "It seems my suspicions were confirmed."

Much to Draco's surprise, Lucius smiled and shook his head.

"They've waited a long time," he murmured, sipping his tea. "By the way, my love, before I forget, I had a most interesting conversation with Albus during my last visit."

"Really?" Narcissa asked, intrigued. "How is our dear old Headmaster?"

"Oh, wonderful, simply wonderful," said Lucius, setting down his cup. "But it seems our son has blabbed to Harry about the prophecy."

Draco expected his father to be angry, but he was more surprised.

Narcissa seemed to feel the same way.

"But how did Draco know?" she asked. "And what made him tell?"

"I wish I knew, Narcissa," said Lucius. "But it seems he has begun teaching Harry the Dark Arts."

Startled, Narcissa dropped her cup, spilling tea across the white tablecloth.

"Oh, Lucius, why?" she cried. "Are you sure it's our Draco?"

"Yes, I'm sure," said Lucius. "Harry himself notified the Headmaster a few days ago for security reasons. Draco was too harsh in his training ..."

"Lucius, why?"

"Don't you understand, my dear," he said. "Our son is preparing Harry to fight the Dark Lord."

"But he is only a child!" Narcissa cried. "He won't be able to defeat the Dark Lord! He will die!"

"Draco seems to believe in his abilities and in this prophecy," Lucius said, waving his wand to clean up the spilled tea.

"Draco is blinded by love," Narcissa countered with a note of anger in her voice, but at the same time with a hint of pride. "He dreams of a strong, talented, powerful Harry, and he made himself believe that Harry is that! I know the boy is very strong, but the truth is, Lucius, I do not believe he is strong enough to defeat the Dark Lord."

"But Harry can! He can!" Draco exclaimed silently. "He's done it before!"

"Not in this world," Mirror Draco said.

"Shut up!"

"Narcissa, we both know Draco is in love," Lucius said, squeezing his wife's hand. "But he's not blind. If Draco believes that Harry is capable of defeating the Dark Lord, he must have every reason to do so."

"But why did he suddenly decide that Harry should fight the Dark Lord?" Narcissa asked.

"Before, when the Dark Lord appeared, Draco and Harry hid from him. Please tell me that Dumbledore is still going along with this plan!"

"He is, Cissa," Lucius said, stroking her hand soothingly. "The Dark Lord plans to attack Hogwarts soon, and Dumbledore foresaw this. That's why he insisted that I take the boys with me today."

"When will this happen?" Narcissa asked, her voice dropping to a whisper.

Lucius remained silent; he didn't want to frighten his wife even more, especially after everything she had been through, but he still didn't want to keep information from her.

"Lucius," Narcissa called again, this time in a firmer voice.

"Two, three days tops," Lucius answered.

Draco heard nothing more as he shot out of the secret passage and ran headlong back to his room.

“It’s impossible! It’s simply impossible!” he thought. “So soon!”

“That explains why they sent you both home,” Mirror Draco stated.

“But Harry’s not ready to fight Voldemort yet!” Draco thought feverishly. “He won’t win! He can’t, but he MUST win! I didn’t change the past just to get such a short future!”

“So what do we do?”

Draco approached his room, his decision made.

“We will fight,” he said out loud.

Chapter 16 - Time is Running Out

When Draco woke late that morning, Harry was already awake.

The black-haired boy was curled up comfortably under the covers, his side pressed against Draco.

"Good morning," Draco said carefully, afraid that Harry was still angry at him for how he had treated him the day before.

"Good morning," Harry replied, his voice expressionless.

A pause fell between them as they both remembered what was about to happen.

"I'm sorry," Draco said. "I was just freaking out from all the news yesterday, and I was worried ..."

Harry cut him off with a gentle kiss.

"It's okay," he said, pulling away. "I'd react the same way if I were you. "

Draco gave him a smile and hugged him tightly.

"I don't want to lose you," he said.

Especially after everything that happened, Draco thought. "Everything I've been through ... it should have made the world a better place!"

"I don't want to lose you either," Harry said. "But honestly, I don't think I can handle V-Voldemort. I'm not ready."

Draco sat up in bed.

"Then let's get you ready," he suggested. "We'll train for as long as we can, for as long as we have time."

"But, Draco," Harry said, also sitting up. "I'd rather spend my last days with you, here ... like this ..."

Draco grabbed Harry suddenly, so suddenly that the boy flinched in surprise and fear.

"Never, never, tell me you're going to die, do you hear me?" Draco hissed threateningly.

"Harry James Potter, you will survive this. You will defeat Voldemort, and then we will lock ourselves in this room and make love to each other for weeks, until the very end, do you understand?"

Harry took a deep breath and looked into Draco's sparkling gray eyes.

"Yes," he said firmly, nodding. "Yes, I understand. Forgive me."

Draco pulled Harry into a hug before getting out of bed.

"Come on," he said. "Let's not waste time, we need to practice."

This time, Harry obeyed without question.

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"Stun!"

"Stupefy!"

“Shield!”

“Protego!”

“Torture!”

“Crucio!”

“Cut!”

“Diffindo!”

Draco barked out commands, and the Boy-Who-Lived carried them out perfectly, countering every target the Room of Requirement provided.

They had been here for hours, taking short breaks only when Harry looked like he was about to collapse.

Draco knew he was getting tougher, but he couldn’t afford an ounce of compassion right now.

“Kill.”

Harry froze, sweat pouring down his face. His wand was pointed at its target, but it trembled in his hands.

He looked at Draco in surprise.

“Sorry, what?”

“I said kill”.

Harry shook his head.

"No," he said firmly.

Draco's eyes flashed with anger.

"Yes," he said. "That's not a suggestion or a question. It's an order."

“No, I won’t do that,” Harry said firmly, lowering his wand and turning to Draco, who was seething with rage. “I’m not a murderer!”

“It doesn’t matter whether you’re a murderer or not,” Draco said, angry that they were wasting precious time. “Do you think Voldemort or the Death Eaters would refuse to use that spell on you? That’s the only way you can kill Voldemort!”

“No, there has to be another way,” Harry said again.

“What?” Draco asked furiously. “What are you going to do? Ask him to die? Cast the spell right now!”

“Fuck you! I’m not using that spell!” Harry screamed. “I can’t! You have to understand!”

“You can’t?” Draco cried. “Look me in the eyes and tell me you don’t want Voldemort dead so much that you’ll kill him yourself!”

Harry looked at Draco, still out of breath from exhaustion and anger.

Finally, he gave a small shudder.

“I don’t want him dead,” he said. “I just want him to leave me alone.”

Draco couldn’t believe his ears.

“You – what?!” he cried. “After everything he’s done to you, everything he’ll continue to do –

you don't want him dead?!"

"I do," Harry amended. "But I don't think I can. I'll fight him, fine. But kill him?"

"He killed your parents!" Draco hissed. "He came to your house, killed your father, and then he killed your mother in front of you and tried to kill you! And not once, but many times! He's the reason Diggory is gone, and his followers are the reason Sirius is gone! And all of that doesn't give you a reason to want him dead?"

Harry froze in shock, tears streaming down his eyes.

"Why are you even having this conversation?" he asked. "You know that I don't like to talk about this ..."

"Because you need to think about it, Harry!" Draco cried out. "I don't know how else I can convince you! Do you even realize that in two days Voldemort is going to come here to kill you? Do you realize how many people will die before he gets to you? Do you realize that I could die?"

"NO!" Harry screamed, dropping his wand and hanging on Draco's neck. "I won't let you die!"

"Trust me," Draco said, hugging him despite the anger he still felt. "I won't let any of us die ... but I can't do it alone. I can't protect you alone. You have to help too."

"But you always protected me," Harry sobbed, burying his face in Draco's neck. "You were always the one who cared about me and came to my aid. Can you do that again? Can you stop Voldemort?"

Draco shook his head sadly.

"I wish I could, Harry," he said. "But you're the Chosen One the prophecy speaks of. Only you can stop it, and do you know why?"

"Because I'm so damn cute and charming?" Harry joked through his tears, smiling slightly. Draco laughed and hugged him tighter.

"Because you can love," he replied. "You have reasons to fight, you have people worth fighting for. He has no one."

They remained silent as the tension between them slowly evaporated.

"Come on," Draco said, raising Harry's wand. "Let's go back to my room. We're done here."

The training was over. Draco had done all he could. He had less than forty-eight hours before Voldemort attacked, and he'd be damned if he was going to keep Harry fighting for that long. Plus, the boy needed to sleep and recharge his magic. The training had clearly taken its toll on him.

As they left the Room of Requirement, none of them noticed the bright flash that appeared in the middle of the room and the figure that appeared behind it.

## Chapter 17 - What Have I Done?

Clutching his burning face, Draco stared at her in shock.

"What the hell was that?" he asked, spitting blood onto the floor.

"Oh, as if you don't know, you selfish fool!" Hermione exclaimed, crossing her arms and glaring at him with such hatred and contempt that Draco even took a step back.

"I didn't do anything!" he insisted, surprised by her strange behavior. And this after he had actually started to like her. "And what the hell are you wearing? It looks like you're getting ready for battle ..."

"That's right," she said, suddenly looking around as if expecting something to pounce on them from the darkness at any moment.

"So you know about Voldemort's attack?" Draco asked.

If she knows, maybe she can help somehow, he thought.

"Yes, I know Voldemort is going to attack the school," she replied. "And I know who knows what else you don't even know."

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm from the future."

Draco's eyebrows rose in surprise.

"F-from the future?" he stammered.

Normally, upon hearing that, Draco would have immediately sent an owl to St. Mungo's to inform them that they had an escaped patient. However, given his own experience with time travel, he knew that this was entirely possible. Not to mention that just by looking at her, he could tell with certainty that this wasn't the girl he went to school with. The tattoos, the clothes, and just the overall impression gave her away, and looking at her face, he saw that she was several years older than him. Maybe three or four years, he couldn't tell for sure.

Hermione nodded.

"From the future you created!" she exclaimed, jabbing her index finger into his chest.

"Created by me?" Draco asked.

"Yes, you!" Hermione snapped. "Are you happy now? You wanted to have Harry, and in return you had all of us!"

"Granger, what are you talking about?" Draco asked fearfully.

"Because of your selfishness, everyone suffered ..."

"How?"

"Because you wanted to have sex, I lost my parents ..."

"But ..."

"Because you decided to change history, the future is destroyed!"

"What the bloody hell are you talking about?"

"He's going to die, Draco!" Hermione cried. "Voldemort will kill Harry Potter!"

There was a tense silence.

Draco was so stunned that he couldn't think straight.

"H-he what?" he asked. "No! He can't die! He's Harry Potter! The Boy-Who-Lived! The Chosen One! He's ..."

"Dead," Hermione interrupted.

"You're wrong!" Draco cried. "He can't die! He's going to survive, and we'll get married ..."

"No, you won't," Hermione said in a softer tone, realizing Draco was on the verge of a breakdown. "Voldemort will kill him, Draco. Voldemort will win."

"But how? And what will happen to the others?" Draco asked.

Hermione held out her hand.

"Come with me," she said. "I'll show you."

Draco looked at the outstretched hand - he wasn't afraid of it, but rather of what he might see.

Could it really be as she said? Had his beloved Harry really died? And had Voldemort risen to power?

There was only one way to find out.

He took her hand and watched as she pulled a small bottle from her pocket and smashed it on the floor.

The corridor spun, bright colors flickering before his eyes, and Draco felt sick. Then the colors gave way to darkness, and the spinning stopped.

They were still at Hogwarts, but the school was no longer the same. Draco immediately felt that everything was different here. The corridor was still dark and quiet, but the silence seemed much more threatening than in another time. The surroundings were filthy, cobwebs hung everywhere, and shards of broken glass lay scattered everywhere. An icy cold came through the broken windows, so strong that their breath came out of their mouths in clouds of white vapor.

"I don't like it here anymore," Draco said, shivering.

Where is everyone? Why is Hogwarts abandoned? What happened to Dumbledore?

McGonagall? Snape?

He pulled out his wand to cast a Warming Charm, but Hermione grabbed his arm.

"Don't," Hermione said. "There's a magic limiter in place. You won't even have time to cast Lumos before they'll find us."

"They? Who are they?" Draco asked.

"The Death Eaters," Hermione answered.

She pointed her wand at Draco, and he immediately felt warmth.

"How can you use magic?" Draco asked instead of thanking her for the Warming Charm. It still didn't stop him from shaking.

Hermione pointed to the tattoo encircling her right wrist.

“We use special charms to remain unnoticed,” she explained. “We came up with them right after Voldemort won. Come on, we have to get out of here.”

Draco followed Hermione through the abandoned school, shaking and feeling the tears welling up.

Dead ...

His Harry was dead.

“And this is all my fault!” Draco thought, fighting back the tears.

“Who are we?” he asked, unable to bear the silence any longer.

“We call ourselves Dumbledore’s Army,” Hermione replied. “We banded together after Voldemort rose to power and the Order of the Phoenix fell, killing all of its members. Most of us simply had nowhere else to go. Many Muggle-borns whose families were wiped out joined us, not to mention some of the Weasleys, like Ginny and the twins ...”

“And Ron?” Draco asked.

Hermione pursed her lips, ignoring his question.

They fell silent again as they walked through the castle and its surrounding grounds.

The sun had already risen, but its rays brought no warmth or comfort. Everything around remained as destroyed and blackened as after the battle that took place here several years ago.

Draco stopped. He saw the sign, just a few steps from the Whomping Willow.

His hands shaking, Draco walked towards her, Hermione following behind, her wand at the ready. She remained vigilant, but Draco didn’t care. When he reached the plaque, he had to squint through his tears to read what it said:

*This plaque marks the spot where Harry Potter finally met his end. I have placed it here as a symbol of my power and a warning to those who would dare oppose me.*

*I am Lord Voldemort.*

Draco fell to his knees and touched the plaque.

“No,” he choked out. “Oh, God, no!”

“I told you,” Hermione said.

“How did it happen?”

He has to know.

“He attacked the school without warning early one morning, around seven o’clock,”

Hermione said. “Suddenly there was a loud knock on the front door. He and his Death Eaters were trying to get in, more of them than anyone could have imagined. We were outnumbered, half the students were in no condition to fight. I saw you two when I fought one of his lackeys.”

She fell silent, kneeling next to Draco, her eyes dull as she recounted what happened that terrible day.

"I heard something Harry said," she continued. "Something about the Whomping Willow and the sanctuary. You tried to stop him, said we had to fight or Voldemort would win. He didn't want to. He started running, and you followed him. You got here and Voldemort appeared out of nowhere. I think he apparated or something. I've never seen anyone more shocked than Harry was when he saw him. Harry turned, intending to run for the Whomping Willow, but Voldemort struck him with the Killing Curse before he could take a step ..."

Draco wiped his eyes with his sleeve, sobs silently wracking his body.

Hermione patted him gently on the back, but then looked around with growing concern.

"We have to go," she said. "The others will worry."

"I don't want to," Draco said, hanging his head in shame. "I've seen enough. Send me home."

"No," Hermione countered, grabbing his arm and tugging him up. "I don't think you've fully realized the consequences of your actions. I can't send you back yet."

And before he could protest again, Hermione Apparated them out of Hogwarts.

## Chapter 18 - The Only Way Out

"He's here, he's here," Harry repeated, shaking like a leaf in the wind. "No! It's too soon! Too soon!"

Draco hugged him.

"Calm down," he said.

His mind began to race, trying to find a way out, but then his thoughts turned to the trunk upstairs.

"I have to get the potion," he thought, turning and running up the steps. Harry followed him.

"What are we going to do?" he asked, catching up with Draco. "I can't fight him, Draco! I thought I could, but I was wrong!"

"I know, Harry," Draco replied, rummaging through his trunk.

Just as his hand closed on the tiny bottle of potion, there was a loud thud on the portrait.

Harry jumped and immediately pulled out his wand. Draco followed suit, clutching the potion in his hand, and went to see who had arrived.

"Draco! Harry!"

Draco sighed with relief – it was only Blaise.

He opened the portrait and saw him and Pansy – wands in hand, terrified expressions on their faces.

"Dumbledore is demanding that all older students escort the younger students out through one of the secret passages," Blaise explained. "He'll remove the wards so we can Apparate from here. Get ready, we have to go."

Harry and Draco followed their friends into the hall, where they were immediately engulfed by the crowd. Students ran screaming, trying to escape, and teachers tried to lead them away from the scene of the battle.

"Draco!" Harry called out, getting lost in the crowd. "Draco! Draco!"

"Harry!" Draco screamed, trying to push through the crowd. "Harry!"

Having made it out of the crowd, Draco gasped in horror when he saw Harry being pushed outside with the rest of the older years who wanted to fight.

"Damn it! Damn it!" Draco repeated, making his way to the doors.

Looking outside, the Slytherin paled, seeing that the battle was unfolding right on the Hogwarts grounds.

Not only teachers, but also residents of Hogsmeade, and seventh-year students were taking part in the battle with the Death Eaters. Draco saw Hermione and Neville fighting two rather impressive supporters of Voldemort.

Suddenly, Neville screamed and grabbed his face, swaying slightly. Hermione hit both Death Eaters with a paralyzing curse, and they fell.

"Neville!" Draco heard her scream as she ran up to the Gryffindor.

"I'm fine," he said, removing his hands from his face.

Draco sighed, seeing a deep cut under his left eye.

As he made his way across the battlefield, he spotted Ginny grappling with another Death Eater. Her wand had been knocked from her hand, forcing her to physically attack. Draco watched their struggle. The Death Eater was clearly gaining the upper hand, pinning Ginny to the ground and holding his wand to her throat.

Her cries of pain were drowned out by the sounds of the battle raging around her, but Luna Lovegood stunned the Death Eater and threw him away from her friend, saving her life.

Blood was still flowing from her neck ...

Draco was in despair. He had witnessed everything Hermione had spoken of. He saw the nightmarish future he had created, where the scales tipped in favor of Voldemort's victory. He needed to find Harry quickly! His eyes quickly scanned the battlefield, searching for the familiar, unruly black head of hair.

There!

Harry ran as if his life depended on it, which, unfortunately, was the case. Draco took off after him.

"Harry! No! Come back!" he screamed desperately.

It was like someone doused him with ice water when he realized where exactly Harry was running and what it meant ...

Harry was heading towards the Whomping Willow.

Draco finally caught up with him and grabbed his arm.

"Harry, I need to tell you something!" he said, turning him around to face him.

Unfortunately, he was interrupted by a curse aimed at them, forcing them to duck.

"Draco! Draco, I can't fight! I don't want to!" Harry screamed hysterically, clinging to Draco with all his might. "We need to hide. The Willow! There's a passage to the Shrieking Shack there! Come with me, please!"

"Harry, you won't fight, just listen to me," Draco said. "Harry, I ..."

Suddenly Harry cried out in pain, clutching his scar with his hand.

"Harry! What happened?" Draco asked, hugging him fiercely.

"V-Voldemort," Harry said through clenched teeth. "He's coming for me ..."

Draco quickly looked around but didn't see the Dark Lord.

But that didn't mean he wouldn't show up.

"Come on," Draco said, helping Harry to his feet. "We need to get out of here.

Anywhere but here!" He thought about how to drag him, how to take his beloved back to the castle.

However, as soon as they stood up, they saw him.

Lord Voldemort had apparated out of nowhere, his narrow red eyes burning with hatred and triumph. His wand was already pointed at Harry. Several Death Eaters stood around him,

holding their wands at the ready and looking ready for battle.

"It's finally happened, Potter!" Voldemort spat, not even deigning to look at Draco, for which Draco was grateful. "I'm tired of watching you and watching you slip away from me every time! Enough!"

Harry whimpered softly.

Draco was shaking as if in a fit. He was here, next to Harry, standing in front of Voldemort, unable to move from fear. What had he done? Harry's body was shaking violently. His hand squeezed Draco's so tightly that Malfoy's fingers turned purple.

It was then that Draco remembered the bottle clutched in his other hand.

It was the only way out.

Draco looked at the bottle and muttered a spell that countered the anti-shattering charm.

"Say goodbye to your life, Potter!" Voldemort said, smirking.

"Harry," Draco whispered.

Harry turned and looked at him, tears streaming down his face.

Draco scooped him up and kissed him passionately.

Voldemort's eyes widened, his surprise giving Draco the moment he sorely needed.

"I love you," Malfoy murmured before throwing the potion bottle hard onto the ground.

The world was spinning around him. Draco felt like he'd used Floo powder, but the more advanced version that made him dizzy and nauseous. Bright spots flashed before his eyes, and Draco thought he might be sick.

When it was over, Draco was no longer next to Harry, but across from him. He stood next to Voldemort, hooded and wearing the Death Eater mask. His Harry was back: tanned, disheveled, his hair tousled, his expression determined. He clutched his wand tightly, pointing it at Voldemort.

"I'm tired of these games, Potter," Voldemort spat.

"And I'm tired of your presence, Tom," Harry retorted. "I won't let you kill anyone else! It ends here and now! "

Voldemort sneered.

"I agree," he said, waving his wand. "Crucio!"

"NO!"

Before Draco could even comprehend what he was doing, he had thrown himself into the path of the curse.

Indescribable pain filled every fiber of his being as he fell to the ground, convulsing violently from the curse meant for his lover. It felt like a thousand knives were piercing his insides, and he could do nothing to ease the pain - only scream and writhe on the ground as the pain consumed him from within.

His hood and mask had fallen off during the fall, and now he could see the shocked expression on Harry's face.

The pain didn't subside, but grew stronger.

Draco looked into Harry's face, thinking how wonderful it was that those magnificent green eyes would be the last thing he would ever see.

Harry seemed rooted to the spot, continuing to stare at the Slytherin, and Draco soon lost consciousness.

## Chapter 19 – Epilogue

Draco's entire body ached with pain. Every breath was labored, as if his lungs were being crushed. He felt the potion pouring into his mouth and reluctantly swallowed, choking slightly as it burned his throat. Gradually, the pain subsided, and he fell asleep.

When Draco woke up again, he was almost able to open his eyes. Blinking a few times, he realized he was in the Hospital Wing.

Malfoy was lying in a bed, surrounded by white curtains that completely concealed him. He was incredibly warm and comfortable, though he felt slightly unwell. Draco felt a strong urge to fall asleep again and even closed his eyes.

"You're awake."

Draco's eyes snapped open and he quickly turned his head to find himself face to face with none other than Harry Potter.

The Gryffindor was curled up in the chair next to Draco's bed. His hair was as messy as usual, but it looked like it was mussed from sleep. There were dark circles under his eyes, as if he hadn't had enough sleep for a long time.

"Potter, you look disgusting!" Draco frowned. "What do you want?" Seeing Harry, he remembered that everything was back to normal. He turned away so Harry wouldn't notice how much pain it was for him to speak to him in that tone.

"I wanted to make sure you were okay," Harry replied, lowering his feet to the floor and stretching.

"What difference does it make to you, Potty?" Draco asked venomously.

"Well, you took the curse for me," Harry said.

"So?"

Draco nearly had a heart attack when he felt Harry's hand cover his. He turned back to Potter.

"Draco," the Boy-Who-Lived said. "I know."

Malfoy couldn't believe his ears.

"W-what?" he repeated.

"I know everything," Harry confirmed. "I know that you traveled through time and changed the past ..."

He paused, moving closer.

"And I also know that you love me," he finished.

Draco continued to lie there, dumbfounded with shock.

"I-I don't understand what you're talking about ..." he stammered. "I-I-I don't ..."

But his stuttering was suddenly interrupted; Harry leaned down and imprinted a luscious kiss on his lips.

Draco froze, his mind clouded by the realization that his lover was kissing him, in his own

time! Actually, calling it just a kiss would be an understatement. Harry alternated between greedily devouring Draco's mouth and gently massaging his lips with his own. He nipped lightly at Draco's bottom lip, causing him to groan, opening his mouth slightly to be immediately taken over by Harry's exploring tongue.

The Slytherin groaned and sat up, tangling his fingers in Harry's unruly hair and pulling him closer. Harry grinned at the reaction. He had answered all his questions with one simple action. He stopped tormenting Draco's lips and then slowly pulled away, looking at him. Draco opened his eyes, the pupils so dilated that they were almost invisible.

"You ... I ... what ...?" he stuttered.

"I did the impossible," Harry said, laughing. "I managed to shut Draco Malfoy up."

"But how do you know?" Draco asked, his fingers still combing through Harry's hair.

"Well," Harry said, climbing onto the bed next to Draco and snuggling close. "You were out for a while, so Hermione and I had a chance to talk for a bit. She thinks I was able to find out everything because your time travel was set up for me, before you even did it. She also said that my mind is more resistant to manipulation or something like that ... I wasn't really paying attention because she took on that lecturing tone again ..."

Draco could hardly contain his happiness. He pulled Harry closer and buried his face in his chest, inhaling deeply the familiar scent of his lover. He thought that their time had come to an end and that they would never be together like this again. Yet, here he was, with Harry, who not only accepted Draco's feelings, but actually reciprocated them.

"But when I saw you lying on the ground, those memories just came flooding back," Harry continued. "And I started remembering all these things, about us ... now I don't know everything about this parallel universe, or whatever it was, but I already know a lot."

His hand touched Draco's hair, running his fingers through it, resting his chin on the top of Draco's head.

"Care to explain it to me?" Harry asked. "I'm still confused."

Draco took a deep breath and turned to face Harry, looking up at him.

"A few weeks ago, I realized I was in love with you," he began, blushing slightly from finally being able to share his feelings with him. "I knew you would never give me a chance, after everything that happened between us, but I always thought about how things would have turned out if you had shaken my hand in our first year ... so I went back in time and changed what you did."

Harry nodded.

"That makes sense," he said, losing himself in memories. He remembered how close they had been, and how much love and support Malfoy had shown him. "Then why did you change it all back?"

"Because you died," Draco said softly. "By changing that, yes, we became friends ... but you became weak. Everything you went through changed because I helped you. I was there for

you every step of the way, I did everything for you. You became clingy, weak-willed, hysterical ...”

Harry nodded again, urging Draco to continue.

“Because of everything I did for you, you were unprepared to fight Voldemort and unable to win,” Draco continued. “So he killed you, and the future was destroyed. He won.”

“So you changed everything back, even though you knew we might not be together?” Harry asked.

Draco nodded, placing his hand on Harry’s thigh, needing to be touched somehow.

“That’s very brave of you,” Harry remarked. “Such an action took great courage.”

“I love you too much to let you die,” Draco said. “If not being with you means you live, then I’m willing to make that deal.”

“You don’t have to worry about that now,” Harry said, laughing, pulling Draco closer. “I ... I want to confess something. I was a little in love with you at the beginning of this year. When the memories came back to me, I felt how much you loved me ... and it helped me see a completely different side of you. You’ve changed for the better, Draco. And I want to be with you.”

Draco couldn’t hold back the tears that streamed down his face; he buried his face in Harry’s chest again, crying quietly and clinging to him.

“Oh my God!” he breathed. “You have no idea how long I’ve dreamed of this! If I’d known you really felt something for me, I wouldn’t have been so selfish.”

“Old habits die hard,” Harry said with a grin.

Draco laughed and pulled away, wiping his eyes with the back of his hand.

“Yeah,” he said. “I guess so.”

Harry shook his head and leaned down, giving Draco another lingering kiss.

When they stopped kissing, Draco’s expression grew serious again.

“Um, Harry,” he said. “I don’t know if you remember anything about Ron ...”

Harry’s expression suddenly hardened and he pulled away a little.

“Yes,” he said. “I remember.”

“Look, you can’t be mad at him,” Draco insisted. “That Ron wasn’t real. He was someone who didn’t get support and love from you or Hermione. He let jealousy and anger get the better of him. Ron isn’t that kind of person. He’s the same guy who’s been your best friend for the past seven years.

“I know,” Harry said, sighing heavily. “But the fact that he was capable of something like that ...”

“He was,” Draco interrupted. “In another time. He’s not capable of something like that now. I doubt he wants to sleep with me ...”

“Yeah, let’s not even talk about it,” Harry said.

“Agreed,” Draco confirmed, shuddering slightly.

They both rolled over onto their backs and stared at the ceiling, plunging into a comfortable silence. Harry's hand found Draco's, and their fingers intertwined.

"Well ..." he finally said.

"Well," Draco said. "What happens now?"

Harry opened his mouth to answer, when suddenly the door to the Hospital Wing swung open and voices were heard. The Gryffindor sat up and Draco immediately felt an indescribable sadness when it seemed to him that Harry wanted to get out of bed. Instead, Harry sat down on the back of the screen and held Draco to his chest, holding him in place. Ron and Hermione, who had appeared on the other side of the screen, froze in awkward positions.

Ron's embarrassed expression was inimitable, while Hermione's smugness was a little irritating.

**The End**