Friendships and Planning

~This story is starting off on the train ride back home after the 6th year of Hogwarts.~

"Hermione! You're hurting my arm." Harry said, but Hermione only kept running.

"Harry, I swear, we're going to be late for the train!"

"Calm down Hermione, we still have 5 minutes before the train departs" Ron added, but backed off once he saw the look on Hermione's face.

"Harry won't be late, but we will! Prefects have to be on the train 5 minutes prior to get information from the head boy and girl." Hermione added matter-of-factly.

"Hermione just let go, I can get on the train by myself!" Harry half-yelled while being jostled by the crowd of bodies. Harry then yanked his hand away from Hermione. And continued to the train by himself, leaving a slightly startled Ron and Hermione on the edge of the platform.

Both Ron and Hermione both took note that every year after second year, Harry became irritable when they took the train-ride back home. They both knew that Harry hated his Aunt and Uncle, but they didn't think that it would make someone that pissed off. The real reasoning for this was actually that Aunt Petunia, Uncle Vernon, and Dudley were abusive towards him. Petunia was verbally abusive, Vernon both verbally and physically abused him, and Dudley just beat him up for fun because he could. Harry became more and more angry and skittish because every year, the punishments and abuse would escalate when the Dursley's thought he became more 'freakish.'

As Harry made him way onto the train, he silently regretted waiting so long to get on the train. Every single compartment was full, except for the one at the very end, that one was empty. Harry sighed, Ron and Hermione won't be sitting with him because the prefects have a separate compartment they're supposed to sit at. It wasn't as if Harry disliked Ron and Hermione, it's just he had been getting slightly more depressed each year. He just wanted a couple of hours alone in peace before he had to live with the wretched Dursleys again.

Harry, thinking that he would have the whole compartment alone, decided to lay down on the seats, but just as he positioned himself, an annoying yet angel-like voice barged in.

"Hey mind if I sit he- Oh. It's just you." Draco spat slightly. As much as Harry wanted to hate Draco, he couldn't stop liking his adorable face, and that cute smirk he always gave Harry.

"What the hell- OH! Not you! And to think, all I wanted was just a couple hours of rest before my hell! Harry said rather violently. To be honest, Harry slightly enjoyed the thought of sharing a compartment with Draco, but he would never say that out loud.

"Sorry for interrupting your 'beauty sleep' Potter, but all the other compartments are full, so it seems we're in a predicament." Draco said with a smirk. He then promptly entered the cabin, and shut the door. He hoisted his luggage in the overhang, giving Harry a slight peek at the small of his back where his shirt lifted up. He then mimicked Harry and laid down on the seats across from him.

In the background, they both could hear the train whistle, and the train then lurched forward, and made its way to their final destination.

"So, Potter, how is Mudblood and Blood Traitor?" Draco said, with no hint of amuse on his face.

This act alone caused Harry to turn red in the face. "Do not call them those names. Their names are Hermione and Ron. And if you're so interested, Ron and Hermione are both doing splendidly." Harry finished while staring at the ceiling.

This retort sent Draco back a bit. Usually Harry just ignored him or out right punched him. Today though, he seems very mad, and what is it... nervous.

STORY CONTINUES BELOW

"Fine, fine. So what's got your knickers in a twist, not enough people to worship you back home."

"I am not worshipped, Malfoy. As-a-matter-of-fact, the situation is quite the opposite." Harry said, getting quieter with every word.

Draco thought Harry's actions were very peculiar. Draco may have always acted like he hated Harry, but in reality, he sort of liked him. He had friends who were genuinely nice to him, but this was a side he hadn't seen in him. It was like he was scared, but not of him. It looks like he's distracted by something.

"Ok, but seriously, what's wrong? You seem different than usual. You seem a bit distracted and scared, and nervous at something that isn't me?" Draco said, accidentally showing some concern in his voice.

Harry then looked at Draco, and sat up. The words that left his mouth were one of the best things that could have ever happened to Draco. "I'm so tired of fighting, do you want to just be mutual friends? We don't even have to be friends, we can just agree to not be rash and mean towards each other."

Draco seemed to contemplate this for a second, and sat up. Facing Harry, he said, "I think I'd like that idea. I'm sort of tired of this petty squabble we usually have. Let's just be mutual friends."

After Draco said that, they both seemed to visibly relax in their seats. After a couple of minutes, Harry was just done with the tension and silence. He looked at Draco and started.

"It's really tense in here, do you want to play Truth or Dare?"

Slightly took back, Draco look at him slightly questionable, but said, "Sure, but I get to go first. So, truth or dare?"

"truth."

"Ok then." Draco thought for a moment before deciding. "Tell me about your life at your home. How come you referred to it as 'hell.?' I mean, your family must love you, you are the boy-who-lived. Give me all the juicy bits." This was a question Draco had been wanting to ask Harry for quite some time, but he could never get close enough. Now was his chance to learn about him.

Harry was about to say no to Draco's request, but as if he was on the imperius curse, he answered, somewhat robotically.

"I live with my Aunt, Uncle, and cousin. They all hate me to bits. Uncle Vernon uses me as a punching bag whenever he feels like it, and calls me a waste of space and freak. Aunt Petunia wakes me up everyday with a long list of chores everyday at 6am, which takes me until midnight to complete. And she occasionally slaps me and calls me names. My cousin, Dudley, uses me as a punching bag, and is praised by my uncle for his throws and punches, but he all around ignores me after that. I used to live in a cupboard, but in my second year, I moved into my cousin's second bedroom, which has approximately 7-10 locks on it."

Harry then stopped and started panting as if he held him breath, his face red.

"What in the bloody hell was that! It was like I was under the fucking imperius curse. I couldn't stop!" Harry yelled, which startled Draco.

"Potter, don't you know that the wizarding worlds' 'Truth or Dare' is magically binding. There is no saying 'no.' If you try to refuse, it forces you to do what the other said." Draco said.

Harry looked even more furious. "Why didn't you tell me it was it was magically binding!?" Now he was standing up, and was in his face.

"Harry, I'm sorry, I thought you knew!" Draco exclaimed, slightly scared with his hands up in resist.

With that, Harry froze. He realized what he was doing, and sat down. A look of shock plastered on his face.

"You just apologized to me." Harry said, puzzled. "And you called me by my first name."

"Yeah, is there a problem with calling you 'Harry?' And yes I'm sorry, if I were you, id probably not want anyone to know that about me, too."

Harry then softened his face a bit, he seemed almost, what was it... scared? He then averted his eyes to the ground, which seemed really interesting at the moment. He could feels tears prickle his eyes, but he willed them back in. Draco seemed to notice the look on his face, and how he was trying not to cry. And Draco did something he thought he would never do in his life for anyone, not even Harry. He collected himself, then pulled down the blinds on the compartment for privacy, made a silencing ward on all the walls and door, then he sat down next to harry, and pulled him into a hug. Harry tensed as Draco hugged him, but soon relaxed into his embrace. After a couple of minutes just sitting there, Harry in Draco's arms, Draco pulled back, and sat on the seat opposite of him. Harry had finally composed himself, and his face was tinted a bit pink from the exchange.

Draco began. "I really am sorry that I didn't tell you. And what those muggles do to you are simply horrid. Since you told me something dark about you, I'll tell you a secret as well."

Draco looked at Harry, silently asking for permission, when Harry nodded his head slightly, he continued.

"I simply hate my parents. My mother is better, but not really. My father and I rarely talk, and when we do, he is criticizing me and ordering me around. My fathered told me that this summer, I am to get the dark mark. I don't want that at all. I'm not even on the dark side, I'm neutral. Although I do hope the light side wins. I've been contemplating a lot, and I think I'm going to run away from the Malfoy manor." Draco was very hesitant when he finished.

Harry seemed to search for something in Draco's eyes, but after a couple of seconds he relaxed, but put on a serious face and started.

"How about you move to my safe house, Draco?" Draco seemed to jump a little in his seat when Harry said this. Harry continued, "You can move to my safe house, and put up wards to ward everyone out. It is originally the place where the Order has meetings, but that's only once a week, and I doubt it will take you longer than 5 days to put up wards on the house."

Draco reeled back. "If you have a safe house, why don't you use it?"

Harry sighed, "Because Dumble-fuck set order member to guard the Dursleys house so death eaters don't come, even though I'm enforcing blood-wards on the house. They want both me and the Dursleys to be safe, so they put us together. I would've moved to the safe house, and warded it, but I need help escaping the house, and I'm not very good at warding."

Draco soaked all of this in, but visibly brightened when an idea came to his head.

"How about I sneak out of my home, then I go to your safe house, set up the wards, then I break you out, and we can both be at the safe house!" Draco exclaimed. Then Draco faltered, and frowned a bit. "Although I have no idea how I can escape the mansion because they started putting guards by my door. I think they're expecting me to run away any day now. And I'm still underage, so I can't do magic with my wand outside of school, and I can't be caught in public." At this moment Draco looked as if he too was about to cry, before Harry butted in.

"If you gave me a list of all the ingredients for an invisibility potion, I can send then to you so you can escape. And you can dye your hair the way muggles do, and put in colored eye contacts to hide your identity. I can sneak out one time to meet you, and give you the address and password, and I'll sneak back home. I recently taught myself how to apperate, although I still splinch from time to time, but that's fixable. I can give you a list of everyone who is allowed in the house, then you can put in wards to only let those people in with the password. And only I can add people after that. Maybe a Fidelius Charm? Then when you're done with the wards, you can break me out of the house, and we can escape to the safe house." Harry was practically beaming at the idea. Finally, a summer without the Dursleys!

"Harry, that is just about the most craziest plan I've ever heard, but its the smartest one I've heard, too. Let's do it!" Draco's smile lit up the whole compartment in Harry's eyes.

And thus, an amazing plan was born.

~Hello, I'm Alex! This is the first serious story I've made (the other two were just silly and a bit stupid, it was on another account btw) and I hope you like it. My friend, Sam, and I made this story originally as if Harry and Draco were texting, but I've changed that aspect so it was a bit more believable since I'm pretty sure they don't own phones. And I made this a bit more sadder to give it some life. While watching the Harry Potter movies, I always had the theory that Harry was abused through his whole life, but to make it family friendly, they only showed slight pushing and shoving. But seriously, I'm pretty sure Harry was abused, so I made it so. Bye bye my muchachos.~