

The Meeting and Did We Say Something?

~Hey, sorry muchachos. I know the last chapter was super short, and poorly written, but I only had five minutes to complete it. Someone commented about Voldy, which I nearly forgot about, so I wrote a little scene dedicated to him, being an ass. So yeah, everyone thinks Draco's dead. Yay.~

It has been a month since Harry and Draco moved into 12 Grimauld Place. Everything was well, and the two were happy. Over the weeks, the Weasley family occasionally visited, and there were separate visits from Ron, Hermione, and Remus. Everything went smoothly, except Draco had to become Philip every time Molly, Arthur, and George showed up, but other than that, things went smoothly. Fred and George visited once, but Harry and 'Philip' decided to not tell the twins quite yet about Draco. And Kreacher was being more polite, and didn't insult Hermione when she was around. Harry and Draco, at the moment, were enjoying a peaceful, quiet breakfast.

"Dragon." Harry said, drawing Draco's attention. "Philip will need to have a meeting with Dumble-fuck about transferring to Hogwarts. Then Philip has to retake his 6th year exams." Harry mentioned casually, taking a sip of some coffee.

"When will the meeting happen?" Draco asked, while looking through the Daily Prophet.

"I scheduled a meeting at 12 today, actually." Harry nonchalantly said. Draco froze and looked up at Harry.

"When did you owl Dumble-dick about the meeting?" Ever since Draco saw what Dumbledore had subjected to Harry, he, too, started referring to Dumbledore with profanities.

Harry looked down guiltily. "I may have owed him last week about the meeting," he whispered.

"How come you didn't tell me?"

"Because I thought you would be mad if I mentioned him, so I waited till today." Harry rushed slightly, while preoccupied with his breakfast.

"Are you angry at me?" Harry asked as he looked up.

Draco only sighed, stood up, walked around the table, and gave Harry a deep kiss. "I could never be mad at you." He smiled, then took a step back. "Can you put on my Glamours? I want to make sure I pick clothes that will suit Philip the most." Harry only chuckled, and turned Draco into his red head, red-eyed, persona.

"Draco wait." Harry added. He handed Draco a vial of bright red liquid. "Here drink this, it prevents people from using Legilimency on you for 5 hours. I found it in the cabinet."

"Thanks." Then Draco downed the whole vial, and gagged at the taste.

Draco then thanked him, and walked upstairs to gather all his clothes.

Draco looked in his closet, and took out all his casual suits. He decided on wearing a white, silk button up, black slacks, and black dress shoes. Then on top of that, Draco picked a summer, high-low robe, that was a dark forest green. The front length of the robes touched his knees, and the dropped end of the robes reached to the back of his mid-calves. Draco then walked down stairs to get Harry's opinion.

When he walked down stairs, Draco noticed that Harry was wearing muggle attire. He wore the dark green, silk button up that Draco bought for him, black slacks, and dark brown, ankle dress boots. Harry looked Draco up and down before giggling a little.

"Dragon, you don't have to wear your robes. Its summer, and its just a meeting with Dumble-doo. Here, let me." Harry stepped forward, and removed Draco's robes. He then unbuttoned the top button of Draco's shirt, just as he did himself. He laid the robe on the couch next to the floo.

"There, you now look like a mixture between a casual and classy muggle." Harry grinned.

Draco smirked and grabbed Harry by the waist, and leaned close to his face. "How cheeky are you? You referred me to a muggle." Draco finished with a quick peck on Harry's lips, before letting go and walking to the floo.

STORY CONTINUES BELOW

"Yeah, but don't forget, not all muggles are bad." Harry added smiling.

"Yeah, yeah."

Both Harry and Draco stepping into the floo system, and flooded to Dumbledore's office.

When they got there, Dumbledore quickly cleaned all the ash that laid on the floor and on them, before gesturing for the two to sit down.

"So what is it that I owe the fine pleasure to, Harry? Your letter was very vague." Dumbledore asked, while casually inspecting Philip.

"I found out that I have a cousin of sorts. I got him tested at Gringotts. He was originally living in Sweden in a makeshift orphanage. I wanted to help him out, so I brought him here to see if he could go to Hogwarts for 7th year." Harry smiled cheekily. He knew all too well that Dumbledore was trying to enter their minds, but he couldn't pass through.

Dumbledore leaned back, having given up on reading their minds. He clasped his hands together.

"So tell me about yourself, Philip. Start from the beginning."

"Ok." Draco started nervously. "Well I was born and raised in Sweden by a witch in a makeshift orphanage. Apparently, my birth parents thought I was a squib, so they gave me to their nurse, who gave me to a witch who runs an orphanage for abandoned and orphaned witch, wizard, and squib children. When I turned 1, I used accidental magic, and blew up the witches garden. When all the witches and wizards turned 10, she started teaching us magic. She learned everything from her mother. The only thing she didn't teach us was history, but Harry has been helping me with that." He looked towards Harry, and continued.

"But a couple months ago, she passed away, so we helped find the witch and wizard children homes with other witches and wizards. Sadly though, we had to oblivate all the squib children of any memories of magic, then we distributed them with muggle families. I started traveling for about 2 weeks, earning small amounts of money by doing odd jobs. I was walking down Grimauld Place, when I stepped on the lawn of 2 apartments. Slowly, #12 Grimauld Place emerged from in between 11 and 13. Harry was also walking down that street, and noticed that I unlocked his house. He brought me inside for a cup of tea. We went to Gringotts, and got a blood test. Me and Harry are somewhat distantly related through marriage. Then I've been living with Harry since that." Draco concluded. Dumbledore sat there in silence for a minute before he broke the silence.

"What was the witches name?"

Draco gulped, but quickly answered. "Helena. She never mentioned her last name though. Whenever my brothers and sisters asked about her last name, she simply said that she didn't have one, and neither did her mother."

"I see." Dumbledore leaned in. What Harry and Draco didn't know, was that Dumbledore had his wand underneath the table. He was doing a simple wordless spell to slowly increase the temperature of the room.

"Did Helena ever mention who your birth parents where?"

Draco nodded, gaining a bit of confidence. "She said that when the nurse handed me over to her, the nurse said my parents were Narcissa and Lucius Malfoy. I was their first born. Apparently, when my father thought I was a squib, he oblivated my mother, handed me over to their nurse, then he oblivated himself. Helena said that my mothers maiden name was Black, so I took her maiden name instead since no one would believe that I was a Malfoy. When I went to Gringotts, I asked the goblins to formally change my last name to Black, and I had myself removed from the Malfoy blood records." Draco finished. He then undid another button on the top of his shirt. The room was getting slightly more humid. He glanced over to Harry, and saw that he had already rolled up his sleeves.

"Well." Dumbledore concluded. "I don't see a reason to not allow you to take the 6th years exams. But you will have to take your exams on the first day. I won't be able to gather all of the Professors together in time to give you your exams beforehand. I'm sorry for that."

Draco mentally sighed. "Its no problem at all. Which exams will I have to take?"

"You can choose which exams you will take. The exams are for your benefit into getting a good job in the future when you graduate a 7th year, so I would choose wisely." Dumbledore smiled, his eyes twinkling. Draco smiled. A er he healed Harry, he delved deeper into the art of healing, and he liked the idea of becoming a Healer.

"I actually know what exams I want to take. If you need, I can tell you which exams I would like to take right now." Draco then wiped away the sweat that was slowly accumulating on his forehead. He then proceeded to roll up his sleeves as well. "Its a bit hot in here." Draco commented.

Dumbledore's eyes seemed to flicker to Draco's exposed left forearm. He sighed.

"Sorry about that, when you grow to be as old as me, you get very chilly easily. Now, what exams will you be taking?"

"Potions, Defense against the dark arts, transfiguration, charms, and Herbology." Draco said, without skipping a beat.

"All the necessary requirements for a Healer." Dumbledore commented. He wrote the list of exams on a slip of parchment, and stuck it in his pocket.

"That should be all for today. But Harry, can I talk to you for a moment in private?" Harry sent Draco a look that read 'here we go.'

"I'm sorry Dumbledore, but me and Philip were invited to have lunch with Molly and the others. We're going to be late if we don't leave soon. I can talk to you next time we meet though. Thank you so much for letting Philip take his N.E.W.T.s." Both Draco and Harry quickly shook Dumbledore's hand, and flooed back to the Manor.

When they got home, they cleaned each other up, and plopped down on the sofa.

"That was bloody stressful." Draco exclaimed exasperated.

"Tell me about it!" Harry added.

"Are we actually going to see the Weasleys?"

"Arthur and Molly invited us to come over for dinner. Everyone will be there, even Bill and Charlie. They live in other countries, and can't visit a lot because of their jobs. It'd be nice to see them again. They're really nice."

Draco hummed. "Ok, fine. Let's change into some more casual clothes then."

The two walked into their rooms, redressed, and went back down to the floo.

They both held hands, and flooed over to the Burrow.

Once there, they were once again bombarded by hugs and greetings. Draco had to admit, a few weeks of spending time with them, they were all growing on him. He just wasn't used to so many hugs at once. Harry and Draco also said their greetings to Bill and Charlie. When they got to the twins, though, Fred leaned on Draco's left shoulder, while George did on his right. George started.

"Hey Philip."

"We were just wondering."

"Its been bugging us for the last month or so."

"So tell us."

"Are you and Harry a thing?" They finished in sync. Everyone froze. Hermione accidentally dropped a tea cup when they said this, and Ron gave them knowing looks. Ron and Hermione were the only ones at the Burrow who knew of Harry and Draco. Ron broke the silence with a laugh.

"Fruitcakes is what they are, Philip. Don't worry, they're only trying to get a crack out of you. Right?" He looked at Fred and George expectantly.

"Sorry mate." Fred out his hands up. "But I think I have a thing for Philip here. George too."

"I say you are 100% correct, Fred. So, are you two together or not?"

Draco looked at them nervously. "What? No, me and Harry are close, but I don't swing that way." Draco put his hands up and smiled nervously. Draco and Harry watched as the Weasleys all filled out the door into the yard.

"Oh, what a shame." Fred said.

"You really are a catch."

"Pity you don't swing that way."

"You'd have all the men swooning over you."

The twins laughed it off, and continued outside. Since there was all the Weasley family, minus Percy, and plus 3 guests, they decided to eat outside.

Harry and Draco walked outside, and saw a big table set up with all types of food. Molly really went all out. Since the table was wide enough for two people to sit, Arthur and Molly sat at the head of the table. Hermione, Harry, Fred, and Bill sat on one side of the table, and opposite to them sat Ron, Draco, George, Charlie, and Ginny. They all enjoyed light chatter as they ate dinner.

"So how did your meeting with Dumbledore go?" Hermione asked Draco.

Draco quickly wiped his mouth, and answered. "It went well, but Dumble-de tried to squeeze some information out of Harry at the end." Draco laughed. Harry only scowled, and continued to eat his broccoli with an unamused face.

"You can't possibly still be mad at Dumbledore, dear. Sure he messed up, but you can't just forgive him, he was only thinking of you." When Molly said that, several forks and knives stopped moving, and were set down on their plates. When Ron, Hermione, and Draco stopped eating, they looked at Harry. They noticed that he froze, and had a slightly grim look on his face. They knew that Harry was still touchy on the whole topic, and he would grow quiet once when it was mentioned. Everyone stopped and watched as Harry shakily wiped his mouth, and stood up.

Harry cleared his throat. "Please excuse me for a moment, I need to use the loo." Just barely audible, could you hear a slight tremble in his voice. And everyone watched as he headed inside the lope-sided house.

Arthur broke the silence. "Did we say something wrong? He looked a bit upset."

"Yeah, I noticed he started to shake a little, is something the matter?"

Ginny rose. "I'll go check on him." she offered.

Hermione also stood up. "Ginny, is it ok if I check on him? I need to get us some more napkins anyways." She quickly stood up, and walked into the house. Ron shot a pitted look towards Draco who looked concerned.

When Hermione walked in, she headed directly for the downstairs loo. She knocked on the door twice.

"Harry, can I come in?" Harry unlocked the door, and Hermione let herself in. She immediately brought Harry into a gentle hug. Harry wasn't crying, but he was shaking a little.

"Are you ok, Harry? Do you need anything?" Hermione asked, concern dripping from her voice.

"No, I think I'm fine." Harry concluded. Although Hermione wasn't fooled.

"Harry, you're shaking like a leaf. Tell me what's wrong." She brought them both to sit on the bathroom floor.

Harry, somewhat calmly, answered. "Sorry, I just still get a bit shaky when people mention Dumbledore in that way. Or when people mention the Dursleys."

"Harry, its nothing to be sorry for. You can't help it. I would act the same way if I were in your shoes, probably worse. I know its hard right now, but it'll get easier. This will take time. You probably won't be completely healed a er what you've been through, but I promise, it will get easier. You just have to take it step by step."

Harry stopped shaking. "Thank you Hermione. I needed that." They both stood up and hugged again. Hermione grabbed more napkins, and they made their way back to the table. Draco flashed a concerned look towards Harry.

"You ok?" Draco asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine." Harry smiled, and shot a grateful look at Hermione.

Molly and Arthur both let it go, and everyone continued their dinner with light conversation here and there.

When dinner was over, Harry and Draco said their goodbyes to everyone and flooed home.

When they were gone, Molly turned to Hermione.

"What's wrong with Harry? He seemed so sad. He's practically my son, and id very much would like to know what made Harry act that way." She then turned to Ron.

"And I'm pretty sure you know what's going on too." Molly said.

Hermione and Ron looked at each other, then back to Molly.

"I'm sorry Mrs. Weasley, but that's for Harry to tell you." Hermione said.

"Just for the time being, try to reframe from mentioning Dumbledore or the Dursleys around him, mum." Ron added. Molly just hummed.

"Well I understand if Harry wants to wait to tell me what it is that's bothering him. Just tell him that Arthur and I love him like he was our own child. We worry about him, so if something is the matter, we would like to help." Molly concluded before leaving to clean up the yard, and pack away the table.

When Harry and Draco arrived home, they both sat on the couch. Harry's feet on Draco's lap.

"Are you alright?" Draco asked.

Harry nodded. "I am now. Hermione said something to me, and it helped me out. I feel ok now, so let's head to bed."

Once again, Draco and Harry headed to their separate rooms to change, before Harry went to Draco's room, and slipped into bed with Draco. With a flick of Draco's wand, the lights went out, and the two fell into a deep sleep, both curled around the other.