

Potions and Meetings

~Hello my muchachos! Its gonna be a bumpy ride, so hold on. The gay train will soon be arriving~

Draco woke up the next morning, bright and early, so he could get started on his potions. The potion called for Asphodel, dried bat blood, Goosegrass, Vinegar, Wormwood, Flitterbloom, Chinese Chomping Cabbage, Death-cap, and lastly, one Bezoar, and would take approximately 13 hours to make. That's why he decided to wake up at 4am, so when noon came, he could escape. And by the time he met Harry to get the address, he would have enough time to make dinner.

When he was waiting for the Goosegrass to dissolve, he wrote a letter to Harry.

Dear Harry,

I started the potion. It should be done at approximately 12, so meet me at the Hogs Head at 2:30. Just tell the bar tender the password is trust. I ordered us a private room so we could talk about the safe house. See you in a couple hours.

Draco

When Draco finished, he tied the letter to his owl, and watched as he flew away. Then he continued the potion until 12.

Harry woke up to loud banging on his door. Weird. Hedwig didn't wake him up earlier. When he sat up he saw, once again, the eyes of the mysterious barn owl, holding his leg out. Hedwig wasn't in the room, she was probably out hunting. Harry took the letter, and read it, before tearing it to pieces, and starting a new letter.

Dear Draco,

Ok, I'm all set, I'll see you at 2:30. And by the way, what's your owls name? He's quite handsome, and you never mentioned him before.

Blaise

Then he tied the letter to the barn owl, and watched him fly away. On his way downstairs, he carefully ducked his Aunts morning slap. He had grown to dodge slaps at certain times of the day at certain places. The kitchen for example; every morning Aunt Petunia try's to smack Harry upside the head, but a er his 10th birthday, he kept on dodging them, which only made his Aunt scowl and walk away. He started off by making a tradition breakfast; ham, bacon, eggs, grits, co ee, and hash browns. Then he sat down the plates and utensils on each seat, making sure to put Dudley's utensils in reverse since he's le handed. Just as he was piling the food on the plates, the two walruses came flopping down the stairs, and as soon as they sat down, they started eating.

"My co ee isn't hot enough, Boy!" Uncle Vernon yelled, shoving the cup in Harry's hands. Harry tried to move quickly to the microwave without spilling any of the hot contents on his clothes, but he still got a little splash on his hand. When the microwave beeped, he removed to cup, using a tea towel to hold it, and brought it to his Uncle, again. He took one sip before spitting it out.

"This is absolutely wretched, boy! Its disgusting!" then for good measure, he splash the steaming co ee on Harry's chest. It was mainly centered on his chest, but some splashed on his face as well. He tried to suppress a yell, but only let out a loud whimper, before running upstairs to dry and change. When he came back down the stairs, the cup was shattered on the floor, and Uncle Vernon looked at him with crossed eyes.

"Look at what you did, freak! You wasted co ee, and you broke my cup! Clean it up, and start the rest of your chores." Then he aggressively opened the newspaper and read its contents. Harry got the cleaning broom out of the cupboard, and cleaned the mess, wincing with every move. Once that was done, he headed outside, and fixed Aunt Petunia's garden, then he vacuumed the house, getting an occasional punch or kick from Dudley, and he finally resided to his room, and got clothed for his trip. Because Uncle Vernon didn't have to go to work that day, everyone had a mid-a ernoon nap, leaving him locked in his room. He slowly stripped his clothes, trying not to make any noise while they were asleep, then he put on a long sleeve hoodie, then a scarf to cover the bottom half of his face, and then he put his hoodie up. He wore simple black jeans that fit heavily on Harry's thin frame, and worn out converses. He decided that the easiest way to get to Diagon Alley was to fly by broomstick, so he wrapped his invisibility cloak around him and his broom, and he flew away to the Hogs Head.

STORY CONTINUES BELOW

On the other hand, Draco had an easier time getting out of the manor. Apparently, the guards le during the noon time to eat lunch, so he just slipped through his door, and out the mansion, then o of the property itself. He heard an alarm but ignored it. The only way they could see him was if he administered the antidote to show himself. So once o the property, he called the Knight Bus, which ironically also worked during the day. They must get some weird people because all he had to do was say 'I'm going to Diagon Alley' and float a galleon towards him. They set o in a heart beat, and lurched in all directions until he was finally there. Just one more step till freedom.

When he got to the Hogs Head, he slipped behind the counter, tapped the bartender on the shoulder to get his attention. He didn't li his invisibility, all he did was hand, or float, a bag of galleons into his hands. Then he whispered, "Get me a room in the back. A stranger will come in and tell you 'The password is trust,' show them to the backroom where I will be, okay?" The bartender just nodded his head, and walked to an empty backroom, unaware if the mystery person was following or not. He opened the door, and waited until he felt a tap on his shoulder signifying that he is in the room. Now all Draco had to do was wait.

Harry had finally reached the Hogs Head with his broom. He took o his cloak, and wrapped it around the broom so no one could see it. He walked up to Tom, the bartender, and said in a hushed tone, "The password is trust." Tom then looked at him, and quickly lead him to a room in the back away from the crowds. Tom opened the door for him, and closed it once he was inside. He looked around the room, then slowly pulled down his hood and scarf. Then out of no where Draco jumped to Harry and gave him a bone crushing hug. That is, it felt bone crushing to Harry, and he involuntarily let out a yelp of pain when he came in contact with Draco. Draco quickly jumped o of him and his face was tinted pink. He then started spewing sentences like 'I'm so sorry' and 'Did I hurt you?' but Harry just winced a little and brushed it o saying it was nothing.

"The hell it is Harry, you look skin and bones! Not to mention the fact that you are obviously hiding your skin since its the middle of the summer and you're wearing a black hoodie!" Draco was red faced, but backed o with a concerned look when he saw the look on Harry's face when he yelled at him. Draco started again.

"Sorry about that, I was just so worried about you, and obviously I have a need to be worried, since you are hiding something. Now, take o your hoodie right now." Draco demanded gently. Harry looked as if he wanted to say something more, but he held it back. He slowly peeled the scarf and hoodie o , leaving a baggie grey stained shirt. Draco was even more displeased.

"And take o your shirt." Draco added. Harry blushed at this but denied timidly.

"No, what you see is what you get." Harry retorted, but one look from Draco sent Harry reeling, and he continued to remove his baggy shirt. What Draco saw was horrid. He had a lot of green bruises layering all over his chest, shoulders, stomach, and back. And a couple spots where there were blue and black. Then on top of that, his chest had a gigantic first degree burn that was bright red. Draco was furious.

"What did those muggles do to you! That burn is from today, and so are the bruises. The green ones have to be from the first night at home. Am I right?" Draco said infuriatingly while looking over Harry's torso and arms. He made sure to keep his voice gentler though so Harry wouldn't get scared.

Harry hesitated, but began, "The green bruises are from the first night when I accidentally burned the steak. The blue bruise on my bottom right rib was cracked on the same night, but healed. The blue and black spots are from today and yesterday, and the burn marks are from this morning when I made the co ee incorrectly." Harry finished. Then he was about to put on his clothes when Draco stopped him.

"Let me heal it, ok? I have been reading up on some Healer books, and I can fix the minor injuries." Draco o ered, but Harry resisted.

"You're underage, which means the ministry can track you when you use spells outside of school and home. Your father is practically in the minister's back pocket, they will find you in a heart beat, and you'll be back home." Harry insisted, and Draco, begrudgingly, put his wand away and helped Harry put his clothes back on.

"Tell me where the safe house is, and I'll get the wards started. It should take me about 2-3 days to complete, so the sooner I start, the better." Draco was eager, for both himself, and for Harry.

Harry simply shook his head. "For me to tell you the address, you need to o icially renounce your last name, and take your mother's maiden name. For this, we need to go to Gringotts."

Harry swi ly took his cloak o his broom, and draped it over Draco.

"Now follow closely behind, don't get lost. It is a bit disorienting being inside the cloak."

Draco simply grunted, and followed Harry out to door and through the crowds of people. Once at Gringotts, Draco revealed his head from the cloak to talk to the goblin.

"I need to see the one who manages the Malfoys estate and a airs, please." Draco said in hushed tones.

The goblin simply peered at the floating head of white hair and called for a short stocky goblin, named Borgin. Draco then put his hood back on and followed the goblin.

They arrived in a nice, large, room, with leather furniture, and an oak wood desk. The room was lit by various amounts of candle light, yet the room was still chilly. Draco then entirely removed the cloak, and folded it onto his lap. Draco started.

"Borgin, I asked to talk to you today because I want a certain job done for me, and I know you can do it discreetly without alerting anyone. I need you to first put all of the money I have in my account into a di erent account labeled 'Draco Black.' You will see why in a moment. But first, I ask of you to do this without alerting the Malfoys, and I need to make sure that no one other than me can access this new account. Can that be done?" Draco finished. And the goblin replied.

"You do know, Mr. Malfoy, that o -shore accounts are illegal." The goblin smiled.

Harry was very confused with this exchange but it would make sense soon.

Draco started, "Its not illegal if my name becomes Draco Black." He let that sink in before, he continued.

"I need you to strip me of the Malfoy name entirely, and leave me my mother's maiden name, Black. I know that in the eyes of the goblin folk, that I still own that money, even though my parents can at any time take away what I own. That's why I need you to transfer all my money into a private account under my new name, Draco Black, and secure it. Now can you do that?"

The goblin's toothy grin grew at how educated the young boy was about goblin rules.

"Of course, Mr. Malfoy. All I need is a drop of your blood to confirm that you are Draco Malfoy, then another drop on you name in this family tree scroll, to signify your release from the name, Malfoy."

Harry was absolutely amazed at how formalized the meeting was, he had only been to Gringotts one time, and that was with Hagrid. But seeing the meeting really put the goblin race in perspective for Harry. When Harry was done spacing out over his memories or Gringotts, he realized that the two were shaking hands.

"Now that that is taken care of, Mr. Black, I need you to sign at the very bottom of the scroll, signifying your transaction of a total 743,843 galleons, 2sickles, and 2 knuts, to the new account of Draco Black." The goblin sneered.

Harry reeled back at the number. "You have that many galleons in your personal vault!" Harry exclaimed.

The goblin looked confused, "Mr. Potter, don't you know how much is in your vault. The potter vault is at least triple that amount, if not, more." Harry had a face of shock again.

"I knew I had a good amount, but I had no idea how much. Blimey." Harry relaxed completely in the chair.

Draco laughed at his response, "Harry, you are really cute when you're shocked." Draco threw out airily before stopping dead in his tracks. Quick to change the subject and leave his embarrassment, Draco stood up an bowed towards the goblin. This act seemed to stun him, before he too bowed towards Draco. Then Draco sanctified their allegiance by shaking his hand and saying,

"May your gold flow prosperously." and the goblin returned,

"And may your enemies die before you."

When they finished shaking hands, Draco talked again.

"Can you please give me and Harry a couple minutes? We need to discuss something that is a matter of emergency." The goblin simply nodded, and le the room.

Draco then turned to Harry, "Ok, now you can tell me, I'll do the oath." Draco said eagerly.

Harry moved towards the chairs, and positioned them so the both faced each other, then pulled them closer. He ushered Draco to sit in the chair.

When Harry sat down, he li ed his palm in the air.

"Repeat a er me, 'I, Draco Black, being of magical origin, here by swear to never utter a word of the address of the Black Manor.' Make sure your palm is touching my palm when you say this."

Draco nodded hesitantly before complying to put his hand on Harry's.

"I, Draco Black, being of magical entity, here by swear to never utter a word of the address of the Black Manor." A so yellow light emanated from their joined hands, before slowly dissipating.

"Now you are ready to hear the address." Harry smiled.

"The address is 12 Grimauld Place." They both stood up, and hugged each other. Draco whispered,

"Thank you so much Harry. Don't worry, I'll get you out when the wards are complete." He then took a bottle with a clear liquid inside. He drank the contents, before slowly disappearing. Only a couple steps could be heard, before the door swung open, then closed.

Harry sighed. He pulled on his invisibility cloak, and walked out of Gringotts. Once outside, he mounted his broom and flew home.