

Secrets and Lies

Harry and Draco finished their shower, getting dressed. Draco's stomach kept growling while he forced his cream colored T-shirt over his head. Harry had talked Draco out of sneaking around to the kitchens, trying to get them to go eat.

"I'm sure everything will be alright, we can't avoid mealtimes for the rest of the year." Harry tied his black hightops, slipping on his Slytherin Mascot T-shirt. "If we got caught going to the kitchen we'd be in deep trouble."

Draco didn't necessarily agree but he also heard the mental reminders of his Father's threats about his behavior. "Maybe you're right, I can't a ord any trouble this year...not a er last year."

Harry zipped and buttoned his dark blue baggy jeans, walking over. "Let's forget about all that and enjoy Sunday before class starts again."

Draco looked at the time. "Breakfast is almost over...you think we can catch the end of it?"

Harry stood up nodding. "Common let's hurry." He threw Draco his wand and key.

Draco fussed with his jeans, following Harry out into the dungeons. Harry looked around, noticing they were alone. He looked down as

Draco gasped, looking down at Harry's hand lacing his fingers. He blushed, squeezing lightly. "What if someone sees?" He looked infront of them.

"Nobody is here, I'll let go if someone appears." Harry rubbed his thumb on the side of Draco's hand.

Draco so ened, staring down with a slight smile. "Okay."

Harry smiled back, walking side by side. "Good."

they walked, taking Draco's hand.

They walked all the way to the open doors of the Great Hall, almost forgetting they held hands. They walked in, Harry going in first.

Draco noticed most students had already le, the chatter reduced to a dull roar. He got happy for a second that maybe he'd have a meal in peace, but that thought was destroyed when he saw Pansy and Blaise staring him down the closer he got to the table.

Harry noticed this, moving infront of Draco as they got closer. "Do you want to talk to them? Or should I act as a barrier?"

Draco rolled his eyes at the whole situation. "I'll talk to them, why don't you go sit with Granger and Lovegood?" He pointed to the Ravenclaw table.

Harry nodded, changing his path to go see his friends.

Draco split o from Harry, sitting down infront of Pansy and Blaise. "Morning..." He dryly muttered.

"That's all you have to say?" Blaise glared, flicking a dried piece of toast at Draco's chest.

Draco looked at Pansy who gave him a lethal stare. "Listen I know you guys are mad at me, but I had to be away for a while."

"Did you Draco? Or was there someone else you wished to be with more?" Pansy hinted.

Draco's hands gripped the bench under him anxiously, staring at Pansy with pleading eyes. "Pansy don't."

"What's he talking about?" Blaise asked.

Theodore and Goyle came over. "Draco where have you been?" Goyle asked. "We've wanted to talk to you about Potter." Theodore said secondly.

"Yes Draco why don't you tell us what been going on with you and the Golden Boy?" Pansy sneered, kicking Draco slightly under the table.

Draco dug his nails into the wood. "I came over here to try and resolve things, not talk about my personal life."

"Personal life? You know we use to be part of your life." Goyle growled.

Theodore glared. "I think I just figured it out...Draco you share a room with Potter, you have been seen with him all week."

"Pansy what was that thing you said you knew?" Blaise looked over at her, looking back at Draco.

"Guys please this isn't appropriate, I came here to talk about our friendship..." Draco tried to distract.

"What friendship?!" Pansy shrieked, standing up as she slammed her hands on the table. "You've ignored all of us and told me you weren't our friend anymore!"

Blaise looked at Draco horrified. "Draco what does Pansy know that

we don't?" He searched Pansy's face for answers.

Pansy crossed her arms angrily. "Draco and Potter have been together this whole time." She said with a nasty tone to her voice. Dracos eyes widened. "Pansy stop."

"We know they've been together we just said we've seen them

together all week." Blaise repeated. "They share a room."

Theodore sighed, figuring it out on his own. "I think Pansy means intimately." He sneered.

Draco lowered his head, hiding his face behind his bangs.

Goyle stepped back. "That's not possible Draco said he hated him for years."

Pansy shook her head as she kept her eye on Draco. "I caught them at the library...Potter admitted they were together."

Blaise looked over at Draco. "Draco...please tell me she's wrong."

Draco li ed his head, looking at Blaise. He slowly nodded. Goyle scowled, walking around the end of the table.

"You must be joking, Potter?! How could you do this to us?!" Blaise

spat. Goyle stood over Draco, his fists clenched at his sides. "You fell for him?! A er everything that's happened?!" He shouted.

Draco stood up, getting in Goyles face. "Don't you dare talk down to

me, you use to be my best friend!" He snapped.

Goyle shoved Draco hard in the chest.

Draco fell on his ass, wincing at the strength of Goyles hand. "Bloody hell Goyle what the fuck!" He struggled to his feet.

Goyle grabbed Draco by the collar of his shirt. "You're a fucking

Faggot!"

Draco punched Goyle in the nose, knocking him out instantly.

Goyle slammed to the ground unconscious, face planting to the floor. Draco groaned painfully as he clutched his le hand, running from

the Great Hall.

able to breathe.

Harry watched Draco running, going a er him without saying goodbye to Hermione and Luna.

Draco ran as fast as he could, tears flying from his face as he disappeared down the Dungeon Hallways.

Harry ran down the dark hallways, almost smashing into the walls as he rushed through. "Draco!" He yelled a er him.

Draco jammed his key in, running into their room in a panic. He

started to hyperventilate as he ran into the closet. Harry opened the door, rushing in when he made it to the end. a

"Draco?" He walked in, locking the door. Draco pushed himself into the back of the closet, hugging his knees. That's it! Everyone will know now! What's going to happen if my mother finds out?! Or worse my fatheĦe thought to himself, barely

Harry heard Draco heavily breathing in the closet, walking over.

"Draco? What happened?" He slid the closet door open slightly.

Draco sat behind the clothes, his back to the wall of the closet. His head was in his knees.

"Draco..." Harry pushed inside, sitting on his le side. "I knew I shouldn't have let you go by yourself."

Draco li ed his le hand out of his lap.

Harry gasped, Draco's hand was red and purple with three bones caved in on the top of his hand. "You broke your hand! How did this happen?!" He gently held it.

"I knocked Goyle down...he called me..." Draco couldn't even say it. "He..."

Harry took out his wand, gently placing the tip over Draco's hand. He whispered a charm that bandaged the knuckles and top of the hand. Draco leaned his body against Harry's chest. "He called me a faggot." He finally said.

"We have to tell Professor McGonagall about this." Harry gently pulled Draco into his lap.

"It will be very soon that all teachers and students find out...I won't have to say anything." Draco sighed, wincing at the pain in his hand. "Don't worry, I won't let anyone hurt you." Harry kissed the back of

Draco's neck. "I'm so sorry they treated you like this."

"Well we won't have to...hide anymore will we?" Draco turned his head around, looking at Harry.

"Does that scare you?" Harry asked, kissing his lips.

"A little..." Draco kissed back, pushing his forehead against Harry's.

"Will you stay with me?" Harry kissed his neck a few times, pulling the shirt down his shoulder. "When everyone knows?"

"Yes." Draco quickly said, not even thinking he wouldn't. "Will you stay when people say you shouldn't be with someone like me?"

Harry wrapped his fingers around Draco's le wrist. "Draco." He

pulled his arm closer to his face.

Draco gasped, trying to pull it back down. "Harry!"

Harry turned Draco's arm over, exposing the darkened scar. "Nothing would ever make me abandon you." He leaned his head down, kissing the head of the snake. "Nothing."

Draco's breath shook as Harry's tongue licked the body of the snake, a slight whimper leaving the tip of his lips.

Harry kissed the skin gently, stroking his fingers around the edges.

Draco petted Harry's hair, lost in the feeling of his kisses, his tongue soothing such a personal part of his life. "Harry." He inhaled sharply, gripping his hair lightly.

Harry pulled Draco to him, embracing him for a few minutes. He then lead him out of the closet. "Don't hide anymore." He closed the door behind them. "We will take each step together."

A loud knock at the door Startled them both. Harry sat Draco down on the bed, slowly walking to the door with his wand in hand. He looked in the peep hole, his eyes widened as he saw Professor Snape on the other side. "Draco...Professor Snape is here."

Draco had a horrified look on his face. "What is he doing here?!" He hissed, jumping inside the bed, closing the curtains on all sides.

Harry slowly unlocked it, opening the door.

Severus stood there with an expressionless look. "Mr. Potter morning." He said dryly.

"Can I help you?" Harry glared.

Severus scowled. "The both of you need to come with me."

"I think not!" Harry was unphased. "We aren't going anywhere until you tell me exactly why we should even listen to you?"

Severus looked like he was about to eat Harry for being so belligerent. "McGonagall requested both of you to come to her o ice." He looked down at Harry's wand in his hand. "Lower your wand Potter."

Harry reluctantly lowered his wand. "Draco!" He called.

Draco peered out of the curtains.

"We have to go to Professor McGonagall's o ice." Harry explained. Draco cautiously walked over.

Severus raised an eyebrow at the first name being used. "Mr. Malfoy

follow me with Mr. Potter." He walked into the hallway. Draco and Harry looked at each other, worried about what this was.

"Common let's go." Harry walked out first.

Draco stayed behind Harry as they walked through multiple hallways, 3 floors all the way to the Gargoyle corridor.

Professor Snape said the password, watching the stairs transform. He turned to Draco and Harry. "This is where I leave you, I will be waiting to escort you when you are finished." He glared slightly, walking away.

Draco nervously tugged on the side of Harry's shirt. "Harry why were we called here?"

Harry shook his head. "I have no idea..." he sighed, taking Draco's hand as they stepped on the moving stairs. "Stay close."

Draco nodded, watching the stairs bring them up.

Harry smiled when he saw the room. It hadn't been changed much except for a few feminine touches. "Look." He pointed to the icicle style chandelier on the ceiling.

"Boys over here!" Professor McGonagall called.

Harry walked over with Draco. Seeing professor McGonagall sitting at

her desk. "Professor...its nice to see you."

Professor McGonagall pointed to the chairs infront of the desk. "Both of you please sit we need to talk."

Draco sat down with Harry, afraid to say anything.

"Mr. Malfoy do you have any idea why both of you are here this late morning?" Professor McGonagall asked.

Draco shook his head. "No?"

Harry furrowed his brow. "Why are we here Professor?"

"You've made quite a spectacle at Breakfast Mr. Malfoy." She began to say. "Seems all the students are flooding the halls with certain rumors a er this mornings display."

Dracos eyes widened. "What rumors exactly?"

"Is it true both of you have taken it upon yourselves to be in a relationship?"

Harry closed his eyes in a sigh, looking at Draco.

Draco took a deep breath, ready to face his fear. "Yes we are."

Professor McGonagall raised her brows. "Well this is a surprise...but I will say right away that nobody is mad or disappointed." She handed two pieces of parchment to Draco and Harry.

Harry looked at the writing, seeing a class schedule. "What is this?" Draco snatched Harry's. "Their the same." Draco said.

"It had come to my attention and other teachers that there are certain students that have been acting badly towards the both of you." Professor McGonagall started. "Your classes are now the same and you are being given special permission to access the kitchens when you need..."

"I don't understand." Harry stared confused.

"Mr. Malfoy do you have anything to tell me?" Professor McGonagall asked, staring at his hand.

Draco covered his hand and arm under the desk. "I punched Goyle...his nose is probably broken."

"We know why, Hagrid heard the whole thing while he was talking with Severus this morning...but we will not tolerate anymore violence." Professor McGonagall said so ly. "But to answer your question Mr. Potter you've been paired with Mr. Malfoy for safety and

to keep you two together and out of trouble." a¹ Harry smiled slightly. "I thought you'd stop us from being together."

Professor McGonagall shared a smile with Harry, but became a little more serious. "If both of you were underage this would be a completely dierent situation. Both of you are now over 18 and adults now, all we can advise is to be aware of other students and to tell a teacher if something seems suspicious."

Draco sighed in relief, tons of pressure felt like it washed away. "Professor...I don't know what to say."

"Thank you is a start. But this may cause new problems so please watch yourselves, we only want you safe." Professor McGonagall smiled.

Harry stood up. "What will happen to the students that attacked Draco the other day?"

Draco winced at the reminder.

"Oh don't worry about that Mr. Potter, those students have been expelled and removed." Professor McGonagall explained.

"Then what about Goyle?" Draco asked, concerned even if they weren't friends anymore. "I know he called me...well you know, but I don't want him expelled it took alot for myself and the other Slytherin's to come back."

"He hasn't been expelled, none of your friends will be but we are warning each of them that we do not tolerate black mail or bullying....this school cannot a ord anymore problems." Professor McGonagall sighed. "Goyle is in detention for the next month with Filch so hopefully he doesn't repeat his nasty behavior."

"Is there anything else?" Harry asked.

thought?" She asked herself rhetorically.

"Well don't forget you can still have meals at the Great Hall but the kitchen use we've given you is for when you need it. We want you both to feel safe." She signaled that they could leave. "Enjoy the rest of your Sunday."

"Thank you Professor." Harry smiled. "Thank you." Draco said a er, walking out with each other.

Professor McGonagall sighed, smiling as they le . "Who would have

a

Neville and Seamus were talking in the Gry indor common room with Ron, Dean, Ginny, and Pavarti. They were playing poker for snacks.

Seamus sighed loud enough for everyone to notice. "I'm bloody bored!" He threw his cards to the ground, crossing his arms as he laid back on the couch.

"Honestly Seamus no need to be so crabby!" Dean chuckled. "I fold I'm bored too."

Ron rolled his eyes, putting everything back in the box. "Sundays are always terrible, boring and slow."

Ginny giggled. "Why don't we have a party tonight???"

Everyone turned to Ginny with interested eyes.

"That's brilliant! Like a welcome back party to start the year o right!" Seamus smiled widely.

"But who do we invite?" Dean asked, putting the box back on the game shelf.

"Everyone from 7th year and all 8th year students from each house? Can we agree no children?" Pavarti suggested, not wanting kids swarming around.

Ron nodded. "That's a very good idea, but be careful which 7th years we choose, Malfoy got attacked by Ravenclaw and some students

aren't very nice to us either." "So where do we do this????" Ginny asked the most important

question. "We can't use the room of requirement again...can't risk that." Dean

said sadly.

Neville finally spoke. "Why don't we throw an outdoor party? On the quidditch feild?"

"How would we get away with that?" Seamus asked. "The teachers would see us like an eye sore."

"Let's ask permission." Ginny added. "I'm sure an outdoor party will be okay I'll ask right now!" She got up, racing out the exit.

"Yeah I doubt that." Ron rolled his eyes.

"Well let's figure out another spot while we wait for her to come

back." Pavarti said.

"Astronomy tower? There's enough space by the stairs for tables and

the roof is huge." Neville suggested again. "You know that could work! What's the attraction of the party

though?" Ron asked.

Seamus grinned. "Alcohol!" He called out.

Everyone looked at Seamus like he was stupid.

"Seamus where would we get Alcohol? It's not allowed on school

grounds." Pavarti asked.

"I have 6 bottles of fire whiskey and Terry Boot can sneak in a keg of wizards brew beer." Seamus said loudly over the chatter.

Everyone fell silent, staring in disbelief.

"I shrunk them and took them with me on the train, as for Terry it's

not 100% but it shouldn't be an issue." Seamus shrugged.

That made everyone excited, talking about drinking games and other

naughty games to involve alcohol with. They waited to see what Ginny would come back with before any definite party plans.

Meanwhile...

Ginny ran as fast as she could, stopping short at the entrance to the head masters o ice. "Professor McGonagall!!!!!!" She yelled at the entrance to where the stairs came down.

All of a sudden the stone stairs shook, making Ginny step back.

Professor McGonagall came down the steps in worry. "What is...Ginny!" She happily greeted. "Is everything alright???"

"Yes of course do you have a moment? I've come to ask something of

you." Ginny asked with a smile.

"Oh sure, I was just finished with some work come with me." She stepped back.

Ginny jumped onto the moving stairs, they slowly went up to the o ice.

Professor McGonagall walked to her desk. "What can I do for you dear?" She sat on the edge of her desk.

Ginny cleared her throat, trying to look serious. "The 8th year students of Gry indor want to throw a party tonight."

"Oh? What kind?" Professor McGonagall asked, about to write some things down for her own memory.

"Well everyone that returned wants to start the year o with an opportunity to bring all four houses together....the 7th and 8th years only so no children are at risk for bad behavior." Ginny said rather fast.

Professor McGonagall took a second to think. "Well all of you returned older and wiser from the events that happened."

"Yes I think we've learned alot and are less inclined to be impulsive."

Ginny added.

"Yes you can have a party but I have some rules that you must follow." Professor McGonagall said.

"Yes of course." Ginny sat next to her on the desk.

"I'd prefer if only the 8th years were involved, which I only ask because you are all legal and it's only the first week of the year." Professor McGonagall said first.

"That's fine I get it. What else?" Ginny asked.

"Well...I will allow all of you to drink and I'll supply some beer but there are strict rules. If anyone shows up sloshed outside of the party or acting a fool drunk it will never happen again, and the party has to be contained to one area where did you think of having it?" Professor McGonagall asked.

"Wait you're letting us drink? Why?" Ginny asked.

over." Professor McGonagall smiled with approval.

"You're all of legal age, as long as we know you're safe and no underage teenagers attend it will be fine I'll make sure all teachers are aware." Professor McGonagall explained.

"Well we wanted the quidditch field so we could watch the stars and be outside....the other option I personally thought about was the astronomy tower or the lake outside by the woods." Ginny suggested. "I don't want the field or woods but the astronomy tower would be perfect it was just reinforced with new material a er the war was

"Can I ask why you're approving a party like this? I thought you'd say no to all of it a er what happened." Ginny was curious why it was so easy to get full approval.

"That's exactly why I'm doing this Ginny...all of you deserve to have a party and be comfortable with coming back...so many of us were lost to the violence. I trust you all to behave enough not to ruin the chances of future parties." Professor McGonagall wrote a written approval, ripping it out of her notebook. "One last rule and you can go tell everyone."

"What is that Professor?"

Professor McGonagall gave her a stern look. "Slytherin have to come no excluding allowed this is the perfect time for bonding. Please make sure Malfoy and Potter attend as well they need their friends the most right now." She handed the note over. "Now o you go, I'll have the astronomy tower set up by 6."

Ginny made a excited shout, hugging Professor McGonagall tightly. "Yes yes alright my dear." Professor McGonagall hugged back quickly, shooing her away. "Don't make me regret this!"

Ginny waved the note in a goodbye, running back.

Continue reading next part