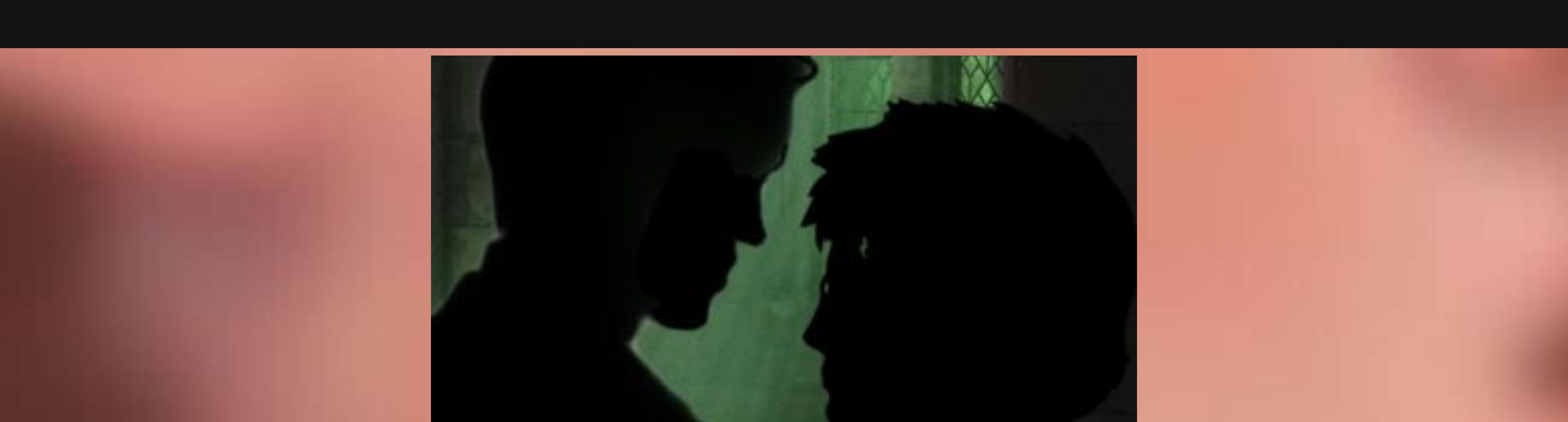

# Dont Go

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Harry slept peacefully for the first time in the last few days, soothed by the rising and falling of Draco's chest, the sweet sounds of his quiet snoring. Harry didn't know if Draco would wake up startled at what happened last night, or if he would accept the events. Harry was so afraid of losing the one he truly cared for, only 4 days left till the Potion was complete.

Harry woke up very early the next morning, facing Draco's back. There was only a few inches between them caused by obvious tossing and turning. He looked at the slicked back hair, remembering their younger days.

Draco was awake, pretending to still be asleep, his brain was silently freaking inside of what would happen due to him leaving the Manor...the consequences of his disappearance would be colossal. Muggles and half bloods will begin to die again...it's all my fault!

Harry inched closer, closing the gap between them. He took in Draco's scent slowly, he missed this so much, but he feared Draco didn't want to be rescued.

Draco's heart jumped violently at Harry's chest pushing against his back, keeping his eyes closed. Shit! What should I do?He didn't know if he should move or keep still.

Harry moved his hand over Draco, resting it over his chest. "You're awake aren't you? You're heart is beating very fast." He whispered, stroking his fingertips over his chest.

"You shouldn't have taken me..." Draco finally mentioned, staying still. "You have no idea what might happen now."

Harry wrapped both hands around Draco's chest from behind. "All that matters is that you're safe...I'm so glad I have you with me."

Draco whimpered nervously as Harry's fingers teased his nipple. "What are you doing?" He looked down, shuddering as the other hand joined in.

"Saying good morning." Harry kissed Draco's ear, bringing his left hand down to his stomach. "Did you sleep well?"

Draco slowly nodded as he watched Harry's hands. "What h-happens now?"

"Well." Harry began to say, rubbing in circles. "You still don't remember anything...but we have the whole weekend to do nothing." His fingers slowly dipped into Draco's shorts.

Draco inhaled sharply. "Potter!" He gasped, Harry's hand lightly covered his groin. "No!" He whined.

Harry started rubbing gently, grasping his fingers around Draco's cock over the material. "Don't worry, I havent forgotten how turned on you get from the slightest touch." He whispered in his ear.

Draco arched his back against Harry, feeling himself harden slowly against his teasing fingers. "Why, why, why?!" He moaned quietly, closing his eyes as he felt lips kiss his shoulders.

"Why? Because you're so beautiful, I want to touch you always." Harry pushed his face into the back of Draco's hair, putting his hand down his briefs.

Draco grabbed Harry's hand at the wrist, stopping him. "Potter no! Not again!" He pushed it away.

Harry sat up fast, glaring for a moment. "Fine." He got out of bed, grabbing a pair of black track pants with white stripes down the sides, and a dark green T-shirt, walking out the door to go to the bathroom.

Draco flinched at the loud door slam, glaring down at his hard erection. "Shit!" He cursed at himself, sitting up. He looked around the room, getting more and more angry with the whole situation. "Bloody Potter." He held his head in his hands.

Harry angrily took a shower, scrubbing and washing vigorously as he tried to remember there were only 4 days left. After scrubbing every inch of himself, brushing his teeth, clipping nails and shaving everything, he decided to get dressed and avoid Draco for a while.

Draco wandered into the bathroom, washing out the pound of gel from his hair. He wanted to be clean and dressed so he could literally 'wash' his worries about the Rebellion away. He looked around, enjoying how he had a private bath where he didn't have to socialize.

As the shower filled with steam, Draco cleaned the rest of himself as he thought about what to do next. Should I just go back???I could lie and say I was running errands...but what about Potter? I feel so lost...

Draco looked down at his Dark Mark, bold and black. Draco took the blade out of his razor, dragging it over the snake. As he cried out in pain, the blood dripped down his arm, down his fingers.

Draco watched the blood spill down the drain, waiting for it to stop. He turned off the shower, wrapping his wounds in gauze and green ace bandage.

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Harry sat at the Gryffindor table, telling Ron, Hermione, and Seamus about everything that happened. He forced himself to eat breakfast, drinking some pumpkin juice.

"Maybe Draco is just scared." Ron mentioned. "What's done is done, you won't know till that Potion is done." Seamus said secondly, shoving in a mouth full of rice pudding.

"But what if it doesn't work? What if I'm doomed to never have my Draco back?" Harry asked rhetorically, finishing his food.

"Harry I think you should brace yourself for what's to come." Hermione suggested. "There's a good chance that even with the Potion, that Draco won't come back to you."

Harry knew they all had a good point, taking his glasses off. "Why did this happen? I should never have suggested we go see his Father." He rubbed his eyes.

"Oy! Its not your fault!" Neville chimed in. "Sorry I heard what you said Harry, and you couldn't have known what would happen."

Harry nodded. "It's alright Neville, I just hope that whatever happens, everyone will be okay."

Neville gave Harry a pat on the back.

Draco wasn't at breakfast, Severus and Remus were chatting about recent events with Draco and his family. Severus needed to talk to Lucius, but he didn't know if it would be safe just yet.

Harry looked around, getting up from his seat abruptly. He ran to the front, stepping up to the teachers table. "Professor Lupin!" He formally called out.

Remus sat next to Severus, looking alarmed at Harry's demeanor. "My boy what's wrong???" He stood to his feet.

Harry needed to talk to Remus, he was the one man he trusted besides Sirius that wouldn't judge him or say anything to anyone else. "I know it's the weekend but I need to talk to you."

Remus became more serious as he sensed the urgency in Harry's voice. "Come with me, let's go to my rooms." He walked around the long table, walking with Harry out of the Great Hall.

Harry's mind was racing as Remus hurried him to his rooms, thankful for the walk so that he could organize his thoughts.

Remus stopped at his door, taking down all his protective spells and wards. "There we go! Now let's go inside and eat some sweets while we gibberjabber!" He opened the door, pushing Harry in.

Harry smiled at such a whimsical room filled with artifacts and books that had moon and stars all over the leathback covers. "I love your room!" He said happily, noticing lots of werewolf and wolf themed personal items.

"I think I know part of why you want to talk, but I'm sure it's only a small part." Remus hugged Harry warmly now that they had privacy, embracing tightly.

Harry welcomed the extra comfort, needing it these days. "You don't have to do that." He pulled away slightly to look at Remus.

"I think I do, I'm sensing you've been sad and lonely these past 3 days." Remus smiled, letting go after a few minutes. "Now, let's eat first! I'll make the tea and gather some chocolate!"

Harry sighed happily, looking around at the lovely artifacts and nicknacks that Remus owned. "I'm very grateful you are taking some of your time to talk...but how are you? You look a bit stiff."

Remus touched his face for a moment. "Last moon wasn't very kind to me, but most wounds have healed, just a few scratches is all!" He poured freshly brewed relaxation Tea into a star painted Teapot, setting two matching teacups onto the silver tray.

"I must look a bit disheveled myself, I've been very worried about Draco." Harry sat down on the dark brown leather couch.

"I heard the news from Severus and Minerva...I'm sorry he's had memory loss." Remus said saddened, bringing the tray over, setting it down on the ash colored stone coffee table. "Now, there is a chance it will come back in pieces! But I know that Potion is 3 1/2 days away from being done." He sat down next to Harry.

Harry smiled at the plate of numerous chocolate treats that Remus put next to the tea. "You always know how to cheer me up."

"Just so you know, I did double check the potion progress it is going very well." Remus poured the tea.

Harry sipped his tea, swallowing multiple chocolate frogs and bonbons. Remus told some light humor stories about James and Severus getting on each other's nerves while Harry settled down.

"Now what did you want to ask me? We have all day if you need." Remus sipped his tea, setting it back down on the tray.

"What was Greyback like? Why is he wanting Revenge?" Harry asked.

Remus had a pained expression, absent mindedly touching a scar on his face. "Well you know he was the one who turned me...but before that he use to be such a nice boy...but something changed when Voldemort rose to power...now Harry everything was different before you were born...we were all so young."

"I'm guessing it's the same story of being drunk with power." Harry ate another piece of chocolate.

"Yes it is, but also Greyback was very different and he didn't make friends like we do...almost in the same way Wormtail was...poor man went insane." Remus ate a piece of chocolate.

Harry inched closer, leaning into Remus. "I'm sorry if this makes you upset, we don't have to talk about it."

Remus shook his head. "No its fine, it's best I share with you considering this whole Rebellion scare."

Harry remembered he had news. "Remus I have something I need to tell you."

Remus dabbed his lips with his handkerchief. "What is it?"

"I went to Malfoy Manor yesterday after dinner...I know it wasn't allowed but I had found out Draco was taken there."

Remus tried not to scold Harry's unsupervised trip. "What happened?"

Harry explained everything down to the last detail, needing to get it out.

"Lucius?! So that's where he went, I'm so surprised that wasn't one of the first places the ministry checked." Remus was confused as to why he hadn't been caught yet.

"But there was supposedly a meeting going on that night! I got Draco out safely before anything dangerous happened...sorry I don't have anything else to help." Harry looked into his lap.

Remus took Harry by the shoulders, turning him. "You saved Draco from a very unsafe environment! You risked your life for his! I am so proud of you."

Harry smiled warmly, pulling Remus into another hug. "I'm sorry about Tonks...I know you've been lonely, but I hope that you know how much you mean to me and all of us."

Remus hugged back, flashes of Tonks before she died in the war. "It's alright, she's always with us even after death...Teddy will always be told how brave his mother was."

Harry held on for maybe a little too long, but he wanted the embrace.

"Now, what else is on your mind? I know there's something else." Remus asked, handing Harry a cookie.

"Yes well...I feel so lost without Draco. He's so distant from me and I feel like the man he was with me might be gone...I don't know how to cope with that...he doesn't seem to like me anymore." Harry tried not to tear up, but the thought of not being with Draco made him unbearably sad.

"My dear Harry, Draco is still the man you had, don't forget he will remember soon! That Potion will bring everything back...I know it's hard right now but just give him some time and he'll come around." Remus smiled, pouring the last of the Tea.

Harry leaned into Remus again, enjoying the time they spent together. "I went to touch him...and he stopped me..."

Remus furrowed his brow. "Touch how?"

Harry blushed. "Sexually."

"Ohhhhh." Remus blushed lightly at the realization. "Well right now he's probably very confused that he has a boyfriend he can't remember, that too needs time. Just give him some space and he'll come to you."

Harry rubbed his face with a slight giggle. "Sorry...sex isn't something we've ever really talked about."

"No, no it's alright! I told you nothing is off limits you can always talk to me no matter what." Remus smiled.

Harry stood. "Well I fancy a nap!"

"You are welcome to hide out in here, or you can go back to your room." Remus offered, taking the tea and leftover sweets to the mini kitchen.

"I'll go back to my room I need to think about some things." Harry walked to the door. "Thank you Remus...you mean a great deal to me." He smiled warmly.

"As do you Harry, get some rest." Remus handed him a key. "Take this, come by any time to hide or talk about anything you need."

"Thank you Remus." Harry smiled, leaving through the door.

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Harry collapsed inside the curtains, pushing himself into the softness of the green silk sheets. He leaned on his side, covering himself with the blankets.

Draco came in the room, sighing from a very confusing day. He plopped down on the couch, pushing his head into the large leather pillow.

Harry heard Draco come in, staying perfectly still. He wanted to call out Draco's name, but he felt like he already caused enough problems this morning. He sighed to himself as he pulled the covers over his shoulders, closing his eyes.

Draco wiped the tears from his face, cursing internally at himself. He wanted to remember everything, he felt so useless and lost. If I don't ever remember, what's to become of me? People have acted like their my friends...but how can they be if I don't remember them?

Harry fell asleep after a while of silence, instantly being thrown into a nightmare. He winced painfully as he saw the unforgivable curses hit the ones he once knew and loved, starting to convulse in his sleep.

Draco sat up at the weird noises, wiping his eyes dry. He looked around, confused when there wasn't anymore noise. He stood up, looking around. Strange? I thought I heard he went close to the closet, opening the doors but they were empty.

Harry felt the sting of the cruciatus curse in his dreams from the time he was trapped in the graveyard, switching to the horrible sounds he remembered that Hermione made being tortured by Bellatrix. He groaned loudly in pain as his body shook.

Draco swung his head towards the noise, going over to open the curtains. His eyes widened at the sight of Harry tossing and turning in distress, the sounds becoming more and more distressing. He climbed in without having to think about it, pulling his handkerchief out of his pocket.

Harry shuddered as his sweat was wiped away, not aware of Draco's presence in the waking world.

Draco had seen this many times before, experiencing it himself. He wiped away the sweat and tears from Harry's face, turning him on his back. Maybe...maybe it would stop if I he thought as he pulled Harry's top half across his chest, wrapping his arms around his torso.

Harry latched his hands on Draco's forearms as a reflex, whimpering painfully.

Draco winced at the harsh squeeze, staying still. "Potter..." he called quietly, carefully moving his arms to hold Harry's hands in his own. "Potter!"

Harry gasped loudly, turning his head to see Draco looking right at him. "Wha...Draco?" He breathed in deeply a few times as he realized he had a nightmare. "What are you doing???" He looked at himself seeing he was leaning against Draco's chest.

"I...I didn't know what else to do...you were yelling in your sleep." Draco blushed, unaware they were still holding hands. "I had to stop you before..." he looked away.

Harry didn't know why, but he started to cry.

Draco raised his brows, feeling very upset himself at that reaction. "Potter why are you crying???"

"You were so mad at me this morning I...I thought you didn't want to be near me anymore and then you didn't show up to breakfast I just..." Harry looked away, tears rolling down his cheeks.

Draco got a white flash of a memory, seeing Harry standing in an open train compartment, a rush of feelings surging through him as the memory ended. "I just saw...did we ride together on the train here?"

Harry turned his head to look at Draco. "Yes how did you....Draco did you just remember something?"

Draco felt a feeling of nervousness and attraction from the moment he had seen Harry sitting there, standing in the doorway of the compartment...seeing him after two and a half months..."The first day we saw each other...we spent the whole ride together...I wasn't very nice to you was I?"

Harry turned slightly, wrapping his arms around Draco's waist. "You remembered that's all that matters." He smiled, pushing his face into his chest.

"It's hardly anything...nothing happened." Draco sounded slightly disappointed.

"It's a start." Harry looked up at Draco with hopeful eyes.

Draco gave him a half smile. "How often do you have nightmares?"

Harry looked away saddened. "I've always sort of...had nightmares. They truly started when I was a small child." He looked back at Draco, kissing his cheek. "I know you have them too...I helped you one night when you had a nightmare."

"You did?" Draco asked, absently still holding both of Harry's hands.

"It was the first night in this room together...I slept on the couch and then I got up to shower but...I came back and you were crying and in distress. I came in the curtains to hold you...help you calm down." Harry smiled softly. "I couldn't let you hurt like that."

Draco let go of Harry's hands, clearing his throat awkwardly. "Yes well..." he scooted away slightly. "Thank you for that."

Harry frowned. "Draco why won't you let yourself be close to me?"

Draco looked away. "We've supposedly been together for two months." He moved away. "But I don't remember a thing...how could 2 people who are so different be together like this? My family is responsible for so much death...and you're the hero who stopped the Dark Lord."

"Draco we were able to put that behind us...please don't pull away from me." Harry begged, reaching out.

Draco moved off the bed, standing by the edge. "I don't deserve this...I don't deserve such forgiveness and devotion...you deserve better." His face looked pained and angry with himself.

"Draco!" Harry snapped. "You are so hard on yourself, I don't look at you like that I know you had no choice!" He moved to the edge of the bed, taking hold of Draco's hand. "Please...don't do this."

Draco hid his face, pulling his hands away. "I can't even remember you...maybe..." he backed up. "Maybe it would be best if you forget too."

Harry stared at Draco in disbelief. "You don't mean that..."

Draco looked at Harry, a tear falling down his cheek. "I think I do mean it...seeing you standing in that hospital room, with such a happy expression...you don't see me for what I really am...a Death Eater."

Harry was frozen almost in what seemed like his own living nightmare. "Draco...where is all this coming from?"

Draco clenched his fists together, walking away. "Don't come looking for me...I won't give you anymore pain." He opened the door, disappearing down the hall.

Harry had been holding his breath, wanting to wake up from such a hurtful exchange. "I have to still be in my nightmare!" He stared at the door, tears forming in his eyes.

The door didn't open again, the room silent.

"Come back..." Harry strained, tears falling.

The door stayed shut, only the sounds of the Grandfather clock tick...tock..took...

Harry fell to his knees, hands smacking into the stone floor. "Draco..." he whispered, tears splashing to the ground.

Tick...tock...

Harry sobbed, slamming his fist into the stone. "DRACO!!!!!!"

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