

Broken Heart

The next two days Harry took advantage of the personal key to Remus's rooms, hiding all Sunday and Monday a er classes. Harry wasn't sleeping or eating, Remus knew he'd have to talk to Severus about where Draco escaped o to.

Remus finished dinner early, scarfing down his food. He had pleaded with Harry to come eat, but it was no use. He quickly walked out of the Great Hall, disappearing into the Dungeons.

Severus was using his magic to clean up his kitchen, sighing irritatingly at the lack of strength in his magic, a plate dropping on the floor. "Damn!"

A knock interupted Severus's scowling.

Remus raised a brow at Severus as the door opened. "Am I interrupting something???"

Severus forced himself to be calm. "Not exactly...come in."

Remus walked in, taking a second to look at things. "Severus it's a bit...messy in here." He deflected. "Anyways, I have a question for you, but I'm not sure you know the answer." He sat on the couch, moving some clothes out of the way.

Severus pulled up one of the kitchen table chairs, sitting infront of Remus. "And just why are you interrupting...my day?" He asked dryly.

Remus rolled his eyes at his friends dull voice. "Honestly Severus have you tried being more friendly?" He asked rhetorically. "I'm here because I've had Harry Potter on my couch for two days crying. He won't sleep or eat...know anything about that?"

Severus looked o to the side for a moment, looking back at Remus. "I havent heard from Mr. Potter...in several days besides when he's in my class..."

Remus glared, knowing that was a lie. He looked around the room, gathering his attention to the clothes on the couch. "Severus..." he picked up a green Slytherin logo T-shirt. "Last I checked you didn't wear teenage clothing..." he stood up, walking around checking things.

"Just what do you think you're doing Remus?" Severus sneered, following him.

Remus noticed a white plate with a half eaten wa le, walking quickly over to the bedroom.

"Remus!" Severus hissed, trying to grab him.

Remus stood firm when he saw inside the bedroom. "Well so this is where you've been!"

Draco was sitting on Severus's bed, his eyes wide. "I can explain!" He held his hands up.

"I really hope so!" Remus walked over, crossing his arms infront of Draco.

"Remus you really shouldn't-" severus tried to say.

"No Severus you lied to me." Remus growled, looking back to Draco. "And just what do you think you're doing hiding like a child in your Godfathers room like this???? You broke Harry's heart and then you just le !"

"What am I suppose to do?! I can't go back home! There's death Eaters in my house again!" Draco dramatically curled his lip in disgust. "I tried to go back home but when I did I found the house swarming with Wizard's I didn't know and my Father was in the living room with Greyback!!!"

Remus's face dropped. "Did anyone see you?! Did you talk to anyone?!" He yelled, looking back at Severus with anger.

"No! I got out before I was seen, I wanted answers! My Father spoke to me that day he took me, wanted me to join his group." Draco

started to cry again, covering his face.

"Draco didn't tell me this, this is the first I've heard of this." Severus said lowly, giving a stern glare in Draco's ditection.

Remus got down on his knees, taking Draco's hands o his face. "Nobody is angry with you! I'm sorry I yelled, but you could have been in a very dangerous situation or worse!"

Draco looked at Remus.

Remus looked at Draco. "I want you to come with me to St. Mungo's."

Severus walked over, putting his hand on Draco's shoulder.

"Why should I go back there? What's the point?" Draco asked.

"Draco, you need to get some help, you have to talk to someone...maybe stay overnight and get ready to take the potion." Severus spoke quietly.

Draco looked at them both, miserable. "Well...then let's go, I don't have a choice do I?"

Severus shook his head. "For your safety and mental health you need to go." He rubbed his back for a moment, backing up.

Draco looked at Remus.

Remus nodded. "It's for the best, we'll make sure you get the best care." He walked over to write a few letter to the Head Master and several of the teachers, notifying them of their absence.

"You can bring one person with you to stay overnight." Severus mentioned. "I suggest maybe Ms. Parkinson or Mr. Nott?" He shrugged.

Remus swung a key around his fingers. "This is Harry's key, I'll go get you some comfy clothes." He walked out.

Draco nodded slowly, feeling sad and exausted. "Severus I need a favor from you while I'm gone." He said meekly.

"What is this favor Draco?" Severus asked.

"I need you to get me a new wand, something long...and with a Grip at the end." Draco rubbed his face, wishing his body would let him sleep.

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Severus grabbed his his galleon pouch, stu ing it into the inner pocket of his cloak. "Consider it done...anything else?"

Draco looked at Severus.

Severus watched Draco slowly starting to fall apart, tears rolling down his face.

"Go get Potter." Draco shakily took in a breath. "I want him to come with me."

Severus held out his black silk handkerchief. "If that is what you wish." He slowly walked out of the room, making his way to Remus's rooms.

Draco wiped his tears away, his chest shakily rising and falling.

Remus walked in moments later with a green backpack full of clothes, sneakers, and some sweets. "Where's Severus o to?"

Draco sighed heavily, wiping his face. "Getting Potter."

Remus raised his brows. "Really? Good for you Mr. Malfoy, he truly cares about you...everything will be more clear tomorrow." He handed Draco his backpack, along with a sweatshirt.

"What's this for?" Draco asked, putting it on, admiring the nice forest green color.

Remus chuckled slightly. "It's very cold outside! The warmth of Fall is gone Mr. Malfoy."

"Oh." Draco zipped it up.

"You should shower before we go, take some time to clean yourself up and mentally prepare yourself." Remus walked to the other room. ***

Severus spelled Remus's door open, walking in as he silently closed it behind him.

The room was pristine clean, the fresh smell of shower gel and cologne wa ed to the front door.

Severus assumed Harry had just showered, wandering through the room. "Mr. Potter?" He called lowly.

Harry had just stepped out of the shower, steam flooding out of the door. He looked in the mirror that hung over the sink, wiping away the dampness under his eyes.

Severus walked into the bedroom area. "Mr. Potter?"

Harry gasped, hiding behind the open frosted glass shower door.

Severus stopped infront of the open bathroom door. "Hiding? From your Potions Master?" Severus rolled his eyes.

Harry only had a purple towel around his hips. "Snape?!" He popped his head out when he heard his voice more clearly. "Bloody hell you want me to have a heart attack?!"

Severus pursed his lips. "Not my intention Mr. Potter." He stared for a brief moment. "Going to hide while we talk?"

Harry shook his head, forgetting. "No, no sorry." He stepped out, tightening the towel around him.

Severus closed his eyes, turning the other way. "I've come to pick you up, get dressed before I lose the contents of my stomach." He said with a nervous tone.

Harry laughed lightly. "And why exactly are you collecting me?" He asked, rolling on deodorant and misting body spray.

Severus inhaled the cologne mist that wa ed his way. "Draco has requested you."

Harry nearly slipped on the edge of the sink rug. "Draco? But he's been missing for 2 days!" He grabbed a blue shirt and ripped light blue ripped jeans with his briefs.

"He's been with me the last 2 days, I suspect...he ran to me right a er you last saw him." Severus clutched the sides of his cloak.

Harry was about to go o on Severus, his temper knocking on the surface of his skin. "You mean to tell me that I've been crying and stressing for 2 days, and he's been hiding in your rooms?!"

Severus glared at the footsteps coming behind him, turning around to face a very angry Harry. "Mr. Potter it was best that I didn't share that he was with me...he's not doing well."

"And I am?! I haven't slept, I havent eaten since he le ...I try and...I just feel so lost." Harry relaxed slightly, feeling too tired to start a confrontation.

"Mr. Potter I will say it again. I've come to bring you to Draco, he's going to stay at St. Mungo's tonight and take the potion tomorrow morning when it's finished." Severus snapped, aggravated that he had to repeat himself.

"What does that have to do with me??? Draco doesn't want anything to do with me." Harry glared slightly at the thought.

Severus sighed. "Don't be such a child Mr. Potter, he asked you personally to stay with him. You've been excused from Tuesday's classes."

Harry froze.

"If I have to repeat myself for the 3rd time I will stick my wand down your expensive pants and sting jinx you." Severus growled impatiently. "Now come on, let's get going."

Harry hid his amusement, following Severus out of Remus's rooms. "Somewhere under all that black cloak is a funny sense of humor."

"Don't look into it...you'll only be disappointed Mr. Potter." Severus grumbled, walking outside to wait for Harry to get his things together.

Draco sat with Remus as they had some tea and chocolate treats with apple slices.

Remus kept close watch on Draco as they talked, nervous at how little he's slept. "Are you nervous about regaining your memories?" He poured more tea.

Draco bit into an apple slice. "There's a chance that it does nothing...I asked Slughorn about Memory potions a year ago before the war...I had a test on it and I thought I'd ask someone who taught an advanced class. He said there's times where a potion doesn't mix well the with magic of a Wizard or Witch."

Remus set the teapot down. "That's incredibly rare and very unlikely...I don't want you putting unnecessary stress on yourself."

Draco placed his hands in his lap. "What if Potter doesn't come? What if he doesn't want to see me?"

Remus got up, putting on a heavier jacket. "Harry wouldn't abandon you a er everything you've both been through." He picked up his wand, putting it inside his pants. "Now get ready, we will depart soon."

Draco took the next few minutes to use the bathroom and brush his hair, all the while thinking that Harry wouldn't come. Why does he have a reason? I told him to forget me...the things I said...I wouldn't blame him.

The door creaked open slowly, Severus walking in looking very short tempered.

"Remus you should tell McGonagall we are leaving if you haven't already." Severus mumbled.

"Snape I still don't see why..." Harry walked in, his sentence faltering as he saw Draco walk into the front room.

Draco's jaw slightly dropped. "You...you actually came."

Harry stood by the doorway. "Why did you want me to be the one to go with you?" He walked inside, sitting in the recliner. "You said..."

"I know what I said." Draco sat on the couch across from Harry. "But tomorrow the potion will be done...I need you to come with me...I don't want to be by myself."

Harry glared. "So you're just using me? As a safety blanket?" He looked away, feeling slightly hurt.

Remus and Severus came into the front room a er gathering themselves. "Let's go boys, we have to get there before visiting hours are over so we can check Mr. Potter in with you." Severus told Draco.

"Harry do you have everything?" Remus asked.

Harry picked up a small du le bag o the ground. "2 outfits, briefs,

toothbrush, toothpaste...and socks and sneakers...the basics." He hauled the strap over his shoulder.

"Very good!" Remus gave Harry a comforting smile, taking his hand. "Let's go!"

Harry followed with Remus ahead, looking back for a moment at Draco walking with Severus.

Severus pushed Draco to his side. "Common now, you'll feel better soon. Once we get to St. Mungo's they'll give you a sleeping potion so you can get some rest."

Draco sighed, saddened at the way Harry looked at him. "Let's just get this over with." He sighed with a frown. I always say the wrong thing...what if he never forgives me??? I'm so sorry Potter...

Remus and Severus dropped Draco o on the fourth floor, leaving strict instructions for the Healers. Security was posted outside of Draco's room, only allowing Healers and Harry in and out of the room.

Draco was given a powerful sleeping drought potion a moment ago, changing into his pajamas in the bathroom.

Harry changed into his pajamas, a black baggy shirt and his slytherin plad colored pajama pants. He chose to sleep on the couch away from Draco, still wary of how he felt.

Draco came out of the bathroom, slowly walking over to his bed. "Potter...can we talk?"

Harry sat up, covering his lap in the blankets. "What's there to talk about?" He hid his emotions, not wanting to interfere. "You said you wanted me to come with you, I'm here aren't I?"

Draco yawned as the potion started to make him sleepy. "I just want to know if you're okay."

Harry sighed, sinking into the blankets and pillows of the couch. "I'm fine, go to sleep Draco." He turned his back to him.

Draco felt terrible, he wished he could take back what he said 2 days ago. "I'm sorry..." his eyes were becoming heavy. "Forgive me." He whispered, falling asleep.

Harry looked over the arm rest of the couch, watching Draco fall into a deep sleep. I feel so angry...but I can't help myself...I miss him so much..he thought to himself, walking over to the hospital bed.

Draco was awkwardly splayed over the bed, snoring quietly in a heavily sedated sleep.

Harry put down the guard rail, pushing Draco on his le side. He climbed in next to him, pulling the covers and blankets over them both. "You better be back to normal tomorrow." He whispered to himself, wrapping his arms around Draco's chest.

The night went on very slow, Harry had fallen asleep the second his chest pressed against Draco's back. The hospital was very quiet, only the light footsteps of the Healers outside in the hall sounded through the halls.

Draco had woken up in the middle of the night, the Sleeping Drought potion had worn o . He looked down to see Harry's arms wrapped around him with one up his shirt. I guess he must have come over here when I fell asleep...

Harry's face was buried in the back of Draco's hair, fast asleep.

Draco felt Harry's heartbeat against his back, feeling sleepy again. He was too tired to move to the couch, closing his eyes. "Potter...thank you." He whispered, falling back to sleep.

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