# The Scars That Remind Us

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Draco raced up to the 5th floor, he lost track of time with homework and studying, 30 minutes late. He changed into his dark green swim trunks and a black V-neck T-shirt under his robes. Harry had gotten to the Prefects Bathroom a while ago, wanting time to himself.

Draco unlocked the door. "Alohomora." He whispered, slipping in.

The bathroom was pristine clean, dimly lit. The smell of lavender and sandlewood filled the air.

Draco followed the smell to see Harry sitting on the edge of the bath. "Potter?"

Harry turned around, a soft smile on his face. "I knew you'd be late."

"I lost track of time..." Draco admitted, taking his robes off. "It's hot in here!" He took his shoes and socks off, discarding his wet robes off to the side.

Harry pointed to the faucets going off as the bubbles started to fluff up. "Started the bath so it's hot."

Draco cautiously sat down next to Harry a few feet away. "So what did you want to talk to me about?" He asked, dipping his legs up to his knees in the water.

"Lots of stuff...things we should have talked about a long time ago...some recent things too." Harry started.

Draco sighed, pretty sure he knew a few of the things that would be mentioned. "Look Potter..."

"Let me go first." Harry interupted. "There's so many things I've wanted to say to you all these years...its been 7 1/2 years..."

Draco knew what was coming...but he still wasn't ready for it.

"You've called my friends horrible names, you've been on the wrong side the whole time...you broke my nose and you tortured me verbally for years..." Harry kept calm despite the subject. "And you almost killed Dumbledore...which I know you didn't but...even after all that I'm asking for us to be friends."

Draco for some reason felt a horrible sting at that word. Friends huh? Why does that bother me so much?Why?"

"Because you're not a bad wizard...you've just done some bad things." Harry suggested, looking at the bandage on Draco's arm. "Take that off."

"What??? Why???" Draco clutched his hand over the bandage.

"Because I've been looking at it for 2 days and I want to see." Harry's voice became a little more stern.

Draco scoffed. "No! Just because your saint Harry Potter doesn't mean I do as you ask." He snapped.

Harry saw that he hit a large nerve. "What's under the bandage Malfoy?" He asked, inching closer.

Draco shook his head. "Stay away Potter!"

"Colloportus!" Harry spelled the doors and windows locked, inching closer again.

"I mean it!!! It's none of your damn buisness!!!" Draco yelled, putting his arm behind his back.

Harry's knee knocked Draco's. "Show me or I make you." He glared.

"You couldn't possibly!" Draco snarled.

"Try me." Harry moved till he was almost thigh to thigh. "Arm...now."

Draco was infuriated. "Fuck you Pott-" He stopped mid sentence at Harry getting too close.

"Give me your arm." Harry said very slowly, already aware of the wand in the same hand as the bandage.

Draco shakily moved his left arm towards Harry. "Please..." his wand in his fingers.

Harry had never heard Draco say please, he knew it was bad. "Why are you so afraid? Are you going to jinx me with that? Go on hit me."

Draco scowled deeply, he had Harry right where he always wished he had, within striking distance. But all he could do was freeze.

Harry took the wand out of Draco's fingers. "I didn't think so." He placed the wand down on the tile next to the edge on the other side of him.

Draco flinched at Harry's fingers wrapping around his wrist, pulling his arm closer. He tried to pull away, but Harry only gripped tighter. "Ahh!" He hissed.

Harry continued to pull Dracos arm till it was close enough. "Don't move." He unhooked the metal clasp holding the bandages together.

Draco's heart was in his throat. "Don't!" He pleaded once more.

Harry ignores the complaint, slowly starting to unwrap the dark green ace bandage. He stopped when he started to see a tint of blood.

Draco met Harry's gaze, knowing his biggest secret since Dumbledore was killed was about to be revealed. "I just couldn't deal with it anymore..."

Harry looked back at the bandage, removing the last of it. He gasped as the bandages fell out of his fingers. "Malfoy...what have you done?"

Under the bandage had been a large scar in the exact shape of Draco's dark mark, covered in long slash marks and lined scars of old wounds.

Draco shook in sadness, refusing to say anything. He looked at Harry with hardened eyes.

"How long have you been doing this?" Harry asked, touching the mark.

Draco freaked, pulling his arm frantically trying to get away.

Both Harry and Draco got thrown into the water, thrashing about for control.

Harry finally regained control despite his smaller stature, holding Draco still by both wrists. "Now stop it! Who are you running from?! There's nobody in here but me!!!" He yelled loudly, his bangs dripping water down his face.

"EVERYONE!!!" Draco screamed. "I am a death eater!!!! I am marked!!! It will never go away!!!" Tears mixed with bath water dripped down his furious face.

Harry's eyes widened, feeling a rush of sadness overcome him. "Malfoy you aren't a death eater anymore Voldemort was killed! His followers all went into hiding or surrendered!" He kept holding on tightly against Draco's strength. "Stop fighting me!!!"

"NOoo!!!!" Draco sobbed. "You were the hero! I was the bad guy! My father was a supporter of the Dark Wizard who killed your parents and so many of your friends!!!!"

"But all of that wasn't your fault! You didn't have anyone to save you! You had no way out! I heard Dumbledore give u a way out and I know you couldn't take it!" Harry forced Draco's hands down. "I am right here! Stop resisting!"

Dracos hands went limp, his tears falling as he lowered his head. "Their all dead!!!! I could have stopped it! I could have done something!"

Harry finally let go.

Draco sunk half in the water, covering his face in his hands. "So many lives gone!!!"

Harry sunk to Dracos level, pulling his hands off his face. "It's not your fault." He repeated.

Draco refused to meet Harry's eyes, not after he knew what he had done, all the crying and screaming.

Harry turned his head to meet Draco's face. "I'm not leaving you, you can scream and cry all you want, you've been through alot....so have I."

Draco locked eyes with Harry, looking at the piercing green irises that stared into his silver sadness. "Potter...what do you want from me?"

Harry extended Draco's left arm, looking at all the scars and freshly made cuts. "I want you to never hurt yourself again." He put his hand over the mark.

Draco freaked, trying to move away.

"Don't! Let me!" Harry firmly squeezed Draco's wrist. Harry looked down at the mark, every detail of the snake was still visible. It was red and angry from all the bleeding and scars.

Draco wished Harry didn't look so closely. He gasped when he felt his touch. "Potter!"

"Relax..." Harry traced the head with his fingers, down to the body of the snake. "It's not that bad, if you stop cutting the scar will lighten."

Draco let out a shaky breath, swallowing hard. "Potter you...you need to stop."

Harry looked up at Draco, seeing him differently than he had before. "Why?"

"Please." Draco pleaded.

Harry let go, taking the bandages out of the water, handing them to Draco. "There's more things we need to discuss."

"You want me to apologize??? Want me to tell you I was a asshole to your friends??? What do you want?!" Draco wrapped the soaked bandage around his mark, wincing at the pain.

"Malfoy don't act this way..." Harry pleaded.

"I am not yours you don't get to be my knight in shining armor who swoops in and fixes everything!" He growled, pulling himself out of the bath. Water rushed down his legs, dripping from all sides.

"Malfoy!" Harry yelled, floating there as he watched Draco spell the lock open and slam the door on his way out. "Bloody bullocks!!!!" Harry yelled, smacking the water.

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The next morning came bringing the second day of classes, Draco had forced Blaize out of his bed and slept in it. Harry woke to blaize next to him instead of Draco, signaling that he was still ashamed of last night's discovery.

Harry got showered and dressed in his clean and pressed Slytherin uniform and robes. He liked them, knowing one day he'd enjoy the house he was put into. He walked through the dungeons and up the Great Hall entrance. He skipped breakfast to study.

Draco was sitting at the Slytherin table already, eating Eggs Benedict and a large cup of pumpkin juice. He forced himself to eat and drink so he'd feel energized for the day.

Pansy slid over to Draco, bumping into him. "Good morning!!!" She yelled.

Draco wiped the spilled juice off the table. "Morning..." he greeted suspiciously.

"There's a rumor going around about you and the Golden boy!" Pansy came out with it.

Draco glared as he sipped his drink. "I don't suppose you are the one who started it?" He knew Pansy all too well.

"Not my fault I heard you and The Boy Who Lived talking." Pansy stuck her tongue out.

"And what exactly did you hear?" Draco asked, getting rather aggravated.

"That your whole feud was a fake!" Pansy whispered, plucking a bacon strip from the side of Draco's plate.

Draco slammed his now empty cup on the table. "You are wrong! Pansy listen to me very carefully. You are no longer my friend! You will never speak of me or any of my buisness again." He sternly snapped, leaving the table with his plate.

Pansy sighed a hurtful whine, watching Draco leave. "What happened to you?" She asked out loud.

Draco sat on the steps outside the great hall, scarfing down the rest of his big meal. He abandoned the tray, walking upstairs.

Harry was in the library in the spells and potions section, finishing his homework from last night he didn't do. He didn't feel like eating when Draco wouldn't even speak to him.

Draco was about to go to his first free period when an an announcement came from the Great Hall. He was close enough he hear it.

"All classes and events for today have been canceled! An important meeting has come up for Hogwarts staff and teachers! The ministry has called for the cancelation of classes! Enjoy your day off and don't leave school grounds!"

Draco sighed in relief at the announcement. He decided to go back to the dormitory to catch up on some relaxation.

Harry studied and did homework for his first free period after breakfast time had ended, walking into the hallway to students standing around and hanging out. "What's going on?" He asked a first year.

"Classes are canceled for today!" The little boy answered.

Harry felt relieved that he had some down time, he walked back into the dungeons. The lights were off with only a few dimly lit wall lights. Everyone from Slytherin was probably out somewhere else.

Draco had taken a long hot shower with the whole bathroom to himself. He blow dried his hair and sprayed cologne. He hadn't had this much time to get clean and dressed since the Manor.

Harry walked into the dormitories front hall, turning right to walk up the stairs to the boys dorm door.

Draco had shaven every inch of himself, lotion and all, wearing a soft black designer T-shirt with dark green sweatpants that clung to his hips lowly. He was alone and comfortable, two things he never took for granted.

Harry slowly opened the door in case someone was sleeping, sneaking through until he realized it was empty. I guess everyone is gone for the the day..he thought to himself, dropping his book bag by the sectional.

Draco stopped in his tracks at the loud thud, hiding behind blaize's bed he had stolen the night before. He heard footsteps coming up so he hid in the walk in sheets and linen closet.

Harry went upstairs, dropping his robes on his trunk at the foot of his bed.

Draco silently opened the wooden blinds of the door, seeing Harry sitting on his bed against the wall. He was about to open the door when Harry started undressing.

Harry took the tie off, tossing it in his personal hamper. He pulled the black jumper off over his head, the thin white shirt going with it.

Dracos eyes widened as he saw how toned Harry's chest was, he had never seen because Harry always changed in the stalls of the bathroom. I shouldn't be hiding why am I hiding?He asked himself, putting his hand on the latch.

Harry turned his head at the slight metal sound, but he didn't see anything. He pulled the school belt out of the loops of his pants, unzipping his black uniformed slacks. I wish they let us wear whatever we wanted.he thought to himself, kicking away the pants that fell down his legs.

Draco couldn't look away, every inch of Harry was toned with just the right amount of fat to it. Wait what am I thinking?! I don't like Potter! I'm not gay!He scolded himself, moving the blinds open more.

Harry flopped down face first on his bed, pushing against the soft sheets. He moved on his back, pulling the blankets over himself.

Draco glared. Don't fall asleep! I'm in here I don't want to be trapped in here all day!He complained internally, he was about to bust through the door but he saw movement under the blanket. No way...he's not...

Harry was touching himself under his Slytherin Mascot comforter, rubbing himself over his dark green briefs. His other hand cupped his muscled chest, pinching his nipple.

Draco had never seen something like this...he looked down at himself realizing he was hard. Bloody hell not now He watched Harry closely through the blinds, he couldn't see the hands but he knew what Harry was doing.

Harry parted his lips as he reached into his briefs, clutching his cock in his fingers. "Uhh." He let out a quiet whimper as his hand started to pump himself.

Draco couldn't believe this was happening. This wasn't fair, he shouldn't be seeing this...he couldn't help himself he grabbed his erection through his pants, squeezing lightly.

Harry pushed the comforter down, exposing his chest and stomach. He pumped attentively at his cock, smearing the drips of pre-come over the tip. "Oh shit." He groaned, making his hand go faster.

Draco pulled his cock out through the slit in his sweatpants, pumping himself. Fuck it he gave up, unable to look away.

Harry started to moan each time his hand went from the base to the tip, dripping from how good he felt.

Draco held on to the latch with his other hand for support, pumping faster. "Shit." He bit his lip, never feeling so turned on in his life.

Harry stuck his fingers in his mouth, feeling himself get close, closing his eyes tightly. "Ahh uhhhh!!!" He pushed his hips up, pumping furiously.

Draco was now pumping as fast as Harry, grabbing tightly on the latch as he felt himself heat up. He started to sweat, breathing heavily.

Harry arched his back as he moaned shakily, about to come.

Draco pushed against the door, feeling his orgasm approaching but he forgot that his hand had pushed down on the latch. He fell forward with the door swinging open.

Harry shot his glance at Draco who fell to the floor on his side. "Malfoy?! Ah ahhhh!!!!" He came, shooting come into the air.

Draco came a second after, groaning loudly as they still kept eye contact of shock and shame.

Harry was so embarrassed and confused. "Why...uhh why were you." He moaned, still convulsing from the big climax.

Draco forced himself up on his feet, shoving himself back into his sweatpants before Harry saw much of anything. He ran for it, darting out into the dungeons.

Harry just laid there on his side, bewildered and dismayed. "What just happened?!" He asked himself out loud, pulling up his briefs, grabbing his ripped jeans and one of his clean green jumpers.

Draco ran all the way to the back of the 1st year potion room, locking himself in the storage closet. He pulled his knees to his chest, holding his head in his hands. What just happened?! He saw me!!! There's no going back!

Harry came running down the Dungeon hallway, desperate to find Draco...but he had no idea where he could have gone. How do I find him?! I don't know any spells....wait!He knew one but it was for objects...he took out his wand, hoping he could change the spell. "Revelio Malfoy!" He chanted, repeating it a few times, thinking hard about where he would have gone. Moments later a path almost like a tiny illuminated thread went down the hallway of the Dungeons.

Harry followed it till it hanged a right into a different hall that lead to the 1st years potion room. He stood there...wanting to open the door...but reality slammed down on him, they had masterbated together...it was unknowingly but it was intense.

What happens now? What does this mean???

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