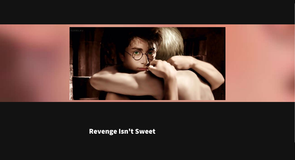

Revenge Isn't Sweet

Everyone from the party slept like a rock all night, plagued by drunken dreams and forbidden thoughts. Some were left wanting, and others left with questions. The next morning came with hangovers, nursing themselves back to reality.

Draco woke up to an empty bed, straining to sit up. He clutched his head as an immediate headache slammed his forehead. "Bloody fuck!" He winced harshly, his attention distracted by sounds or heaving coming from the bathroom. "Harry!" He sprang up, flying into the bathroom.

Harry had his head in the toilet, flushing puke.

Draco came over, brushing Harry's hair away from his face. "No more superior red mixed with whiskey for you!" He lightly teased, rubbing his back.

Harry groaned in harsh complaint, throwing up more food mixed with copious amounts of alcohol.

"Harry lift your head." Draco whispered, quickly running over to run a hand towel under the water. "Common, lift." He kneeled down on the side of Harry.

Harry slowly lifted his head, fighting the waves of nausea as best as he could. "I feel awful." He whined.

Draco did a warming charm on the wet hand towel, wiping Harry's face lightly. "You drank alot, I'm glad you are throwing it up though." He raised his wand up. "Accio potions box!"

A large white ivory box came floating over, landing beside Draco's feet.

Draco opened the top compartment, pulling out a black colored liquid in a clear long vile. "Harry you need to drink this." He extended his hand to him.

Harry took one look at the black sludge colored potion, puking another round into the toilet bowl. "Uhghh noooo." He whined painfully, clutching his stomach.

"You may be the Golden Boy, but your stomach isn't invincible." Draco gently put his hand under Harry's chin, lifting his head up. "Open."

Harry shakily opened his mouth.

Draco uncorked the potion, pouring it into Harry's mouth. "This tastes horrid but you'll be fine in a few minutes." He closed his mouth, tipping his head back.

Harry grimaced harshly at the nasty slime he had to swallow, groaning as it went down. "What is that?!" He coughed.

"Hangover potion." Draco took another one out, swallowing it down with a harsh scrunch of his nose. He sighed in relief as his headache subsided, energy flowing through him.

Harry leaned back against the wall, ripping his shirt over his head. "I feel gross...I'm all sweaty."

Draco walked over, picking Harry up. "Let's get you in the shower, you'll feel better clean."

Harry felt so touched that Draco wanted to take care of him like this, thinking back to when they were rivals. He would never have been this way in the past...I fall in love more and more each day with him...

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Meanwhile...

Severus apparated outside of Malfoy Manor, walking up to the front gate. He waited for the guard to come and unlock the chains, sneering at the man as the lock was opened. Severus clutched his wand on the inside of his cloak, being lead inside to the main rooms.

Severus kept his guard up, muttering a self protection spell around himself silently. He walked further into the first floor, greeting the man who stood infront of the large fireplace.

"Severus...to what do I owe this intrusion?" Lucius turned to face Severus, his expression stone cold.

"Let's not play this game Lucius...the school is starting to...get nervous about all the freshly new attacks on muggles, half-bloods, and muggleborns." Severus explained dryly. "Minerva and the rest of the teachers have already spoken...to the ministry."

Lucius threw his glass of whiskey into the fireplace, turning to Severus with a swish of his cloak. "Do not toy with me Severus!!!" He hissed sharply.

Severus rolled his eyes as he stood there unphased. "No dramatics Lucius, I came to give you a warning, nothing less."

"And what would this warning be?" Lucius asked, impatience growing in his voice.

Severus came closer. "Stay away from the school." He pointed his wand. "You've turned the Dark Lord's death into some sort of revenge plot, I know you're the leader in this foolish destruction."

Lucius pushed away Severus's wand, getting in his face. "I don't think it's wise to threaten me Severus...you may have fooled the dark lord and survived his attacks...but I promise you, you won't be as lucky this time."

Fenrir Greyback stood at the doorway behind Severus, growling loudly.

Severus lowered his wand. "Lucius this is a fight you don't want, you have no idea what you're getting into."

Lucius threw Severus backwards hard, coming up on him. "You are the last Wizard to try and tell me what to do."

Severus gasped in a harsh rasp as he stood over him, Lucius's heel pressed to his throat. He struggled to breathe as he looked up to Greyback glaring down at him from above.

"Now I shall show you mercy Severus...but you are never to come here again." He pressed his heel harder against Severus's jugular. "Now get out before I have Fenrir here rip your throat out." He let go, kicking his side.

Severus growled painfully, wobbling to his feet. "You will regret this Lucius, both of you will." He threatened, apparating away in a flash of black smoke and blinding light.

Lucius walked over to Greyback, handing him a box with a piece of parchment tied to it. "It's time, deliver this to the group and we will plan the next step."

Fenrir took the box with a nod, apparating away.

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Draco and Harry were showered and dressed, finishing their breakfast in the Great hall. All the teachers had made an announcement that body guards would be posted all around the school in fear of an attack, rumors circled the ministry and Hogwarts of the rebellion soon to strike more closer to the school.

Draco pushed his empty plate out of the way, opening the Daily Prophet. He took a big sip of his morning pumpkin juice, almost choking when he read the headlines.

Harry looked over at the alarming spitting of juice, his eyes widening as he saw what Draco was reading. "Oh no..."

Hogsmeade Village attacked...

Wizarding world fears attacks will grow at large.

Hogwarts soon to close in fear of attacks, Students and faculty need protection.

Who's behind all these vicious attacks??? How many more mudbloods and muggles have to die for revenge? Will there be a new Dark Lord???

Draco looked at Harry in shock. "How can they close the school??? There hasn't been any evidence to suggest the attacks will come here!" He handed the paper to him.

Harry read all the articles in the section. "It says here that they keep coming closer to the school, due to the fact that this has happened so quickly they don't want what happened with Voldemort to happen again."

Draco shuddered painfully at the name, biting into an apple nervously. "I can't go back to the Manor I just can't....I'll be in danger, what if my Father is still there???"

Harry shook his head, pulling Draco close. "No, of course not! You'll come stay with me at the Cottage where Sirius and I live." He reassured, kissing his cheek.

Draco blushed at the thought, smiling as he kissed Harry's lips. "You sure? That's a big step..."

Harry kissed back with a smile. "Where I go I want you with me." He leaned his head against Draco's shoulder.

"Boys!" Professor McGonagall called.

Draco and Harry turned around in their seats. "Professor?" Harry questioned.

"Boys please, I need both of you to come with me." Minerva insisted, looking very concerned. "Right now come!"

Draco and Harry shared a look of worry, both rushing out. They followed her all the way to her office, dropping their things at the door.

"Professor what's going on???" Harry asked urgently.

Draco pulled Harry by the waist, making them stop.

Harry was about to protest, but he looked over to see Severus, Remus, and Sirius standing over by Minerva's desk.

"Harry, Draco please we need to speak with you both." Minerva used their first names in a serious tone.

Draco had a horrible feeling that something was wrong. "Common Harry." He pushed him infront of him.

Harry hesitated for a moment, eventually walking over to sit at the chairs infront of the desk.

Draco sat next to Harry, taking his hand in anxiety.

"Why are you all here? What's happened?" Harry asked, squeezing Draco's hand.

"Draco." Severus called.

Draco looked at Severus.

"This meeting is about you, but let me start by saying I've been to the Manor this morning." Severus started to say.

"Me? I haven't done anything." Draco defensively growled, glaring at Severus.

"What's this about?" Harry asked, looking to Sirius.

Sirius shook his head. "Just listen, you are here for support only."

Draco looked at Harry, turning his attention back to Severus. "Did I hear that right? You went to Manor?"

Severus ignored the anger in Draco's tone. "Yes I did, all of us found out some news from a few families that have been keeping their eyes and ears at attention for us."

"Why would you put yourself in danger? Are you mental???" Draco glared, crossing his arms.

"We needed to be sure about the info we received...it was put to a vote and I was sent there, which was both good and bad because...it confirmed what we were told." Severus continued.

"What information??? Why is my family any of your business?!" Draco snapped, squeezing Harry's hand a little too tightly.

Harry winced, trying to ignore the waves of anger coming off of Draco. Their going to tell him...aren't they? They'll tell him what Pansy told me last night...poor Draco...

"Draco you need to stay calm, what we're about to tell you isn't something any boy your age should hear...but we have no choice." Severus broke his usual monotone character to express concern for his Godson.

Draco's anger was instantly replaced with fear, leaning closer to Harry. "What exactly do you mean? Why have we come here?!" His heartbeat escalated in anticipation.

"We originally thought Fenrir Greyback was the leader of the rebellion, but we were misinformed." Severus came closer. "Draco...your Father is the leader of the Dark Lord Rebellion."

Draco's eyes widened, losing all feeling in his body, letting go of Harry's hand. "My...my Father? That's not possible."

Minerva came over. "Draco did your dark mark become black again?"

Draco gasped under his breath, clutching his left forearm. "How could you possibly know anything about that?"

"The rebellion is marked with a new Dark Mark, replacing the scar left behind by the death of the Dark Lord." Severus explained. "Roll up your sleeve."

Draco stood up, backing away slightly. "I will do no such thing!"

"Mr. Malfoy please listen to them, nobody would ever harm you." Remus pleaded. "We just want to see your arm."

Harry moved closer to Draco, taking his hand. "Draco I won't leave your side, please do this."

Draco nodded slowly, walking with Harry up to Severus. "What exactly do you want?"

"Roll up your sleeve." Severus took out his wand.

Draco stared at the wand, shakily bringing his arm closer. "What are you going to do?"

Severus rolled his eyes, pushing Draco's sleeve up.

Draco's Dark Mark was a bold black in the same shape as the previous skull and snake.

Severus looked closer, noticing many scars in lines and slashes over the mark. He looked up at Draco with disgust. "You and I will have a serious conversation later, but for now we will focus on the situation." He pushed the tip of his wand to the head of the snake.

Draco flinched harshly as a shock zapped him from Severus's wand.

"What did you do?!" Harry snapped.

Severus glared at Harry. "Checking Draco for any spells or charms that may have been put on him."

"Severus do you really think someone meant to harm Draco?" Minerva asked.

"As of right now the boy is fine, but we must keep them both under strict watch." Severus let go of Draco's arm.

Draco pulled his sleeve back down. "I've heard enough, I want to leave now."

Harry shot Severus a cold glare. "How do I know you haven't gone behind our backs again???"

Severus didn't answer. "Very well Draco you are free to go."

"Professor...do you really mean to close Hogwarts??? What of the other students? Are all of us unsafe here?" Harry asked Minerva.

Minerva lowered her head. "I will have no choice but to close the school if the attacks get any closer, none of you will be safe if we stay open."

"Harry I think you should accompany Draco back to your rooms, try not to worry too much about this as of yet." Remus walked Harry and Draco out.

"Harry." Sirius came to the door to see them out.

Harry turned to Sirius.

"Both of you can come to the cottage, it's hidden and under multiple wards for safety." Sirius shot Draco a look of approval. "Both of you stick together."

Harry nodded. "Thanks." He walked Draco out and down the staircase.

Draco remained quiet the whole walk back to their rooms, staring at his feet as they walked down the hallways.

Harry had so much he wanted to talk about with Draco, but it seemed that too much was going on for them to have much room for heart to hearts.

Draco sighed tiredly as he stuck the key into the lock, turning it. "Atleast we got to party and relax before things got worse." He said grimly, walking inside.

"I'm sorry about your Father, you deserve so much better." Harry sat down with Draco on the edge of the bed.

"Do I?" Draco pushed up his sleeve, running his fingers over the mark. "Maybe I deserve this..."

Harry roughly grabbed Draco by the wrists, making him turn to look at him. "You don't deserve to have your family betray and hurt you." He pulled him to his chest.

Draco took a moment to enjoy the strong arms that embraced him, the strength in the safety that Harry offered him. "I love you Harry." He whispered in a somber tone.

Harry held Draco there enjoying his body so near, never wanting to be without him. "I will always love you...even if you have a dark past, never forget that."

Draco pulled away with a slight smile. "You said you wanted to talk? I wanted to talk about something with you too."

Harry shook his head with a kiss to Draco's lips. "It can wait...wait till you feel better."

"No I don't want to wait." Draco took Harry's hands in his own. "I know things are bad right now but that...that doesn't mean our life together has to be put on hold."

Harry furrowed his brow slightly. "What is it that you want to say?"

Draco took in a deep breath, wanting everything at this moment. "I think we should have sex."

Continue reading next part