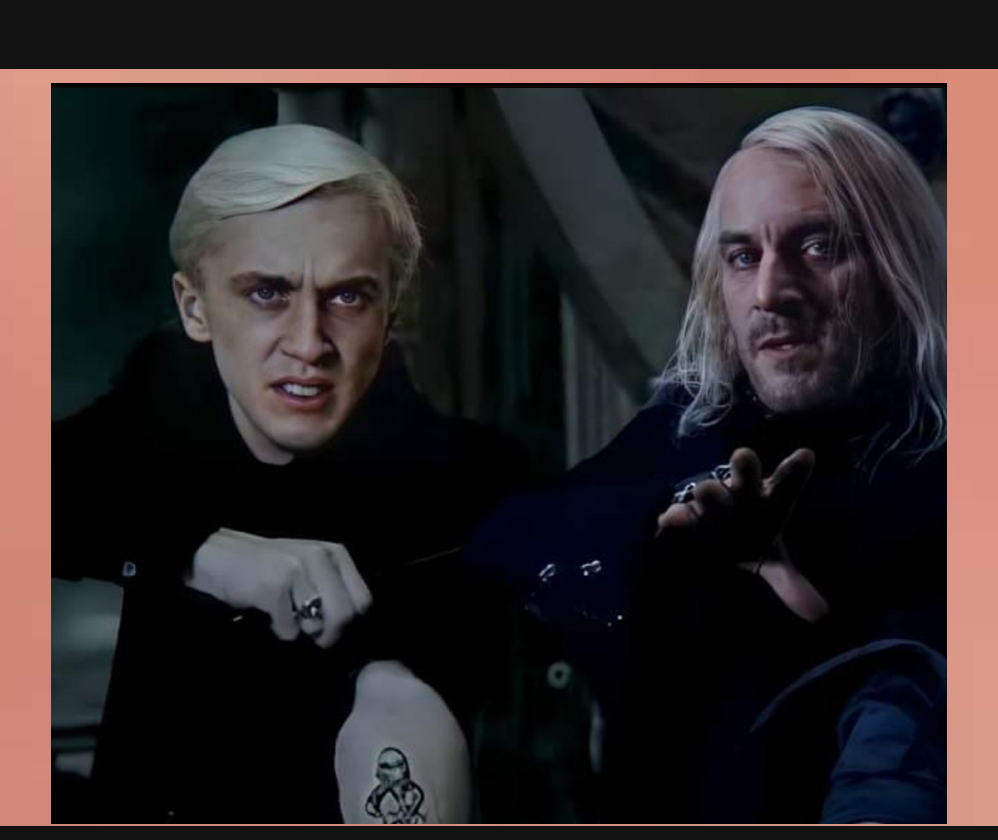

# Recovery

Harry and Draco apparatted to an undisclosed location, taking an unconscious Seamus inside Sirius's cottage. Harry was so upset and stressed that the sky turned dark, thunder rumbling for miles.

Harry roughly unlocked the front door, Seamus was still passed out over his shoulder.

Sirius gasped as he listened to the ruckus downstairs, rushing down the stairs to the living room. "Harry?!"

"Sirius! Seamus is hurt!" Harry gently placed Seamus down on the giant dark blue sofa, discarding his burnt school cloak.

Sirius quickly sprinted across the first floor, coming back with a large first aid kit with a box full of Potions.

Draco limped over, sitting on the arm of the sofa near Seamus's head. "I never wanted this, is he going to be okay?"

Sirius did a quick vitals check. "He's breathing, but his throat and lungs have black ash in them." He put his stethoscope away, taking a red potion out of the box. "This will fix that, but I'm concerned that he hasn't woken up by now."

Draco stroked his fingers through the top of Seamus's ash covered bangs. "I'm so sorry Seamus." He held back tears that threatened to form.

"Draco none of this is your fault, Lucius has become a plague on all of us." Harry hugged Draco, kissing his forehead.

Draco winced harshly, looking away.

"Draco?" Harry questioned, looking for anything that might have hurt him. "What was that?"

Sirius looked up at Draco for a moment. "Harry why don't you take Draco upstairs to your room? I have alot of medicine and potions to make for Seamus."

Harry nodded. "Come with me." He took Draco by the hand.

Draco walked upstairs, looking at all the Daily Prophet clippings that were framed on the walls in the halls, pictures of Harry and Remus, and one scary picture of Severus that was in black and white.

Harry opened his bedroom door with a password. "Wax spurts." He whispered, the door clicking open.

Draco walked in with Harry, smiling at how simple and comfy the room looked.

"What's going on Draco?" Harry asked.

"What do you mean?"

Harry sat Draco down on the edge of his queen sized bed. "You recoiled when I hugged you, you've never done that before."

Draco clenched his fists in the material of his silk pants. "Don't be mad at me." He let out a short breath. "I'm wearing a glamor."

Harry was instantly confused, trying to find what's different. "You look the same to me, take it off then."

Draco shook his head. "I don't have my wand, Father took it and that's when he put the magic tracer on me."

"So you can't use magic at all?" Harry asked.

Draco shook his head, looking down at his feet. "No."

Harry took his wand out. "Draco somethings wrong isn't it? Did someone hurt you?"

Draco didn't answer, hiding his face behind his bangs.

Harry braced himself, waving his wand over Draco's body. "Revelio."

Draco closed his eyes with a big sigh of pain, waiting to be yelled at.

Harry gasped, dropping his wand in shock. "Oh my god...Draco." He dropped to his knees.

Draco broke down, tears falling down his cheeks. "I'm sorry I didn't say anything before...I didn't want to worry you."

Harry started to cry, running his fingers over the wounds. "Who did this to you?!"

Draco's body was littered with purple and blue bruises, big cuts and open sores trailed down his neck and shoulders. "My Father felt the need to punish me due to leaving the last time and refusing to go with him at the fight."

Harry unbuttoned Draco's fancy dress shirt. "I don't understand Draco, what are these long slash marks? They look like..." he couldn't even say it, hoping it wasn't true.

Draco sobbed, pushing his face into Harry's hair. "I'm so sorry, there was nothing I could do."

Draco's shoulder was ripped to shreds with 3 big slash marks across it.

Sirius came up, standing in Harry's open door. "Seamus is fixed up, he's sleeping so he should wake up later." He walked in, stopping as he saw Draco. "Good lord Malfoy what happened?!"

Draco tensed up as Sirius came close.

Sirius covered his mouth in speechless horror. "I know these wounds anywhere." He pushed the remainder of the open dress shirt off.

Harry furrowed his brow. "Sirius you've seen this before?" He looked at Draco, surprised to see a guilty look on his face.

Sirius saw the wounds went lower. "Malfoy I hate to ask this, but can you take the pants off?"

Draco scoffed, looking absolutely scandalized. "I'm not getting half naked infront of you!"

Harry walked over. "Draco drop the pants." He said sternly.

Draco gave Harry a desperate look.

"Drop the pants!!!" Harry yelled.

Draco looked at Harry, a tear falling down his face. "Fine." He unzipped and unbuttoned his pants, standing to his feet. The pants dropped to the ground, revealing claw marks up and down his right thigh.

Harry closed his eyes with a tremble of his lip. "You said your Father did this." He swallowed the hot uncomfortable urge to cry, looking at the damage. "That was a lie wasn't it?"

Draco continued to silently sob, looking at Sirius. "You know who did this to me don't you?"

Sirius nodded slowly. "I am so sorry." He looked at the wounds all across Draco's body, concerned about a few things. "How deep do they go?"

Draco wiped the wetness from his face. "Some are only on the surface...others are through the muscle." He touched his shoulder.

"What exactly happened Draco???" Harry asked, coming closer to get a better look.

"When my Father took me back to the Manor he started screaming and kicking me down to the ground, standing over me." Draco began.

Harry sat on the edge of his bed next to where Draco stood.

"He then took me to the basement, made me think about my actions in the Dungeon cells for about an hour." He painfully sat down next to Harry. "Greyback came down to the cells, kept questioning me about the 2 months I was away since the summer."

Sirius started stroking the tip of his wand over some of the wounds, healing the smaller bruises and cuts.

"I wouldn't tell him anything, said that he had no buisness in my personal affairs...and that's when he started beating me." Draco frowned, wincing at the memory of it all.

"Malfoy this is much more than a few punches and kicks, what happened after that???" Sirius asked.

"He continued to rough me up, kept asking me and telling me he wouldn't stop till I answered him." Draco shook slightly as he recalled the next part. "I started to fight back...he didn't like that at all."

"Draco I'm so sorry! I wish I could have gotten to you in time, none of this would have happened." Harry cried, leaning on Draco's uninjured side.

"When I refused him and tried to fight my way out of his grasp...that's when he ripped into my thigh and shoulder." Draco leaned his head ontop of Harry's hair. "It's not your fault Harry, nobody could have stopped it."

Sirius finished the healing charms and spells. "Well I've done all I can spell wise Malfoy, I'll make you a healing potion for the internal damage...but I'm very worried about your shoulder."

"Sirius he's not infected is he???" Harry held Draco's hand.

"Oh no, no he couldn't be!" Sirius shook his head. "Fenrir can't turn someone unless he is in his wolf form during a full moon."

Harry sighed in relief, kissing Draco cheek.

"I worry because I can't heal the wounds fully, you need to properly clean it for the next few days till it scars over." Sirius sternly explained. "You will stay here with Harry till you are fully healed."

"Thank you sir." Draco half smiled, trying his best to forget what happened.

"Please Call me Sirius."

Harry smiled at Draco, happy that Sirius had accepted him. "Is it safe to send an owl to Ron?"

Sirius handed Harry a piece of parchment. "Make it quick! If your friends are coming here they need to hurry! I have to put up the wards and protection spells."

Harry ran into the hallway, making his way downstairs to the back of the house to go outside.

In the backyard Sirius had a small barn, he had several owls he took care of.

Draco looked at Sirius. "Why did you let me stay?" He asked.

"Harry loves you, I can see it on his face, I can feel the warmth he exudes when you're around him." Sirius smiled, handing Draco one of his T-shirts and a pair of jeans. "If they don't fit you, Harry can use a transfiguration spell to change the size."

"I am very grateful to you, I'll find a way to repay my debt to you." Draco promised, pulling the black T-shirt over his head.

Sirius shook his head, coming closer. "No debts, no dues." He smiled warmly. "You do not owe me anything Mr. Malfoy."

Draco smiled for the first time since coming to the cottage, honored to be treated with such kindness. "Call me Draco then."

"Okay Draco, let's get that leg and shoulder bandaged while I make the potion for you." Sirius walked out with Draco after he finished getting dressed.

**45 minutes later...**

Harry can back in the house to see Seamus hadn't woken yet, going to the kitchen to dampen a hand towel.

"Oh dear, hasn't woken up yet I see?" Sirius asked, patting Seamus's head.

"Should we be worried?" Harry asked, coming over to put the warm towel over Seamus's forehead.

Draco came in, sitting on the sofa with Seamus. "Wake up Seamus please!" He pleaded, pulling his top half into his lap.

Harry frowned, looking at Draco sympathetically. "Can you stay with him for a while? I have to help Sirius with the potions and getting the house ready."

Draco kissed Harry's hand. "Of course, go on I'll be just fine."

Harry bent forward, kissing Draco for a long moment. "I love you so much, never forget that."

Draco kissed back, watching Harry disappear to the back of the house. "Seamus I wish you could have seen how sweet and welcoming Harry and Sirius was when we came here."

Seamus groaned. "Pipe down will you? Trying to sleep."

Draco gasped loudly. "Seamus!!!" He pulled Seamus into his arms, hugging him to his chest.

Seamus moaned in pain, wincing.

"Sorry! I got too excited, you've been passed out since we got here." Draco let go, helping Seamus sit up. "What happened???"

Seamus stretched from fingers to toes, dusting his pants off. "I used the very last bit of my magic to make the getaway explosion."

"Seamus you know that's dangerous! They've always warned us when we are worn out not to push ourselves." Draco took the damp hand towel off Seamus's forehead, wiping the ash off his face.

Seamus looked at Draco, leaning in closer. "I had to, I couldn't let you and Harry get hurt."

Draco paused, their lips almost touching.

"Seamus!!!!" Harry ran in, hugging Seamus tightly on his knees.

"Ahh careful please I hurt!" Seamus pleaded softly, giggling at everyone getting so excited over him.

Harry let go. "Never do that again! We've been so worried!"

"No promises Harry, is Ron here yet???" Seamus asked.

Almost as if on cue Ron came barreling through the fireplace, floo flames roaring around him.

"Where is he?!" Ron came through to the living room. "Seamus!" He dropped down to check him. "Are you okay???"

Seamus nodded, wincing as he adjusted himself to sit up more. "Just sore and covered in black ash."

Ron kissed Seamus. "I'm so glad you're safe!"

Neville awkwardly walked in. "Hey guys."

Everyone but Ron stared in confusion.

"Ron?" Harry raised a brow in question.

"Sorry I didn't have time to ask, Neville can't stay with his family due to safety. He was at the burrow with me." Ron shrugged. "Is that okay?"

Harry walked over to Neville, hugging him. "You're always welcome here."

"Thanks Harry, I just didn't want to be without my friends." Neville showed a small smile, anxiously looking to everyone.

Draco caught eyes with Neville, blushing slightly. "Did something happen when we left?"

Neville shook his head. "Nothing worse than what happened, the school sent us home in fear of more attacks...the dementors were set loose in Hogwarts and Hogsmeade."

"Is that safe?" Sirius came in the room. "Last time that didn't work out so well."

Harry got a sharp chill at the reminder of the incident a few years ago.

"Apparently the ministry fixed the issue." Neville came over to see Seamus. "You look a mess!"

Seamus chuckled, clumsily standing up. "I need to shower."

"You can use mine upstairs in my bedroom, or the one down the hall from Harry's room." Sirius guided Seamus upstairs.

Ron trailed after them both, walking upstairs.

Draco hugged Harry, exausted from such a long day.

Neville sat on the sofa, twiddling his thumbs in his lap. "Are you sure it's okay for me to be here?"

Harry separated from Draco's hug after a long few moments, smiling at Neville. "Of course it is, I wouldn't want you to be alone during this whole mess." He took him by the hand. "Let's put you in the single guest room next to Sirius's room."

Neville followed Harry upstairs, his luggage bag floating slowly behind him. "I'm very humbled by your short notice acceptance, thank you."

Harry walked down the hall to the guest room, letting Neville go in first. "Don't be so formal Neville it's fine I promise. It's late so if you need anything you can knock on any of our doors, we're all together in this."

Neville nodded shortly. "Thank you, goodnight." He closed the door.

Draco followed Harry to his personal room, seeing some of their things had been delivered. "Who did this?"

Harry dragged the 2 big luggage totes down onto the floor, opening them. "Sirius asked Remus to bring our clothes over, we don't know how long we'll have to be here."

Draco embraced Harry suddenly, beginning to sob.

"Hey." Harry ran his hands through Draco's silver hair. "It's going to be alright." He rubbed his back gently, paying attention to where the wounds were.

"I'm so sorry Harry, if it wasn't for my Father, none of this would be happening." Draco pushed his face further into Harry's neck, silencing his sobs.

Harry felt so sorry for Draco, nobody should ever have to deal with such pain and betrayal. "No more apologizing, no more tears." He pulled him into a long kiss, wiping the tears from his face. "Let's get some sleep tonight okay?"

Draco still didn't want to let go of Harry, uncertain of what tomorrow would bring. "You've been such a wonderful boyfriend, thank you for being with me."

Harry smiled warmly, kissing Draco's damp cheeks. "Come to bed with me."

Draco nodded, slowly letting go. "Alright, sleep sounds good."

Harry started undressing Draco, removing the damaged clothing first. "You're beautiful Draco." He kissed his chest, removing the torn shirt.

Draco let a slight smile creep onto his lips, taking a breath in as Harry's lips consoled him. "Harry." He whispered.

Harry unbuckled Draco's belt, slowly bending down to take his pants off, replacing them with a soft pair of green sleep shorts. "We'll get through this, we survived so much death together...we'll make it." He kissed his thigh.

Draco pulled Harry to his feet, brushing his unruly hair off his forehead.

Harry watched Draco's silent stare, knowing what he was looking at.

Draco was trying to remember the times before they were together, what that scar meant to all Wizard's and Witches...and now what it truly meant for him.

Harry shuddered as Draco's lips kissed over his scar, being embraced.

Draco let go after a while of silence. "Let's go to bed."

Harry gave Draco one last kiss, walking over to his side of the bed to get into his pajamas.

Draco got under the covers, watching Harry slip under the sheets next to him. "Goodnight my love."

Harry reached over Draco, turning out his nightstand lamp. "Goodnight Draco."

The lights went out through the cottage, everyone was in bed for the night. Danger loomed over everyone's heads, threatening to tear down the life they had made. But friendships and love kept their hopes high, coming together to be strong.

Draco lied awake thinking of what his Father's next move was, his body ached, his mind raced...sleep slowly overtaking his rapid thoughts. As he fell asleep he kept thinking...

Is my life worth all of this????
My friends are by my side, but at what cost?
Father...I will destroy you, I won't let you hurt my family!

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