



Confessions

Draco woke before anyone else in the Wizards dormitory in Slytherin, getting up to take a long hot shower. He shaved and dressed in his Slytherin's uniform, sticking the pin on his chest. He threw his robes on, putting on his cross body school bag as he walked through the dungeons.

Harry woke sleepily, rubbing his eyes with a yawn. Most of the Slytherin boys weren't even awake, but there was a scent of Draco's cologne and a ershave. He wobbled out of bed, dragging his feet to the shower.

Theodore woke to the shower head being turned on, seeing Harry's bed empty. He snuck through the beds quietly, stopping when he saw the shape of Harry's silhouette through the steam and frosted glass. He glared angrily from the hallway, about to confront him.

Goyle grabbed Theodore by the shoulder, painfully dragging him into the hallway. "Just what do you think you're doing?" He hissed through his teeth.

"Ahhhh! Get o you great big oaf!!!" Theodore growled.

"If Snape or Lupin knew you messed with Potter, all of us will be punished!!!" Goyle sneered, tightening his grip.

"Fine fine!!!!" Theodore shrieked, pulling his now bruised shoulder out of Goyle's troll sized fist. "Because of that Parseltongue dipshit Draco hasn't talked to any of us!!!"

Goyle pushed Theodore to the wall. "Nobody likes any of it, but there's nothing we can do! Accept the loss and move on!" He snapped, pushing Theodore back to the bedroom and away from Harry.

Harry stepped out of the steam, towel drying his hair. He thought he heard someone arguing but he shook his head as he dried the rest of himself.

Millicent and Pansy sat in the common room, whispering with glares on their faces.

Harry froze on the stairs when he heard what they were saying.

"I'm sure it's just a rumor Pansy it can't be true!" Millicent reassured.

"I literally heard them talking about it! Draco doesn't hate Harry at all!" Pansy protested.

Harry's eyes grew wide, walking down the stairs.

Millicent and Pansy froze, watching Harry stroll into the common room.

Harry awkwardly smiled, darting out of the painting with a swish of his robes. He was now worried about being in the house with all of them, knowing the rumors were real. "Fuck!" He cursed to himself, sprinting through the dungeons.

Remus grabbed Harry by the arm just as he was running out of the dungeons.

Harry squeaked in surprise, his face instantly lightening when he saw who it was. "Remus!" He immediately hugged him.

Remus laughed warmly with a returned hug. "Harry it's good to see you back! You shouldn't be late! The ministry has given us another change to deal with as of today!"

Harry raised an eyebrow as they walked together towards the Great Hall. "Another change? Like what?"

"I can't tell you, you'll have to wait till everyone in the 8th year gathers a er Breakfast." Remus patted Harry's back. "It's not bad news I'll say that so you don't have to worry. It might be comforting!"

Harry sighed heavily at yet another change, parting as they approached the house tables. "Thanks Remus, it's good to see you."

Remus smiled with a passing wave, joining the teachers who had already gathered up front.

Harry sat down at the slytherin table that only had the younger students present, none of the 8th years had gathered yet. I hope whatever the ministry wanted...it doesn't cause trouble...I want this year to be safe!e thought as he poured some pumpkin juice.

Hermione ran over from the Ravenclaw table to Harry, panick on her face. "Harry! Malfoy was attacked!"

Harry's face paled severely at those words, standing to his feet. "Where is he what's happened?!"

Ron came over. "7th years cornered him and hexed and beat him!" Ron said out of breath. "Madame Pomfrey has him in the infirmary!" Harry didn't ask anything more, he le his books behind, running out of the Great Hall.

Hermione and Ron looked at each other in horror. "Who could have done this?" Ron asked, he didn't like Draco but he'd never wish harm on him. "I don't know...poor Malfoy." Hermione sighed, picking up Harry's book bag.

Harry flew down the hallways as fast as his feet could carry him, stopping short at the open doors of the infirmary.

Madam Pomfrey walked up to Harry. "Hello Harry, you can come in, here to see Mr. Malfoy? He's in the back, come with me." She said quietly.

Harry was guided to the very back of the infirmary, behind all the privacy screens and curtains. His jaw dropped as he saw Draco asleep in the double wide infirmary bed.

Draco had a black eye and cuts all down his lips and chin, bruises and cuts down his arms. "Oh god..." he whispered.

"They did a number on him...Mr. Malfoy was walking to breakfast and got jumped...Professor Snape found him passed out." Madam Pomfrey explained. "He might be sleepy, just give me a holler if you need me...I'll be up front." She le, spelling the curtains and shades closed.

Harry caught a sharp breath in his throat as he pulled a chair up against the bed. "Oh Malfoy what's happened?" He whispered, resting his hand over Draco's arm over the sheets.

Draco groaned lightly, waking from sleep. His eyes opened slowly. "Potter? Why are you?" He winced.

"I came to see you, they told me Snape found you like this." Harry moved the chair closer, sitting by Draco's chest. "What happened?"

"Uhh Ravenclaw." Draco struggled with a groan, sitting up against the headboard. "They confronted me and wanted me to leave...said my father ruined their families." He made a disgusted face at the infirmary gown and paper shorts. "Oh god this is dreadful."

Harry rolled his eyes. "Malfoy what did they do to you? Why didn't you fight back?"

Draco shrugged, exausted from all the herbs and potions they had him on for the pain. "Multiple hexes and jim spells I tried to run but they kicked me...hit me." He groaned as he stretched.

"This is horrible...does Professor McGonagall know about this? What's going to happen to the students who did this?" Harry asked, getting mad.

"Calm down Potter for Salazar sakes you don't always need to come to my rescue." Draco snapped.

"Malfoy those students need to be found and punished." Harry insisted, turning Draco's arm to the side.

"Ahh be careful!" Draco snapped, clutching his arm.

"Malfoy! I thought I told you to knock that o!" Harry snapped back.

"Excuse me boys, I need to talk to the both of you." Professor McGonagall came in, looking concerned with Draco in such bad shape.

"Professor McGonagall aren't you suppose to be announcing the news this morning?" Harry asked, smiling, happy to see her.

"I asked Professor Snape and Professor Lupin to take over considering this mornings events. But the news had something to do with this exact event." Professor McGonagall started to say.

"What do you mean?" Draco asked, slightly concerned.

"Both of you, including some of the other 8th years are in danger. The ministry has been getting worried about the safety of the students post war." She carefully stated.

Harry raised his brows in confusion. "Professor we were told it was safe to come back, we all received the same letter."

Draco rolled his eyes dramatically, hui ng. "I'm fine it's not that big of a deal!"

"No Mr. Malfoy!" Professor McGonagall yelled sternly, worry washing over her face.

Draco fell silent, looking away.

"From now on, you and Mr. Potter will be roommates. It's not safe to be as a whole group this year...I'm sorry boys but we can't take any chances." Professor McGonagall gave them both golden keys. "You both need to take the day o to get yourself moved in and acclimatized."

Harry and Draco looked at each other in complete dismay. "Professor with all due respect we can't do that." Harry sco ed. "You can't make me share a room with him!" Draco snapped.

"Enough the both of you! You are 18 now! Time to grow up and get along!" Professor McGonagall shouted. "Now please use today to start learning to tolerate and accommodate each other."

Harry watched Professor McGonagall walk out, leaving them alone.

Draco sat in silence, staring at Harry and back at the bed. "I shouldn't have come back...Mother was right..."

"Sirius told me to take the ministry job...but I wanted to finish school..." Harry explained. "Malfoy it's not that bad...atleast we're not living with someone we don't know."

Draco was livid, nervous, and in pain all at the same time. "This is rubbish!" He crossed his arms, pulling his knees to his chest.

"Well atleast now we'll have privacy!" Harry tried to lighten the mood.

Draco threw a bandage roll at Harry's face. "Shut up Potter!"

Harry dodged the roll, sighing loudly. "I heard Millicent and Pansy talking this morning." He tried to start a conversation to distract Draco from his pain.

"All those Witches do is bitch and moan." Draco growled, sitting on the edge of the bed. "Where are my damn clothes?!"

Professor Snape came back. "Mr. Malfoy...good morning..." he said monotone, looking over to see Harry sitting very close to Draco. "I've come to guide you to the new room."

"Not going anywhere until I have my uniform!" Draco snapped, irritable and tired. "Stupid school, I shouldn't have come back!"

"Silence you brat! Your mother told you to behave and you've already gotten yourself in a fight!" Professor Snape scolded, throwing a bag with Draco's uniform and robe in it. "Stop feeling sorry for yourself!"

Harry just glared, sitting there with a pissed o expression.

"Mr. Potter...you're the last Wizard I'd think would be keeping Malfoy company...and now living together." Professor Snape sneered.

"You lied to me...everything I knew about you, you made me think the worst." Harry curled his lip in anger.

"You think just because you saw my memories that you know everything...but you don't even know the half of it." Professor Snape said lowly. "I'll be outside waiting..."

Draco stomped o to the bathroom, dragging the bag behind him. "I won't be long..."

Harry scratched the back of his head, confused on how things went wrong so fast, it was only their 3rd day of the year. "Rubbish indeed..."

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Severus slowly walked down into the deepest part of the Dungeons, passing his oice and both Potton classrooms. The Slytherin dorms were gone and out of sight. He held a lantern as they walked into a part with no lighting.

Harry walked with Draco close behind. He had never been in this area before, noticing some gargoyles and old faded paintings in the cobwebs. "Where are we???"

"You are in part of the basement of the dungeons. It use to be dormitories for Slytherins many years ago...now it's used for safety in times of crisis." Severus rambled, the lantern creaking as he walked.

Draco felt relatively calmer in the dark cold space. It was secluded and quiet. "We're here."

"How do you know?" Harry whispered.

"Because this is where it ends." Draco pointed to the 2 doors at the end of the hall.

"Why are there two doors?" Harry asked, tracing the Gothic snake door knocker in his fingers.

"One door is the bedroom and living room...and the other is the bath and lavatory." Severus dully explained. "Your keys opens both, do not forget to lock them when you leave...you can attend classes tomorrow." He advised, walking away.

"What about our things???" Harry yelled down to Professor Snape.

"Already packed and sent to the room...your books, clothes, personal e acts have been set up." He said before he gone.

Draco and Harry looked at each other in the dark. "Well open it!" Harry nudged Draco.

"I'm not doing it you go first!" Draco whined, grasping his wand in his pocket just in case.

Harry stuck his golden key into the lock, it made a clicking noise that had some sort of magic to it.

Harry furrowed his brow as he took the key out. It transformed into a dark green metal key with his name engraved in it. "What the?"

Draco knew exactly what it was. "It's a magic key, once you unlock its door...it changes to be your own personal key."

Harry lit up, remembering the learned about those in transfiguration a few years back. "Does that mean?"

"Magic room." Draco said in excitement, opening the door.

Harry and Draco walked in to see a slytherin style dorm room. The walls were stone with Slytherin posters and banners accompanied by portraits of older members.

Harry walked over to the back wall that was covered in solid bookshelves stocked with potions, spells, and schoolwork books and parchment. "Wow..." he sat on the large couch next to the cobblestone fireplace. "This place is so nice." He switched to the matching recliner.

There was a large upright blackwood grandfather clock with a large face, a long golden pendulum swung under it, leaving a calming swinging tick noise.

Draco stopped in front of a big king sized 4 post bed on the opposite wall of the bookshelf. "Potter...there's only one bed..."

Harry looked over to see Draco was right, walking closer to it. The posts were attached to a layered translucent canopy curtain in black and dark green. He opened it to see just how big it was. "It's huge I don't think it'll be an issue." He stroked the green silk sheets in his fingers.

"Potter that's not the point!" Draco opened the other side to see inside. "We'll be sleeping in the same bed! What a revolting thought." He curled his lip in a sneer.

"Shut the fuck up Malfoy! I didn't ask for this!" He scowled.

Draco closed the curtain, walking to the door. "Let's check out the bathroom."

Harry followed, closing the door behind them. "Use your key this time!"

Draco stuck the key in, turning it. The key changed the same way, showing the same silver engraving script.

The bathroom was all stone and black marble, it had 2 showers with a big in ground bath in the middle. The sinks looked the same as the ones in Slytherin's lavatory.

"It's smaller than the prefects bathroom but its quite similar..." Draco mentioned, spelling the candles to light.

Harry felt better knowing he wasn't going to be around whispering Slytherin's every morning and night...but he knew this meant 100% privacy and that worried him slightly.

Draco walked back out and into the bedroom and living room, Harry locking doors behind them. "Was this always here? Live Snape said?"

"Maybe not so new and clean but yes...in a way it was always down here...its going to be a very long walk to get to meals and classes." Draco sighed, sitting on the couch.

Harry threw a bunch of logs in the fireplace, pulling out his wand. "Incendio." He said firmly, the fire crackling strongly.

Draco kicked o his shoes and socks, removing his robes. "This is very strange..." he said quietly, pushing up the sleeves of his black jumper.

"It's quiet...secluded isn't that better? I'd rather not hear Goyle and Zambini snore all night." Harry chuckled.

Draco rolled his eyes, running a hand through his silky hair.

"Malfoy...this is the perfect time to talk...we got interrupted twice in 3 days." Harry carefully said.

"Might as well...nobody around to judge me...or hex me." Draco sighed.

"What was that about anyway?" Harry asked.

Draco looked around as if someone would be listening, but remembered they had privacy. "This is going to take some gettingt use to."

Harry waiting patiently for Draco to collect his words. In the meantime he did the same thing Draco did, took the shoes and socks o along with his heavy robes. "Take your time."

Draco cracked all his knuckles, leaning back into the leather cushion. "I le early for breakfast...I saw younger students following me for a while."

Harry noticed Draco seemed alot more calm.

"I stopped when they kept following and asked them what the issue was. They were students from Ravenclaw...one of the 7th years came forward and said because of my Father and Mother, his parents were killed for being half-bloods." Draco had a pained look on his face.

"But how is that your fault?" Harry asked.

"My Father followed the Dark Lord...Mother went along with it. They always did things by Voldemort's belief system...I was o en beat as a child because of it...my father wanted blind acceptance and obedience."

"Malfoy does anyone know that? Have you ever told anyone?" Harry questioned.

Draco shook his head slowly. "This boy had his friends with him. He obviously wanted closure for the death of the parents." His voice faulted slightly. "I didn't even know him or his parents...I tried to tell him this."

Harry clenched his fists on his sides, feeling sorry for Draco, it wasn't his fault.

"I tried to run, knowing it wouldn't end well. Sting Jimed a thousand times as I ran, and finally a trip jinx that made me fall." Draco paused, remembering the group of boys that crowded him. "They beat me and kicked me...but I didn't fight back...I couldn't."

"Yes you should have fought back!" Harry demanded. "You could have stopped it!"

Draco looked over at Harry, wishing it were that simple. "I was a death eater...marked by Voldemort...maybe Wizards and Witches thought I volunteered for that mark...it was the farthest thing from that..."

Harry felt guilty, even himself had thought Draco chose to be on the Dark Lord's side. "Then what happened?"

"A few weeks before I was expected to kill Dumbledore I was confronted by my parents, that Voldemort wanted my allegiance, my support..." Draco started saying. "I refused...so my Father forced me into my living room, pushed me to the ground while Voldemort personally came to me...I was terrified."

Harry swallowed hard as he listened to this story, squeezing his hands together in his lap. "Then what?"

"I watched him tower over me with his wand pointed at my face...he said if I didn't take the mark...that I would be destroyed in front of my family...so as I laid there held down by my own Father...I said yes." Draco's voice was shaking, never had he told this story to anyone.

"But you didn't want it how could they force you?" Harry was beside himself with what he was hearing.

"Because they themselves would be killed if they didn't do as they were told...Voldemort had everyone under his control...the killing curse was how he dealt with disobedient Wizards and Witches." Draco had to stop, he didn't want to keep talking about it. "That's all I have to say about it."

Harry tried to move closer.

"Don't Potter." Draco put his hand out in front of Harry. "You wanted to know...my side of things so that's where it ends okay?" He took a deep breath, refusing to fall apart.

"Okay...but thank you for telling me...I wish you'd tell more wizards and Witches about this...maybe it wouldn't be so difficult." Harry moved back to his side of the couch.

"But you see...I couldn't kill Dumbledore...I couldn't do it." Draco quietly held back his tears.

Harry remembered the memories...feeling so sad for Snape and Draco...they had no choice. "Professor Snape did it instead...I wish I had known he did it to protect us."

"I knew...but I couldn't say anything to anyone for the longest time." Draco looked over at Harry, exausted. "No more talking tonight...I need sleep I hurt."

Harry heard the words sleep, forgetting where he was. The thoughts in his mind were swimming, he looked over his right shoulder to see the big canopy bed, his heart bouncing. "Sleep...yes that sounds good...yeah."

Draco was too tired to remember there was only one bed, his face hurt and his head was pounding.

Harry watched Draco strain himself badly, wobbling to the bed. He wanted to help but Draco was in no mood to accept it. "I'm gonna...sleep here." He said quietly, noticing Draco fell asleep already inside the curtains of the canopy.

Draco had fallen asleep the second his body hit the silk, his body aching and bruised. He didn't have a moment to even remember Harry was on the couch. I can't think...all I feel is sleep...I hope I don't have a nightmare...he thought to himself as his eyes forced themselves to close.

Harry learned the cushions of the couch, staring at the stone ceiling. "Goodnight...Malfoy." he whispered, closing his eyes.

He saw the tears in Draco's eyes, revealing the darkened mark of the snake on his arm, crying and desperate...scared. He saw that small child who reached his hand out asking for friendship....

We'll get better...we'll find ways to be happy.