

# The Awakening

Many days had passed a er the Ministry of Magic took over the Malfoy Manor, multiple dozens of Death Eaters were either killed or sent to Azkaban. With the Death of Lucius Malfoy, the Manor was le empty, the house elves freed and cleaning stareleased. Draco was recovering on the 4th floor of St. Mungo's, he hadn't woken up since he was hit with the Cruciatus Curse, leaving him in long term care for observation.

Harry hadn't le Draco's side in the 5 days since being admitted to the Janus Thickey Ward, getting his school work done while he watched over him. Seamus brought Harry his assignments every day, checking on Draco with worry.

Draco was dressed in all white, in the standard uniform of care, meant for comfort and so ness. He was in a deep sleep, his body trying to combat the e ects of the curse.

Harry held Draco's pale hand, rubbing his fingers along his palm. "I miss you Draco...I hate seeing you like this." He so ly spoke, running his fingers up his arm.

One of the Healers came in to check Draco's vitals.

"Any news?" Harry asked, watching the Healer do his wellness check.

The Healer frowned. "Mr. Malfoy should have woken up by now, we are worried that being tortured for longer than 10 minutes by the Cruciatus curse might have done more damage than we thought." He pressed the stethoscope to his heart. "His pulse is weak."

Harry looked over at Draco with worry. "But he could still wake up right??? He might just need some extra time to recover." He squeezed Draco's hand.

The Healer sighed. "Mr. Potter the longer he stays asleep, the more risk we are dealing with. He's slipping into a coma...if he doesn't wake up by tomorrow morning, there's not much else we can do but keep him comfortable."

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Harry was devastated. I should have been the one to save him! I should have taken the blast of the curse!!! I couldn't protect him and now look what's happened He felt the tears start to form, trying to hold it together.

"You should get some sleep Mr. Potter, it's almost 11pm I'm sure you are tired." The Healer handed him a clean blanket for the night. "We are doing what we can for now, we'll check on him later."

Harry placed the blanket on the side of Draco bed. "Can I sleep next to him? I feel bad sleeping on the couch every night."

The Healer nodded. "Be careful when you adjust his position, but it's not an issue." He smiled, wishing there was more he could do for them both. "The next shi in the morning one of the sta members will come in to change the sheets and administer more healing potions."

"Thank you." Harry faked a smile, watching the man leave. He got up to close the door, walking back over to Draco. He climbed into the bed, putting up both sides of the rails.

# Draco was moved to his side, Harry pulled his back against his chest.

"I wish I had stepped infront of you, I could have stopped this...I'm so sorry Draco." Harry sobbed, wiping his fingers across his face to catch the tears. "You look so calm but I know you're not...trapped in your own mind." He sighed in sadness. "And it's all my fault."

Draco was trapped within his own mind, fighting internally to wake. The pain and su ering of such a long time under the Cruciatus Curse made it almost impossible to heal enough to be conscious.

Harry held Draco close, crying against his body. His guilt was so deep, that his body was starting to ache. What if he dies? What if he wakes up and can't talk or function?! My poor Draco...

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Draco's mind was rushing through a tunnel of all his memories, the cruel treatment of his father growing up, the indi erence his mother showed him, angry with everyone and everything that he had to live a life that he couldn't stand. Growing up brainwashed by the only family he had known, bullying other children to silence his pain.

Draco saw the memory of his first moment with Harry Potter, getting measured for school uniforms...he didn't know it then, but that boy would be the start to his obsession. Who are you? I must know!

He saw the moment that tore his heart apart, reaching out for friendship...rejected sorely by the empty hand that was le hanging. It hurt to see that now a er so many years. I just wanted to be your friend...forgive me.

He remembered the argument they had 4th year, jumping down from that tree to laugh at Harry...being transfigured into a ferret. What a horrible embarrassing memory, but he knew he deserved it. I'm sorry Harry...I didn't mean it!

He saw the horrendous fight they shared in the boys lavatory, throwing spells at each other with the intent of harmful pain. Being struck down by a foreign spell that sliced through him like knives and bullets, bleeding out all over the flooded tile.... the pain...it hurts!

Remembering the severe worry when Harry Potter stepped into the Malfoy Manor with a swollen face from a Sting Jinx...being forced on his knees to identify him infront of Death Eaters and his patents. I don't want to! He means so much to melying to everyone to protect Harry, never wanting him to be hurt. I must protect you!!!

Standing with his classmates in unimaginable fear, fear of being killed by Voldemort...the Dark Lord who was responsible for so many lives, such destruction. I hate you! I never wanted this! Not like this...

The worst memory of them all...watching Hagrid carry a dead body in his arms... who is that??? WHO?Voldemort laughing, telling everyone that... oh no..Harry Potter is dead. No...NO you can't be dead....NOOO!!!!

The triumphant memory of running towards Harry across the courtyard, overflowing with joy when he realized Harry was alive, throwing the wand. Please! You must save us! I can't do anything to help, but you will always be our hero!!!...my hero...

The memory of feeling like a coward, forced to flee the battle with Lucius and Narcissa. Looking back one last time to see bodies were dropping...spells were flying above heads, and all he could do was run... I'm so sorry Harry Potter...I'm a horrible man, I'm running away from danger...please forgive me!!!

A new memory took its place with a warm feeling, the first moment Draco was kissed...by Harry Potter! His lips on his own was the first moment in his life that made him feel like he mattered. Don't let this be the end...I don't want to die...please don't go...

Draco was screaming on the inside, crying, sobbing for the life he was close to losing. The pain was unbearable, but he had to keep fighting. It can't end like this! I can't be without him! I can't feel anything...his hands, his arms, his touch! I need it!

Harry had finally fallen asleep a er the hour of crying, his body lulling him to sleep from the exaustion. His arms wrapped around Draco's limp unmoving body, sleeping with his face buried in the back of his neck.

Many hours passed in the dead of night, quiet snoring and footsteps from outside the hallway. The moon shined high in the sky, letting in the light from the window.

# 2 hours later...

Draco slowly opened his eyes, wondering if he was dead...but within a few moments he realized was staring at the walls of St. Mungo's. Why am I here? Wasn't I at the Manor??? My dad...he cursed me but...that doesn't explain why I'm in a hospital bed tried to move but he was locked in arms.

Harry was snoring lightly, his eyes and cheeks stained with rolling tears.

Draco looked at the arms and hands on him and instantly knew it was Harry. I'm not dead! He's here with me, he's...oh my GodHe snapped out of his groggy state, rolling over to face Harry.

The second Draco had flipped himself, his whole body burned, pain rushing through him down to his fingertips and toes. Fuckkkk!!!!! Salazar that hurts!!! How long was I under that curse?!

Harry didn't budge, he still had his arms wrapped around Draco chest, sleeping soundly.

Draco winced as he got comfortable, seeing the thick tear stains that ran down Harry's face. "You were crying for me...my love you shouldnt be crying over someone like me..." He whispered to himself, wiping the dampness from Harry's eyes.

Harry opened his eyes at the feeling of a thumb brushing his cheek. "Mmm." He sleepily groaned at being woken up. He saw Draco leaning over him. "Wh-what....what?!?! DRACO!!!!!" He pounced forward, squeezing and hugging Draco tightly.

"Ughhh!!!! Ouch Harry let go! I'm sore!" Draco was half laughing, half wincing in quite a deal of pain.

Harry inspected Draco, looking for anything strange. "You're awake! I can't believe this, how did you?!" He kissed him, kissing all over his cheeks and forehead.

Draco grabbed Harry with a giggle, pushing himself ontop of Harry's smaller body. "What do you mean how? I was just taking a nap! The Cruciatus Curse takes alot out of you."

Harry stared up at Draco. "You don't remember?"

"I remember getting stuck by the Cruciatus Curse but a er that it's all a blur...but it's normal to pass out from that...why are you looking at me like that?" Draco raised a brow, confused.

Harry felt very sad at that moment, realizing that meant Draco didn't know his Father was dead. "Draco...you've been in a coma for almost 6 days."

Draco's face dropped. No...no that can't be...6 days??He sunk down a bit, lying his head on Harry's chest. "6 days huh? It didn't feel like that at all." He sighed, wincing at the horrible back pain.

"Draco there's more...but it's not good news." Harry rubbed Draco's back. "In order to stop the curse, Snape had to...well it was the only way to save you."

Draco tightly wrapped his arms around Harry's waist. "He's dead...isn't he?" He li ed his head to look up at Harry.

Harry nodded. "I'm so sorry Draco...he would have killed you." Another tear fell down his cheek. "I'm so sorry I didn't protect you."

Draco responded to Harry's sobs, sitting up to pull him into his lap. "None of this was your fault, you can't save everyone all the time." He kissed his cheek, wiping away his tears. "My Father was eventually going to be met with the karma of his actions...it's best if we don't dwell on his death."

"How can you be so calm?" Harry asked.

"It's not calm...it's acceptance, that man was putting us all in danger." Draco held Harry close. "I'm just so glad you didn't get hurt."

"The ministry arrested all the Death Eaters and Narcissa...but they couldn't find Fenrir." Harry frowned, kissing Draco's neck. "I'm so glad you're awake...I was so scared I was going to lose you."

"I'll always be here Harry...truly I thought Iwas going to lose you." Draco admitted, hugging Harry tighter. "I have something I want to ask of you Harry."

Harry looked up at Draco. "What is it?"

Draco so ly smiled at Harry, curling his brunette locks behind his ear. "Will you fuck me tonight?" He kissed the top of his head. "Take my virginity?" He whispered in a low voice.

Harry's eyes widened. "Draco...you're joking right? You said-"

"I know what I said...but a er I almost lost you for a second time, I can't be withoutyou." He pulled his face closer, cupping his cheeks into a kiss. "And that's in every sense of the word." He kissed him again, longer and so er. "I don't want control anymore." His voice was saddened, but his heart knew this is what he needed.

Harry raised both brows in a moan, his kisses seeming dierent this time. "Are you sure?" He was very dizzy at this sudden freedom he was given, his cock hardening within seconds at the image of finally being able to have sex with Draco.

"I'm ready Harry, I'm sorry I waited so long." Draco smiled, hugging Harry to his chest. "I want to go home with you, I don't want to be in the hospital anymore." He pushed his body against Harry's, needing him now more than ever.

Harry nodded, still in a dazed shock. "Y-yes, yes! I'll get the Healers in here, I'm sure they'll be thrilled you're awake." He looked at the clock. Damn it's 4amHe got up from the bed, fixing his erection in his

#### pants.

Draco watched Harry walk out into the hallway, grateful that he was alive, that Harry was alive. But something in him erupted, tears rushing down from his eyes. Why am I crying??? I'm glad he's dead! He sobbed uncontrollably, covering his face in his hands. I didn't...I never loved him but...I'm crying.

The Healers rushed in, ready to do their final exam.

Draco quickly wiped the tears away, pulling himself together just as Harry came back. "Ready to go then? I can go h-home???" He stuttered, his voice a little hoarse from the crying.

"Yes! We are so amazed and relieved! You woke up and you're talking, that's such a good sign! Do you hurt at all?" The Healer asked, checking for any troubling symptoms.

"All over! But I'm happy it's not worse." Draco opened his mouth, letting the Healer check his teeth and gums.

"No broken teeth or ripped gums, no wounds or stress marks! You are very lucky! Most victims of long term curses such as the Cruciatus Curse hurt themselves in the process." The Healer happily started signing the discharge parchments.

"Not my first attack, but yes I'm glad everything is okay." Draco took the paper.

"Now if you feel ill or worsened from how you feel now, please come back for some tests and exams! We don't want one of the biggest benefactors of St. Mungo's to fall ill!" The Healer smiled. "I'll leave you both to it! Mr. Potter bought you clothes from the gi shop you can wear out! Lovely having you Mr. Malfoy!"

Harry furrowed his brow at the comment. "Benefactor?" He helped Draco get dressed as the Healers le them to some privacy.

"My mother donated millions of Galleons to the hospital...that is before she went mad." Draco pulled the blue shirt over his head.

"Can you stand?" Harry asked, getting up to help.

"We're about to find out!" Draco swung his legs to the side of the bed, his toes touching the floor. "Catch me if I stumble yeah?" He chuckled, taking the first step.

A bit wobbly but it seemed easy to walk, but the only problem was the burning and stinging pain Draco's body felt.

"You alright?" Harry held Draco's arm.

"Yes!" He winced, hissing as he put on fresh briefs and cotton lounge pants. "Good lord these are cheap! I'll change when we get back."

Harry laughed. "Their just clothes Draco, you'll live." He helped put his socks and hightops on.

"Ughh let's get out of here! I feel gross, need a shower and a soak!" Draco limped out to the hallway.

Harry smiled wide, so glad that he'd get to see Draco walking out of the hospital. "Wait for me!" He ran a er him.

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