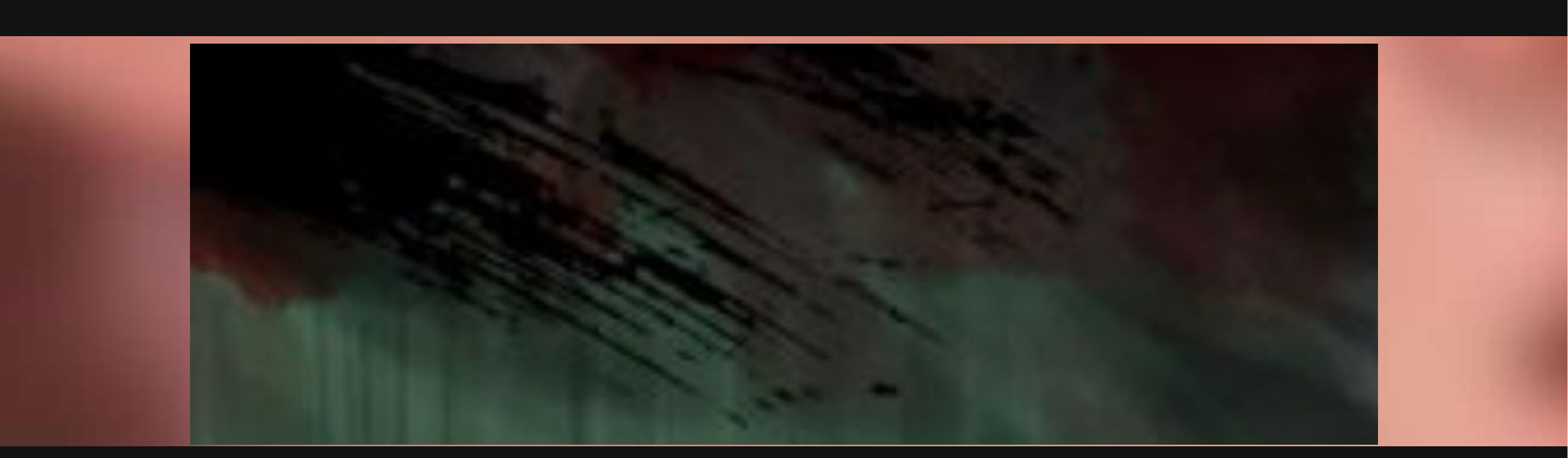

Nightmares

Harry woke up in a sweat, lunging forward in panic, gasping for air. But it was a nightmare, a nightmare of death and loss. It took Harry a few seconds to look around to realise he was safe, he leaned forward with his legs hanging off the couch. He put his head in his lap as he steadied his breathing, slowly returning to the real world.

Many times he woke in distress it was the middle of the night, just as he looked at the moon in the sky he knew it was one of those times. He wiped the sweat from his brow, sneaking to the bath next to them. There was no way he'd ever get back to sleep...seeing his friends and teachers bloodied on the ground never left his mind.

Harry stripped as he sunk into the hot water he filled the bath with, enjoying the darkness. He had changed so much over the course of 7 1/2 years, he often envied his past self.

Harry scrubbed every inch of himself clean, wrapping a fluffy black towel about his hips. He was wide awake now, wishing to be reminded of the times he slept through the night. He tip toed back into the room, locking both doors. He slipped on pajama shorts and a baggy black T-shirt, walking by the canopy.

Harry froze as he almost forgot about his angry counterpart, sleeping soundly in the silk....or so he thought.

Soft but distressed groans came from inside the canopy curtains, becoming more and more violent.

Harry knew the high pitched whines that Draco made, knowing it wasn't a good noise. He opened the curtain to see Draco shaking in his sleep, crying slipping from his lips. He knew it was no different than his own nightmares.

Harry went hand to knee slowly again and again till his hand let the curtain go, shrouded in darkness. He looked over to see Draco's body curled up, tight and shaking. I know I shouldn't do this...but I know how it feels. He laid only inches away, leaning over the side of him. "Malfoy." He said softly.

Draco sobbed, squeezing the pillow in his hand, stuck in his night terror that threatened to swallow him up.

"Malfoy!" Harry grabbed Draco's hand in his own, pulling his back against his chest.

Draco didn't wake, but the shaking slowly diminished, the noises falling silent.

Harry moved the sweaty silver hair off Draco's forehead, putting his hand to his chest. For just a little while he wanted to comfort him, even if he never knew. I'm grateful he's still alive...after everything that happened to us...

Draco's body finally soothed, sleeping soundly again.

Harry slowly let go of Draco's hand, rolling away effortlessly. He snuck away and back on the couch. It wasn't even close to being time to go early for breakfast...so he wandered to the corner, sitting in the reading chair. He opened a book about healing spells and remedies to soothe wounds and sickness.

Draco was sleeping comfortably for the first time in years, it was ashame he would never know why. What is this I feel? It's nice...warm...don't leave.

Harry had fallen asleep without notice, the book sliding down to his stomach. He dreamed of when he was a child, meeting Hermione and Ron for the first time. It felt blissful, warm...but those days were gone.

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Draco woke up, feeling rested which was very rare. He bumped into the curtain of the canopy, completely forgetting for a moment where he was. He moved the curtain to see Harry asleep in the reading chair. He walked over, stopping before he got to close.

Harry opened his eyes slowly to see Draco standing a few feet away. "Malfoy?"

Draco snapped out of it, taking a few steps back. "Morning....curious place to sleep Potter..." he said sleepily.

Harry sat up, rubbing the sleepiness from his eyes. "What time is it?" He walked over to the closet, sifting through his uniforms.

"Early..." Draco stared nervously.

Harry stood up, stretching his arms up. "You sleep okay?" He walked towards the door.

Draco nodded. "Better than I have in a while." He followed, unaware that Harry was going to the bathroom. He stopped when he realized, looking away.

Harry smiled knowing that was because of him that Draco slept for once, turning to see him standing awkwardly. He walked over to him.

"No don't." Draco backed up.

Harry chuckled. "I'm not going to eat you Malfoy, I was just opening the door for you, I showered already."

Draco walked passed Harry, opening the door. "I can open my own door thanks." He dissappeared into the bathroom.

Harry sighed deeply, walking over to start getting dressed. He saw that he had his own dresser and hanging closet, enjoying the comfort of clean ironed clothes.

He took his pajamas off, slipping on the crisp new clothes, knotting his green striped tie carefully.

Draco came in just as Harry was fully dressed, tie and all.

Harry's eyes widened as he saw Draco in nothing but a towel. He then noticed something that sunk his heart into his stomach...

Draco's chest was covered in small lines that looked like cuts...they were scars from the sectumsempra curse.

Draco looked over to see Harry looking at him, not only that he looked like he would cry. "Potter?"

Harry walked over slowly. "Malfoy those scars....are they?"

Draco looked down, hiding his eyes behind his bangs. "I suppose they are..." he said lowly.

Harry felt terrible, he never knew that Draco had scars left behind from his curse. He walked up to Draco, a saddened look on his face.

"P-Potter!" Draco shakily protested, pushed to the closet door.

Harry pinned Draco, running his fingers over the scars. "I'm so sorry...I didn't even know what that spell was...if I had known..."

Draco shuddered from the contact, gasping as Harry's hands squeezed his shoulders. "What are you doing?"

Harry held Draco's wrists to the side. "I want to kiss you." He whispered, inches from Draco's lips.

Draco pushed against Harry's grasp, feeling his hot breath tickle his lips. He scowled at Harry's ability to make him feel so weak. "Damn you." He pulled hard trying to get free.

Harry let go, smirking at how red Draco's face was. "When are you going to stop fighting me?"

Draco pushed himself into the closet, closing the door with him in it. "Never!" He yelled from inside.

Harry chuckled, moving the curtains to the side, sitting on the edge of the bed. "Glad that we have class again!" He called over to him.

Draco was changing with himself stuffed in the closet, smacking his head into the side of the door. "Bullocks!!!" He hissed.

"Malfoy this is rubbish! Come back out! Wizards aren't meant to change in closets!" Harry laughed.

Draco came out with a giant glare, fixing his shirt. "Shut up Pottah" He snapped, reaching in the drawer for a tie.

Harry cut Draco off, grabbing the tie. "You shut up! Always fighting and snapping at me it's ridiculous!" He yelled, wrapping the tie around Draco's neck.

Draco stubbornly grabbed Harry's hands, trying to push him to the ground.

Harry might have been shorter, but he was stronger. He pinned Draco to the bed, sitting on his hips. "Stop it!" He snapped, tying a windsor knot while he held Draco down.

Draco huffed loudly, blushing at the position he was in. "Get off me you filthy Half blood!" he spat.

Harry froze, staring down at Draco. "Your father doesn't define who you are." He grabbed Draco's face in his hand, leaning down nose to nose. "I know you, you're scared so you insult me but I know it's fake."

Dracos whole face was flushed down to his neck, softening as those green eyes hovered over him. "Potter..." he whispered.

Harry slowly pressed his lips to Draco's, pushing down his collar over the tie.

Draco kissed back, roughly grabbing the sides of Harry's robes.

"You're not so tough Malfoy." He kissed down to his neck, nibbling the pale skin. "When will you admit it?"

Draco gasped, his groin pressed up against Harry's thigh, hoping he wouldn't notice. "I won't!"

Harry looked down, smirking wildly. "Well well I see you've already done that." He teased, kissing Draco's lips again.

Draco shuddered inside Harry's lips as he sucked his bottom lip. "Uhh!" He moaned accidently, Harry's groin pushed upward into his erection. "N-No!"

Harry raised an eyebrow at the reaction, feeling how hard Draco's cock was under all his clothes. "You slut." He whispered, pushing his groin upwards against it.

Draco wiggled under Harry's body, closing his eyes tightly. Oh shit this is bad! I'm so hard! He hissed to himself, his breathing became heavier each time.

Harry kissed Draco's lips, moving down to his neck, licking the skin he found there. He thrusted up and down against Draco's hard cock again and again, watching him the whole time. "Feels so good doesn't it?" He whispered.

Draco sucked in a breath, looking at Harry's eyes watching him hungrily. His cock was so warm and tingly, the friction coming again and again.

Harry watched Draco's face as he continuously rubbed their lengths together. "You've never had someone else make you feel good have you?" He whispered in his ear.

Draco parted his lips, whimpering at the constant motion. "Potter you'll make me...uhh." he grabbed Harry's biceps.

"Oh I know, it won't be long now...are you going to come?" Harry teased, feeling himself start to get closer too.

"No!" Draco moaned, shaking his head as his body started to thrust back. This is really bad! He'll make me come like this! Draco thought to himself, whimpering into Harry's lips that kissed him again.

"Yes! I'm going to make you come against me." Harry pushed upwards as he pushed his chest down on Draco, getting faster.

Draco licked his lips as he harshly breathed out a moan, arching his back as he felt it coming. "So c-close!" He whined, not wanting to come infront of Harry.

Harry shuddered, their hips becoming more desperate. "I'm going to come!" He muffled into a kiss.

Draco squeezed Harry's arms tightly, hiding his face in his neck as he came with a loud groan.

Harry froze as he came against Draco's pants, pushing his face into Draco's hair. "Oh shittt!!!"

Draco and Harry laid there on each other, heavily breathing. Draco looked up at him.

Harry kissed Draco's lips, looking at him closely. "Malfoy..." he breathed, brushing the tip of his nose against his.

Draco furrowed his brow, those eyes...nobody had looked at him like that. What is this?? Draco got up, grabbing new pants and briefs, running out of the door without saying a word.

Harry watched Draco run away, left wanting more. He changed his boxers and pants, slowly walking out, locking the door behind him.

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Both Draco and Harry never showed to breakfast, leaving their friends worried as to why both of them were missing. Hermione, Padma and Pavarti were talking about where Harry could be for the first class of the day. Ron and Seamus were trying to come up with reasons as to why they were missing at the same time, but nobody knew anything.

It was second period, everyone slowly coming in to advanced potions. Hermione already sitting with Pansy in the front discussing notes.

Harry showed up first, sitting at the table without a word. He took his parchment out, with his blue and black bottles if ink. He pulled out his dark green feathered quill, scratching down the few notes that were on the board.

"Students I need quiet! Class has begun!" Professor Slughorn announced, quickly going on a rant about failed potion mixes and what not to do when making professional grade mixtures.

Harry sighed, writing down what he heard, staring at the empty seat on his left side.

Draco came rushing in, avoiding everyone's stares.

"Mr. Malfoy if you please, come to class on time!" Professor Slughorn pleaded, going back to his lecture.

Draco sat down, looking through his book bag. He pulled some parchment out with his notebook, furiously writing down everything he missed.

Harry stared, raising a brow at why he was late. "Malfoy?"

Draco didn't answer, he finished his notes, staring ahead to the front of the class.

Harry couldn't help but smile, Draco always looked so mad all the time. "Malfoy where did you run off to? Hermione said you weren't at breakfast."

Draco scribbled doodles on the side of his parchment. "Neither were you, Goyle confronted me earlier about it, asking me where I was..." he didn't look at Harry, in fear of embarrassment from this morning.

"Professor Lupin and I spent the morning catching up, he use to be best friends with Sirius...well they still are sort of..." Harry went on to say, still staring at Draco.

Draco felt Harry's eyes on him like daggers, crossing his legs under the table. "Stop staring." He said quietly.

Harry smirked, squeaking his chair closer. "Why? Do I make you nervous?" He whispered.

Draco looked away, trying to keep himself calm infront of everyone.

Harry looked around to make sure nobody was paying them any attention, slipping his hand under the desk.

Dracos eyes widened, feeling Harry's hand grip his thigh muscle. He looked in his periforal vision to see a giant smirk on Harry's face. "Are you mental?!" He hissed.

"Boys! I want silence from you! These notes will be on the test next Monday!" Professor Slughorn warned with a stern stare.

Draco tried his best to read from his textbook, writing down the answers to the questions on the board.

Harry slipped his left hand up Draco's right thigh, getting dangerously close to Draco's groin.

Draco gasped, quickly covering his mouth with his hand. He cleared his throat, shakily scribbling on his parchment.

"Look at you so bothered in class, shameful Malfoy." Harry teased lightly, brushing his pinky only inches from Draco's fully hard length.

Draco was losing it, if he got any harder, Harry would find out. He pushed his leg up, trying to block his hand. Bloody Potter He thought to himself, trying to think of anything else.

Harry grabbed the back of Draco's metal chair, slowly pulling him closer till the chairs touched.

Draco looked towards the front, amazed that nobody noticed anything. He put down his quill, closing his textbook after finishing his assignment.

Harry rubbed their legs together from the side, leering at Draco.

Draco darted outside at the very second class was over. "Oh my okay! Goodbye Mr. Malfoy! Oh class dismissed!" Professor Slughorn announced.

Harry walked out with the rest of the students, walking to his next class.

Hermione came over, tugging at the sleeve of Harry's robes.

"Hello Mione." Harry mumbled.

"Did you hear Ron and I broke up?" Hermione asked sheepishly.

"Yes...you hurt him very much...it took me an entire day of classes to calm him down." Harry said irritated.

"I'm sorry Harry, but it just wasn't working." Hermione admitted. "But I want to still be friends with him."

Harry stopped, giving Hermione a crazed stare. "That's not going to happen he's very hurt...you should give him space."

Hermione let out an exasperated sigh. "Harry I hope we're still friends?"

Harry hesitated, but he slowly nodded. "I've already heard your making friends with Parkinson, should I be worried?"

"I'm the one who should be worried about you!" Hermione scoffed softly. "Everyone's talking about how you and Malfoy are attached at the hip."

Harry glared, walking away. "Rubbish!"

"Harry!!!" Hermione yelled, trailing after him. "It's true isn't it???"

Harry was pissed. "I thought you were better than the rest of the gossiping Witches in our year!" He snapped.

Hermione was taken aback by the harsh words. "Harry! This isn't like you."

Harry stopped for the final time. "Things have changed Mione! You need to give me and Ron space right now till everything settles...I have alot on my mind." He finished talking, walking away.

Hermione's jaw hung open as she watched Harry walk off. "What?!" She yelled out loud.

The rest of the day went by fast, each class quicker than the last. Lunch and dinner went by silently with no talking. Harry needed to talk to Draco...he wanted him to stop running.

Harry dragged himself through the dungeons which seemed to never end, done with this day in the worst way.

Continue reading next part