Death Eaters and St. Mongo's

"Death eaters." Draco gulped as he looked at Harry. Harry pulled Draco into a rough kiss on the lips, then he sprinted down the stairs.

"Oh no you don't, I'm going with you!" Draco then chased a er Harry. When they ran outside of the restaurant, the scene was horrible. The opposite building was in crumbles, and the streets were littered with debris. Draco finally spotted Harry, and he ran up and grabbed his arm.

"You're an idiot if you think I'm going to let you go to them by yourself!" Draco shouted over the commotion. Harry only glared at him, and ran towards the screaming. Draco chased a er him.

It was horrible, people where running around in midst of the chaos, bodies were littered on the floor, some alive and some not. Draco was broken out of his daze when he saw Harry dodge a green curse heading for him. They both whipped out their wands, shooting curses out le and right. Eventually the crowds pushed Harry and Draco further and further away from each other. They almost forgot about each other because they were now the main targets. Draco and Harry were shooting stunning spells, stinging jinxes, and cutting curses at the death eaters. Draco screamed out in pain as he failed to dodge a particularly deep cutting curse on his le calf, but he continued to shoot spells at the opponents. He finally killed o a death eater by floating a piece of ruble over him, and dropping it down on him. They he moved to the other 3 death eaters. This time, they were throwing out some unforgivable curses at him, and a green flash just barely missed him. Draco was losing.

Harry already stunned and trapped 3 out of the 5 death eaters, and he only had a couple bruises and scraps, and one shallow cutting curse on his abdomen. When Harry wasn't looking, a death eater from behind casted a Crusiatus Curse at him. Harry dropped in agony, twitching from the pain. The death eater then let him go, and vanished. One of the two death eaters shot an Avada Kedavra at him, but at the last minute, Harry dodged it, and continued fighting the death eaters, ignoring the le over pain.

He at last, crushed one of the death eaters with a fruits stand, essentially knocking him out. The last death eater vanished before Harry could get rid of him. The street was less crowded with people. Most of them evacuated. But Harry could still hear some fighting around the corner. When he made his way through the ruble, he gasped. Draco was pinned down by a piece of fallen ruble. He couldn't get out. But he was still trying to stun the death eaters. At this point, the death eaters were playing with him, sending tiny cutting curses and stinging jinxes to his face and chest. Harry ran quickly over to Draco, and blocked him from the death eaters. In a matter of minutes, Harry crushed and stunned 4 of the death eaters, and the last two vanished. Harry quickly rushed over to Draco, his face was swollen and cut.

"Don't worry, I'm going to get you out!" Harry yelled while frantically trying to li up the ruble. Harry had tears streaming down his face, but he couldn't li it. He finally whipped his wand out, and used a floating spell on the ruble. It only made the cement hover a couple inches in the air, before dropping back down on Draco. This made Draco sputter out a little blood. Harry dropped down, and was lightly slapping Draco's face trying to get him to wake up more. Draco's eyes were rolling in his head, before he passed out. Harry froze, and tears started falling from his face. Harry was streaming and crying, trying to remove the ruble. Harry dropped down on his knees again, and he was sobbing while pressing his forehead to Draco. Harry was yelling, screaming and crying, when the ruble shot o of Draco, into the building across the street. Harry quickly covered Draco's body, putting his ear to Draco's heart. Harry waited, what seemed like forever, before he heard a quiet, almost inaudible heart beat. Draco was still alive. Harry let out a short dry laugh, before apperating them both to St. Mungo's.

When Harry got there, eyes were turned onto the two. Everyone gasped as they saw the two, bloody and bruised. The nurses quickly rushed to Harry.

STORY CONTINUES BELOW

"What in bloody hell is wrong with you! Don't pay attention to me, get him some fucking help!" Harry yelled, and he let out a growl, which even startled himself. That scared all the nurses into action. One of the nurses conjured up a stretcher, and another floated Draco safely onto it, while rushing him to a healing room. Harry was pushed away from Draco.

"Sir, please, wait out there. We will do everything we can, but we can't do anything if you are distracting us." Harry broke down crying on the floor, and hyperventilating. All Harry could hear was the nurse shooting a sleeping spell at Harry, before everything went dark.

Harry woke up, bright lights blinded him for a moment before everything came into view. He moved around a bit in his bed, trying to sit up. Every memory came rushing back to him. Draco was hurt. Harry shot out of his bed, and looked around frantically. A nurse walked in.

"Glad to see you've waken up. How about we-"

"Where is he?" Harry interrupted. "I came in here with another person. Where is he!?"

The nurse looked at him in shock, before answering.

"We had to move him into the critical rooms. We just finished mending his bones together."

"Can you take me to him." Harry asked.

"We would really like it if you stayed here, and let us give you a check up. And we still need to give you a couple potions to alleviate the pain. It seems like you su ered the Cruciatus Curse for a couple minutes." The nurse held her hands up when she heard Harry growl.

"Please lay back, and let me-"

"No, please I'm fine, just let me see him." Harry then tried to take a step, before he let out hiss of pain, and he dropped to his knees, hands splayed out on the ground. The nurse gently brought him back to the bed.

"As I said, you are going to be in some pain. At least let us give you your potions, and we'll set up a place where you can sit with your friend. Can you tell me your name?" Harry looked up at her and nodded.

"Um, my name is Dragon." The nurse approached him carefully.

"Ok Dragon, I need to know something. Are you a vela?" Harry thought for a second before nodding.

"And is the person you came in with your mate?" Harry hesitated before he lied, and nodded his head. Harry though that if she knew they were mates, that he could see him sooner.

"Ok, well we can't get you a bed set up next to him, but we can extend the bed, and let you lay next to him. Is that ok?" The nurse asked cautiously. Harry nodded. The nurse handed him a couple of disgusting tasting potions, before she helped him into some pajamas, and into a wheelchair. The nurse then slowly wheeled him to the critical rooms. When they passed through the double doors, the nurse then quickened her pace. When they finally got to Draco's room, Harry bolted out of the wheelchair, and ran to Draco's bedside, ignoring the lingering pain. Draco was laying down, asleep.

"What's wrong with him?" Harry asked. The nurse frowned.

"He has been like this since he got out of the healing room. He was put in a magically induced coma, but when we pulled him out of it, he was still sleeping. We aren't sure if he's going to wake up." Harry let a tear loose at that statement.

"When he came in, he had deep cutting curses on his calves, and on his chest. He also had a broken leg, his pelvis was crushed, and he cracked his shoulder blade. We fixed him up, but the pain he went through might have been too much." The nurse added solemnly.

"Can you leave us, please?" Harry asked, his voice wavering. The nurse nodded, and le the room. Harry slowly walked around the bed, using the edges as support, and he climbed into the empty spot next to him. He clasped his hand, around Draco's. Tears falling down his face, as he slowly dri ed into unconsciousness.

A bright light emanated from Harry's chest. Harry squinted his eyes, before sitting up. He looked at the familiar bright light. He gasped, and squeezed Draco's hand harder. The light slowly started traveling down Harry's arm, and into Draco. The light traveled to his calves, then to his hips, then it moved around his back, to his shoulder, and then it resided in his chest, over the tender skin where his cut was healed. The light was healing Draco's wounds. The light all of a sudden lit up the whole room, and Harry had to shield his eyes. When it dissipated, Harry looked down at Draco.

At first, Draco was still, but then his eyelids started to twitch a little. Harry shot up, and sat on his legs, staring at Draco. He let out a grunt, before slowly opening up his eyes. Harry had tears of joy streaming down his face.

"Draco. Come on wake up, Draco." Harry whispered.

"Harry." Draco mumbled before fully taking in his surrounding. He slowly sat up in bed, and looked around confused, before a wave of memory came over him. He immediately snapped his head towards Harry, and grabbed onto Harry's shoulders. Harry let out an involuntary hiss of pain, since he was still sore from the Cruciatus Curse. Draco snatched his hands away, but threw up words like 'merlin, I'm sorry!' and 'did I hurt you!' and 'are you ok!' Harry grabbed Draco's hands, tears streaming down his face still.

"Don't worry about me, you were the one who was going to die! I had to get you out of the ruble. Why didn't you call for help!" Harry said in a jumble of words. Draco paused, and whispered to himself.

"I almost died..." Harry nodded his head, and continued.

"They told me you weren't going to wake up, and that you were in a lot of pain, and I didn't know what to do. But you're fine now." Harry said, trying more to convince himself than Draco.

"How come I woke up?" Draco asked. Harry dried his tears.

"The same light that took o your mark was the same thing that made you wake up. I was laying next to you, and the light traveled from me into you. Then you woke up." Harry explained messily.

Just when Harry stopped talking, 5 new nurses came rushing through the door, and towards Draco. Draco noticed that the nurses where trying to get Harry o the bed, and saw that Harry was wincing.

Anger bubbled up in Draco. All of a sudden, Draco let out a nasty growl at the nurses manhandling Harry. The nurses froze, and helped him onto the bed. All the nurses held their hands up in surrender, and a step away from the bed. Harry gave him an unexpected kiss on the cheek.

"Sir, we really need to check on you. You are going to be in some pain for a while." The nurse explained, still keeping her distance from the two.

"But I don't feel any pain when I move." Draco then swung his legs around the bed, and stood up. The nurses backed away anymore. Draco took a cautious few steps, before grinning at Harry. He then proceeded to pop all his joints in front of the mortified nurses.

"How?" A nurse whispered. Draco smirked.

"Dragon fixed me. I won't need anymore assistance, but he will. And I would very much like to know why you were trying to drag him o the bed, even though he was clearly in pain." Draco said in an intimidating voice. The nurses kept silent.

"Do whatever you need to do to make sure he's not in any pain. I'm going to stay in the room though." Draco then sat back down on the bed, and kissed Harry on the lips, before shooting a glare at the nurses, that sent them into work.

The nurses then gave Harry a potion that knocked him out.

"What injuries did he sustain?" Draco asked. Harry didn't look like be had any cuts, but he was very sore.

"Well, he was lucky, and unlucky at once. The only thing we noticed at first was that he only had a couple shallow cuts on his body, and a couple bruises. But the bad part, was that he had su ered the Cruciatus Curse for a couple minutes. We tried to keep him in his room, and give him a mental check, but he insisted on seeing you." The nurse explained. Draco had a look of concern and fear. His Harry was under the Cruciatus Curse. Draco knew how much a couple seconds felt, but a couple minutes was a shock. Most people wouldn't be able to walk or move, but he looked for Draco, and ignored the pain.

"What are you doing now?" Draco asked as he saw some nurses pop open his shirt.

"We are going to rub some of this cream on his body. We usually knock the patient out first because their skin is too sensitive to touch. The cream should calm down his nerve endings, and dull them a bit." She said. Draco nodded, and continued to watch them. A er 15 minutes, they were finished.

"If you want, we can transport him to were you live. He might be a bit more comfortable there." The nurse o ered. Draco hesitated. He didn't want anyone to know where the house was.

"No thanks, I can just apperate us to our house. How much do we have to pay for treatment?" Draco asked.

The nurse walked over to a nearby clipboard, and ripped out a slip of parchment. It read;

357 galleons
2 knuts
For the treatment of;
11 Cutting Curses
A crushed pelvis
A broken femur
A fractured shoulder blade
And one Cruciatus Curse patient.
Pay before the 1st of September.

Draco nodded, and pocketed the note in the clothes the hospital provided. He then thanked the nurses, grabbed onto Harry's hands, and apperated them both back to the Black Manor.