Waking Up and Let's Ask Someone

Draco and Harry were currently in 12 Grimauld Place. Harry was just released from the hospital, and Draco appointed the two back home.

"Merlin. What happened?" Harry groaned as he sat up in bed. Draco walked into the room with a cup of tea.

"Oh, you're awake. How are you feeling?" Draco asked. He gave Harry the tea, which he gladly accepted.

"I feel like I was run over by a truck." Harry said, taking a sip of tea. Draco looked puzzled.

"What's a truck?"

"It's a really big machine that carries muggles around. Like the Knight Bus, but bigger." Harry answered. He placed the tea back on the nightstand.

"Oh, shite. We were in Paris last night. Oh I'm so sorry that I mucked everything up." Harry said, burying his head in his face.

"Harry, if anything I mucked it up. I should have asked for help instead of trying to take on all the death eaters at once. I'm sorry." Draco said, rubbing Harry's back.

"Draco, it wasn't your fault. Let's just say, if a certain megalomaniac's followers hadn't shown up, we would have had the perfect evening." Harry sighed, giving Draco a weak smile.

"But the food before all of that was fantastic. I just hoped we could have eaten that awesome looking dessert before we had to fight." Harry chuckled lightly.

"Yeah." Draco sighed.

"What time is it?" Harry asked.

"About 5."

"Do you think you could help me change out of these clothes." Harry asked, while pointing out the uncomfortable hospital pajamas.

"Oh, sure." Draco then helped Harry out of bed. When the shirt was o , Draco noticed a mark on Harry's right shoulder. He moved onto the bed to get a better look.

"Harry, what's this? A tattoo?" Draco was puzzled. It looked like bright orange and yellow feathers protruding out of his shoulder. Almost like a tattoo.

"Tattoo? I've never gotten a tattoo before. Show me." Harry said. He too was puzzled. Draco then conjured up two floating mirrors. Draco ignored the odd feeling when he used his wand. He even struggled a little just to conjure the mirrors. But Draco didn't say anything.

"That has never been there before. It kind of looks like... feathers?" Harry commented. He moved his shoulders a little, and touched the weird mark. It felt warm to the touch, despite the colder room.

"Draco, touch it. My skin is warm there compared to the rest of my body." Draco laid a hand gently on the mark. It did feel warm.

"Well that's unusual. Maybe its an injury? Or the remnants of an injury. It doesn't hurt, does it?" Draco asked. Harry shook his head.

"No. It actually makes me feel better when you touch it. I don't know how to explain it." Harry marveled. The longer Draco laid his hand on Harry, the less sore his body became.

"I have an idea. Consult your whole hand on it. The longer you touch it, the less sore I feel." Draco complied, and laid his hand on Harry's shoulder. It sent a weird tingling sensation throughout his whole body. It felt almost comforting. A an e minute, he removed his hand.

"How do you feel?" Draco asked. Harry rolled his neck a little, and popped some joints, before standing up.

"I feel really good as a matter of fact, I'm not sore anymore." Harry looked at his back while standing, and rubbed his hand over the mark. Harry shrugged, and went over to the closet, and pulled on a red tee shirt, and pulled on a pair of black jeans. When he walked out, Draco was on buttoning his shirt.

STORY CONTINUES BELOW

"What are you doing?" Harry asked, as he leaned on the frame of the closet.

"Just checking something." He then pulled his shirt o , and Harry covered his mouth. Draco turned towards the mirrors to have a look for himself. Draco had an almost identical mark on his right shoulder, except, this one had black feathers, with red tips. Draco stared back at Harry, shock written all over his face.

"That is not a tattoo! I don't know how that got there." Draco gently rubbed his shoulder. It didn't feel sore or anything, but it did feel warm.

"Its warm too." Draco whispered to himself. Harry walked over, and laid his hand on Draco's. He felt strange as he did so.

"Wow." Draco marveled. The two mirrors disappeared, and Draco walked to the closet, and pulled on a green shirt. Just as Draco reached onto a shelf, he noticed a mirror full of light. He was still wearing his bracelet.

"I almost forgot about these." Draco said as he stepped out of the closet. Draco held his wrist out.

"Oh yeah." Harry copied his movement. "We can just keep them on all the time, that way we won't forget about taking them. Let's just make sure we change you back to Philip when we see people. Let's see if Kreacher can recognize us first, though." The two walked down stairs, into the dinning room. Breakfast was already laid out.

"Kreacher!" Draco called. A loud crack resounded through the room.

"Master Draco wanted to see me, sir." Draco looked at Harry, puzzled.

"You can recognize us?" Harry asked. Kreacher nodded.

"All magical creatures can see witches and wizards for how they truly are. The only di erence I can feel though, is that both of your magical auras feel di erent now. They feel much stronger than before." Kreacher commented. He then popped back out of the room. There was silence for a couple seconds.

"Well that was weird. First the hands, then Kreacher says we feel di erently. What's next, we can fly. Draco laughed. The two then proceeded to eat their meals in comfortable silence. When they were done, they went to the living room. Harry and Draco sat on the couch, Draco's feet on Harry's lap.

"Harry?" Draco asked.

"Yeah."

"Do you feel di erent?" Draco asked. Harry sat up a bit more.

"Now that you mention it, I feel a bit odd. I don't really know."

Draco sighed. "Its weird. I struggled when I conjured those mirrors. I hadn't ever struggled on something that simple before. Maybe my wand is broken." Draco said as he pulled his wand out, and inspected it a little. Draco turned to Harry.

"Try doing a little magic. Maybe its not just my wand that's broken." Harry complied, and flicked his wand. When he was 11, red sparks flew out, but this time, Harry accidentally knocked a book down.

"That's weird. Last time I did that, red sparks came out. Know its not working right." Harry pointed his wand at the book. "Wingardium Leviosa." Harry repeated. The book just floated on the floor a little, before falling back down. The two shared a concerned look.

"How about we go to Ollivander's, and get our wands checked out. Maybe we cracked them or something." Draco added. Harry nodded, and they both headed upstairs to get some shoes, before appearing to Diagon Alley.

When the two got there, they headed straight for Ollivander's. Other than a couple odd stares at their muggle attire, they arrived almost unnoticed. The door bell chimed.

"Hello there! What can I do to assist you two fine?" Ollivander greeted.

"We think there might be something wrong with our wands. We are struggling to do the simplest spells all of a sudden." Harry said. Ollivander frowned.

"Well that doesn't sound good. Here, let me have a look." Ollivander held his hands out.

"Oh, well I know now that you two aren't who you look like. I remember every single wand I sell, and I know for a fact that these are the wands of Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy. Am I correct?" Ollivander inquired, raising a brow. Harry and Draco shared a look of worry.

"Ok fine, its us. But please don't tell anyone we were here. We are kind of in hiding." Harry pleaded. Ollivander nodded.

"I know you two from your auras. Being a wand maker makes you very sensitive to people's magic. That's why we never forget a customer. We can sense your di erent types of magic with, or without the wands. That and remembering wand combos isn't that hard." Ollivander added.

"Now for your wands. Nothing seems to be the problem, but there is something wrong with you. Your magical auras have changed slightly. They're more similar. These wands don't work properly because you have changed. That means you will need another wand." Harry and Draco shared a look of fright.

"What about my wand? I have to defeat Voldemort with that wand, but I can't even li a stupid book with it." Harry asked, he was slightly agitated. Ollivander winced, and took a step back.

"Now, Your magical aura changes with your emotions. I only see that in young children, but not this much. Are you a half and half?" Ollivander marveled. Harry shook his head.

"No, I'm just a wizard. Well, as far as I know."

Ollivander so d. "Well Mr. Potter, I can assure you that you are not just a wizard. And for your wand, you cannot defeat the dark lord with your regular wand, even if it worked properly. Two brother wands are identical in power, so it would be impossible to defeat the other, unless you were using another wand. And so fate brought us here to fix the solution." He concluded. Draco and Harry were gob smacked.

"So does that mean, I also have to get another wand?" Draco asked nervously. Ollivander nodded. He then disappeared into the back of the store, and appeared back with 15 boxes in his hands.

"Let's begin, shall we?"

It has been nearly 4 hours of trying out wands. Ollivander had to close the store simply because it was too wrecked to even walk around. One particular wand even managed to crack his store window. Finally, Harry and Draco were running out of wands to try.

"This is hopeless! We aren't going to find anything!" Draco sighed dramatically, as he slouched down in a chair in the corner. Harry followed this, and sat in a chair in the opposite corner. Ollivander busted out of the back room. He looked pleased.

"I was looking in the back for any wands we haven't tried yet, and I came across these two. They were in a joined box, all the way buried under other wands." Ollivander placed the box on the table, and carefully opened it. Harry and Draco stood back up, and walked to the wand maker.

When he pulled the lid o , Harry and Draco gasped. On the right, was a dark red wand, probably made out of a cedar tree. A carving of a perched phoenix stood on the handle of it. One the le of it, was a dark brown, almost black looking wand. This wand had a carving of a phoenix too, except the wings were stretched up above its head, and it looked to be flying. And most noticeable, was the faint tips of red on the birds feathers. Ollivander raised a brow.

"These are really peculiar. I haven't seen a wand with two colors before. And most wand makers stopped using cedar since it isn't a magical tree." Ollivander commented, puzzled at the unique wands. "And I've never seen a wand with an animal carved into the handle. And if I'm correct, there is a phoenix feather in each one."

"They look just like our marks." Draco marveled. The two then picked up the wands. All of a sudden, a rush of magic flew towards the two, and they experienced the same thrill of finding a wand when they were 11.

"You said they look just like your marks. What did you mean by that?" Ollivander asked curiously. Both Harry and Draco rolled up their sleeves, and showed him their marks.

"Wow. I've never seen anything like that before, and I'm a very old person." He laughed shyly. The two rolled their sleeves back down.

"So how much do we have to pay you?" Harry asked. Ollivander shook his head, and put his hands up.

"I already gave you your wands when you were 11, its not your fault that you needed to change out. You actually did me a favor. I've been looking for years for someone to pick up those wands. I just didn't know who would. And I promise I won't tell anyone you were here."

"Well, thank you so much for helping us find another wand, we really appreciate it." Draco added, as they're the store, leaving their old wands on the table.

When the two got home, they plopped down on the couch, exhausted from the whole ordeal.

"Hey Harry?" Draco said, trying to get Harry's attention. "Maybe we should ask someone about this whole magic changing situation. Who knows, there might be more to this than we think."

"Yeah, you're probably right. We should probably ask someone, maybe Hermione. She would love to have any excuse to learn something new." Harry suggested. Draco nodded.

The two then ate a large dinner, since they had to skip lunch, and made their way back upstairs, and had a nice, peaceful, sleep.