Secrets and Pain

Draco and Harry both composed themselves from their thoughts on escape, and Draco asked Harry a question.

"What about school? I can't go to school, Snape is there, and he'll report to my father."

Harry, unfazed by Draco's response simply said, "Well for one, if you truly wanted to get away from the Malfoy's in general, you could always renounce your name as Malfoy, and become a Black? You could attend the last year of Hogwarts as a foreign exchange student, who, just recently, came in touch with his long lost, twice removed cousin, Harry Potter. I can tell Dumb-as-a-door that I met you last year, and you were originally learning magic from an unofficial witch teacher in Sweden. We can say that the witch took in squibs and children who were thrown out of their homes. You will say that she makes the children's' wands by hand, and that's why your wand is a bit crooked. You can retake all the entrance exams up the 6th year, which you shouldn't have any problem with, and you can continue your whole new life at Hogwarts for a year until you are home free."

Draco sat there shocked. He wasn't really expecting a thought out answer, but it could actually work except for a few things.

"Ok for one; how can I look different enough to attend there without being recognized, and two; my wand isn't crooked at all." Draco retorted, somewhat put out that Harry insulted his wand.

Harry sighed. "Once we are inside the safe house, we can put on you a strong magical glamour to hide your identity. Then we can put a glamour on your wand to make it look like it was crafted by the hands of an old witch. And we can say that we went to Gringotts, and we checked your blood line, and say that you are in fact a Black. Maybe we can say that a Black family member had you while on a vacation in Sweden, but thought you were a squib, and discarded you. Then the witch came along and took care of you, only to find out that you aren't a squib! And Dumb-as-a-door will have to take our word because I am your only guardian since the witch died recently, and the children moved out." Harry finished, panting slightly from his rant, but his face glowed with happiness.

Draco just sat there for a moment, blinked a couple of time then stood up, and tackled Harry with a hug, while laughing with joy.

"Thank you so much, Harry! I don't know what I would've done without you! Oh I could just kiss you!" Draco said this all while hugging Harry, but abruptly stopped when he realized what he said at the end. He then turned a furious shade of pink and sat down, trying to change the conversation.

"Umm, s-so, d-do you want t-to finish the game?" He said, stuttering slightly. The look on Draco's face made Harry smile all the more.

"Sure, truth or dare?"

Content that Harry helped him change the subject, Draco answered "Truth."

"Do you like anyone at Hogwarts?"

Before he could take a breath he said "Yes."

Draco retorted. "Truth or dare?"

"Dare."

"I dare you to...hmm... I dare you to yell down the aisle of the train 'I want to lick your lollipop!'" Draco smirked as the curse took over Harry. He walked over to the door, opened up the blinds, slide open the door, walked into the aisle and yelled "I want to lick your lollipop!" When he finished, Harry quickly slammed the door shut, and pulled down the blinds again. In the background, the two could hear compartment doors sliding open, and people muttering about who said that. Thankfully, no one was in the aisle at the time, so no one knew it was him who said that. The two were snickering loudly, trying to not full on burst into laughter. After they composed themselves, Harry took over.

"Draco, truth or dare?"

"Truth."

"What house is your crush in?" A smirk crept up on Harry's face.

STORY CONTINUES BELOW

Draco then, with a look of surprise answered, "Grifindoor."

Harry paused then smirked. "Really? A Grifindoor? I never would have thought the King of Snakes fancied Lions." Harry laughed at his own joke, but Draco got a bit more nervous. Quickly trying to overt the conversation, Draco asked "Truth or dare?"

"Dare." Harry thought he could outsmart the snake so he wouldn't ask him who he liked, but the snake was more clever.

"I dare you to tell me which house your crush is in."

Harry mentally slapped himself in the face before he said quietly, "Slytherin...."

Draco then took a moment before bursting out in laughter.

"HA! So the King of Lions fancies a Snake!" Draco was about to say more but was cut off when Harry whisper-yelled, "Tell the whole train why don't you!" but Draco simply put it aside and retorted "I put a silencing wards on the compartment, we could be screaming for our lives and no one would hear unless we open the door." Draco smirked and stopped laughing, but a smile was still plastered on his face.

Harry sighed, "Draco, Truth or dare?"

"Truth."

"Who do you fancy?" Harry smirked, but little did he know that smirk would be replaced with a face of shock.

"Hermione Granger and you." Draco responded, fear spreading all over his face.

Harry tensed up, and replied without even thinking, "I like you, too." Harry then gasped and covered his mouth.

They both stared at each other shock and awe, before the sound of the train whistle announced their arrival. The look of shock on Harry's face was soon replaced with one of fear as he stared out the window. Seeming to understand what Harry was looking so frightened about, he took on a grimace as he also looked out the window. They had reached their 'home.' All of Harry's thoughts came rushing back to him when he realized where he was. In the couple of hours that he was with Draco, he completely forgot about why he was depressed in the first place. With a gulp, Draco stood up, drawing Harry's attention. He took Harry's shoulders, willing him to stand up, and he enveloped him into a hug once more. He then whispered into his ear, "Owl me everyday. Make it look as if it was from Blaise, I'll tell him to go with the flow if he is questioned about the ingredients. I'll send you the list, and you send me the ingredients. In a week, we will both be safe in the safe house, I promise." Then with one last squeeze, Draco let go of a shocked Harry, grabbed his luggage, and left the compartment.

As hard as it was to let Harry go, he knew he'd see him again. He just hoped that Harry didn't hate him for also liking Hermione. When Draco stepped off the platform, he was enveloped in a tight hug from his mother. This hug didn't even show the tiniest bit of warmth that he got from Harry, but he complied, and he soon flooed back home with his father, Lucius, on the right, and his mother, Narcissa, on the left.

When Harry left the platform he wasn't greeted with the same type of greeting. It looks as if the Dursleys, again, decided to make him walk home instead of getting a ride back. By the time he got home, he was bombarded by questions and comments being yelled at him ranging from 'Why the hell did it take you so long!' to 'Freak move along!' and of course 'Start dinner you moron, and try not to burn anything this time!' And with a finishing touch, Dudley kicked him in the shin, and ran to the kitchen. Limping slightly, he made his way upstairs to put away his luggage, taking care to lock them in his wardrobe, before making his way downstairs to start dinner.

When Draco got home, he was escorted by his body guards to his room, and locked inside. He called for his personal house elf, Tibby. "Tibby." With a loud crack, a small house elf cloaked in a tattered rag appeared. "What is it that Master Draco asks of Tibby?" "What is for dinner, Tibby?" The little house elf seemed to perk up at Draco's politeness, and said in a high pitched noise, "For dinner, we have grilled salmon with a garlic butter sauce, caviar, and quall eggs. And for dessert, we have treacle tart and four chocolate layer mouse." Draco noticed that the elves are making Draco's favorite foods for his return. "Thank you Tibby, and can you please inform my father that I will be eating in my room today. Thank you." Tibby stood there in shock, but replied, "Master Draco is the best master! Tibby will tell Master Lucius of Master Draco's request, sir." And with a crack, Draco started reading through his potions books, looking for an invisibility potion.

Harry at the moment was cooking steak, with mashed potatoes, and garlic green beans. He was reminiscing on the hug that Harry had gotten from Draco, reciting all of the events that happened on the train. And of course, the moment his heart dropped when he said he also liked Hermione. Harry jumped, realizing he was burning the steak. 'Oh shit!' he thought to himself, 'I'm screwed!' He tried his very hardest to cover the slightly dry steak with sauce, and promptly served the Dursleys their food. Right when Harry thought he was safe, Uncle Vernon yelled out, "What is this rubbish, boy! You burnt the steak!" Harry winced at the tone of his voice, Uncle Vernon can be very loud if he wants too. Aunt Petunia then stood up and declared, "We can't eat this, I'll have to order something!" She then turned to the landline on the wall, and politely asked Dudley what he wanted to eat, "Just order some pizza." he demanded. Dudley acts more like a child the older he grows. "Alright Dudley-cakes, pizza it is." When Harry looked back at Uncle Vernon, he stared him in the eye, grabbed his hair, and dragged him into Dudley's second room. He resisted as much as he could, but Uncle Vernon was too strong. He threw him onto the floor, then knelled down, and he started punching him with his fat sausage fingers. First in the nose, where a crack could be heard, from both his nose and glasses. Then in the mouth, which knocked a tooth out, and finally he resided to just punching Harry repeatedly in the ribs and in the stomach. It didn't seem like he was satisfied until he heard a crack, and Harry coughed up a bit of blood. He then smiled, and walked out the door. He locked it and yelled "No meals for a week!" before thumping down the hall.

Slowly but carefully, Harry pulled himself on the bed, and carefully examined his injuries. He felt a cracked rib, a broken nose, a lost tooth, and bruising all over his body. Harry thought that this was the worst Uncle Vernon has done. He knew his magic would heal the rib and nose before the morning, but it would hurt for a couple of days after that. Before he could remember anything else though, he slowly drifted into unconsciousness.