

# Wards and The Knight Bus

~I can feel the gayness intensifying slightly, the gay train will arrive soon~

Draco was making his way to 12 Grimauld Place. Since he wasn't able to ask for directions, he had to use a muggle map to find Grimauld place, then walked all the way until he saw the building numbers go from 11 to 13. He found the Black Manor. The apartment looking home soon emerged when he stepped on the lawn. It was as if the house could tell that he was a Black. He could feel the wards surrounding the home, but he had prepared heavily to make an entrance small enough where he could sneak in without being detected. Once he was inside, it felt like a dementer lived in the house. It was so dark, and cold, and there was no signs of life. Except of course, the house elf that popped up in front of him. The elf greeted roughly, "Who are you?" in a very rude tone for a house elf.

"Don't tell anyone I am here, but I'm Draco Black. I'm going to live here for a bit with someone else. Do not utter a word to anyone that there is someone in the house. Understood?" Draco said firmly. The elf just replied, "Yeah, yeah. Oh how my Mistress would treat Kreacher for filth living in her home. Mudbloods and blood traitors everywhere." Draco lashed out, "I am a pureblood for you information, and I'm a Black, so you will treat me as such!" This moment seemed to mellow Kreacher out a bit. He somewhat nicely replied, "Sorry for the misinterpretation. I will make tea." And with a crack, he was gone.

Draco walked all over the house, assessing the rooms, window, and entrances. It would take a day to do each floor, and there were 3, so 3 days ought to be enough. He immediately started laying out his books and started looking at the different types of wards he would have to put on the house.

Harry seemed to have gotten home just in time, since as soon as he was finished dressing out of his clothes, Aunt Petunia started unlocking the locks to let him continue his chores for the day. Thank Merlin he wasn't aloud to work when they had naps, they didn't want to be disturbed. Although this usually meant he'd be cleaning until 2am. Tired, yet happy, he started his chores. And he surprisingly didn't mess anything up, to Uncle Vernon's dismay. When he finished, he went up stairs to his room, and started writing a letter to Draco.

Dear Draco,

I hope you got to the house safely. I have a list of everyone who is allowed into the house.

Only let in:

Hermione Granger

Ron Weasley

Draco Black

Harry Potter

Fred Weasley

George Weasley

Athur Weasley

Molly Weasley

Ginny Weasley

Neville Longbottom

Luna Lovegood

Remus Lupin

Nymphadora Tonks

and Alaster Moody

Please make sure that everyone who is not on that list, cannot enter the house unless I add them down the road. And maybe see if you can make the floo do the same thing.

Thank you,

Harry

P.S. The Dursleys address is 4 Privet Drive. Little Whinging, Surrey.

STORY CONTINUES BELOW

When Harry finished the letter, he went over to Hedwig, and tied the letter to her leg. She gave him an affectionate nibble on the finger, before flying away into the night sky.

It was approximately 3 am and Draco had laid out all of the wards in order for the entire house. All he needed was the list of approved names, and he could start. Only 20 minutes into his nap, when a chirp resounded in his ear. He jumped back, but stopped when he saw a snowy white owl standing on the arm of the chair, holding out her leg. He took the letter and read. All his drowsiness had soon set in as he reading the long list of names. He knew that wards took out a lot of energy, so he had to get a good rest before he could start. He quickly made a short, sloppy note telling Harry that he was starting the wards in the morning, tied it to the snowy owl, then promptly passed out on the couch when he saw the owl fly into the night.

Next morning came, and Draco felt energized beside the hint of depression the house was emanating onto him. But nonetheless, he called for Kreacher to make him a simple breakfast of bacon, eggs, hash browns, and orange juice. Even though Draco wasn't very hungry, he forced himself to eat extra so he could do the wards correctly. When he was done, he went straight for the books. He decided to do the first floor first so the floo would be locked off from access. He found out that the type of wards he were doing need to have runes incorporated into the spell itself. So after a couple practices on a cardboard box, he began the wards.

He took out his wand and drew the necessary runes on all the walls, then on the floor and the ceiling, then on the windows, doorways, and halls. Each rune took 15 minutes to make, and he took a 2 minute break between each rune to catch his breath. Each rune was very strong, and sucked out his energy, but he was determined. The runes itself took about 4 hours to complete, since there were so many different sides of walls on the first floor, he also had to take a collective break of about 25 minutes to gain his strength for the spell. When he was ready, he positioned himself in the middle of the living room, held his wand up in the air, and yelled 'Fidelius Semparal' and watched a purple glowing string of light weave around the first floor, connecting to all of the runes. He held his wand in the air for 5 minutes until the light dissipated, then he slumped down in an arm chair, and made his was into unconsciousness.

By the time Draco woke up, it was about 4 am, the next day. He was quite happy to see that his owl returned. He hadn't eaten anything besides breakfast the other day, so naturally, he was starving. He called Kreacher down, and ate the same thing; Bacon, eggs, hash browns, and orange juice. This time however, he decided to make himself an energy replenishing potion, which took an hour, but was well worth it. Then he sat down, and started a letter to give to Harry.

Dear Harry,

I have successfully finished the first floor. I only have the second floor, and the attic left. That should take roughly 2 days, then I'll bust you out. I hope will be ok by the time I get there.

Draco

P.S. I don't know what I should name my owl, I've never really used him this much, so I never thought of a name. Maybe you can help me pick a name.

He tied the letter to his barn owl's leg, and watched him fly off. Next he downed the energy potion, and went for round two.

Harry woke up at around 5:50 from Hedwig nibbling on his ear. He got up and changed into a cleaner set of clothes, and admired quickly in the mirror how fast his injuries have healed. Other than the first day, he pretty much got away every night with just a couple of kicks and slaps. He just needed to be aware of his surrounding, and he could get away fine. By the time Aunt Petunia unlocked his door, and shoved his chores list in his hands, the same mysterious barn owl flew to his window ledge, and stuck out his leg. Harry quickly read the note before ripping it up, and giving the barn owl a treat and some water. After that, Harry couldn't stop his chores easy, and an hour earlier than usual. He got through all of grinning the whole day because of the note Draco sent him. 'Only two more days' he kept on repeating to himself. Even Dudley's occasional slap and kick didn't deter him as it used to. Well, Harry's behavior didn't go unnoticed. Uncle Vernon yelled for Harry to come to the dining room when he finished with his chores, so at around 11pm, Harry stared into the eyes of a walrus.

"How come you are so happy?" Uncle Vernon asked suspiciously. Harry didn't reply.

"You better not be planning anything. Cuz' if you are, I'll nock you into tomorrow, just you see."

He then stood up, and punched him in the face, not quite breaking his nose, but enough to bruise it, and break his glasses. Then he grabbed a fist-full of Harry's hair, then dragged and threw him into his room, and locked all the locks. Harry had just figured out how to get away everyday without serious injury; tread lightly, dodge attacks, and don't speak. He thought to himself how Uncle Vernon acts every summer, and Harry thinks that tomorrow will just be a day stuck in his room, which he undoubtedly wouldn't oppose. He walked up to Hedwig as she perched on the window sill, and he so ly patted her feathers.

"Don't wake me up early in the morning, okay?" Harry asked. Of course he didn't expect an answer, but he did receive a soft trill which would hopefully mean that Hedwig understood. He then laid himself in his bed, and fell into slumber.

As luck would have it though, on the one night he could sleep in, he was bombarded by nightmares and visions from Voldemort. He woke up at around 8am. He knew that if Aunt Petunia hadn't woken him up yet, she was either dead, or he was locked in his room for the day. And not to his luck, he could hear Aunt Petunia baby-talking Dudley as she walked down the hall. He decided to stay up a little and work on his summer homework, before taking a nap during noon time. At least he got some dreamless sleep for a couple more hours.

At around 4pm, the barn owl, as if on cue, flew into his room, and propped himself on Harry's desk, his leg sticking out. Harry dragged himself out of bed, and picked up the letter, and started to read.

Dear Harry,

I successfully completed the second floor. All I need to do is the attic, then I'm done. I decided that I would sleep as soon as I finished sending this letter, then I'll wake up at around midnight. The attic is small, so it should only take me about an hour to complete. After that I will put on a general ward on the entire house all at once to keep the wards together. The whole process shouldn't take up too much of my energy, so I'll get you after I'm done with the attic. Be prepared to run at around 12pm.

Draco

Harry was ecstatic! He just had a little less than a day before he could leave! And Uncle Vernon would most likely let him out tomorrow so all he had to do was make sure all his stuff was packed and ready. He looked through his projects to create a temporary shrinking potion to use on inanimate objects. Since he couldn't use magic, he would have to resort to potions. As luck would find it, Harry always kept some basic ingredients in his trunk, and the potion he was making was a simple 2nd year level potion. He already had the necessary ingredients, he just had to brew it.

Harry took out his cauldron, and added together Belladonna, a Bezoar, three cat hairs, one dried leech, some salt, and 5 daisy petals. It only took about 5 minutes to create. He then tested it out on a quill he let out, and watched as it shrunk. He then carefully bottled up the rest, then placed it underneath one of the floor boards, and drifted into slumber.

It was around 4am the next day when Draco woke up. He made Kreacher prepare his breakfast, and then told him to go out and buy groceries. He handed Kreacher a sack of galleons, and watched him disappear out of the house. He then tackled the attic. For the attic, he made sure to put some stronger runes on the interior of the roof incase death eaters began to attack from the sky. After a couple of hours, and a final 'Fidelius Semparal' Draco completed the attic.

He only felt a bit drowsy, but that was nothing an energy potion couldn't cure. Then he walked down the stairs into the living room. He casted a quick 'Finis' spell, and waited for the light from his wand to turn from red to yellow, then he muttered all the names on the list that Harry sent him, and he was done. Everyone Harry approved of was keyed into the wards, and the ordeal was over. It was about 11 am when Kreacher came back to say he had finished getting all the groceries. Draco spoke to him.

"Harry and I will return at around 12 or 1 o'clock, so make sure that lunch is served. Make sure to give Harry some fattening foods since he's malnourished. And tidy up the rooms a bit before we come back." Draco said in a stern voice, before he started cleaning up all the books that were scattered all around the living room.

He didn't trust Kreacher with his valuables, so he decided to clean that up himself. He then moved all his stuff in the corner so they were out of the way. He wanted Harry to have first choice on which room he wanted, so he didn't make himself comfortable yet. After that, he checked the clock, which read 11:38am. Just as Draco was about to step outside, he remembered that he needed to put on a glamour. So he changed his hair into a bright red, curly mess. Then he changed his eye color to bright red as well. Once he approved of his transformation, he walked outside and called the Knight Bus.

It was currently 11:55am, and Harry was scrambling to shrink all his bags into his pocket. He sent Hedwig out ahead of him, so he kept on checking and rechecking his things. Right when it turned 12, Harry crept down the stairs as carefully as he could. But he forgot about the 2nd to last step that creaked. Right when he stepped on that step, you could hear Uncle Vernon scrambling to get out of the bed and he charged down the steps. Harry leapt out of the door, and ran across the garden, and looked around. No one was there! He then turned back just to watch Uncle Vernon tackle him on the ground. Uncle Vernon used his fat sausage fingers to attempt to flatten Harry's face. Just as he was getting in his 2nd punch, a giant swoosh and tires screeching on pavement stopped him. All Harry and Uncle Vernon could do was watch as a tall red head with red eyes came running out of the bus, and punched Harry's Uncle straight in the face. The mysterious man then tackled him, and started pummeling his face as if it were dough. All in a blur, he helped Harry up, grabbed his hand, and ran towards the Knight Bus. As soon as they were on the bus, the somewhat familiar voice was yelling, 'GO GO GO!' at the bus driver. When one final lurch, both boys were sent back a bit at the force, but where soon, on their way home.