St. Mungo's

Harry and Draco had every class together, along with their friends. They were enjoying the time they had together, feeling like more of a tight knit group. Everything was going fine until Severus Snape had pulled Draco out of his last class, refusing to let Harry go with him.

Draco was being practically dragged away from Advanced herbology by Severus. "Get your hand off me!!!" He curled his lip in a harsh sneer.

Severus finally let go when they reached the Dungeons. "Silence you brat! If you choose to fight me, then you will be treated poorly!" He snapped, smacking a folded Daily Prophet against his chest.

Draco took it, glaring angrily at Severus. "Why are you giving me this trash?!" He huffed.

"Your Father has made front page Mr. Malfoy." Severus glared at Draco's indignant behavior.

Draco opened it, reading the article. "No...this isn't true...my Father is in Azkaban!" He read the news print in horror.

"Obviously not." Severus reached to the paper, pointing to the last paragraph. "He was released, sent to St. Mungo's for Psychiatric observation."

"How was he released without me knowing?! How was he even considered for release?!" Draco asked rhetorically out loud, furiously searching for an answer on the page.

"Someone...must have changed his sentencing." Severus guessed. "But what you should be asking...is why he was put on the fourth floor of St. Mungo's."

"Do you know anything about this?!" Draco asked, knowing even if he did, he would never say. "This is impossible! They gave him life imprisonment!" He spat.

"Perhaps things...have taken a different turn..." Severus slowly suggested. "Either way Mr. Malfoy, an Auror will be coming to get you tonight after dinner...you are expected to speak with the healers."

Draco looked up at Severus with disgust. "Are you mad?!" He snapped loudly, throwing the newspaper to the floor. "I am never seeing that man ever again! I am 18 and I choose never to even be in the same room!"

Severus pinned Draco violently to the wall. "Now you listen to me! Your Mother is refusing to deal with this situation so you are the only one who can be your Father's medical proxy."

Draco furiously tried to get free. "Let go of me!!!"

"You will be going! End of discussion, end of argument!" Severus yelled, letting Draco go. "They will take you by force if need be."

Draco turned his back on Severus, running to his room deep in the Dungeons. This just can't be! My father was never suppose to see daylight again!!! How am I suppose to face my Father after what he's done?He thought, saddened and completely devastated.

Harry walked out of Advanced Herbology, worried that Draco never returned from Severus taking him away. He walked into the Great Hall as he came inside the castle, pulling his wand out. "Revelio Draco!" He chanted quietly, seeing the light pool into the Dungeons.

Harry put his wand away, quickly sprinting through the Dungeon corridors and hallways. He made it to the end, unlocking their door. The room was quiet, but a slight opening in the curtains of the 4 post bed was seen. "Draco?"

"In here." Draco's voice called.

Harry came over, climbing into the bed, closing the curtains behind him. "What are you doing alone in the dark?" He lied down with him.

"My Father has been released from Azkaban...he's at St. Mungo's...on the fourth floor for observation." Draco told Harry right away, even after Severus told him not to.

"What??? That's impossible we were both at his trial...he had a life sentence." Harry stared in disbelief.

"That's what I told Snape! But he said the situation obviously changed...it was on the front page of the Daily Prophet...I am being forced to go to St. Mungo's tonight. My mother is refusing so I am being put in her place."

Harry knew how horrible this must be for Draco, wishing he knew how to help. "How can they expect you to be involved with him after everything he did?"

"I am the only heir to the Malfoy name, the fortune, the Manor." Draco sighed. "It has to be me if my Mother refuses."

Harry pulled Draco to his chest, rubbing his back. "I'll come with you."

Draco buried his face into Harry's chest, taking in the scent of parchment and broom polish. "I couldn't ask you to do that...not after everything that's happened."

Harry pulled Draco upwards, kissing his lips. "I will always be with you." He wrapped his arms around him. "I'll go with you."

Draco sighed shakily, allowing himself to get lost in Harry's scent. "Thank you...Harry." he pushed his face into his neck.

Harry smiled, tightening his hug. "Let's get out of these heavy cloaks and put on something comfy if we are going."

Draco carefully detached his arms, rolling out of bed with a groan of discontent. "I wish we didn't have to go at all."

Harry bounced out of the bed, opening both sides of the closet. "Well atleast we'll be together, it will be easier to get through it."

"I'm not wearing any of that stuff, open the drawers." Draco pointed, slipping his ring off as he took his pin off his chest.

Harry opened the drawers on both sides. "Which ones you want?" He asked, taking off his cloak and jumper.

Draco rummaged through it, pulling out a forest green T-shirt and black Slytherin logo sweatpants. "I refuse to dress up for this rubbish!"

Harry tried to hide a smile, but he couldn't help it. "You're cute when your irritated." He kissed his cheek.

Draco huffed, kissing Harry's lips. "Let's get ready."

Harry stripped off his uniform, putting on a blue T-shirt and Grey sweatpants with a matching dark blue drawstring.

Draco put on his comfy clothes, brushing his hair. "I have such a bad feeling about all of this...I don't even know why he's on the fourth floor." He muttered irritated, slipping on his green socks and black sneakers.

Harry tied his dark blue Sneakers. "Whatever happens just remember you can leave at any time. They may force you to go, but they can't stop you from leaving."

A loud knock on the door alerted them both, walking cautiously to the door.

Draco opened the door, seeing a a tall man with jet black hair standing a foot away from the door. He was dressed in a long open lime green healers robe with the St. Mungo's symbol on the chest.

Harry walked up to Draco's side, confused. "Wasn't there an auror coming?" He asked Draco.

"Who are you???" Draco asked sharply.

"I am one of the Healers assigned to the fourth floor of St. Mungo's." The man adjusted his hands at his sides. "We thought it best that one of us came to personally escort you Mr. Malfoy."

Draco glared suspiciously. "I'm not going by myself if I am being forced to go against my will." He snarled, pulling Harry to his side.

"I have to warn you that this will not be an easy visit, but you may bring Mr. Potter if you wish." The man stared with his arm extended.

"What are you doing?" Draco asked, taking a step back.

"I am going to apparate to St. Mungo's it's not safe to make the journey on foot or broom." The man explained.

Harry looked at Draco. "Sir we aren't allowed to do that at Hogwarts."

"Special circumstances have been made so I can legally take you with me, it is not safe otherwise." The man repeated, getting slightly bored with the resistance.

Draco took Harry's hand. "If anything bad happens you will regret the day you were sorted." Draco threatened, tightly grabbing onto the Healers arm.

In a flash of dark and light, Harry and Draco landed sharply, knocking into each other.

"Damn!" Harry hissed, holding his forehead.

"Bloody hell did you have to go so fast?!" Draco snapped at the Healer who stood there like nothing happened.

"Relax boys you'll get better at it as you grow older." The man laughed. "Now I have to ask Harry to stay in the waiting room." He pointed to the large couches and love seats in the corner by the hallway.

"Absolutely not!" Draco grabbed Harry by the wrist.

Harry winced slightly, glaring. "Draco ouch!"

"Mr. Malfoy what do you think would happen if your Father were to see Mr. Potter?" The man sent them both a stern look.

Draco let go of Harry, rubbing his wrist apologetically. "I hadn't thought about that..." he looked at Harry, saddened. "This is awful." Draco growled.

"Mr. Malfoy we need to go now, you will see Mr. Potter when we've finished paperwork and the visit." The man mentioned, taking his wand out, removing the protective enchantments to allow them to go in.

"What's with the wand?" Draco asked.

"The long term care ward is under surveillance and constant protection spells so that only staff, healers, and special guests can pass through." He came over, taking Draco with him.

Harry sighed heavily, sitting on the couch. "I'll be here I promise!" He yelled to him.

Draco looked back as he was guided down the hallway, wishing none of this was happening.

"Mr. Malfoy you need to be told about a few things before you can see him, but this is where I leave you, I am in charge of other things. You'll see me before it's time to leave."

Draco took his wand out, nervous as he was left alone in the dimly lit fourth floor.

Another Healer approached Draco, this time standing rather far away. "Draco Malfoy...haven't seen you since you were a small child."

Draco glared, not recognizing the Man. "Who are you? And how do you know me?"

The Healer was much older, grey hair on the sides of his temples. "I knew you and your Father before the Dark lord came back...and much further back then that, I went to school with your Father."

"Well goodie for you, is that suppose to make me feel any less angry?" Draco snapped, standing to his feet. "Why are you standing so far away?"

"I've been given orders to give you a wide birth, considering everything that's happened." The Healer lowered his head slightly.

"Stop that immediately! I am not my Father I don't need any special treatment." Draco sneered, walking closer.

"Very well then, I am the main Healer of this floor, I deal with permanent spell damage and mental illness caused by curses, hexes and the Cruciatus curse. I replaced one of the Healers here at St. Mungo's after the war."

Draco made a face of confusion. "My father hasn't been damaged by spells or anything of the sort, he's been in Azkaban since Voldemort was killed...there were trials and sentencing I was there for all of it!"

"This is true, but unfortunately your Father was brought here due to some worsening behavior." The Healer cleared his throat. "He was pardoned and immediately brought here due to mental health decline."

Draco rolled his eyes. "How is that different than any other wizard or Witch who goes to Azkaban?"

"There's a difference between going mad...and becoming completely catatonic." The Healer said with a grim expression.

"That's a load of rubbish!!! My father ruined his life but he was never mentally incapacitated." Draco spat.

"What you are about to see will shock you...he was found face down in his cell, completely frozen...the only thing he can do is keep eye contact."

Draco was having a hard time believing this. "Where is he?"

"I will bring you to him but you have to sign some things first." The Healer brought Draco to a small desk in the middle of the area.

"Why hasn't my Mother come and dealt with this? Why has she refused?" Draco asked angrily.

The Healer sighed, handing Draco a clipboard that had several documents. "You know the answer to that Mr. Malfoy, we have tried to get her to leave the Manor...even sent private Aurors to the property but she refuses...let's not talk about this now."

Draco sat in one of the large winged chairs, reading everything as he flipped the pages. "This says my father will become a permanent resident..."

The Healer sat at the desk. "Your Father needs special care, he took a turn for the worst."

"I still don't understand, Wizards and Witches waste away to nothing and die in Azkaban what makes my repugnant Father any different???" Draco signed all the documents, slapping the clipboard down onto the desk.

"Someone during the end of the sentencing convinced The Ministry Of Magic to sign a document that if something were to happen to Lucius Malfoy that he would be transfered to St. Mungos." The Healer explained, making sure everything had been signed, filing it away in the systems cabinet.

Draco furrowed his brow. "My father doesn't deserve it who in their right mind would care enough to grant such a thing???"

"Are you ready?" The Healer asked, standing to his feet.

Draco stood up, clenching his fists at his side. "Not in the slightest...but I signed the proxy so I have no choice." He said bitterly.

"That information wasn't shared with the healers or staff of St. Mungo's." The Healer admitted, walking ahead. "I must warn you...he doesn't look good, we are hoping he will talk with you...but we know it's a slim chance."

Draco followed, keep a big distance behind, his wand in hand. "Let me guess...he's the door furthest from everyone else."

"Yes, unfortunately for the safety of the other permanent residents, he had to be secluded at the very end of the hall."

Draco swallowed hard as he saw a big blackwood door at the end, they approached it. "What happens now?"

"Your wand needs to be put away we don't allow open carrying of wands unless you are a Healer yourself." He pointed to it. "Don't worry he's harmless."

Draco laughed darkly at that statement, shoving his wand into the pocket of his sweatpants. "Leave me, I wish to do this by myself."

"Mr. Malfoy that is highly dangerous, I suggest you have me join you." The Healer advised sternly.

"No chance in hell, now leave me!" Draco said more loudly.

"Very well...I shall be waiting for you down the Hall." He handed over a silver key.

Draco waited till the Healer left, turning the key in the lock. He flinched slightly at the loud snap of the lock, slowly opening the door.

The room was brightly lit, the walls were padded along with the floors. All the furniture was upholstered in a way that would prevent harm, on one wall was a spelled window that was the full length of the wall. The view was beautiful but fabricated and sealed shut.

Draco walked in, closing the door behind him. He tensed up severely when he saw what was infront of him. "Hello Father..." he said lowly.

Lucius Malfoy was sitting with his back against the wall, on the bed in a white outfit provided by the hospital. He raised his head slightly, staring with hardened eyes.

Draco forced himself to push against his hatred, stepping a few paces forward. "How did you let yourself become such a weak Wizard?" He walked closer. "A man who use to be strong and iron willed, now lives in a hospital not even able to move!" He hissed.

Lucius glared darkly at his Son infront of him, his fingers twitching slightly.

"What's the Matter Lucius???" Draco spat. "Can't even muster a hello? Not even a a sneer for your dear old son?!" Draco growled loudly, walking over to the side of the bed. "I use to do anything for your approval...I did and said so many things because that's what you expected..."

Lucius clenched his fists in his lap, curling his lips in a disgusted sneer.

"Ahhh so you can move a little bit then?" Draco dared to sit next to Lucius on the same side of the bed. "What's happened to you?"

Lucius clenched his teeth together, unable to move.

"Who's done this? Were you cursed? Did you piss off one of the cell mates? What did you do?" Draco asked, glaring.

Lucius managed a growling rumble from his throat.

"Common I know you can talk..." Draco moved closer, crossing his legs on the bed. "You know you're not very scary when your immobilized...rather pathetic really..." he looked at his Father's hair, unkempt and yellowed. "Your hair looks dreadful." He insulted.

Lucius slowly turned his head, sending a death glare to his son.

"Yeah that's right! You hate me admit it!" Draco kept goating Lucius on. "All those years you use to beat me if I didn't do exactly what you said, all those nights you forced me to do such horrible things...I know you're a monster...I never should have listened to anything you ever said to me." Draco stood up, walking towards the door.

"D-Draco!" Lucius strained.

Draco whipped his head around. "What makes you think I won't tell the Healers that you just spoke???"

Lucius glared, trying so hard to move.

"Bloody pathetic! No wonder Mother refused to come..." he opened the door, slamming it as he left.

Lucius started to sweat, pushing himself to speak. "Draco!!!" He tried to yell, it coming out as a silent strain.

Draco stomped all the way down the hall, racing back to the waiting room.

"Mr. Malfoy! We haven't finished yet!" The Healer from earlier ran infront of him, stopping him.

"I will never be back here again! Do you hear me?! I never wanted this!" Draco yelled.

"Mr. Malfoy what happened???" The Healer desperately asked.

"He was able to say my name...he turned his head and he could move his hands slightly...but he looks close to death yet his eyes just...looked monstrous." He lowered his head, wanting to scream.

"He moved?! He spoke to you???" The Healer asked. "We have reasons to believe your Father might have been cursed by someone but we can't imagine how someone got into his cell let alone got anywhere near Azkaban!"

"What does it matter?!" Draco shrieked through his teeth. "That man is done for! Left to rot in a looney bin!" He snapped furiously, walking away.

Before the Healers could stop it, Draco was gone. They knew they'd have to make him come back eventually, but now they had a good idea of what was happening.

Draco ran into the waiting room.

"Draco!" Harry came running over. "What's happened?!" He lifted Draco's face to see him furious and crying.

Draco took Harry by the arm, apparating without a word.

Continue reading next part