Mother Dearest

Draco took Harry by the arm, apparating without a word. Harry was whisked away, unsure where Draco was taking them, he could feel his rage in horrible waves. Round and round they spun, slamming hard to the ground on jagged grey gravel.

Harry groaned as he got to his feet. "Blimey Draco!" He brushed gravel from his pants.

Draco helped brush the dust from Harry's clothes. "I'm sorry, but I have something I need to do."

Harry just realized Draco didn't bring them to the edge of Hogwarts. "Oh god..." he looked at where they were. "What are we doing here???"

Infront of them both was the Malfoy Manor, it was dark outside at this point of the evening. The hedges encased the whole property, aligned with the black iron gate that surrounded the Manor.

"I know we're not suppose to go anywhere but...I must speak with my Mother." Draco took Harry's hand, walking towards the gate.

"Wait! We could be expelled! We need to get back to Hogwarts before we are known to be missing!" Harry stressed, pulling Draco close to him.

Draco smiled at Harry, hugging him. "I know you want us to go back but I have to do this...I wouldn't blame you if you left." He let go of him, walking away to the Gate.

Harry struggled with wanting to apparate back to Hogwarts, but when he saw how much distress Draco was in, he couldn't leave him.

Draco came up to the gate, sticking his wand into the gate lock. "Alohomora." He whispered.

"Wait!" Harry ran up to Draco, hugging him from behind. "I'll come with you, I can't leave you."

The lock fell to the ground, disappearing into a black dust cloud.

Draco took Harry's hand. "Thank you Harry, it means so much to me." He took out his wand. "Let's go."

Harry took his wand out shortly after, walking down the long gravel path. The Manor kept getting bigger and bigger as they approached, a feeling of dread washed over him.

Draco got the same feeling of darkness as he spelled the door, walking in with Harry. "Stay behind me." He lightly pushed Harry behind him, walking into the main first floor.

Harry saw a few house elves staring from the very corner of the steps. "Looks like your Mother has multiple House elves." He whispered.

"After the end of 2nd year when Father lost his singular house elf, Mother obtained more...they've been here ever since." He whispered, making it a point to protect Harry the further they went in the house.

"Draco the house seems empty, only the house elves seem to be here." Harry whispered lowly, gripping the end of his wand nervously.

Draco wandered slowly till he approached the open doorway that lead to the living room.

Harry's eyes widened as he saw Narcissa in the winged armchair by the lit fireplace. He tapped Draco, pointing to her.

Draco tensed up, seeing her. "Mother." He called dryly, walking into the room.

Narcissa didn't move, not even a glance. "Draco...shouldn't you be at school?" She said sternly, not taking her eyes off the fireplace. She had a thin crystal wine glass in her hand that had some sort of liquor in it.

"I just came from St. Mungo's." Draco glared, standing on the side, fully infront of her. "You refused to go see him why?"

Harry felt useless standing by the steps behind them, worried about what was going to happen. He stared at Draco with a desperate expression. This was a bad idea! What if he gets hurt???

Narcissa finally turned her head to look at her son, her face thin and pale. "Greyback cursed your Father...there's no point in going there...he will never move again...I doubt he will ever utter another word." She lifted the glass to her lips.

Draco furrowed his brow, scowling harshly. "That's not possible he was gravely injured...he's in Azkaban."

"My dearest Draco...there's so much you don't know isn't there?" She asked bitterly. "Mind telling me why you brought the filthy halfblood into my house?"

Draco's blood boiled at her words, looking over to where Harry was still standing. "Don't you ever say those words again." He curled his lip in disgust. "Father ruined his life on his own, Harry had nothing to do with any of it!"

Narcissa shot a horrid look at her son. " Harry?" She asked in a dreadful tone, standing to her feet. "You've never refered to that ghastly boy by his first name before...what's changed?"

Draco backed up, fear washing over his face. "That's none of your damn buisness!" He hissed, holding up his wand."

"You would aim your wand at your Mother?" Narcissa sneered, taking hers out from the hem of her dress.

Harry ran over, stepping infront of Draco. "I will not let you harm Draco!" He firmly snapped, pointing his wand directly at her face.

Dracos eyes widened, not expecting this at all.

Narcissa scoffed darkly. "Hmm how very interesting is this?" Narcissa pushed the tip of her wand against Harry's throat. "What buisness do you have with my son?"

"Harry please!" Draco tried to pull him away, fearing his mother would hurt him.

Harry stood firm, unaffected. "You'll have to do alot more then that to scare me." He pushed his neck against the wand. "How did Greyback curse Mr. Malfoy? He was suppose to be in Azkaban." He kept his wand firmly pointed at her.

"My aren't you daring? Greyback escaped a week ago, he found Lucius in his cell...decided to get his revenge before he managed to get out." Narcissa explained begrudgingly.

"Why doesn't the hospital know this?" Draco asked, more worried that an Ex Death Eater was now loose. "Why haven't you gone to see him?"

Narcissa backed away, sitting back down. "You know as much as I do Draco...your Father is a weak decrepit old man who's fallen from the strong leader he use to be...I refuse to see him in such a state."

Harry lowered his wand. "Does anyone know Greyback is missing?"

Draco moved infront of Harry, walking up to his mother. "How could you do this Mother? How could you abandon Father?! Why haven't you warned the Ministry that Greyback is loose?!"

Harry walked up to Draco's side. "Where is he?"

Narcissa laughed. "I haven't left the Manor since the week after the war ended."

Draco nodded. "It's true, the whole summer I spent here...Mother couldn't even get out of bed most of the time."

"What about the time we've been at school? This just happened during the week we've been away!" Harry urged Draco to see.

"That's right..." Draco looked back at his Mother. "If I ever find out you had something to do with this...or even knew where Greyback was...you'll be sorry." He walked back over to the steps.

Harry took one last look at Narcissa, seeing her glaring fiercely at him. "It's interesting how a half-blood such as myself...defeated Voldemort isn't it? Maybe you should stop judging Witches and Wizards just because you think you know better....shameful." He said, walking up the steps to Draco.

"Let's get out of here! We have to warn everyone!" Draco held his arm out.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you." Narcissa said drunkenly.

Harry glared. "This is no longer your concern." He growled, smacking his grip against Draco's arm.

Within seconds they were gone in a pinch of black light.

Narcissa knocked back the rest of her drink, standing up to angrily throw the crystal in the fire. "Foolish Wizards!!!"

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Draco and Harry changed back into their uniforms the second they got back, running to the Head Masters office.

Head Masters office was silent, Minerva was peacefully clipping leaves from a flutterby bush she had grown from a small pot. The sun had set as the students left the Great Hall after dinner, Minerva put her mini sheers down as she heard someone chant the password.

Harry and Draco ran into the office the second the stairs brought them up, fear in their eyes.

"Mr. Potter, Mr. Malfoy what ever is the matter?!" Minerva rushed over, shuffling them over to her desk.

"Professor something bad has happened!" Harry pulled Draco into the seat as he sat down. "We came as soon as we could."

Draco lowered his head in shame. "I left St. Mungo's without permission...I went to see my mother."

"I was with him! When Draco went to the hospital...something bad happened." Harry mentioned.

Minerva turned her head, eager to hear what went on. "Go on Mr. Malfoy." She said sternly, waiting to see if she should punish him.

Draco sighed heavily. "One of the Healers of the fourth floor told me they had reasons to suspect my Father had been brutally cursed after a few months of being in Azkaban."

Minerva's face fell. "How is that possible?"

Draco spent the next 35 minutes explaining everything from St. Mungo's to the end of the Manor visit. He looked mortified at the whole experience, apologizing profusely for leaving.

"Professor please don't be angry with Draco he needed answers and it's good we did because now we are warning you about what she had said." Harry said a little too fast.

Minerva had wrote everything down, stuffing it all into a envelope with a wax seal to close it. "Boys I'm not angry, but both of you have to realise the seriousness of what you did on your own, you could have been hurt! Or worse!" She only expressed worry in her voice, pointing her wand at an open window.

Almost immediately a large black owl came flapping into the office, taking the letter.

"Take this to the ministry! Magical Law department!" She put a white mouse as payment into the bag that was attached to the leg.

Draco and Harry watched the impressive sized owl take off out the window.

"Now boys it's almost 8:30 I want you to go back to your special room, get some rest and we'll talk more about this in the morning after breakfast." Minerva handed them some sweets, sending them on their way.

Draco walked slowly down the Dungeon corridors when they returned, looking confused. "She didn't even yell at us..." he held up a cauldron cake in his hand. "And she gave us a reward...why?"

Harry took Draco's hand, smiling at him. "Because it's not our faults any of this happened, and she knew we didn't do anything deliberately that would cause us or the school harm." He rubbed his thumb on the top of Draco's hand.

Draco half smiled, looking at Harry. "Thank you."

Harry was still not use to Draco saying things like sorryor thanks when they talked, but it made him feel warm. "For what?"

They stopped at the end of the hall, unlocking their door.

Draco pushed Harry inside, locking the door. "For being here for me." He hugged him, wrapping around him tightly.

Harry pushed his head under Draco's chin, embracing him. "I'll always be here."

Draco had forgotten how much shorter Harry was compared to him, pushing his face into Harry's hair. "You smell good." He closed his eyes, taking in his scent.

Harry hugged tighter, not wanting this moment to end. "You smell like expensive cologne and mint." He whispered, kissing Draco's neck.

"Nox." Draco quietly spelled all the candles out, leaving them with just the glow of the stars and moon from the window.

Harry looked up at Draco's silver eyes that managed to glow slightly in the dark. "Why did you do that?"

Draco lightly started taking off Harry's cloak, letting it drop to the stone floor. "We've had some not nice things happen today." He said lowly, pulling the jumper and shirt out of Harry's pants, pulling the 2nd layer over his head.

"It happened to you, I came for your support, I'm more worried on how you feel after all that." Harry said, concern on the edges of his words.

"I'm use to bad news..." Draco sighed, slowly unbuttoning Harry's white uniform shirt.

Harry looked down at Draco's fingers push away the remainder of his shirt. "Draco?" He looked up as his shirt fell where his cloak was.

Draco lifted Harrys chin in his hand, kissing his lips as his other hand unbuckled the aged leather belt.

Harry was stunned, Draco's tongue forced it's way into his mouth as his belt was ripped from his pants. He pushed back, twisting their tongues together. "MmM." He moaned against him.

Draco pulled the pants down in one swift grip, remove their shoes and socks. He kissed Harry, tightly gripping him.

"Draco!" Harry squeaked, being lifted up, his thighs squeezed in Draco's hands.

Draco quickly carried Harry with his hands roughly squeezing his thighs, pushing him into the bed. The curtains shook as they both moved passed them, Draco pulled off his cloak and shirt as he pushed against Harry's bare chest.

Harry reached down, unbuckling Draco's belt, ripping it out as he pulled them down. "What's got into you?!" He moaned inside his mouth, not like he was complaining...

"Seeing you being so loyal to me..." Draco whispered against Harry's lips. "Makes me want to give you everything I have." He kicked the pants off and down his ankles, kissing down to Harry's chest.

"I haven't done anything!" He moaned, feeling teeth nibble on his skin.

Draco came up to kiss Harry quickly. "Shut up scar head." He smirked, kissing him right over his scar.

Harry shuddered at that feeling, watching Draco move back down.

Draco took Harry's nipple in his mouth. Swirling his tongue against the center. His hands went lower, reaching under him to cup his ass.

Harry squirmed under Draco, all the hands, lips, and tongue! He was fully hard by time time Draco got down to his briefs. "Dra-uuuhhh!!!" He got cut off at Draco's hands.

Draco was rubbing against Harry's erection, only a thin layer of cotton blocking his hand. "Harry...so hard." He whispered against it, kissing his lips against it.

Harry leaned up on his elbows, watching Draco playing with him.

"I definitely like you in green..." Draco pulled the elastic down, slipping it off down Harry's ankles. He spared no time, licking his balls while his hand reached up to tease the tip.

Harry fell back down, pushing his head into the pillows. He whimpered at Draco's finger tracing the slit, dripping already.

Draco smeared the tip with Harry's juices, moving behind the balls, licking and pushing his lips on the patch of skin.

Harry had a new feeling rushing through him, making his cock twitch. "Uhh what is that?" He leaned his head down to look, the sight made him blush.

Draco pushed Harry's legs up so his knees bent, getting a perfect view of his bottom half. He took a moment to just stare, unsure of how he felt.

"Draco?" Harry asked nervously, suddenly getting a verbal blast inside his head of all the things Seamus use to talk about.

Draco leaned in slightly, bringing his hand to Harry's ass. He squeezed his cheeks in his hands, the right combination of fat and muscled at the same time made him excited. He licked his own finger, rubbing around Harry's rim.

Harry's eyes widened, squeezing his hands into the sheets. "Ohhhhkay Draco ahhh!" He gasped.

Draco applied some pressure to his finger, slowly pushing and pulling the tip of his finger in the quivering hole. "It's so...pink." is all he could say, licking the underside of Harry's cock while he slowly pushed.

Harry made little squeaking noises at the funny feeling of Draco's finger, getting even harder from it.

"You like that?" Draco asked, pushing his whole pointer finger inside Harry's tight hole.

"Ahhhh!!!" Harry yelled, feeling himself squeezing around Draco's finger. It stung a little but his cock wouldn't stop twitching.

Draco took all of Harry's cock in his mouth, bobbing very slowly as he mimicked the motion with his finger.

Harry's mouth hung open, breathing heavily as the conflicting feelings overwhelmed him. "Dray-Draco uhhh!!!" He moaned, curling his toes tightly.

Draco slowly pushed his finger in and out of Harry's tight hole, feeling it trying to push him out. He sucked his cock a little faster, wiggling his finger in small circles inside him.

"Uhhh oh god don't do that!" Harry felt jolts of pleasure travel to his groin, that mixed with the swirling and sucking of Draco's tongue made him arch his back in a loud moan.

Draco looked up at Harry turning to jello as he sucked faster, turning his finger upwards, feeling a hard knot like muscle. He poked it with the tip of his finger.

Harry groaned loudly, coming violently inside Draco's mouth, shocked internally by such a big orgasmic feeling. "Uhhh I'm coming!!!"

Draco swallowed it all, separating from Harry as he reached for his pants on the floor, pulling out his wand. He used a few cleaning charms on Harry and himself, crawling back up to him.

Harry tried to catch his breath as he turned on his side, looking at Draco's smug smirk on his face. "What was all that?!"

Draco kissed Harry's lips. "Did it feel good?" He pulled him closer.

Harry kissed back. "Incredible." He breathed harshly, wrapping his arms around the back of Draco's neck.

Draco enjoyed each kiss he received, never even thinking he'd be with Harry like this. I can't imagine my nights without him...what is this I feel?

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