Padded Prison

Draco and Harry were falling asleep in Professor Binns advanced History of Magic class, bored to death by thousands of notes and a lecture that seemed to have no end. Hermione and Luna sat a few desk infront of them, equally starting to get drowsy.

Harry couldn't keep his eyes open, trying to focus on the last bit of the notes for the class. He looked over to Draco who was literally asleep. "Draco." He whispered, taking his hand. "Hey!"

Draco gasped, rubbing his face. "Sorry...this lecture is making me sleepy." He sighed, writing down the notes he missed.

Harry pulled Draco's chair up against his, leaning into him. "Do you want to visit your Father after classes are done today?"

Draco glared at the thought. "Not especially...why do you ask?" Scribbling his quill against the parchment, finishing the rest.

"We should go back since you found out new information from Pansy, you told me this morning remember?" Harry kissed Draco's cheek.

Draco nodded, sighing as he put his books back in his school bag. "Will you come with me again? We can go the normal way."

Harry smiled. "Of course I'll go with you." He packed up his things, putting away the parchment mess they made. "We have to let Professor McGonagall know before we go."

Draco took both their assignments to the front. "All done sir...can Harry and I leave early we have to go talk to Professor McGonagall."

Professor Binns nodded, waving him off.

Harry walked to the front, leaving with Draco as the rest of the students gathered their things together.

Draco walked with heavy steps as they made their way to Head Masters office, his hands shaking slightly as Harry spoke the password.

Harry held Draco's hand. "It's going to be okay Draco." He soothed, walking onto the stone platform that slowly took them up.

Draco kissed Harry's lips as they stepped in. "I hope you're right."

Harry hugged Draco. "I'll wait here for you." He took Draco's bag, sitting on the chair near the door.

Draco nodded, walking further into the office. He looked around to see many books lining the walls with crystal and expensive looking artifacts on the top of the shelves.

Minerva was sitting ontop of her desk with her legs elegantly crossed, reading a very thick book that had jewels and stones embedded on the cover. She looked up with a smile. "Mr. Malfoy it's nice to see you." She closed the book. "What brings you here today?" She patted her hand on the side of her desk.

Draco walked over, sitting down. "I want to go visit my Father...but I don't want an escort." He said meekly, lowering his head slightly. "I know it's against the rules but..."

"That's fine Mr. Malfoy, you can go to the edge of the grounds and apparate to Purge and Dowse Ltd." She plainly said, standing up.

"Really?" Draco asked, shocked that there was no argument or rejection.

"Mr. Malfoy we've looked into the matter with Greyback and your Father...we are so sorry that none of us were able to help prevent the situation." Minerva apologized, petting Draco's hair for a second. "You are allowed to go see your Father anytime you like as long as you tell a teacher first."

"Why are you being so nice to me?" Draco asked saddened.

"Oh Mr. Malfoy don't look so forlorn." She whispered, sitting in the chair next to him. "We knew all seven years you attended Hogwarts that you were under the mercy of your Father and Mother...you've been so brave! And strong! We will always be here to nurture you and care for you no matter the circumstance." She smiled.

Draco hid his face. "Thank you Professor."

Minerva slipped her hand under Draco's chin, pushing his face up. "My boy you don't need to hurt so much like this anymore." She wiped the dampness from Draco's cheek. "You have Mr. Potter and all of us to be there for you, don't ever think you're alone."

"Thank you, but I feel like I don't deserve your kind words...Voldemort killed your friends and the ones you knew...I don't deserve forgiveness." Draco shakily sighed, a tear falling down his cheek.

Minerva immediately took Draco into her arms, embracing him. "Oh no no no this is not true! You suffered for such a long time! It's time to heal and become better!" She tightened her cloaked arms around him. "Voldemort did all of that, not you!"

Draco allowed himself to hurt, wrapping his arms around her back, sobbing into her shoulder. "I'm so sorry!"

"No my dear boy there's nothing you need to apologize for! You are safe I promise!" She brought her hand to the back of Draco's head, stroking his hair. "Let it out, it's okay you're safe."

Harry walked down the hall to see them together, he smiled warmly. Draco is so different...he's able to feel and become a better man than his Father...I've seen him become so warm and emotional...I'm so happy I'm with himHarry thought to himself, walking up to them.

Minerva smiled at Harry as she held Draco, holding out her hand for him.

Harry took her hand, rubbing his other hand over Draco's back. "War takes alot out of everyone...I'm just glad we are still here..."

"All of us are glad the 2 of you are safe and becoming strong adults...its not easy to grow up and move on from traumatic situations." Minerva let go of Draco with a comforting squeeze.

Draco pulled himself back to reality, wiping the tears from his face as he took a deep breath. "Thank you for letting me go see my Father...there's alot I need to get through with him."

"Of course Mr. Malfoy, now make sure Mr. Potter goes with you and please keep together for safety!" Minerva walked them out, hugging them as they stepped onto the stairs.

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Draco and Harry went back to their classes, finishing out the day. They went back to their room after the last class to finish their assignments and change into comfortable clothes.

Draco sat ontop of the dresser waiting for Harry to finish getting ready. "Usually I'm the one who takes ages to finish getting dressed." He teased, coloring his bitten down nails with black sharpie.

Harry came out of the closet, pulling on a black T-shirt. "Sorry I couldn't find my black silk shirt." He walked over to the mirror.

"Didn't know you owned silk...it looks nice." Draco looked at the little definition of muscle that could be seen through the chest of the shirt.

Harry smirked. "You can gander at me later, we should go." He playfully swatted Draco's leg.

Draco laughed. "Yes fine...you're no fun." He stood up, putting socks and his white high tops on.

Harry did the same before they left, making sure they both had their wands and keys. "Don't worry we'll have plenty of time when we get back tonight."

"You sure you're okay coming with me again? I'd understand if you wanted to wait for me here." Draco felt guilty for always relying on Harry.

Harry pulled Draco into a hug. "I told you before I'll always be with you no matter what." He pushed his head under Draco's chin, nuzzling into his neck.

Draco blushed hard, never expecting such affection and warmth. "Thank you...Harry." he wrapped his arms around Harry, pushing his face into his hair. He always smells so good...

Harry took Draco's hand, walking outside. He locked the doors, walking down the halls.

Draco looked down at Harry's hand, feeling better that he got to hold it.

Harry noticed Draco looking. "What are you thinking about?" He lightly squeezed his hand against his.

Draco brought Harry's hand to his lips, kissing it. "You make me feel so much more confident...like I can get through anything."

Harry smiled warmly at Draco as they walked out of the Dungeons. "I promise I'll always be here."

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Draco and Harry made it off the grounds, apparating to Purge and Dowse Ltd. They went inside, traveling through to St. Mungo's. The air was very still, not many visitors or staff were out and about.

Draco made his way through the first floor with Harry close behind, avoiding as much people as he could.

Harry grabbed Draco by the arm, pulling him behind a corner.

"Harry what are you doing?!" Draco asked alarmed.

Harry pointed to one of the rooms a few feet infront of them.

Draco listened very carefully.

"Mr. Snape you need to rest! If you do not heal properly, the odds of your magic ever going back to normal is slim to none!" A healer scolded from inside the patient room.

Draco and Harry looked at each other in shock.

"This is bloody ridiculous!" Severus spat, kicking a chair to the other end of the room.

"Mr. Snape you are not doing as well as you should be! You need rest and very little activity till your levels go back to normal! Ignoring my advice will have permanent consequences!" The Healer pleaded loudly.

Draco's eyes widened as he heard footsteps come closer, dragging Harry up to the next floor before Professor Snape saw them.

Severus came stomping out of the room, his fists tightly clenched as he left the hospital.

"That was close!" Harry sighed in relief.

"What was he doing here? Did you hear the Healer say he wasn't well?" Draco felt concerned but he didn't have time to go chasing after Snape.

"Let's go, the less we get involved the better." Harry took Draco with him, heading up to the 4th floor.

Draco started to feel uncomfortable when they stepped onto the open floor of the Janus Thickey ward, his stomach in horrible knots and cramps.

Harry stopped at the waiting room. "You look pale..." he rubbed Draco's back. "What can I do?"

Draco shook his head. "I'm just worried...what if something bad happens because my Father is here? There's so many defenseless patients and Healers here..."

Harry hugged Draco from behind. "Let's take it one step at a time." He pushed his face into his back. "Maybe having doctors and a safe environment is good for him."

Draco sighed, doubtful about that. "I'm going to go find a Healer...I shouldn't be long...I just want an update." He kissed Harry, cupping his cheeks.

Harry kissed back longingly. "Be safe...don't let your guard down."

Draco pulled apart regretfully, walking down the Hall.

Harry watched painfully as Draco walked away down the hall, a feeling of dread overcoming him all of a sudden. What was that?!

Draco looked around but there didn't seem to be much activity. "Hello?" He called, standing infront of the desk that seemed to be abandoned.

Footsteps were heard coming from further down the hallway.

Draco clutched his wand in the back of his pants. "Who's there???" He demanded response.

"Relax Mr. Malfoy!" The Healer waved his hands. "No need for that." He walked up to the desk.

"Where is everyone? Why is it so quiet?" Draco asked, sitting in the winged chair.

"Usually in the beginning of the week there's not that many visitors." The Healer sat in the chair behind his desk. "I didn't think I'd see you here willingly."

"Yes well...my boyfriend suggested I come." He admitted. "He's my Father no matter how much I detest the man." Draco glared slightly at random memories his mind pulled from his childhood.

The Healer chose to not question the boyfriend remark. "Mr. Malfoy it's good you came when you did we have some news."

Draco looked at the Healer in curiosity. "What kind of news? Why wasn't I told there was news before I got here?"

The Healer looked concerned. "Please be mindful that your Father isn't the same as he once was..."

"I'm already aware of that...why are you bringing this up? What's happened?" Draco was growing impatient.

"He's up and talking again...the Curse has subsided...he still seems to be a bit slower than normal but he's functioning independently."

"What?!" Draco shouted, standing to his feet.

"Mr. Malfoy please!" The Healer rose from his chair. "You must remain calm if you are to stay here, this is a safe space!"

"I don't think you understand the consequences of my Father being here fully functional! Someone could get hurt!" Draco said desperately.

"He's harmless here, he's still on many potions and mood stabilizers." The Healer tried to keep Draco calm. "If we thought he was of any threat to us, he'd go back to Azkaban! Please remain calm!"

Draco looked at the Healer with a crazed expression. "You're a fool if you truly believe he's harmless! Do you know how many lives we've lost?! He was a big part of that being with the Dark Lord for so many years!!!"

The Healer took in an exasperated breath, flattening his robes. "Mr. Malfoy if you cannot settle down you will be asked to leave."

Draco scoffed, furious at this man. He took a few seconds to swallow his temper, sitting stiffly in the chair.

"Good, now back to the news we have." The Healer sat back in his chair, going through some parchment in one of the drawers of his desk. "We have spoken to your Father already about what happened and his part in all of it."

Draco rolled his eyes. "I already know. Greyback wanted my father to join some dangerous revenge plot for the death of the Dark Lord....he refused and he was cursed by Greyback before he escaped."

The Healer gave Draco a questionable stare. "How could you possibly know this???"

"The first visit here to see my Father...I left to go see my Mother...she told me everything she knew about it...she didn't know much, just what had happened to Father before he was found in such a horrible condition." Draco furrowed his brow, scowling slightly. "She was horribly drunk." He continued. "And then I heard more from one of my ex friends."

"Yes well...glad you know. Now Mr. Malfoy we are hoping you'll see your Father today...he seems to be very resistant to talk to us any further. Maybe a visit from his son would loosen his tongue." The Healer folded his hands in his lap.

Draco pinched the tip of his nose in annoyance. "You don't seem to understand my relationship with my Father do you? He doesn't even like me! He tolerates me till he feels like beating me...my mother tolerates me but he does not."

The Healer tried to hide his expression of alarm, sighing. "Just please humor us and go see him, I truly mean that he's harmless..."

"So you think if you cut off the horns of a bull that makes it any less dangerous?" Draco shook his head. "You truly are a fool." He got up, walking towards the direction of his Fathers door.

"Wait Mr. Malfoy your key!" The Healer ran over to hand him the key.

Draco gracefully walked down the hall, refusing to show how scared he was on the inside. He squeezed the key in his palm, glaring furiously as he approached the black door.

The door was newly equipped with thick double chained locks.

Draco stuck the key into the magic chains, watching them disappear. He shakily placed his hand on the iron door handle, pushing it open slowly.

The door creaked loudly as it slowly swung open, revealing the same padded and upholstery furniture.

Draco stepped in, immediately stiffening at the sight of his Father.

Lucius was standing next to the magic window that looked upon a night sky landscape. His hair was back to its beautiful silky white, his skin clear and soft. His clothes were white with a matching long cloak.

Draco flinched as the door closed on its own behind him, pressing his back against the door.

Lucius turned to face his son. "Hello Draco." He said barely above a whisper.

Draco just stared, fear rushing through him. "Father, I see you're doing better."

Lucius walked towards his son, putting down his book on the bed as he walked over.

Draco started to panic, holding his wand in a death grip behind his back.

Lucius put his hand on Draco's cheek, stroking the skin. "You have been a very bad boy since I've been away..."

Draco whined lightly in the back of his throat from the touch, staring in raw fear. "What do you mean?"

Lucius stared expressionless into his son's eyes, slapping his hand violently across Draco's face.

Draco fell to the ground from the force of the hit, cowering under his Father.

Lucius leaned down on his knees, grabbing the back of his son's neck, pulling him to face him. "I never thought that my son would stoop so low as to being with the very boy who destroyed the Malfoy name."

Draco's eyes widened at his Father's cold words, inches from his face. "Father please!" His voice shook, wincing from the claw like nails pushing against his neck.

"He's here isn't he?" Lucius darkly asked, pulling Draco to his feet by his neck. "How disgraceful it is to see my only son worshiping the ground Harry Potter walks on...when he was the one who killed the Dark Lord....put your Father in chains." He grabbed Draco's face in his other hand. "Your Mother must be so ashamed of you."

Draco didn't struggle, fearing more pain. "How did you...?" He caught a groan in his throat, stifling his pain.

"How did I find out?" Lucius finished his son's question, letting go of his face to harshly slap the other side. "Did you really think I wouldn't find out?!" He growled down at Draco.

Draco brought his hand to his lip, gasping at the blood on his fingers.

Lucius picked Draco up by his hair, throwing him face first onto the door. "Filthy." He slammed Draco's head against the wood. "Disgusting!" He threw his body ontop of his son, taking his wand.

Draco cried out, the room spinning from the forceful hit to the head. "Don't! Please don't!!!" His vision started to go blurry.

Lucius crashed himself against Draco, pulling his head to the side by his hair. "You have disgraced the Malfoy name for the last time boy." He whispered against his ear. "You better watch yourself...you and that FILTHY half blood trash."

Draco turned at the loss of contact, his father and his wand were gone. He fell to the ground, bleeding and sobbing. He sunk to the floor, his back against the cold stone. "H-Harry..." his voice faltered, passing out.

Continue reading next part