Concussion Sprinkles

Harry started getting suspicious when Draco didn't come back down the hallway, pacing nervously. He kept staring down the dark hall that lead to Lucius's room, forcing himself to stay in the waiting room. After a full hour of waiting, Harry had enough. He was just about to stomp down the hallway to demand to see Draco, when over 10 Healers from multiple floors came running in.

Harry watched horrified as the Healers ran down the hall, he couldn't help himself, he ran after them like his life depended on it.

The Healers rushed down the darkened hallway, a large white gurney with them. "BOMBARDA!!!" One of them spelled loudly with their wand, exploding the lock and left side of the door.

Harry pushed through the crowd of mixed Healers and staff. "Excuse me please I need to..." he stopped infront of Draco. "DRACO!!!" Harry ran over, dropping to his knees.

"Mr. Potter please back up!" The main Healer of the 4th floor came over, pulling Harry away.

"What happened?!" Harry asked, looking down at Draco.

Draco had a black eye with a big purple bruise on the front of his forehead, multiple bloody slits in his lips along with claw like marks bleeding from the back of his neck. His cheeks were inflamed and reddened with nail marks on the edges.

"We aren't sure how or why, but Lucius got out...St. Mungo's is suppose to be safe! It's suppose to be a fortress..." The Healer yelled slightly, his voice trailing off in disbelief.

Harry watched as the Healers picked an unconscious Draco Malfoy up off the ground, placing him on the gurney. "Why hasn't he woken?!" He wrapped his fingers around the rails.

"From his wounds I'd say that Lucius slammed his head against the door." The Healer guessed, turning Draco's head to the side gently. "We can heal the forehead, cheeks and the neck...but the rest will take time to heal, potions only go so far and our healing charms will help the pain...but the black eye and the cut lips will take a few days to heal."

Harry walked with everyone as the Gurney took Draco a few floors down. They wound up on the second floor. "Where is he being taken?"

"He will need atleast 24hrs to rest so he will stay here overnight on the creature injuries floor where he can be treated and looked after in one of the recovery rooms." The Healer explained as they went down 2 floors, they walked down a large widened hallway with many numbered doors.

Harry stood on the outside of the room the Healers wheeled Draco in. "I must stay with him! I can't leave him." He pleaded, walking in with the rest of the Healers.

"Very well but the chances of him waking within the next 12-14 hours is slim, we will bring food for you later tonight." The Healer explained, evaluating all the wounds and scrapes. "He doesn't need stitches, luckily he won't have any scars...looks like the only long term effect is a severe concussion."

Harry furrowed his brow as he watched the Healer wave his own special wand over Draco, watching the bruises from his forehead, cheeks and scratches from the neck dissappear. "That's brilliant!"

"Well like I said the rips in the lips and the black eye won't heal until a few days later, not all damages can be solved with magic." The Healer patted Harry on the shoulder. "I'll leave you both for the night, a staff member will drop off some food and drink for you later."

Harry nodded, watching the Healers all leave, closing the door on their way out. The room was pleasantly chilly, Harry felt so relieved that Draco didn't have a worse prognosis. "Better it be a concussion than anything permanent right Draco?" He talked to him as he slept, brushing his bangs off his face.

Everything was some sort of cream color with accents of greens and medical posters about creature injury. There was a couch and big upholstered chair next to it.

Harry sat close to Draco, holding his hand, kissing his cheek, small things to keep him comfortable while he slept.

The food was quite good, hearty and filling. Harry finished his meal, slipping the tray under the door.

Harry pulled Draco slightly closer to the edge, leaning his head against his stomach. "Goodnight Draco...I hope everything will turn out alright tomorrow." He whispered sleepily, eventually falling asleep.

*****

Harry woke early the next morning, noticing Draco was still fast asleep. He snuck out to go ask where he could shower and get a pair of new clothes. He was instructed to use the showers a few hallways down, that clothes were part of the hospitals gift shop on the 5th floor.

By the time Harry had bought a full outfit from the 5th floor, showered, and had eaten breakfast it was 10:30 in the morning. He came back to the 2nd floor to Draco's room to see he was still asleep.

Harry was very concerned with the amount of time that had gone by, Draco should have woken up by now. He finished brushing his teeth in the sink across the room, just as he spat his toothpaste out and finished rinsing his mouth out, a slight groan was uttered behind him.

Harry gasped, turning around to rush over. "Draco??? Draco are you awake???" He nudged him slightly.

Draco seemed like he was still asleep, groaning quietly in his sleep.

Harry sighed in worried frustration, walking back over to the couch.

A few moments later a voice was heard from outside. "Harry?"

Harry ran over to the door, opening it to see Sirius Black standing infront of the door.

"Harry!" He grabbed him in a giant hug, lifting his feet off the ground.

"Sirius!!!" Harry squeezed his arms around Sirius, enjoying the contact.

"I got a message that you stayed with Mr. Malfoy overnight! What's happened?" Sirius put Harry down, becoming more concerned.

Harry quietly closed the door, walking away with Sirius. "Lucius escaped."

Sirius's face dropped into an angered glare. "That's not possible St. Mungo's has wards and spells to keep a person in...how???'

"They have no idea! The only thing we know for certain is he hurt Draco and took his wand, they couldn't find it when they took him to the recovery room." Harry sighed. "Sirius I'm so worried! He hasn't woken up yet."

Sirius raised his brows at Harry using Malfoy's first name, but figured he'd ask about it later. "Give it some time Harry, if he was hurt so badly that he was unconscious when they found him, I'm sure he was hit pretty hard." He placed his hand on the back of Harry's neck, squeezing lightly. "Don't get too upset yet, I'm sure things will be better soon."

Harry couldn't help himself, pushing against Sirius, hugging him again. "I've missed you, I'm sorry seeing me again had to be in the hospital." He pushed his face into him.

Sirius chuckled, petting Harry's mop of messy dark brunette hair. "I miss you always when you're gone during the year." He hugged back. "Don't worry Harry St. Mungo's has always taken good care of the Witches and Wizards who come here."

Harry cleared his throat awkwardly after a long embrace, stepping back slightly. "Thank you for coming. Can you send a message for me? Send a letter to McGonagall that I'll be with Draco for a while and I'll make sure him and I get back to Hogwarts safely when he's able to leave the hospital."

Sirius nodded with a warm smile. "Anything for you! I'll come back a little later to check on you." He reassured, patting Harry's back, walking away back down the hallway.

Harry turned to open the door, stopping when he saw Draco sitting up looking very disoriented. He watched for a moment, starting to get nervous at how he was acting. It's almost as if...no that can't be. He convinced himself it was a silly thought, pushing the door open.

Draco swung his head directly at Harry walking into the room, glaring fiercely with a very confused furrow of his brow.

"You're awake! That's such a relief!" Harry started to come closer.

Draco flinched, backing up against the headboard. "Potter??? What are you doing here?!" His eyes widened like he had seen a ghost, his expression turning to irritation very quickly.

"Potter?" Harry questioned at the last name. "What's wrong?" He tried to step forward.

Draco backed up against the headboard like he didn't want Harry any closer. "Don't! What is going on?! Why am I in the hospital???"

Harry's brain snapped into place at what was happening. "N-No...no this isn't happening." He whispered so low that Draco didn't hear. "Do you not know what happened? Really?"

Draco was cold and unfeeling towards Harry, glaring angrily like it was the only thing he could do. "I was at the Manor...now I'm here."

Harry didn't even look twice, bolting out the door. He ran through the hallway in search of a Healer.

Draco sighed in aggravation, remembered absolutely nothing, scared to death that he just saw Harry fucking Potter standing in the room with him right after he had killed the Dark Lord. "What the fuck is going on?!" He asked rhetorically out loud.

A Healer came in quickly, not even bothering to explain anything. The Healer moved Draco's head in various directions, pushing the stethoscope against his chest and back. "Not good." He flashed the end of his wand to look at his eyes.

"Alright enough of that!!!" Draco snapped loudly, smacking the Healers hand away. "Tell me what I'm doing here at once!!!" He blinked rapidly, rubbing his eyes.

The Healer stood like stone, his arms crossed tightly. "Mr. Malfoy do you really not remember anything??? What month is it right now?"

Draco expressed a crazed look across his bruised face. "Excuse me?! Nothing happened! One moment I was sleeping alone in my room and next I wake up in a fucking hospital bed!!! EXPLAIN NOW!!!" He spat furiously.

Harry was so distraught as he stood outside the hallway right by the door. He listened to how furious Draco was, how confused he was. He...he called me Potter....he didn't want me near him? His mind couldn't make heads or tails of this, unable to accept this.

"Mr. Malfoy please calm down! You shouldn't be so fumed after such a physically traumatic event!" The Healer scolded harshly. "Now answer me! What month is it?"

Draco scoffed loudly, crossing his arms. "It's bloody summer! August 1st you happy?!?!" He growled, revolted at the lime green cloaks he was staring at. "Bloody ridiculous!!!"

Harry's heart fluttered painfully at the answer that came out of Draco's lips. He's lost over 2 months...that means he doesn't remember anything we've been through...he doesn't remember we've been intimate or that we're dating...oh shit!

The Healer shook his head in disbelief. "You've been beaten pretty bad Mr. Malfoy, you have suffered some pretty bad memory loss." He tried to say as gently as he could. "You need time to try and think things over, you'll be kept here for atleast another 24hrs to give you time to heal."

"I think not!!! I want to leave right now! This is outrageous! How do I know you're not lying to me?!" Draco yelled, trying to get out of bed, sent backwards in a pang of bodily pain. "Bullocks!!!" He hissed.

"Mr. Malfoy you need to stay in bed, you need to calm down and rest, I'll send Mr. Potter back in so you have some company." He walked out quickly before anything else happened.

"Wait no!!!" Draco tried to say but the Healer was gone.

Harry came back in, standing infront of the doorway, nervous to walk fully in. "Draco are you alright?"

Draco's eyes widened at the first name being used. "Potter don't! What are you even doing here?!" He nervously pulled the sheets and blankets over him, realizing he was in a gown.

"It's Harry Draco, not Potter." He decided to walk in more, unable to pretend he didn't have feelings for him.

"Absolutely not!" Draco growled, his voice slightly cracking.

"Draco." He whispered with a soft smile, walking closer. "It's me, I'm not going to hurt you."

Draco's heart skipped violently as Harry got too close, pulling up his guard rails from the side of the bed. "Stay away from me! I'm warning you!"

Harry couldn't help but chuckle to himself. "Draco you're so cute when you're angry." He placed his hands on the guard rail.

Draco looked like he'd faint, nobody ever spoke to him like this, not even his best friend Pansy. "Enough of your insulting bullshit!!!" He spat with a fierce glare, hiding under all the covers. "Go away before I hex your Gryffindor ass!!!!" He yelled from under the blankets.

Harry got a slight tingle at Draco's voice, remembering this is how he use to be before they were together. "Draco...please." He squeezed the guard rail gently in his hands, trying to come up with something only Draco knew that Harry was told. Wait a minute....

Draco was silent, curled in a ball under multiple layers of sheets and blankets, hoping that Harry was just a sick delusion. Dammit Saint potter...what is he even doing here?! Didn't he just kill Voldemort? He refused to listen, he knew it wasn't true.

Harry took the edge of the blanket in his fingers, lifting it up slightly. "I know you're mad at me for not shaking your hand...I deserve that I shouldn't have rejected you."

Draco blinked rapidly, brushing him off.

Harry lifted it off in one swoop, the blankets flopping to the end of the bed. "For Godric sakes Draco you've masterbated to me since 4th year, get over yourself!"

Draco gasped sharply, springing up into a sitting position. "Who told you that?!"

"You did you dummy." He leaned in closer.

Draco leaned away, totally freaked out. "Rubbish!!! Lies!!!" He growled literally out loud with a curl of his lip in disgust.

Harry grabbed Draco's wrist, turning his arm over. "You cut yourself...alot and you were held down by Voldemort and your Father...you didn't want it."

Draco froze, looking down at the scar of the Dark Mark and back up at Harry. "You couldn't possibly know these things...I haven't told anyone!"

Harry pushed the guard down, grabbing Draco's face. "You told me...you told me alot of things...things you would never tell anyone else."

Draco whined with a scared look, clenching his eyes shut. "Potter don't!"

Harry's heart wrenched in saddened pain, remembering Draco was afraid of touch before their relationship. "Draco." He rubbed his thumbs against his cheek. "Look at me."

Draco opened his eyes with a glare, disturbed he was so close, but his mind raced in feelings he swore he pushed away.

Harry needed his Draco back, only one way to make that happen. "Forgive me!"

"Wha-?!?!" Draco tried to yell, but his mouth was covered in a deep kiss, gasping into Harry's lips.

Harry stayed in place, keeping their long kiss steady.

Draco pulled out of Harry's hands, blushing furiously. "P-Potter..." he covered his fingers over his lips.

Harry stared softly at his face, knowing the Draco he knew so well was still there. "Please remember me."

Draco was stunned, still feeling Harry's lips against his even after he pulled away. "I-I'm dreaming...this isn't real!"

The Healer came in with a concerned face. "I have news."

Harry turned to the Healer, trying to focus his attention. "What is it?"

"Well he had a very bad concussion...memory loss is rare but that looks like what's happened." The Healer put his hands in his pockets with a sigh. "We can reverse it but it will take atleast a week to make the potion it's very extensive."

Harry shook his head. "Oh bullocks a week? What am I suppose to do with him for a week like this?!"

"Oy! I'm still here you damn Half blood!" Draco spat.

The Healer raised an eyebrow, looking behind Harry at a very irritated Draco Malfoy. "Mr. Malfoy that's no way to talk to your boyfriend!"

Draco gasped sharply at that comment. "Bloody Potter is not my....?! He's not my..." he couldn't even say it.

The Healer rolled his eyes. "Mr. Potter you are the only one who can make medical choices for Mr. Malfoy given the circumstances right now, do you consent to us keeping him here till the potion is done?"

"Excuse me?! I am not being kept here for a bloody week!!!" Draco snapped.

Harry swung his head around. "Yes you are! You are not well." He looked at Draco sternly, scowling slightly.

"So yes? Alright I'll inform his teachers, you are welcome to stay as long as you need as well, we'll get started with brewing the potion." The Healer left the room, leaving the door open.

Draco scoffed loudly. "This is stupid! I don't have to stay here!"

"Yes you do! Your Father beat the shit out of you and now you have memory loss...you've forgotten everything...everything about us." Harry scolded.

"My father is in Azkaban! Bullshit!" Draco fought back, slamming his hands down. "And there is no us!"

Harry turned, stomping up to the door, walking out with a frustrated shout.

"What?!?!?!" Draco shouted in complete confusion, rubbing his lips as he stared at the door.

How could I have possible lost a full 2 months?!?!
Harry and I were never together?! We're enemies and rivals for bloody sakes!!!
Why does he know my secrets?!
I'm so frightened...what do I do now?!

Continue reading next part ☐