

# The Intruder

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Chapter 1 of 1

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*Thank you to luvsev for the beta read. I really appreciate it very much.*

Draco crept into the house, not sure where it might be. He knew that the Black family tree was on a tapestry in the drawing room on the first floor of this Georgian terraced house. He hadn't been here since he was four, but his mum had mentioned this tapestry a few times, and how to find the house. Walburga Black had been his grandfather's sister, after all.

He was alone this year, again. Just like the year before and the one before that. His own house wasn't any warmer than this old place. He knew that it had stood empty since before the war when his mother's cousin, Sirius Black, had been killed by his Aunt Bella.

He stopped at the enchanted portrait of Walburga Black and softly said hello. She eyed him suspiciously until he introduced himself as Narcissa Black Malfoy's son and heir. "I came to see the family tree," he replied.

"Lot of good it will do you," she snarled superiorly at him. "None of them are alive anymore."

"I am," he muttered before wishing her a happy holiday. He climbed the stairs, ignoring the disgusting elf heads mounted on the wall, and walked down the hall to the room at the end. He was surprised to see a fire crackling in the fireplace, making the once grand room appear eerie but warm. He knew that the house-elf still lived here, but the sight before him took his breath away. A Christmas tree stood between the two huge windows that overlooked the street, its base surrounded with gifts wrapped in paper and bows. The two glass-fronted cabinets on either side of the fireplace reflected the twinkling lights of the tree. Boughs of greens, holly, and candles decorated the mantle. The room reminded him of a Christmas card he'd received once, a novelty from a Hufflepuff who had a crush on him. He almost turned to leave until his gaze swept the wall beside him. As if in a trance, Draco's eyes slowly swept over the huge tapestry that took up one wall of the room.

He stared at the tapestry, his mind wandering, remembering bits and pieces Aunt Bella and his mum had told him about the people on it, both pictured and the ones who were burnt out. He knew the faces and knew their voices, even the ones who were missing. Well, some of them.

"Daddy?"

Draco felt his heart leap from his chest as he turned, cursing softly at the sound of the child's voice. He was wearing a zip-front, one-piece pajama with attached foot coverings in pale blue. *Obviously a Muggle outfit.*

"Santa?" the little boy asked, looking confused.

"No. I'm not..." Draco stared to say when to his surprise, as if a child wasn't surprise enough, Harry Potter stepped into the doorway.

"James, what are you doing up?" Potter asked as if he had been expecting to see Draco standing in his drawing room.

"I thought I heard Santa coming!" James replied.

"No, not yet, and unless you are in bed, asleep, he won't come," Potter said sternly. The little tyke whimpered as he stomped off for bed. "Don't wake your mother!" he added through the doorway, then turned his attention to Draco.

"You don't seem surprised," Draco said, narrowing his eyes.

Potter walked into the room, stopping right in front of him. "My perimeter charms told me someone was near, and Kreacher told me it was you. What do you want, Malfoy?"

"I was under the impression that the house-elf lived alone." It was a lame excuse, but the truth nonetheless. "I thought that you lived in Godric's Hollow or in Chipping...?"

"Rumors abound as to where I live. I still haven't gotten permission to repair the place in Godric's Hollow," Potter stated with a smirk as if he'd dare repair the place. "You haven't told me why you're here."

"I shouldn't have..." Draco indicated to the tapestry. "I wanted to see this. Lame, I know."

Potter shook his head. "Not at all. I sometimes wish I had one for the Potters or knew about my dad's family a bit more. Do you know most of them?" he asked, indicating the Black family tree.

Draco nodded. "Not all of them, but most. Cygnus Black was my grandfather. Ignatius and Lucretia Black lived here until Ignatius died. He loved taking me to the Aethonan races in Ireland. He died when I was nine. Aunt Lucretia's father, Arcturus Black, was a stern wizard. We'd go to his house for Walpurgis Night and sometimes for Christmas. He made the worst eggnog you'd ever tasted. Auntie Walburga hated it, and she'd always make the house-elves replace it as soon as his back was turned." He stopped and turned to face Potter. "You don't want to hear this. Why haven't you tossed me out?"

Potter shrugged. "I thought about it, but something in your expression... Maybe I'm interested in hearing this." He turned to face the door. "Kreacher, I'd like two mugs of strong eggnog, please."

Draco looked at him in amazement.

"What about Pollux and Cassiopeia Black—did you know them?" Potter asked, pointing to the center of the tapestry.

Draco smiled and nodded. "Pollux Black was a stingy git at times. He ran a pub in a small hamlet near Glasgow..."

As the night wore on, Potter listened to the little anecdotes that Draco told him with interest.

Three mugs of eggnog later, with a few extra shots of firewhisky, and they were reminiscing about school and old rivalries as if they were good friends.

Neither wizard heard Kreacher as he added the gifts from Santa under the tree at four in the morning. The sofa had been moved to face the tapestry and plates of freshly made decorated sugar cookies, gingerbread men, mince pies, a tin of Cadbury's Roses, satsumas, apple and tangerine slices sat on the coffee table in front of them.

Suddenly, the shouts and stomping feet made the men turn. The little tyke from the night before burst into the room and headed straight for the tree as Ginny Potter walked over to her husband. "Happy Christmas," she said, kissing his cheek. "Don't we usually face the tree on Christmas morning?" She turned and smiled sleepily at Draco. "Happy Christmas, Malfoy."

Harry handed her a cookie. "Draco was telling me about the witches and wizards he knew," he replied, pointing at the tapestry.

"Oh, I would've liked to hear that." Ginny leaned around Harry. "So, are you joining us for breakfast?"

"You don't mind?" Draco asked, amazed.

Harry shook his head. "You're here, why not?"

Draco smiled as James ran around the sofa and pounced into Harry's lap. "I got a broom! Santa gave me a broom, Daddy!" he announced, waving the toy broom in a tightly clenched fist.

"I'd like that very much, thank you," Draco said as James showed him his new toy.

Author's Notes:

Prompt is: *Draco and Harry find themselves together on Christmas Eve. How did this happen, and how shall they spend it?*